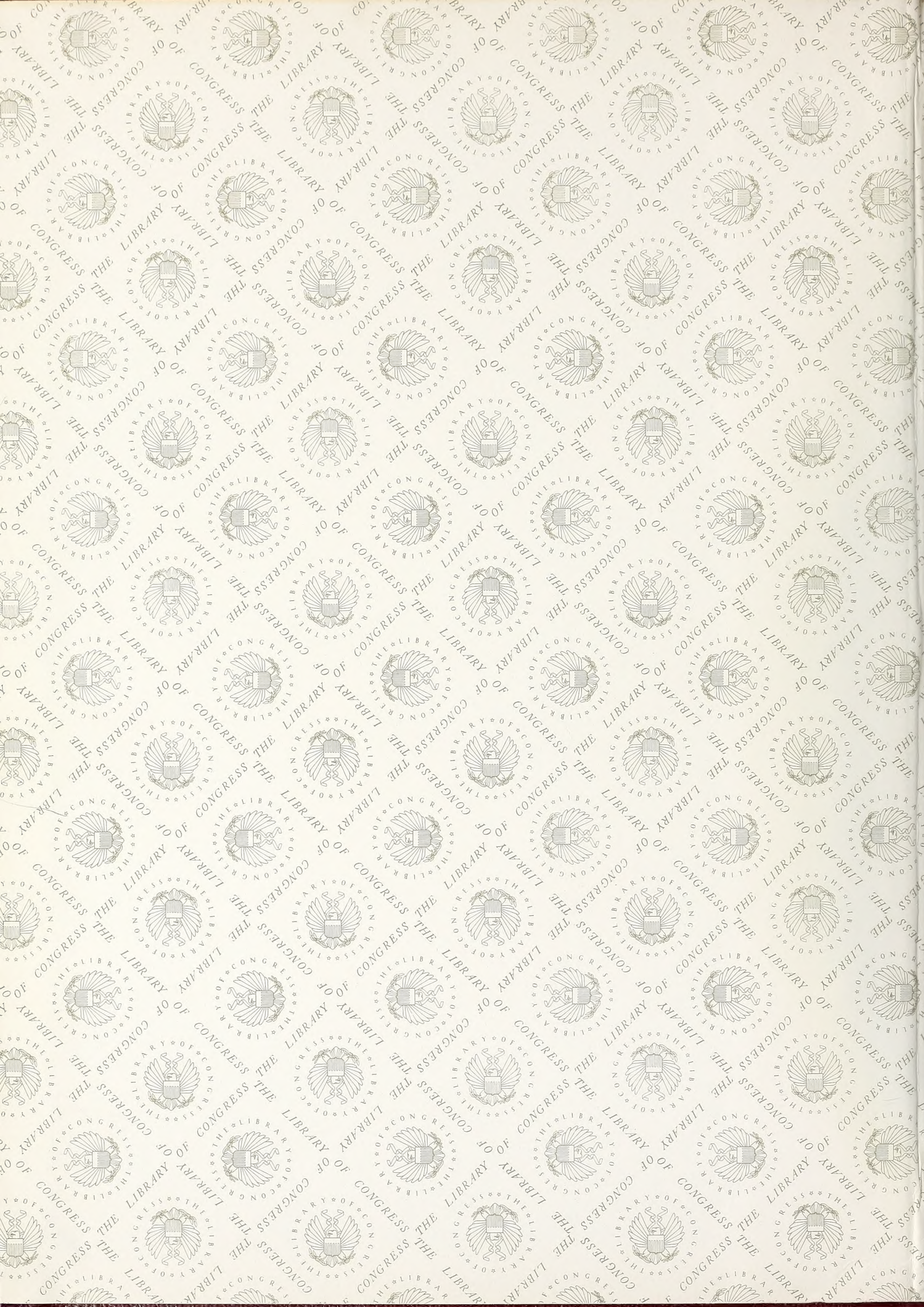

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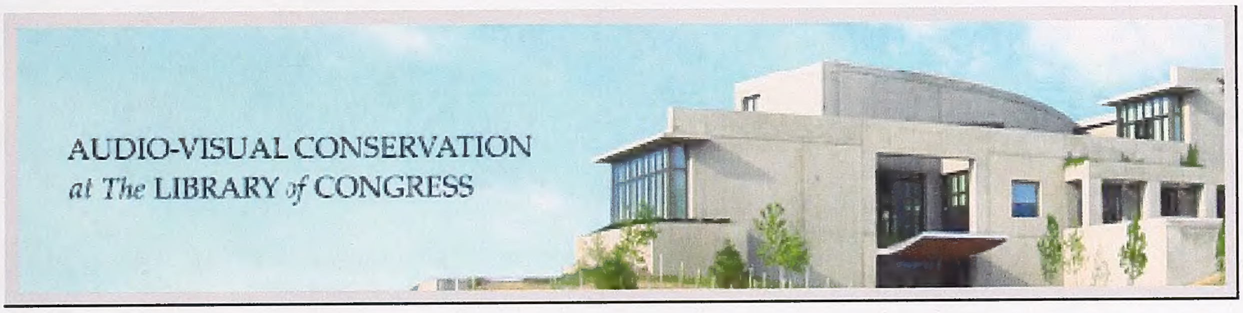
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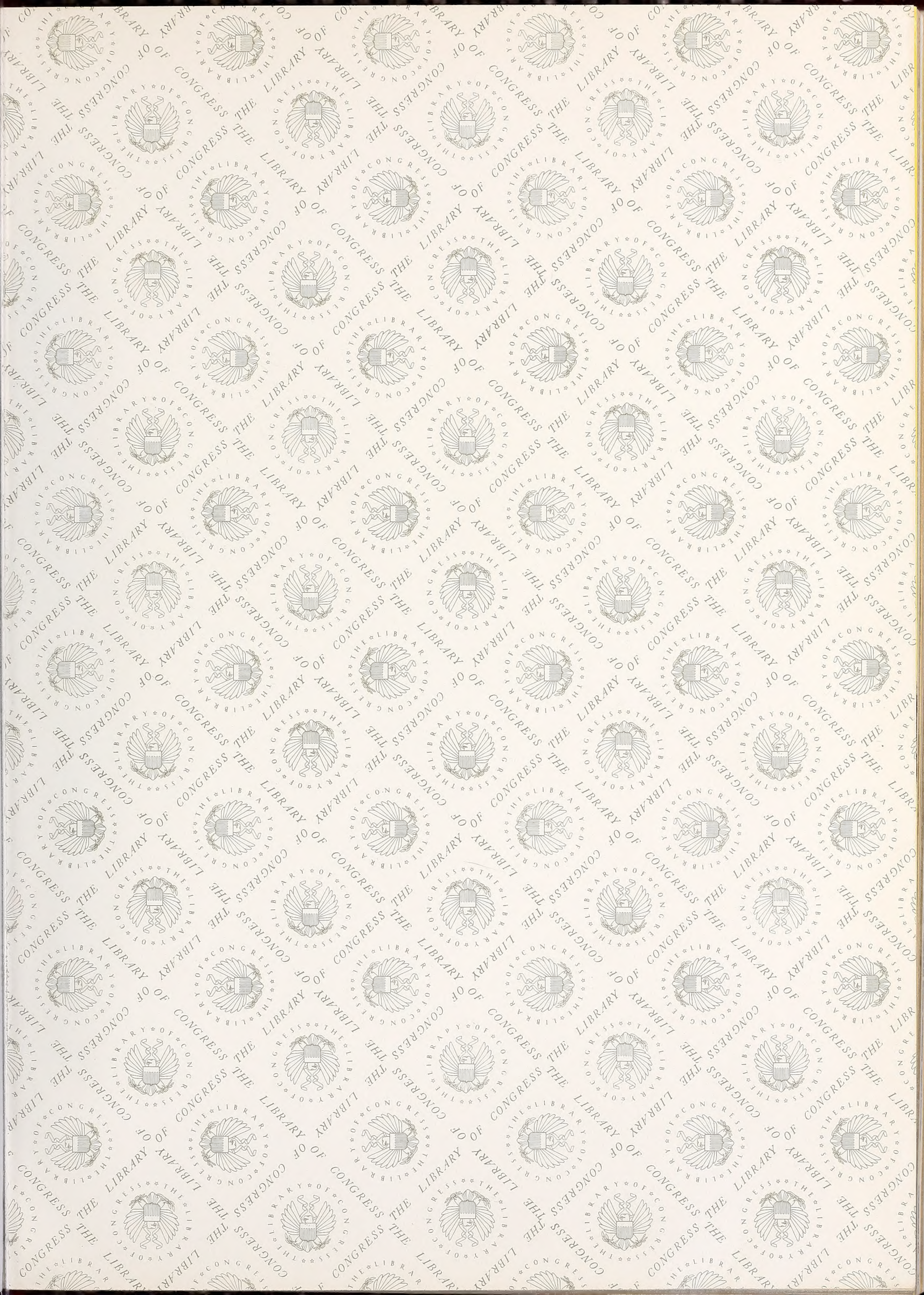

WHAT'S AHEAD FOR NORMA SHEARER?

Modern Screen

ECEMBER

10

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THE LARGEST
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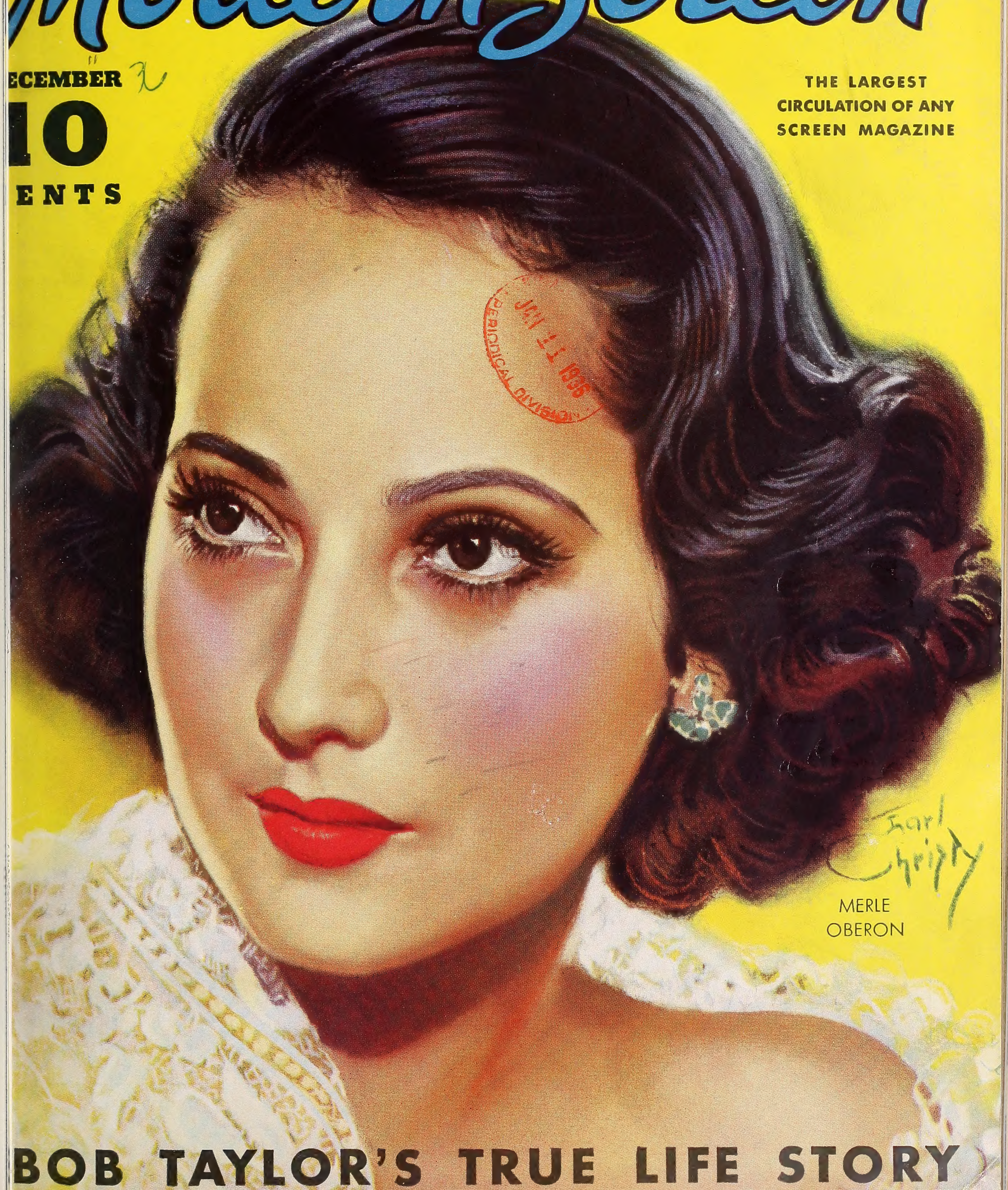
SCREEN MAGAZINE

PERIODICAL DIVISION JAN 11 1936



MERLE
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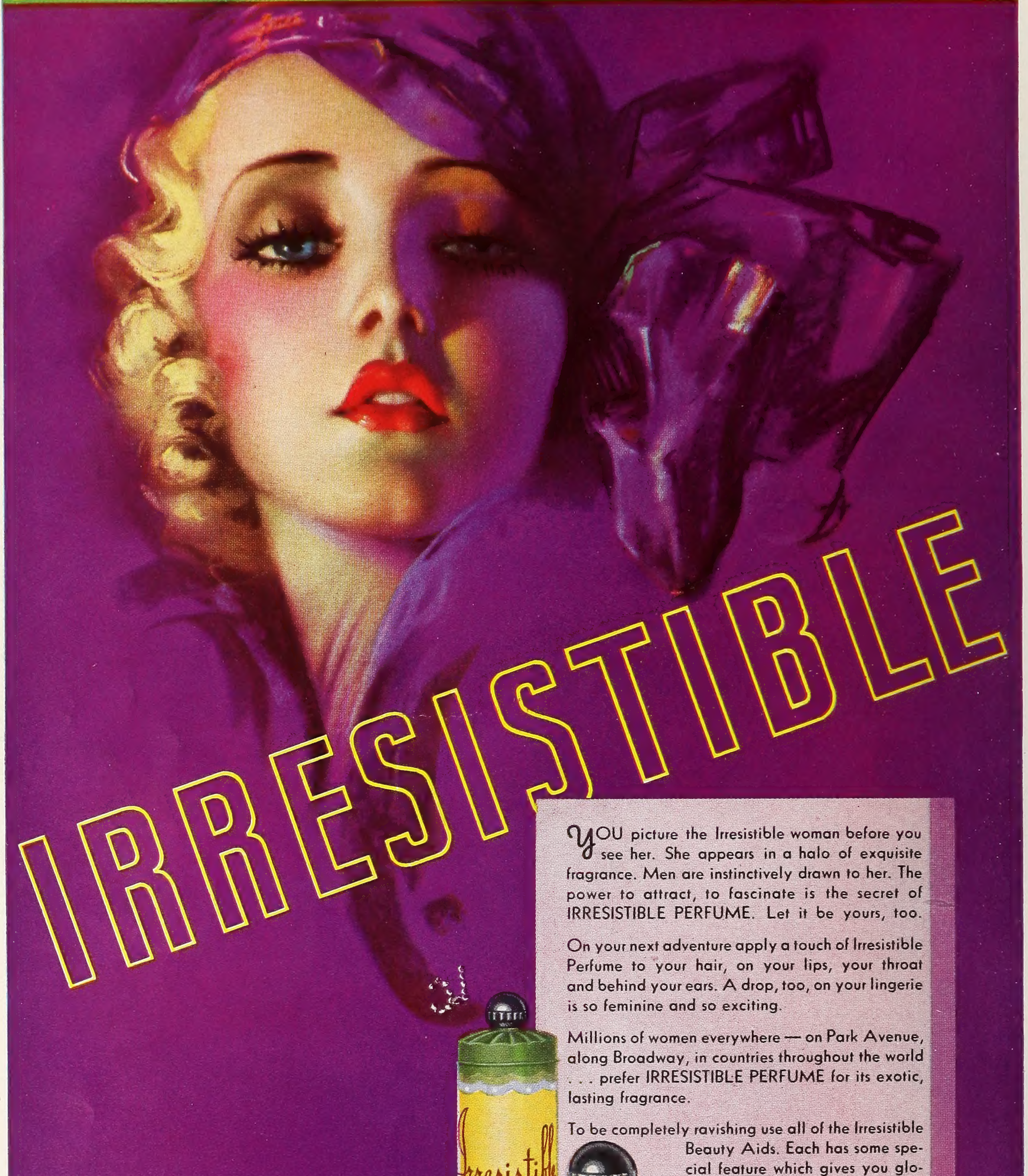
BOB TAYLOR'S TRUE LIFE STORY

BE IRRESISTIBLE—USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME



YOU picture the Irresistible woman before you see her. She appears in a halo of exquisite fragrance. Men are instinctively drawn to her. The power to attract, to fascinate is the secret of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. Let it be yours, too.

On your next adventure apply a touch of Irresistible Perfume to your hair, on your lips, your throat and behind your ears. A drop, too, on your lingerie is so feminine and so exciting.

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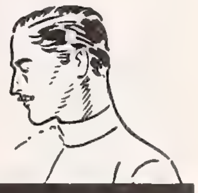
"Ridiculous"

SAYS
MODERN
MATRON

A MODERN MATRON AND A DENTIST BATTLE OVER A CARROT

"Intelligent"

SAYS
YOUR
DENTIST



(*But the civilized way to build firm gums is* IPANA *and* MASSAGE)

"RIDICULOUS," said a prominent matron. "No girl with a spark of intelligence or breeding would behave so badly. She'd be outlawed—every door closed to her!" *That's the social side of the debate.* But just for a moment listen to a modern dentist...

"Ridiculous?—not a bit of it. That's a very sensible picture. I'd be delighted to post it in my office as an object lesson for my patients. If more people chewed as vigorously, if modern teeth and gums were on better terms with coarse, rough, natural foods we'd hear a lot less about *tender, rundown gums*—we'd hear a whole lot less about 'pink tooth brush,' too."

"Pink Tooth Brush" is serious

When you see "pink tooth brush"—*see your dentist.* It can mean serious trouble. But usually it simply means that modern soft foods haven't given your gums enough work—that they need the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

Ipana plus massage is a part of modern dental practice because Ipana is especially designed to benefit the gums as well as clean the teeth. Get a tube of Ipana today and begin this modern health routine. Massage your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens. Your gums feel healthier. And your teeth grow whiter, show more sparkle.

Help your dentist to keep you from being a "dental cripple." Don't let your tooth brush show "pink." Don't let yourself in for the really serious gum troubles. Firm gums and shining white teeth are vitally important to you. Switch to Ipana Tooth Paste and massage—and *switch* today!

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK

IPANA plus massage is the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.

DEC 14 1936

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She's a Tournament BRIDGE PLAYER. . . yet she TINTS her own nails!

HER playing is clever, but more clever still is the way her tinted finger tips focus attention and compel admiration. Feminine to the nth degree, she knows the eyes of the table are on her hands, and *she dramatizes their effectiveness with F-O Nail Polish.*

It's as simple as putting on lipstick to keep your finger tips always in *perfect condition*. At your own dressing table with eight shades of F-O you can vary your tone of polish at a second's whim.

There is a marvelous F-O Oily Polish Remover to forestall brittleness, and a cuticle remover that makes a self manicure the simplest of all your toilet routines. Smart women know that F-O Polish gives their finger tips increased seductiveness. *You try it, too!*

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MODERN SCREEN

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Now Showing

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Regina Cannon, Editor
Adelia Bird, Associate Editor
Abril Lamarque, Art Editor
Leo Townsend, Hollywood Editor

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Names of characters used in stories and in humorous and semi-fictional matter are fictitious. If the name of a living person is used, it is purely a coincidence.

She's back *(and will you ever forget her in "Broadway Melody of 1936")* in the Biggest Musical Show of this Year...M-G-M's dazzling successor to "Great Ziegfeld" ... brim-full of brilliant scenes, thrilling dances, gorgeous girls, and stars — stars —STARS! The Cole Porter songs are swell (*"Easy to Love", "I've Got You Under My Skin", "Swingin' The Jinx Away", "Hey, Babe, Hey"*, and lots more).

BORN TO DANCE

Starring **ELEANOR POWELL**

with

JAMES STEWART · VIRGINIA BRUCE

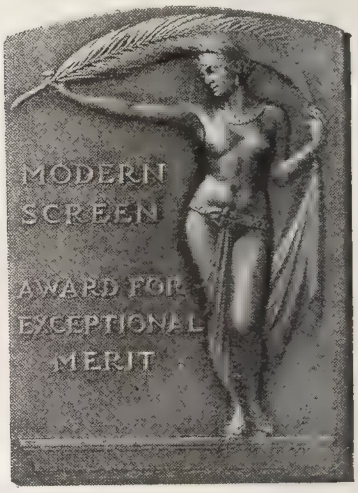
UNA MERKEL · SID SILVERS · FRANCES LANGFORD

RAYMOND WALBURN · ALAN DINEHART · BUDDY EBSEN

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture • Directed by Roy Del Ruth

Cecil B. DeMille, director, and Gary Cooper, star of "The Plainsman" accept the Award of Merit from Leo Townsend, Hollywood Editor of Modern Screen.

WE SALUTE "The Plainsman"



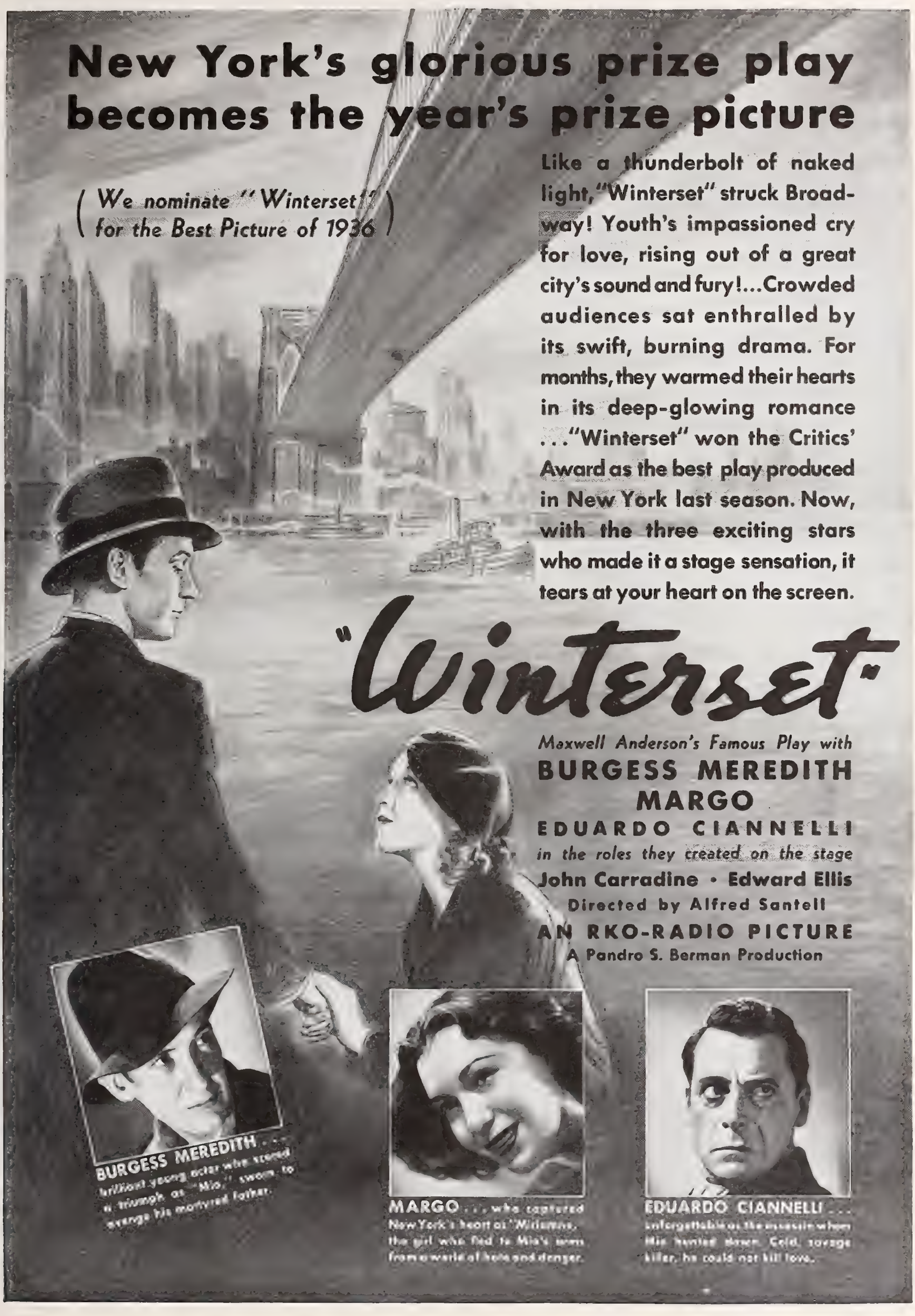
Our congratulations to everyone who helped make "The Plainsman" a fine and moving spectacle, a dramatic and colorful picture of America when it was young.

Cecil B. DeMille, who produced and directed the picture for Paramount, caps a quarter of a century of making movies. Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur, in the leads, as well as the supporting players, contribute to the entertainment with highly commendable performances.

Each month Modern Screen will award a medal to the most outstanding about-to-be-released production. Our Award of Merit is given, after careful consideration, to the picture we feel will offer you the most entertainment, the picture you'll most want to see. Let Modern Screen be your guide to good pictures, and watch for next month's Award of Merit.

Deviating from his allegiance to biblical times, producer-director Cecil B. DeMille turns his attention and his cameras to that period in American history when Buffalo Bill and Wild Bill Hickok roamed the plains. With the DeMille touch in evidence throughout, "The Plainsman" is an exciting slice of Early America. It has the color and the pace of a glorified western plus the power and the epic sweep expected of a DeMille production. Around such historical events in American history as the Indian massacres and Custer's Last Stand, Mr. DeMille has woven a story of the heroism of Wild Bill Hickok and Buffalo Bill and the frustrated love of Calamity Jane. Briefly, the plot concerns the activities of John Lattimer, a rifle-running renegade (Charles Bickford) who sells guns and ammunition to the Indians. Wild Bill Hickok (Gary Cooper), determined to curtail the gun smuggling, is assigned by General Custer (John Miljan) to head off a band of Indians who are attempting to capture one of Custer's ammunition trains. With the aid of Buffalo Bill (James Ellison) he holds off the redskins until the arrival of Custer and his men, after which he sets out to find the rifle-runner. In the meantime, Custer and his troops are wiped out by a fresh attack from the Indians. Hickok gets his revenge when he meets Lattimer in a saloon owned by Calamity Jane (Jean Arthur) and beats him to the draw. A few minutes later Wild Bill's career is ended when he's shot in the back by a bartender.

Gary Cooper plays Wild Bill in a manner reminiscent of his excellent similar role in "The Virginian;" Jean Arthur's Calamity Jane will add considerably to her growing reputation and James Ellison's Buffalo Bill proves him one of the most adept of the screen's younger players. In the supporting cast, Charles Bickford, John Miljan, Porter Hall and a newcomer, Helen Burgess, are outstanding. Don't miss this picture



New York's glorious prize play becomes the year's prize picture

(We nominate "Winterset" for the Best Picture of 1936)

Like a thunderbolt of naked light, "Winterset" struck Broadway! Youth's impassioned cry for love, rising out of a great city's sound and fury!...Crowded audiences sat enthralled by its swift, burning drama. For months, they warmed their hearts in its deep-glowing romance ..."Winterset" won the Critics' Award as the best play produced in New York last season. Now, with the three exciting stars who made it a stage sensation, it tears at your heart on the screen.

"Winterset"

Maxwell Anderson's Famous Play with
BURGESS MEREDITH
MARGO
EDUARDO CIANNELLI
in the roles they created on the stage
John Carradine • Edward Ellis
Directed by Alfred Santell
AN RKO-RADIO PICTURE
A Pandro S. Berman Production

BURGESS MEREDITH . . . brilliant young actor who scored a triumph as "Mio," sworn to avenge his martyred father.

MARGO . . . who captured New York's heart as "Miriamne," the girl who fled to Mio's arms from a world of hate and danger.

EDUARDO CIANNELLI . . . unforgettable as the assassin whom Mio hunted down. Cold, savage killer, he could not kill love.

SLATED FOR SUCCESS

They're not stars yet but—just watch them!

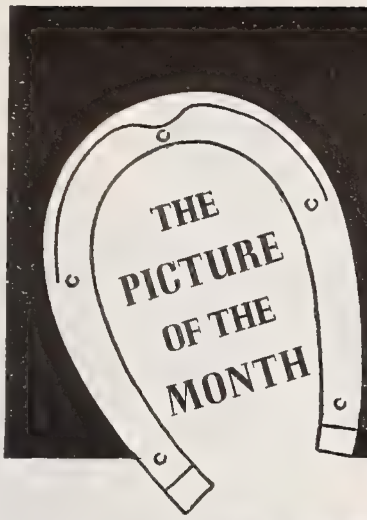
Elizabeth Russell is one of Paramount's fair-haired darlings. She came to the screen via the model route and will be seen in "Hideaway Girl."

Right, Robert Kent won the much-coveted role in the Quints' next picture, "Reunion." He plays opposite pretty Rochelle Hudson.

Below, here's a beau-about-town and one of Twentieth Century-Fox's bright hopes, Tony Martin. Tony will be seen in "Banjo on My Knee."

Warners gave Jeanne Madden one of those Cinderella breaks by letting her co-star with Dick Powell in "Stage Struck" for her debut.

Over at Universal they plan big things some day for Jeanne Dante, below. She's a vivacious youngster. See her in "Four Days' Wonder."


THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

WINNER OF THE LAUGH SWEEPSTAKES!

Thanks to the inspired "Oiwin" of that bewildered young man, Frank McHugh, "THREE MEN ON A HORSE" is both the picture of the month and the farce of the year! Take our tip and be in the grandstand when it romps into town!

'Oiwin' had two great passions—poems and ponies. But when his tearful bride faced him with a notebook filled with strange feminine names and numbers 'Oiwin' became an "also ran!"

The "mob" discovered 'Oiwin' and found a walking gold mine. His penchant for picking ponies made paupers out of bookies but millions for the mob!

"Oiwin, you're the first guy to really prove that man's best friend is the horse."

"It's the horse that deserves the credit—all I did was pick him—he had to go to the trouble of running."

When his bride found out that the names in the notebook weren't pretties but ponies—all was forgiven—and 'Oiwin' forgot about races and went back to rhymes. It's the big cheek-to-cheek finish of the Laugh Sweepstakes of the year!

"3 MEN ON A HORSE"

"Three Men On a Horse," the sensational stage success is in its second big year on Broadway and still going strong! The greatest comedy hit in 10 years played by 6 companies in 4 countries to capacity crowds!

Warner Bros.

A MERVYN LEROY
Production with
FRANK McHUGH
as "OIWIN"
JOAN BLONDELL
GUY KIBBEE • CAROL
HUGHES • ALLEN JENKINS
SAM LEVINE • TEDDY HART

ALL WORK AND NO PLAY

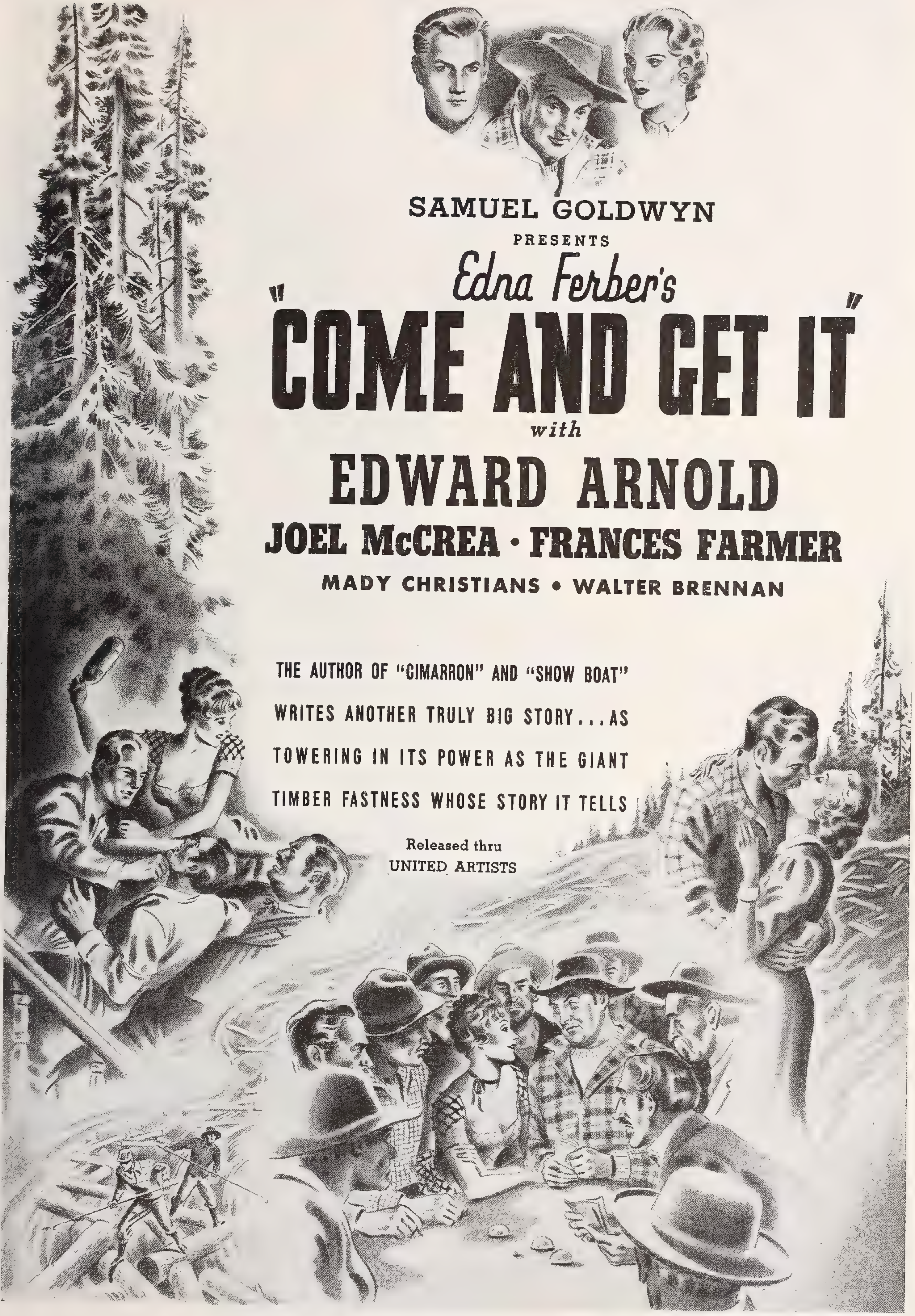
Right, Miss S. Temple looks the fairway over for a likely spot to tee off. This is one of the ways in which she relaxes after a day's busy work in "Stowaway."

Left, the racket looks almost as big as the girl, but Sybil Jason has a lot of fun just batting balls back and forth. She's in "The Making of O'Malley."

Left, Jane Withers' hobby is animals—her menagerie includes a cat, two dogs, two rabbits, a monkey, goldfish and a turtle. See her in "Can This Be Dixie?"

As for Virginia Weidler, right, she can't be separated from her pet scooter even during studio hours! Here she is "scooting" to the "Our Miss Keane" set.

A day off! And Edith Fellows gets into slacks and sweater for fun at a nearby amusement park. A pony ride is her idea of fun. She's in "Pennies from Heaven."



SAMUEL GOLDWYN
PRESENTS
Edna Ferber's
"COME AND GET IT"
with
EDWARD ARNOLD
JOEL McCREA · FRANCES FARMER
MADY CHRISTIANS • WALTER BRENNAN

THE AUTHOR OF "CIMARRON" AND "SHOW BOAT" WRITES ANOTHER TRULY BIG STORY . . . AS TOWERING IN ITS POWER AS THE GIANT TIMBER FASTNESS WHOSE STORY IT TELLS

Released thru
UNITED ARTISTS

Doris Nolan divides her time between the stage and screen. And left, you see her in a scene from "The Man I Marry," with Michael Whalen.

Heartbreak and tears played no part in Doris Nolan's rise to fame

By Dorothy Herzog

MAYBE IT WAS TOO EASY!

MAYBE IT was too easy!"

So said Doris Nolan, twenty-year-old featured player. No grim, hard struggle to get into motion pictures for this youngster. Not even any difficulty to get a featured player foothold in the New York theatre.

"It just seemed to open up for me in both pictures and the stage," Doris remarked over a cautious luncheon. The luncheon consisted of a pineapple and cream cheese salad and coffee with one lump of sugar, but no cream. "Yes," Doris admitted to our question if she were dieting, "I'm on a diet," and she smiled, revealing two very engaging dimples.

"How much do you weigh?" She appeared a very slender five foot five.

"A hundred and eighteen, but I want to keep down to that. You see, on the picture"—her current release, "The Man I Marry"—"I had quite a stretch of water scenes. I got soaked to the skin for days and it brought on laryngitis. I was pretty sick for a time, and worked every day. So they gave me egg-nogs to keep me going —I couldn't eat anything—and you know how rich egg-nog is. Now I'm back on my diet."

"Have you ever gone in for the Hollywood diets—that four-day one that's the new craze, for instance?"

"No. I don't like to feel self-conscious about dieting. It makes me irritable, although it doesn't seem to affect most people like that. Clark Gable lost twelve pounds on that four-day diet. But I just keep to salads and lamb chops and stay away from sweets. It's no hardship."

"Do you exercise, too?"

"I love horseback riding and mountain climbing. When I'm in New York I walk around the reservoir about four times every day or so for exercise—even in winter." She laughed. "That's when I started to wear flannels, but you really have to, for the wind comes tearing around that reservoir and cuts clean through you."

We returned to her career.

"Maybe it was too easy," she repeated, "and then again, maybe not. I'm glad it wasn't too hard anyway, because when a career comes with too much difficulty it seems to make one a little bitter against the profession one's trying to get into. Hollywood isn't the easiest place in the world. They either ignore you or try to spoil you, but I like it," and she laughed.

She's very young, this Doris Nolan, even for twenty. She's young in a healthy, buoyant but not at all obnoxious way. She's young in her keen appreciation of life that has been most generous and kind to her. But she's a well-poised young lady with a sense of humor that enables her to laugh at herself, as well as at less personal affairs.

"Did Hollywood try to make you over?" we asked, knowing this little trick of the film capital.

She nodded, dimpling into a smile. "Oh, yes, and I like that, too."

"How did they make you over?"

She doesn't appear to require outside help. She has rather gay, though moody, brown eyes; a small nose; sensitive lips; light brown hair cut in a longish, wavy bob; long eyelashes generously (*Continued on page 92*)

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL PRESENTS

Golden Cleansing Cream

Bringing you the radiant beauty of a truly clean face

GOLDEN CLEANSING CREAM is entirely different from other creams and lotions. It contains *Colloidal Gold,* a remarkable ingredient well known to the medical profession but new in the world of beauty.

This colloidal gold has an amazing power to rid the skin pores of clogging dirt, make-up, dead tissue and other impurities that destroy complexion beauty. The action of colloidal gold is so effective that it continues to cleanse your skin even after the cream has been wiped away. What's more it tones and invigorates skin cells while it cleanses.

Golden Cleansing Cream is a non-liquefying type of cream, delightfully smooth and pleasant to the touch. It is rose-pink in color and has a pleasing, delicate perfume. It is suitable for every type of skin.

A Special Kind of Gold

You can't see or feel the gold in Golden Cleansing Cream because it is not a metal any more than the iron in spinach is a metal. In fact, many of the health-giving minerals in fruits and vegetables exist in colloidal form similar to that of the gold in Golden Cleansing Cream.

Backed by a Famous Reputation

Behind this unusual new skin cleanser lies the famous reputation of one of America's oldest cosmetic houses. The name Daggett & Ramsdell has been a symbol of purity and quality since the time (46 years ago) when they first amazed mid-Victorian America with an entirely new type of Cold Cream which did not spoil or turn rancid. Now, in Golden Cleansing Cream, Daggett & Ramsdell brings to you the greatest advance in skin cleansing of our own time.

Costs No More

Daggett & Ramsdell's new Golden Cleansing Cream is within the reach of every one of you. You'll soon say you never made a more economical investment than the $1.00 which the cream costs. It is obtainable at leading drug and department stores—ask for it today!

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
d.r.
Golden Cleansing Cream
CONTAINING COLLOIDAL GOLD

Tested and Approved
Good Housekeeping Bureau
Conducted by Good Housekeeping Magazine

Copr. 1936, Daggett & Ramsdell

Make This Simple Test!

• Apply your usual skin cleanser. Wipe it off with tissue. Your face seems clean—but is it? Does any dirt remain to clog and blemish your skin?

• Now, cleanse with Daggett & Ramsdell Golden Cleansing Cream. On your tissue you will find *more* dirt—brought from pore depths by this more effective cleansing.

Send for a Trial Jar

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL Dept. MM-1
2 Park Avenue, New York City

Enclosed find 10¢ in stamps for which please send me my trial size jar of Golden Cleansing Cream. (Offer good in the United States only.)

Name..
Street Address..................................
City.............................*State*...........
Dealer's Name..................................

THE INCIDENTAL

Frank McHugh takes Joan Blondell and Carol Hughes for a ride in "Three Men on a Horse"—the screen version of the popular play that enjoyed a three-year run on the New York stage. His role in this bright comedy is undoubtedly Frank's best to date.

Incidentally, the irrepressible McHugh has worked out an unique philosophy which will both inspire and amuse you.

FRANK McHUGH doesn't want to be a star—and six years of concerted effort to prevent such a catastrophe has proven that he is still of the same frame of mind.

You see, the ambition of almost every picture player is to rate top billing, but, as we've said, that's not Frank's problem. He is satisfied to remain the incidental guy at his studio. Perhaps you think that this indicates a self-satisfied or lazy attitude. But just stop to analyze why McHugh hesitates to enter the envied ranks of the great.

Frank says, "I play whatever they give me, and hope for the best. The actors can all fight about roles if they like, but to me it's just like butting your head against a stone wall, so why get excited?"

The screen's most famous portrayer of pificated gents has some of the best reasons you'll find in a day's march for his complacent attitude toward his movie career. And, practically born in the theatre and an actor for the past thirty years, he certainly should be in the know.

"You see, all my family are actors," McHugh began. "I was actually raised behind the footlights. There is hardly an aspect of the theatre and acting that I don't know about from experience. So, when I see players fighting with studios, I wonder why and for *what.*"

At first McHugh scored in movies because

GUY

By Robert McIlwaine

The star may take the bows, but Frank McHugh claims the featured player has his big moments, too

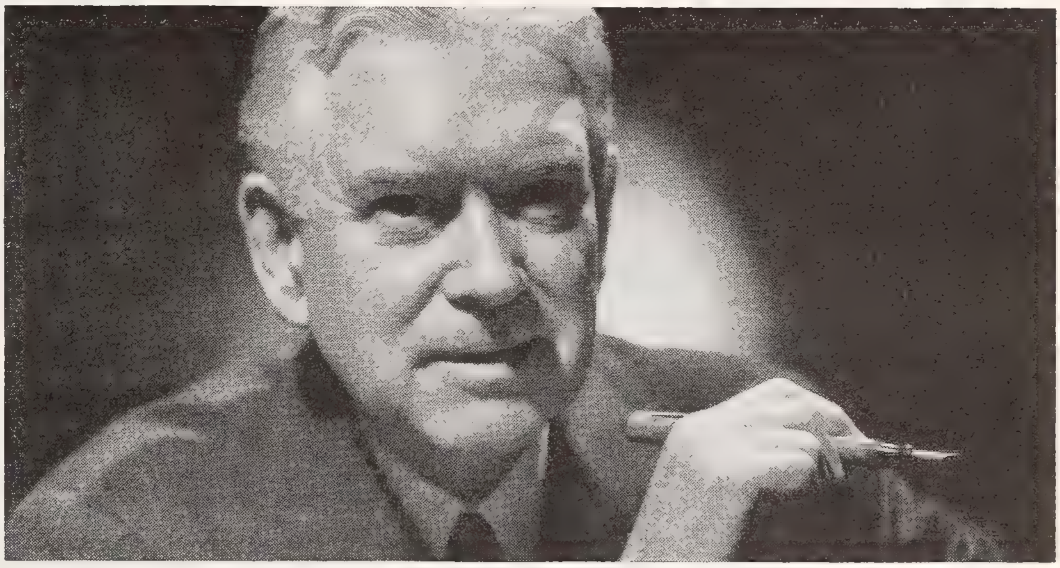
of the humorous and witty manner in which he enacted a drunk. So successful was he in this role that he soon became known as the *funny* drunk. The part has practically typed Frank, but he doesn't seem to care a hang. In fact, he is almost glad that he is allowed the privilege of playing it, for he can do more or less as he pleases in the development of the character he is to create.

In fact, he expressed his sentiments with, "They can all have the star parts; just give me a featured role and I'll be satisfied. You see, then what I do, isn't too important to the story, so I can interpret the character in any way I see fit. Even if I change the lines around, the change isn't too vital to the story.

"But with the star, it's another matter. He has to play a role as it's written, because, if he switches his dialogue it affects the plot. You know the action is usually built around the star. But I'm just incidental to the plot and so have a lot more fun making my role grow as I go along."

Frank McHugh doesn't worry about the pictures that he thought were poor; (*Continued on page 99*)

Let the doctor's judgment guide you in your choice of a laxative



YOUR doctor is a guardian of health. He knows that many things that seem unimportant to you may be vital to your well-being.

For instance, doctors expect a laxative to measure up to certain definite standards before giving it their approval. If your doctor would write down his requirements for a laxative, these are the points he would consider important:

WHAT DOCTORS LOOK FOR IN A LAXATIVE

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proven by the test of time.
It should *not* form a habit.
It should *not* over-act.
It should *not* cause stomach pains.
It should *not* nauseate, or upset digestion.

EX-LAX CHECKS ON EVERY POINT

Ex-Lax meets the doctor's demands. Meets them so completely that many doctors use Ex-Lax for themselves and for their own families.

For over 30 years mothers have been giving Ex-Lax to their children with perfect confidence. Today, Ex-Lax numbers its users in the millions. They have made it the largest-selling laxative in the whole, wide world.

ONE TRIAL WILL CONVINCE YOU

Try Ex-Lax. Prove to yourself how fine a laxative it is. Ex-Lax is *not* disturbing or upsetting. Ex-Lax does *not* over-act. It does *not* "force" or cause stomach pains. Ex-Lax is mild and gentle. Ex-Lax is thoroughly effective. Ex-Lax is particularly kind to the delicate systems of children. They need this type of laxative as much as you do—or even more.

THE TASTE IS DELIGHTFUL

Try Ex-Lax for a pleasant change from nasty, bitter medicines. Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. Children like it, of course, and take it without resistance. . . . All drug stores have Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, mail the coupon below.

GUARD AGAINST COLDS! ...Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds: get lots of sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and *keep regular*—with Ex-Lax, the Chocolated Laxative.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!
(Paste this on a penny postcard)
Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170 MM-126
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

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Address..........

City.......... Age..........
(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)

MEALS IN JIG-TIME

By Marjorie Deen

12
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Just about as fast as Ginger can tap out a new dance, she can get a meal together on cook's night out. Right, you see one of the Rogers "quickie" dishes. It's the Rogers Supper Ring made of a delicious combination of many familiar and popular foods.

Courtesy "Salmon Packers"

SWING INTO it, sister, we're going to study the "quickies." Of course, if you're up on your Hollywood terminology you know that that word is used to describe pictures which are turned out by the studios at a minimum of time and expense—in a period of weeks instead of months and with the cost cut down to almost nothing. But those aren't the sort of "quickies" I'm referring to here since this is, by and large, a cooking article. Besides, our bright and particular guest star on this occasion is Ginger Rogers, whose name these days is associated only with the most lavish productions and the most colossal successes! So I'll set your mind at rest by telling you that the "quickies" I'm about to describe for you—and in which Ginger is pleased to appear, just this once, for our especial benefit — are those last minute, hastily assembled, easily prepared meals which all too frequently, alas, are sacrificed on the altar of speed.

Yet, with a little serious thought and some well applied effort these repasts can be truly delicious. And Ginger is the one to prove it; for what culinary talents she possesses shine forth in the preparation of just such meals as these.

"I'm only a Thursday-night cook, but a good one," declared Miss Rogers. "And even at that there aren't many Thursday nights when I go domestic," she assured me laughingly. "But when I do, the pots fly, the dishes rattle and the neighbors wonder at the din. While Mother stands by to assure an anxious world that it's only little Ginger gently puttering around in the kitchen, throwing together one of those quarter-of-an-hour meals for which, she declares, I should be famous! So if you are looking for soup and pot roast recipes or fruit cake and the like —things that take hours to simmer, or boil, or bake— don't come to me. No, I'm only able to suggest ways to fix up a meal in jig-time. Why, I watch the clock like a radio announcer and after fifteen minutes my cooking program must be 'off the air' and on the table, or else!"

"Or else what?" I wanted to know.

"Or else I sincerely wish I'd gone to the Trocadero along with the rest of Hollywood!

"You see," she continued, "Thursday night is cook's night out in Beverly Hills, on Outpost Drive, at Santa Monica Beach, just as it is on Park Avenue or Michigan Boulevard. So everybody dons their best duds and out they go for dinner. But sometimes I'm just too tired to bother, and fixing a meal—especially the kind I prepare—

Ginger Rogers puts a jiffy tempo into her cooking routine. Here's how she does it

Just fifteen minutes is the time Ginger gives to a food "workout!"

seems like much less effort than would be *more* dressing, *more* hair-fixing and *more* dancing after a day at the studio devoted to those very things. And that day probably started at seven with a make-up man and coiffeuse working over me as I breakfasted and ended at seven with one last exhausting pirouette! Then, 'nothing to do till tomorrow' except lines to learn and a dance step to practice! Gracious, where do people get the idea that it's all play and no work, this business of being a star! Yes, there are many times when you're just too exhausted to face the music and dance, when home and slacks and a pair of old bedroom slippers have more appeal than the most exciting date. And if that happens to occur on a Thursday then some real thought must be given to food. So here in Hollywood, as elsewhere, the familiar words are heard, 'What will we have for dinner?' "

Then Ginger went on to describe some of the ways in which she solves this

(*Continued on page 72*)

P. S. Print my letter if you like, but don't print my name.

My daughter, Joan, loves parties. She has plenty of friends too. But she never used to invite them into her home. One day I asked her if she was ashamed of it.

After I coaxed her, she broke down and told me that the girls at school joked a lot about "tattle-tale gray." And Joan was afraid her friends would notice that my linens and things had it bad.

I was plenty mad because I work hard. But Joan showed me one of your ads about how the wrong kind of soap gives clothes "tattle-tale gray" by leaving dirt stuck in the clothes.

So just to please her I changed and tried Fels-Naptha Soap. And my, the difference it's made! All that gentle naptha along with that wonderful golden soap wash so clean. I've never had my things look so white!

© 1936, FELS & CO.

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

"YOUR AUTOGRAPH,

A fan tells you his varied experiences in collecting famous stars' signatures

It wasn't the "getting" of Loretta Young's autograph that made it valuable. But—guess what?

"Out of my way, Son," said Mae West. But did our collector, his mind made up, obey?

I'VE OFTEN wondered what Clark Gable, Norma Shearer and Wally Beery thought of me when I asked for their autographs. Did they consider me a nit-wit for waiting hours for the privilege of getting them to place their signatures in a book of mine? Were they flattered, even to a small degree, because I asked for their written names as a keepsake, or did they feel that my request for their autographs was just an excuse on my part to accost them in person?

I doubt if I'll ever have this, and many similar questions, answered truthfully. But of this I am sure—my own reactions towards the many motion picture stars whose autographs I now possess. And nothing can take away the variety of experiences I went through to get these signatures, experiences that gave me an entirely different set of impressions about the various film stars as compared to the ones I had gained by watching them on the screen.

For instance, my favorite actor on the screen had always been Jack Oakie. Yet, when I asked Jack Oakie for his autograph, one day in front of the Trocadero Cafe, that comedian none too gently placed his fist in the middle of my face and shoved me down several stairs. I never could get up much enthusiasm where John Boles was concerned, but his reception of the same request was considerably different. He not only signed my book, but after doing so bowed very politely and, with genuine pleasure written all over his handsome face, *thanked me* with a smile. He made me feel as if I were doing him a favor; not that he was doing one for me.

A gentleman of almost identical calibre was Oliver Hardy. Incidentally, off-screen, Hardy presents an immaculately groomed contrast to the rather shabbily attired, rotund comedian who makes Stan Laurel turn loose his excruciatingly funny cry-baby act. When asked to sign my book, as he was entering his golf clubhouse, Oliver Hardy stopped, smiled at me, carefully cleaned his glasses, then picked up my book and wrote, "With best wishes,

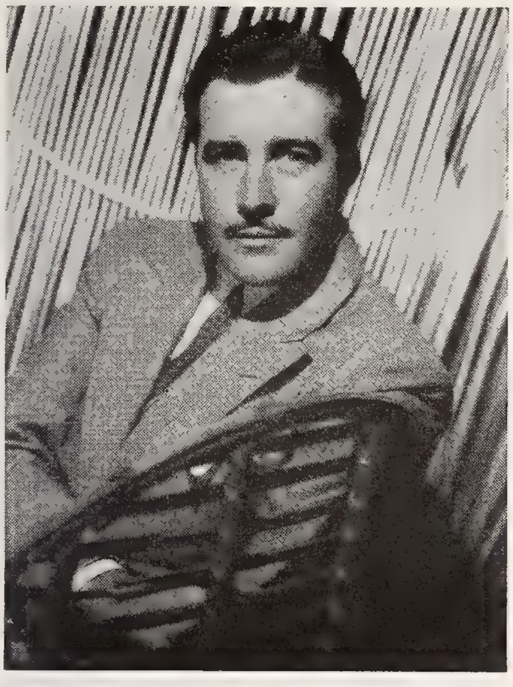
PLEASE?"

By Herbert L. Strock

Oliver Hardy." As I thanked him he countered with a pleasant, "It was a pleasure, I assure you."

Just as John Boles and Oliver Hardy are perfect gentlemen, so is Jean Muir a thorough lady—even under trying circumstances. She proved it recently, when a mob of about fifty autograph seekers "ganged up" on her in front of a Beverly Hills theatre. Completely disregarding the fact that they were practically tearing her apart, she took her time and calmly signed each person's book in turn, until everybody was satisfied. If that isn't playing the martyr to your public, I don't know what is.

Of all my "No" stars, Myrna Loy is the favorite. When asked to sign my book she refused, telling me she was in a hurry. But I wouldn't take "No" for an answer. I kept right alongside her as she started to walk away, and persisted in my request for her signature. It looked almost hopeless, because no matter how much I refused to take "No" for an answer, that was all I got—for a few minutes. Then she said, "Maybe later." It was her first sign of weakness, and it made me chuckle. She heard it, (*Continued on page 108*)



You'd guess John Boles to be agreeable, wouldn't you? Well, you're right.

Do you take hearts by storm?

YES, IF YOUR MAKE-UP'S NATURAL

WHAT IS BEAUTY FOR—if not to set masculine hearts athrob—if not to bring the thrill of conquests—if not to sing little songs of happiness in your heart when he admires? Make-up's so important—especially your rouge!

There's nothing beautiful about rouge that looks painted, that outlines itself as a splotch. But Princess Pat rouge—*duo-tone*—Ah, there *is* beauty!

All over the world smartly-groomed women say Princess Pat rouge is their favorite. Let's discover its secret of utterly *natural* color. Your rouge—unless it is Princess Pat—most likely is one flat tone. But Princess Pat rouge is duo-tone.

There's an undertone that blends with an *overtone*, to change magically on your skin. It becomes richly beautiful, vital, *real*—no outline. The almost incredible, astounding effect is that of color coming from within the skin, just like a natural blush. You'll be a glamorous person with Princess Pat rouge—irresistible. Try it—and see.

Princess Pat cosmetics are non-allergic.

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

PRINCESS PAT ROUGE

RADIO—*"A Tale of Today" with Joan Blaine and Harvey Hays, Sunday afternoons NBC Red Network.*

Get this make-up set—special

The popular Princess Pat rouge, powder and lip rouge, easily two weeks' supply, in a novel, attractive Collegian Kit — for this coupon and 10c coin.

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Enclosed find 10c for which send me the Princess Pat Collegian Make-up Set.

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EAST MEETS WEST

with LUCIE MANNHEIM

GODFREY TEARLE • ROMNEY BRENT

Directed by HERBERT MASON

Story by E. GREENWOOD

COMING TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

A GB Production

INFORMATION DESK

Your movie questions are answered here. So shoot your queries this way

NOTE: Here are the biographies you have been clamoring for. Whether one is printed or not depends on the number of requests recorded for it. Remember, every request counts, so if you really want to insure seeing your favorite's life story, don't overlook the handy coupon which you will find on page 21.

FREDRIC MARCH: If, in 1920, a fortune teller had predicted that Fredric March would be an actor, no one would have been more surprised than Fredric himself. He was 22 years old at the time and already launched on a promising career. Born in Racine, Wisconsin, on the 31st of August, 1898, he graduated from the university of that state, after winning his numerals in football and track and being elected president of the senior class. While at college he had been granted one of the National City Bank scholarships and was hard at work soon after graduation, with an interesting future ahead. But the bank changed presidents and Freddy was afraid they might change scholarships, too, so he asked for a leave of absence and got a job as third assistant stage manager on a Belasco production. He never went back to the bank. Numerous stock company successes were followed by important Broadway roles, and before very long his name got to be known in Hollywood. But Fredric wasn't interested—not until the advent of talking pictures. Since 1928, when he made his first picture for Paramount, "The Dummy," he has created one vivid screen characterization after the other, and in 1932 his efforts were crowned by the Academy Award for his performance in "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." You might guess that Fred has brown hair and brown eyes. He is five feet 11 inches tall and weighs 170 pounds. If you are a good friend of his, you are very likely to play lots of tennis with Fred and go on long horseback jaunts. He is happily married to Florence Eldridge and has adopted two children. His next starring picture will be "Saint in New York."

LISELOTTE BORCHMEYER, Milwaukee, Wisconsin—No, Dick Powell is not going to live in his Toluca Lake home with his new bride. He and Joan moved into their ritzy Beverly Hills mansion before starting out on their honeymoon.

FRANCHOT TONE: The fact that Franchot was born in the honeymooner's town of Niagara Falls doesn't seem to have made him especially marriage conscious. He's only married once and is still very much in love with his wife, Joan Crawford. But that's getting ahead of the story. Franchot's father is an important business executive. He is not an only child, since he has one brother who is four years his senior. When it comes to "book larnin," it is hard to find Tone's equal in Hollywood. His prep-school education was completed at the Hill School of Pottsdam, Pa. His college alma-mater is Cornell. After three years there, he attended a summer session at the University of Ronnes in France, was president of the Cornell Dramatic Club while there, and returned to Ithaca to serve as an assistant to the head of the Romance Languge Department. His introduction to the stage was via the accepted stock-company route. From a Buffalo stock company to Broadway is quite a hop, but Franchot made it in his stride and before very long found himself playing an important role in the Group Theatre's box-office sensation, "Success Story." It proved to be the beginning of his own success story. M-G-M heard of the brilliant young Broadwayite and wanted him to sign a long-term contract. He signed. And then in his first picture, "Today We Live," he met Joan Crawford. Sorta makes you believe in Fate, doesn't it? Franchot is a real golf and swimming fan—not the type that sits on the sidelines, either. Believe it or not, his idea of recreation is to see a good movie. He is six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds and has light brown hair and hazel eyes. You can see him now in "Love on the Run" with the old team of Crawford and Gable, to be followed by "Quality Street" with Katharine Hepburn.

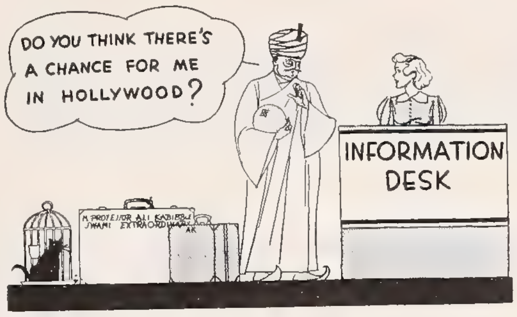
KATHRYN FERGUSON, Dallas, Texas—Very few of the stars in the Hollywood firmament have the time to read their fan mail. Sometimes the truth is disappointing, isn't it? Whether he reads it or not, Bob Taylor gets more mail than any of the stars of his sex.

JEAN PARKER: The girl paints; she dances; she loves music; she mothers dogs, kittens, rabbits—not to mention her pet monkeys; her favorite play is Barrie's "Peter Pan." There you have Jean Parker in a nut-shell . . . aesthetic, loving, imaginative. And, with a sort of poetic justice, Destiny smoothed her path to stardom, gave her a career without the usual fierce prelude of struggle and disappointed ambitions. A movie executive saw her ride past in a float in the Pasadena Tournament of Roses. He saw and she conquered. She was hired almost immediately and began her screen career with an important part in "Divorce in the Family." Her first leading role was in "What Price Innocence?" Jean, whose real name is Mae Green, was born in Deer Lodge, Montana. Her father was a designer and the prizes that she has won in that field of endeavor mark her out as pretty much of a chip off the old block. She has brown hair and dreamy hazel eyes, weighs 109 pounds, and is all of 5 feet 3 inches tall. Jean was recently married to Newspaperman George McDonald. Her last picture was "The Texas Rangers" with Fred MacMurray and Jack Oakie.

THELMA DUBROVNIK, Grand Rapids, Mich.—James and Lucille Gleason recently celebrated their silver wedding anniversary. Quite a record these days, 'specially in Hollywood where that sort of thing is frowned on.

ALICE FAYE: The temperament with which Alice Faye sings or rather swings her songs bespeaks a metropolitan background. It ought to, because it was Manhattan which bore her, Manhattan's schools which educated her, and Manhattan's Broadway which gave roots to her talent. And don't get the idea that she's

If you would like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, fill in and send us the coupon on page 21. General questions, of course, will also be answered here. Those asked most frequently and the most interesting ones receive first preference. If your question is not answered here, look for it in your mail box. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.


DO YOU THINK THERE'S A CHANCE FOR ME IN HOLLYWOOD?
INFORMATION DESK

INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
Please print a brief life story of
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forgotten her debt. A vacation to Alice Faye, when she's been slaving away out on the coast, means nothing more or less than a trip back to good old Gotham. Alice has one other great debt. That's to Rudy Vallee. You see, Alice was just a chorus girl. Popular—yes, and lots of engagements, too . . . now at the Hollywood, now at the Palais d'Or, and then in the chorus of George White's "Scandals." But, to speak the truth, she wasn't getting ahead too rapidly—not until a 25c home record and the generosity of Rudy Vallee entirely changed the course of her star. It seems that she was taking singing lessons and a friend of hers who knew Rudy wanted her to have an audition. Nothing doing, said Alice, she wasn't going to make a fool of herself. So the friend suggested singing into a record instead of the more conventional personal hearing. Alice took him up. Rudy was so impressed by the canned audition he gave Alice her first big-time job, featured singer with the Connecticut Yankees. The rest of the story you know. Twentieth Century-Fox starred her in the movie version of George White's "Scandals" and, since that time, the petite blonde, blue-eyed vocalist has been going places. In her latest hit, "Sing Baby Sing," she was co-starred with Adolphe Menjou. She is now scheduled to do "On the Avenue" with the newlywed Dick Powell.

MARY WILSON, Hope, Arkansas—Modern Screen had a Loretta Young cover in April, 1931; Miriam Hopkins in March, 1934; and Margaret Sullavan in February, 1935. You can get these issues by specifying their date and mailing ten cents for each copy to our Subscription Department, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Sorry, but we have never run a Robert Taylor cover.

JAMES ELLISON: Yes, his name is Smith. And that isn't just the story he tells the cops, either. Born James Ellison Smith at Valier, Montana, he dropped the Smith to go on the stage. James Ellison isn't one of those slick fellows who gets into the movies by accident or just because he is 6 feet 3 inches tall and awfully good looking. He preferred to make his entrance "legitimately," gradually earning a reputation for himself by his numerous artistically interpreted roles at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. The next stop on the Ellison itinerary to glory was a part in Billie Burke's "Vinegar Tree," with which production he toured the country. Later he appeared with Laura Hope Crews in "As Husbands Go" and with Frances Starr in "What Every Woman Knows." His successes on the road were followed by three more years of serious study in the field of dramatics. Then, because the wolf had to be kept away from the door somehow, he accepted a laboratory job at Warner Brothers. A subsequent screen test was successful and James found himself "in the movies." But not really IN them . . . not until Paramount cast him with Bill Boyd in the "Hopalong Cassidy" series. This proved an important break, since his hard riding and sincere acting in this series was quite good enough to convince Cecil B. DeMille that here was the man he needed to play Buffalo Bill in his production of "The Plainsman," starring Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur. Good luck, James Ellison, and let's hope this is only the beginning of your career.

PHILOMENA BONELLI, Trenton, N. J.—Robert Taylor loses a night's sleep if a black cat crosses his path . . . but it has to be a full grown cat . . . a kitten doesn't worry him in the least.

J. D. W., Salina, Kansas—You'll be seeing Zasu Pitts pretty soon in "The Riddle of the Dangling Pearl." Neil Hamilton isn't so very busy right now. Too bad. Last year he played in "Fugitive Lady," "The Daring Young Man," and "Mutiny Ahead."

FRED MacMURRAY: Jack of all trades and master of quite a few is Fred. If he weren't acting he could be singing, and if he weren't singing, he could be tooting a mean sax. Or if none of these opportunities were open to him, you can be sure that Jack Curley would be billing this rangy 6 foot 3 fellow as "Man Mountain" MacMurray, or, in view of his feminine appeal, as the "Wisconsin Adonis." Fred began life on the road. His dad, violinist Fred MacMurray, was on a concert tour with his wife, when young Fred Junior was born in Kankakee, Illinois. The family later removed to Wisconsin where Fred was educated. After a year at college Fred got on his high horse and said he'd had enough. He could afford to be independent. Without any trouble at all he nailed a saxophonist's job in Chicago. His luck repeated in Los Angeles where he arrived just in time to fill a vacancy in Warner's Hollywood Theatre. And before long he not only played but was featured as vocal soloist. For Fred had a voice. The voice took him places that the sax wouldn't have. In 1929 Fred was booked in "Three's a Crowd," in which he was featured in a singing sketch with Libby Holman. For five years, Fred, as soloist of the California Collegians, was a popular figure in all New York's hot spots. When the band was featured in Max Gordon's hit, "Roberta," Fred was chosen to understudy

(*Continued on page 74*)

Afraid of "dyeing"? ... Just try RIT!

NEW COLOR—"NEW" DRESS
Only you and Rit will know it's an old dress—your mirror will say it's lovely today!

FADED LINGERIE SPARKLES
Tint underthings quickly and beautifully, with Rit colors that resist washing!

FRESH TONES FOR HOSIERY
Save odd stockings by matching their color with Rit... or revive faded hose with new shades.

GLOWING TABLE LINEN
Rit makes luncheon and bridge linens so gay and festive. You can *change* them at will.

SMARTLY COLORED BED LINEN
Spreads, sheets and pillow cases can have the loveliest shades—and still launder beautifully!

TO FRESHEN CURTAINS
French Ecru Rit gives curtains the sunniest color that never seems to wash out! Not a "surface color" that has to be renewed each time!

Never say "Dye"—say RIT!

• Rit has changed home dyeing unbelievably! A patented penetrating agent in Rit (*found in no other tint or dye*) causes the color to set evenly, quickly, through-and-through every thread—without fear of streaks and spots. Amazingly different from the muss, the dreariness and the uncertainty of old-fashioned dyeing.

Rit's cost is a matter of pennies—its value means many dollars to you. Just be sure you get Rit—and not an ordinary tint or dye.

• *Dissolves instantly!* Rit is a powder wafer—easier to measure, won't sift out of the package like *loose* powder dyes. Not a soap!

• A single drop of any ordinary dye, on dry material, can't get past the oil-coated fibres—remains a drop on the surface like a dew-drop on a leaf—requires boiling to make it penetrate the fabric.

• Rit (which contains a patented penetrating ingredient) soaks in as soon as it hits the fabric like a drop of ink on blotting paper. Rit is the *only* household dye with this feature! It does *not* require boiling to make it penetrate.

ONLY RIT GIVES FAST COLORS WITHOUT BOILING

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RIT TINTS & DYES

ALSO WHITE RIT COLOR REMOVER
The safe, sure way to take OUT color, remove stains, really whiten white goods... harmless as boiling water!

I PUT THEIR BEST FOOT FORWARD

"I've always insisted that my men folk wear neat, tidy, good-looking shoes, and I find the laces have a lot to do with it.

"So, when they step out on their daily rounds, you can be sure that Father's, Bill's and Ted Junior's shoes are neatly and trimly laced... with laces that will keep their shape under the hardest kind of wear, and will stay good-looking, month after month."

•

All over this country families are acquiring the PERMA-TIP habit. There are lots of reasons. Two, not previously mentioned, are the "baked in" tip...as permanent as the lace itself ...and the price...5¢ per pair.

At your favorite notion counters... everywhere.

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Shoe PERMA-TIP Laces
IT'S PART OF THE SHOE LACE
5¢
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A Product of
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MODERN SCREEN

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Abdul the Damned (Columbia)	2½★
Absolute Quiet (M-G-M)	2★
*The Accusing Finger (Paramount)	1★
The Amateur Gentleman (United Artists)	2½★
And So They Were Married (Columbia)	2★
And Sudden Death (Paramount)	1½★
Annie Oakley (RKO)	4★
Anthony Adverse (Warners)	4½★
Anything Goes (Paramount)	3★
The Arizona Raiders (Paramount)	1★
August Week-End (Chesterfield)	2★
Below the Deadline (Chesterfield)	1★
The Bengal Tiger (Warners)	2★
Big Brown Eyes (Walter Wanger)	2½★
The Big Noise (Warners)	2★
Blackmailer (Columbia)	1★
The Bohemian Girl (M-G-M)	2½★
Border Flight (Paramount)	2★
The Border Patrol (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Boulder Dam (Warners)	1★
Brides Are Like That (First National)	2½★
The Bride Walks Out (RKO)	2½★
Bullets or Ballots (First National)	3★
Bunker Bean (RKO)	2★
*Cain and Mabel (Warners)	1★
Captain January (20th Century-Fox)	3★
*The Captain's Kid (Warners)	1★
The Case Against Mrs. Ames (Walter Wanger)	3★
*The Case of the Black Cat (Warners)	2★
The Case of the Velvet Claws (Warners)	2★
Ceiling Zero (Warners)	4★
Champagne Charlie (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
Charlie Chan at the Race Track (20th Century-Fox)	2★
China Clipper (First National)	2½★
Coronado (Paramount)	1★
Counterfeit (Columbia)	2★
The Country Beyond (20th Century-Fox)	2★
*Craig's Wife (Columbia)	3★
Crash Donovan (Universal)	1½★
The Crime of Dr. Forbes (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Dancing Feet (Republic)	2★
Dancing Pirate (Pioneer-RKO)	3★
Dangerous Waters (Universal)	2★
*Daniel Boone (RKO-Radio)	2★
The Devil Doll (M-G-M)	3★
*The Devil is a Sissy (M-G-M)	3★
Devil's Squadron (Columbia)	2½★
*Dimples (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Dizzy Dames (Liberty)	2★
Dodsworth (United Artists)	5★
Don't Gamble with Love (Columbia)	1½★
Don't Turn 'Em Loose (RKO)	2½★
Drift Fence (Paramount)	2★
Early to Bed (Paramount)	2½★
Earthworm Tractors (First National)	3★
East of Java (Universal)	2★
Easy Money (Invincible)	2★
Educating Father (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Everybody's Old Man (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Every Saturday Night (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Exclusive Story (M-G-M)	2½★
The Ex-Mrs. Bradford (RKO)	3½★
Fang and Claw (RKO)	2★
The Farmer in the Dell (RKO)	1½★
Fatal Lady (Paramount)	2★
The Final Hour (Columbia)	2★
First a Girl (GB)	2½★
The First Baby (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Florida Special (Paramount)	2½★
F-Man (Paramount)	1½★
Follow the Fleet (RKO)	4★
Follow Your Heart (Republic)	1★
Forgotten Faces (Paramount)	2½★
Freshman Love (Warners)	2★
Fury (M-G-M)	3★
The Garden Murder Case (M-G-M)	2½★
The General Died at Dawn (Paramount)	4★
Gentle Julia (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
*The Girl on the Front Page (Universal)	1★
Girls' Dormitory (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Give Me Your Heart (Warners)	3★
Give Us This Night (Paramount)	1½★
The Golden Arrow (First National)	2½★
The Gorgeous Hussy (M-G-M)	4★
Grand Jury (RKO)	1★
The Great Impersonation (Universal)	2★
The Great Ziegfeld (M-G-M)	4★
The Green Pastures (Warners)	5★
Half Angel (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Harvester (Republic)	2★
Hearts Divided (Warners-Cosmopolitan)	3★
Hell Ship Morgan (Columbia)	2★
High Tension (20th Century-Fox)	2★
His Brother's Wife (M-G-M)	2½★
Hollywood Boulevard (Paramount)	2★
Hot Money (Warners)	2★
Human Cargo (20th Century-Fox)	2★
I'd Give My Life (Paramount)	2½★
If You Could Only Cook (Columbia)	4★
I Live My Life (M-G-M)	2★
I Married a Doctor (Warners)	3★
The Invisible Ray (Universal)	1½★
I Stand Condemned (London Films)	2★
It Had to Happen (20th Century-Fox)	2★
It's Love Again (GB)	3★
Jailbreak (Warners)	2★
King of Burlesque (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
King of the Damned (GB)	1½★
King of the Royal Mounted (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
The King Steps Out (Columbia)	3★
*Lady Be Careful (Paramount)	3★
The Lady Consents (RKO)	2★
Lady of Secrets (Columbia)	1★
The Last Journey (Twickenham)	2★
Last of the Pagans (M-G-M)	2★
The Last of the Mohicans (United Artists)	3½★
The Last Outlaw (RKO)	2½★
Laughing Irish Eyes (Republic)	1½★
The Law in Her Hands (First National)	1½★
The Lawless Nineties (Republic)	2★
The Leathernecks Have Landed (Republic)	3★
The Leavenworth Case (Republic)	2★
Let's Sing Again (RKO)	2★
The Littlest Rebel (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Little Lord Fauntleroy (United Artists)	4★
The Lone Wolf Returns (Columbia)	2★
*The Longest Night (M-G-M)	1★
Love Before Breakfast (Universal)	2½★
Love Begins at 20 (First National)	2★
Love on a Bet (RKO)	1½★
Man Hunt (Warners)	2★
Mary of Scotland (RKO)	3★
Meet Nero Wolfe (Columbia)	2½★
Millions in the Air (Paramount)	1★
The Mine with the Iron Door (Columbia)	2★
Miss Pacific Fleet (Warners)	1½★
*Mister Cinderella (Roach-M-G-M)	2★
Mr. Deeds Goes to Town (Columbia)	4★
Mister Hobo (GB)	2★
M'Liss (RKO)	3★
Modern Times (United Artists)	4★
Moonlight Murder (M-G-M)	2½★
The Moon's Our Home (Walter Wanger)	3★
The Morals of Marcus (GB)	1★
Murder by an Aristocrat (Warners)	1★
The Murder of Dr. Harrigan (First National)	2★
Murder on the Bridle Path (RKO)	2★
*Murder with Pictures (Paramount)	1★
Muss 'Em Up (RKO)	2★
My American Wife (Paramount)	3★
My Man Godfrey (Universal)	4★
Next Time We Love (Universal)	3★
Nine Days a Queen (GB)	4★
Nobody's Fool (Universal)	2★
Old Hutch (M-G-M)	1★
O'Malley of the Mounted (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
$1000 a Minute (Republic)	2★
One Rainy Afternoon (Pickford-Lasky)	2★
One Way Ticket (Columbia)	2½★
*Our Relations (Roach-M-G-M)	1★
Paddy O'Day (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
Palm Springs (Paramount)	1★
Panic on the Air (Columbia)	2★
Parole (Universal)	2★

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

Picture and Producer	General Rating
The Passing of the Third Flood Back (GB)	3★
Pepper (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
The Petrified Forest (Warners)	4★
Petticoat Fever (M-G-M)	3★
Piccadilly Jim (M-G-M)	3½★
*Polo Joe (Warners)	2★
The Poor Little Rich Girl (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Poppy (Paramount)	4★
Postal Inspector (Universal)	2★
The Preview Murder Mystery (Paramount)	3★
Pride of the Marines (Columbia)	1★
The Princess Comes Across (Paramount)	3★
Prisoner of Shark Island (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Private Number (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Professional Soldier (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Public Enemy's Wife (Warners)	2★
*Ramona (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Red Wagon (Alliance)	1½★
Revolt of the Zombies (Halperin)	1★
Rhythm on the Range (Paramount)	3★
Road Gang (First National)	2½★
The Road to Glory (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Roaming Lady (Columbia)	2★
Robin Hood of El Dorado (M-G-M)	2½★
Romeo and Juliet (M-G-M)	5★
San Francisco (M-G-M)	4★
Satan Met a Lady (Warners)	1★
Second Wife (RKO)	1½★
Secret Agent (GB)	3★
Seven Sinners (GB)	3★
Shakedown (Columbia)	2★
Show Them No Mercy (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Silly Billies (RKO)	2★
Sing, Baby, Sing (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
The Singing Kid (Warners)	3★

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Sins of Man (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Sitting on the Moon (Republic)	1½★
Sky Parade (Paramount)	2★
Small Town Girl (M-G-M)	3★
Snowed Under (First National)	2★
Soak the Rich (Paramount)	2½★
A Son Comes Home (Paramount)	2½★
Song and Dance Man (20th Century-Fox)	1★
*Song of China (Douglas MacLean)	3★
Song of the Saddle (First National)	2★
Sons O'Guns (Warners)	3★
Special Investigator (RKO)	2★
Speed (M-G-M)	1½★
Spendthrift (Wanger-Paramount)	2★
Stage Struck (First National)	2½★
Star for a Night (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
The Story of Louis Pasteur (Warners)	4★
Sutter's Gold (Universal)	2½★
Suzy (M-G-M)	2★
Swing Time (RKO)	4½★
Sworn Enemy (M-G-M)	2★
Sylvia Scarlett (RKO)	2½★
A Tale of Two Cities (M-G-M)	5★
Thank You, Jeeves (20th Century-Fox)	1★
The Texas Rangers (Paramount)	3★
These Three (Samuel Goldwyn)	4★
They Met in a Taxi (Columbia)	2★
Things to Come (United Artists)	3★
13 Hours by Air (Paramount)	3★
36 Hours to Kill (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Three Cheers for Love (Paramount)	2★
The Three Godfathers (M-G-M)	2★
Three Live Ghosts (M-G-M)	2★
*Three Married Men (Paramount)	1★
Three on the Trail (Paramount)	2½★
Three Wise Guys (M-G-M)	2½★

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Ticket to Paradise (Republic)	1★
Till We Meet Again (Paramount)	3★
Times Square Playboy (Warners)	1★
To Mary—With Love (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Tough Guy (M-G-M)	2½★
*Trailin' West (Warners)	1★
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine (Paramount)	2½★
Trapped by Television (Columbia)	2★
Trouble Ahead (Pathe)	1½★
Trouble for Two (M-G-M)	2★
Two Against the World (First National)	2★
Two Fisted Gentleman (Columbia)	2★
*Two in a Crowd (Universal)	1★
Two in Revolt (RKO)	2½★
Two in the Dark (RKO)	2½★
Under Two Flags (20th Century-Fox)	3★
The Unguarded Hour (M-G-M)	3★
*Valiant is the Word for Carrie (Paramount)	2★
The Voice of Bugle Ann (M-G-M)	2½★
The Walking Dead(Warners)	2★
Walking on Air (RKO)	2★
Wanted Men (British & Dominion)	½★
*Wedding Present (Paramount)	2★
We're Only Human (RKO)	2★
We Went to College (M-G-M)	2★
Whipsaw (M-G-M)	2½★
The White Angel (First National)	4★
White Fang (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Widow from Monte Carlo (Warners)	2★
Wife vs. Secretary (M-G-M)	3★
The Witness Chair (RKO)	2★
*Wives Never Know (Paramount)	2★
Woman Trap (Paramount)	1½★
Yours for the Asking (Paramount)	2★
Your Uncle Dudley (20th Century-Fox)	2★

You'll find this chart simple to follow and a valuable guide in choosing film entertainment. Instead of giving you the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under General Rating, beside each picture. 5★, extraordinary; 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. Asterisk denotes that only Modern Screen ratings are given on films not reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

"My pet hate_*powder that shows up chalky in strong light*"

WE asked 1,067 girls—One of their pet hates in a powder, they voted, is *showing* too much!

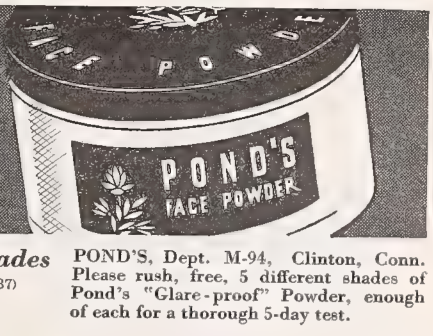
And Pond's Powder led all others in "not giving that powdered look." Twice the number of votes of the second favorite. Three times the vote of the third!

"Glare-proof" colors—The reason is in Pond's colors. "Glare-proof," they catch only the softer rays of light—won't show up chalky in strongest light. Special ingredients give Pond's its soft, clinging texture—keep it fresh looking for hours.

Low prices. Decorative screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

Pond's never looks powdery—It clings

—voted the 2 most important points in a powder



FREE 5 *"Glare-Proof" Shades*
(This offer expires Feb. 1, 1937)

POND'S, Dept. M-94, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

Name____________________

Address____________________

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company

HURRAY!! I'VE STRUCK OIL!

"Just wait till you discover this Oil Rub used by almost all hospitals"

"Gosh, how I used to be scared of germs. But now . . . what do you think . . . the germs are scared of me! Isn't that wonderful? Well . . . it's because I struck oil. Yes—my mother now gives me a body rub every day with Mennen *Antiseptic* Oil; so I've always got a film of safety over me that keeps away the germs and stops infection. The other day I heard our doctor say that almost all hospitals* now give their babies the daily protection of Mennen Antiseptic Oil. It keeps us so much safer and healthier. Gee, I'm glad my mother's up-to-date and knows about important things like this."

**Nine-tenths of all the hospitals that are important in maternity work use Mennen Antiseptic Oil on their babies, daily. Your baby deserves it, too!*

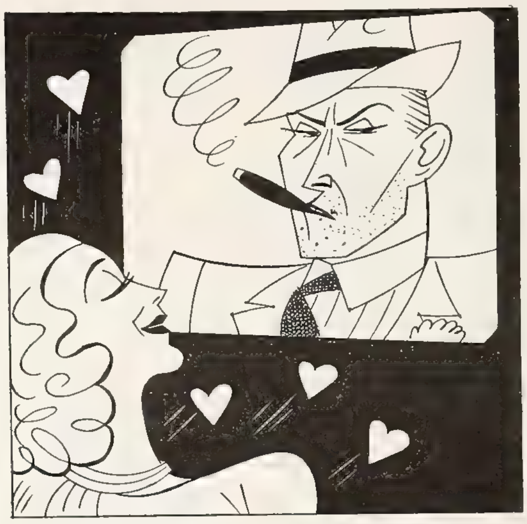
W. G. Mennen

MENNEN
Antiseptic
OIL

BETWEEN YOU

$5.00 Prize Letter
Disappointed

Recently I saw "Anthony Adverse." I had been acquainted with the voluminous novel by Hervey Allen, the sensitiveness of imagination, the exquisite prose, the stimulating characterizations. Like many others I awaited the release of this unusual screen endeavor with something of misgiving, lest the story, due to its immensity, be impaired. Newspapers assured the public that the novel had not suffered, that the film was lengthy, gigantic, to say the least, but more than adequate, that its treatment had been delicate and that the full flavor of the book had been preserved. Hervey Allen gave the film its most potent attraction among the readers of this nation when he declared his approval without reservation.



What's the matter with our leading men, queries a Washington gal. She doesn't leave the question unanswered either.

So, eagerly I, too, hastened to see the valiant Anthony relive again in part the inevitable misery that was his birthright. But this was not the Anthony I knew, nor the Angela, nor the Faith. They were not the beings of vast emotions written into them. And the Madonna—how ineffectual and devoid of the spiritual solace she rendered Anthony.

My disappointment in this huge episodic rendition of "Anthony Adverse" I do not attribute to the producers, for the screen has its limitations, nor to its advertisement in the superlative, for I am not susceptible to the racket that accompanies forthcoming productions, but rather to the vigorous consent with which Mr. Allen blessed the film.—Lee Hosford, Jersey City, N. J.

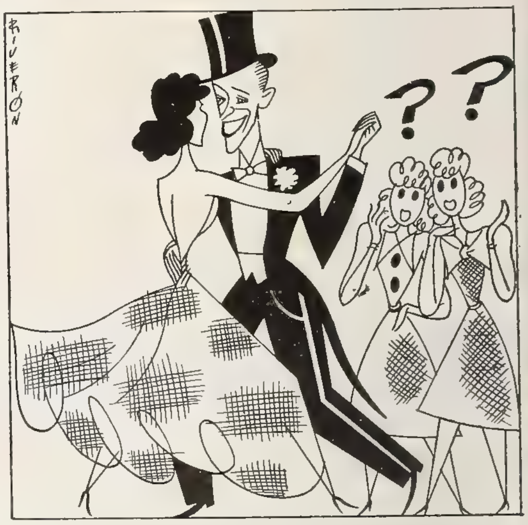
$1.00 Prize Letter
An Open Letter to Bob Taylor

I think you should treat your fan mail with a little more consideration, because if you don't you are sure to lose many of your fans. After seeing you in "Small Town Girl," I wrote you a letter. I never received a reply. In fact I wrote you three letters which were unanswered. For your birthday I sent you a lovely card and you didn't even thank me for it. Do you think you should treat your fans like this? Perhaps your secretary didn't give you the letters and card, if so then you have an excuse, but if she did and you just cast them away you're not worth going to see. Just put yourself in my place and see how it feels not to hear from someone you're fond of.—Lola Day, San Jose, Calif.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Are Leading Men Too Nice?

Remember when Clark Gable took a couple of wallops at Norma Shearer and Jean Harlow and we liked it so very well we hailed him as a great actor? Remember when James Cagney treated the ladies in cave-man fashion and we thought it was swell?

Isn't that one reason we so admire Fredric March? Even if he doesn't actually hit a lady he has a fire in his eye which glints and tells you he might strike her if he thought she needed it.



Do you agree with the gent from Massachusetts, who claims that Jessie Matthews is the Queen of Dancing?

All of which makes me wonder: Aren't the leading men of today rather effeminate? Robert Taylor is a very nice chap. So is—well, most of the new crop. But they aren't what I'd call regular brawny he-men. They make me think too much of the dapper Louis XIV and his court. Even Clark Gable seems to have lost his mortgage on the slap-'em-down policy. I'll take Wallace Beery any old day. He looks like he could put away a dish of corned-beef and cabbage and then go out and get up a good alley brawl. He may not be handsome, but he's no sissy at least! K. B., Seattle, Washington.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Queen of Dancing

Who's the king of dancing? Everyone without a question will say Fred Astaire.

'N' ME...

Write us a letter and win a prize! Choose your own movie topic—here are some suggestions: Why you enjoy hearing screen stars on the radio, the best screen performances you've seen recently, movie-boners, suggested casts for best-sellers and favorite books and plays which are scheduled for early screen production, the best technicolor film you've seen to date, etc. Ten dollars in prizes are awarded each month for the six most interesting letters submitted—1st prize, $5; five 2nd prizes of $1 each. Send your full name and address. Modern Screen reserves the right to publish letters in whole or in part. Address: Between You and Me, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

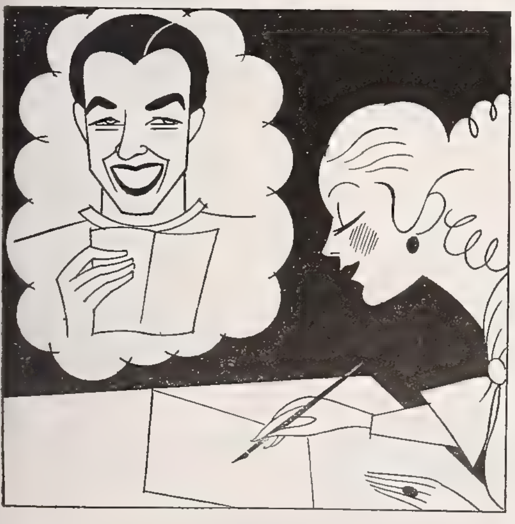
But when you ask who's the queen of dancing, some will say Ginger Rogers, others will say Eleanor Powell, and some might even suggest Ruby Keeler. However, in my mind there's only one girl who can take that title without a question. Yes, it's that beautiful English beauty, Jessie Matthews. She's the Queen!

What a thrill if she and Fred Astaire will get together for a picture. I've seen everyone of her pictures from "Evergreen" to her most recent release "It's Love Again" and she has improved with each one. She's the greatest dancing star alive.—Kenneth F. Parker, Brookline, Mass.

$1.00 Prize Letter
What the Movies Done for Me

1. I have improved in my English conversation, which formerly was all Greek to me until the players on the screen taught me how to speak English.
2. I can use Roosevelt's English and not the King's English, the former easier to "pick up."
3. I can now understand American slang

(*Continued on page 104*)



A California reader writes an open letter to Robert Taylor, which should interest everyone, including Mr. T.

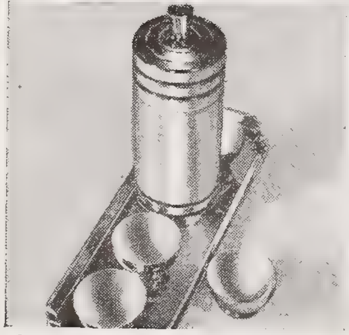
KOOL
MILD MENTHOL CIGARETTES CORK TIPPED
200

MERRY. XMAS TO ALL
(and a carton of Kools)

WHERE'S the holiday throat that won't enjoy their soothing touch of mild menthol? Where's the smoker of either sex who won't relish **KOOLS** blend of superior Turkish-Domestic tobaccos? Remember that each pack not only carries a valuable coupon, but there's two extra coupons in a carton! — a good start toward those attractive B & W premiums (offer good U. S. A. only). So give 'em all **KOOLS** . . . they'll appreciate 'em most! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., P. O. Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
CORK TIPPED
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
SAVE THIS VALUABLE B & W COUPON
REDEEMABLE
COUPON
15¢
20¢ in Canada

SAVE COUPONS . . . MANY HANDSOME NEW PREMIUMS



Chase Cocktail Set. Shaker, 300 coupons; 4 cups—175; tray—200; set—650

FREE. Write for illustrated 28-page B & W premium booklet, No. 12

Sheer Silk Hosiery—Full length. Run-stop band. Newer shades. 125 coupons

RALEIGH CIGARETTES . . . NOW AT POPULAR PRICES . . . ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

THE DRAMATIC HOME-COMING OF THE COUNTRY DOCTOR'S 3000 GROWN-UP "BABIES"

A society woman nearly stole him from her.

An orphan boy ended the strange heartache in their lives.

The fading movie star tried to recapture fame—and found love.

In this reunion, they almost parted forever.

Inseparable comedy pals . . . the Father of the Quints and the would-be Father of Sextuplets!

THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS

Yvonne Cecile Marie Annette Emelie

in REUNION

with

JEAN HERSHOLT

ROCHELLE HUDSON HELEN VINSON SLIM SUMMERVILLE ROBERT KENT
DOROTHY PETERSON JOHN QUALEN ALAN DINEHART J. EDWARD BROMBERG SARA HADEN
TOM MOORE GEORGE ERNEST MONTAGU LOVE

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production • Directed by Norman Taurog
Associate Producers Earl Carroll and Harold Wilson

20th CENTURY FOX

It takes a Vie
ness to make
good Chines
woman. As
Luise! So per
fectly did the v
vacious Raine
become O-lan o
"The Goo
Earth" that
must be hard fo
her to get out o
character agai
Her next pictur
will be "Adven
ture for Three,
with Rober
Taylor.

luise rainer

[illegible]

nd now they
their work
with a very
ifferent sort of
hicle for the
. It's "The
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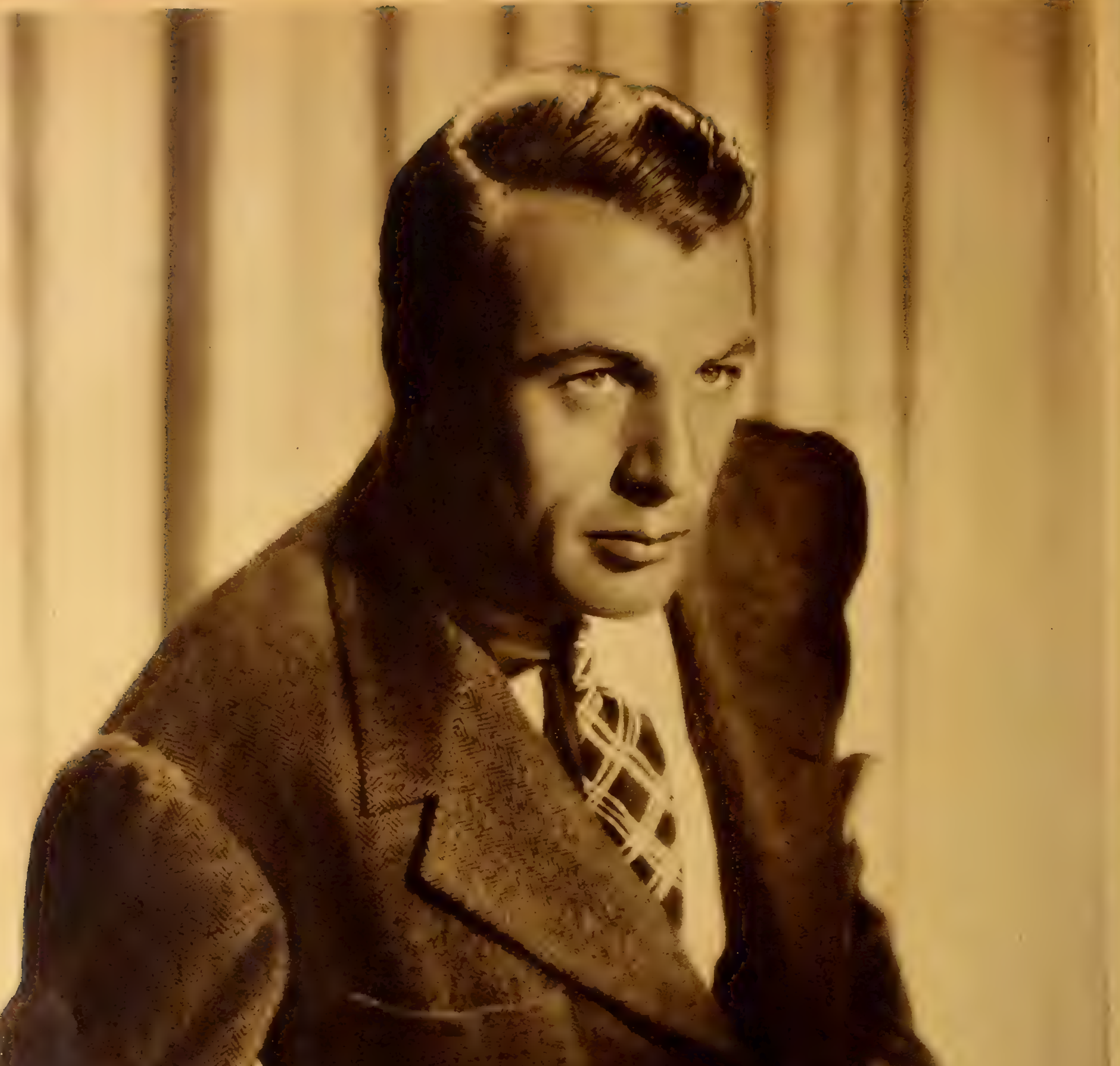


gary cooper

"Champagn
Waltz" sound
as if it would b
just the pictur
that Gladys ha
been waiting fo
to set off bot
her fine voic
and sparklin
charm. Every
one wondered i
Jack Oakie wa
going to warble
an aria or tw
when his name
was added t
the cast, bu
Jack will stick
to wisecracks
And Fred Mac
Murray, you'l
be glad to hear
is the handsome
heart interest

gladys swarthout

It doesn't take much guessing to know that this smiling fellow is as Irish as the shamrock. Michael has had a speedy rise to screen popularity and well deserves it, because he has both personality and talent. He temporarily has left his home studio to do "The Man I Marry" with Doris Nolan and Chic Sale in the cast.

michael whalen

WASHING WINDOWS chaps hands so, they positively hurt. But Hinds quicker-acting softeners soon soak your roughened skin with comfort. Its creamy texture shows that Hinds works better. . . . It isn't watery!

SORE CHAPPED SKIN "FEELS GOOD" SOONER WITH

Quicker-Acting Lotion

LEGS CHAP TOO—Smooth away roughness with quicker-acting Hinds. Its special *creamy* lubricants soak chapped skin soft again. To prevent further chapping, apply Hinds before putting on stockings. It softens and soothes those hard, dry "skin cracks" that sting and burn.

(*left*) **MEN LOVE** to look at—and hold—hands kept smooth and white with Hinds. Skin looks different—so much softer! That's because Hinds goes *into* roughness—doesn't just float on top. Every creamy drop does its part in soothing water-puffed hands—in relieving chapping.

RED SANDPAPER HANDS... how they sting and burn, feel calloused on the palms, rough on the backs.... That's what hard work outdoors does to tender skin! Put softness back again with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Quicker-acting—not watery—every rich, creamy drop does good. Hands recover a soft feminine look right away with Hinds. It really works!

HINDS
CREAM

FREE *The first One-Piece* DISPENSER IN THE STORES NOW!

The new perfect one-piece lotion dispenser! Free on the Hinds 50c-size bottle! Ready to use. Nothing to take apart or put together. Works instantly. Simply turn bottle upside down—press—out comes Hinds quicker-acting lotion! Every drop *creamy*—not watery. Every drop works better! Use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream all during the day. It puts back the softness that drying housework takes away. Keeps your hands feeling good, looking grand! Hinds comes in $1, 50c, 25c, and 10c sizes.

NEW RADIO TREAT—"Between the Bookends" brought to you by Hinds at 12:15 pm E. S. T. over WABC-CBS

Copyright, 1936, Lehn & Fink Products Corporation

HINDS is Quicker-Acting... Not Watery!

HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

There'll be little stepping like the above Rogers and Astaire duet in "Swing Time," if Mrs. R.'s dramatic plans for Ginger work out.

MOTHER KNOWS BEST

GINGER ROGERS "Don't Wanna Dance" much longer in her film productions and if the plans of her astute managing mother carry through, the peppy blonde star will switch her talents into cinema drama without benefit of terpsichore and lyric writers. Her contract still calls for one musical film a year with Fred Astaire, a combination that has been a box office record breaker, but Lela Rogers believes that the era of teaming dancers in musical romances has already reached its zenith and that the seasons, for this type of movie attraction, are already numbered. The opening wedge into the new plans for Ginger Rogers is "Mother Carey's Chickens," a costume film set in the Spanish-American war period in which Ginger neither dances nor resorts to light comedy.

In a few years, Mrs. Rogers believes her daughter will be well on the way to repeating, in serious roles, the popularity she created for herself as a dancing heroine. And in the Rogers combine, mother knows best for, while Ginger may be an admiral in the Texas Navy, an honor conferred on her when she visited the Texas Centennial, it is Lela who is captain of the Rogers' ship, a command she does not intend to relinquish. She candidly admits that her smart supervision of her daughter's career has built Ginger's camera efforts into a million-dollar movie business. To her it is important that the builder of such a successful financial investment remains the boss on important decisions.

Not since the days when Bebe Daniels' mother managed her pretty, talented daughter into the front rank of silent screen stars has this sort of mother-daughter asso-

Ginger relaxe
Carey's Chick
Ginger doesn'

ciation worked s
Because, as M
when Ginger w
and was maste
woman saw a b
wood stardom a
turned on the e
ambition.
Texas clair
daughters, but
Missouri, tha
world that wa
formative ye
those Texas
but mother

OR'S

dys Hall

is Bob like? e tells mself

l tell you that is the great- ntury. And well, too.

TRUE LIFE STORY

Bob Taylor has played with many famous women stars and now he is with Garbo in "Camille."

Such adulation as is Bob's has not been given to any male star in years—yet he's unspoiled.

GABLE WASN'T spoiled by the terrific avalanche of popularity and fame that hit him," said Bob Taylor, "and why the heck should *I* be? There'll be far less excuse for me, if I go haywire and 'Hollywood,' than there would have been for Clark, if he had. He worked hard for several years before stardom hit him with a wallop between the eyes. He had known discouragement and set-backs. And then, when suddenly it did happen, as it hadn't happened to anyone, since the days of Valentino, it was a complete reversal for him. He might well have been excused if he had lost his head. But he never has; not for one moment.

"I on the other hand, haven't had to work for any length of time at all. I've never even had time to get discouraged. I haven't had any set-backs—yet. I've always had everything. My whole life has been one smooth, progressive pattern. And while this Hollywood 'fame' is by far the brightest and most spectacular of all the patches that have made up the pattern of my life still, it is also of a piece with the rest of it.

"By golly, if I get 'spoiled' someone should line me up against a wall and shoot me. I'll deserve it. If I can do half as well as Gable, I'll be okay. I have the most tremendous admiration, amounting to awe, for him."

While Bob was talking to me, perched upon a camera case the while—Mamo's strong hands were massaging the Taylor shoulder muscles. You remember Mamo, who played the beautiful native girl opposite Clark in "Mutiny on the Bounty"? I don't know what Mamo was doing on the set other than serving in the capacity of a masseuse. I didn't ask. Anyway, there she was, wearing slacks and giving Bob the Hawaiian version of the Swedish "works." Bob remarked that he didn't know how he'd ever done without her.

"I've told, in almost every interview I've given," Bob went on, as he jerked and jolted under Mamo's kneading hands, "about this last year and what it has meant to me, and how I've reacted to it, and so forth and so on. I've said that I don't think I'm spoiled, don't feel spoiled, hope I never will be. I've said that I feel, if anything, an increasing sense of responsibility, a sense of the gravity of the work itself and a need to keep my feet planted firmly, Gable-wise, on the ground.

"I've said that when I first came to the studio I was afraid of the stars. I was. I'd been a fan, you see, on the other side of the line. I'd believed that these people were compounds of moonlight and magic and probable madness—and not mere flesh and blood people like me.

"I'm *not* afraid of them now. I haven't said this, you might say it for me. With the exception of my awe of Gable, I've discovered that they are just human beings and swell, hard-working ones at that. I'm not even afraid of Garbo," Bob said, his gray eyes laughing. "No, not even after playing Armand to (*Continued on page 80*)

Is an education a luxury or a necessity to those who would make the grade in the movies? You'll find the answer here

bert Tay

Fredric March

Katharine Hepburn

By Martha

DOES A DIPLOMA

WHAT VALUE has a college education in Hollywood?

For years young university graduates and other young men and women, to whom a college education is an impossibility, have been asking that question, their eyes following the curve of the rainbow to the fabulous pot of gold which lies in the motion picture studios.

The answer is surprising, but true, and proved by long years of Hollywood experience. A college education has little or no value in Hollywood except, of course, in the technical departments of the studios, where trained engineers and architects and electricians have a very necessary place. With these exceptions, the individual, himself, not his university degree, is the important factor in his success.

Only a very few of the more popular stars have ever sat in a college classroom. Strangely enough, few of the successful writers for the screen have university degrees and only a small number of the ace directors have diplomas tucked away in their trunks. The top-notch actors, authors and directors are proud graduates of that

They went to college! Fredric March, Katharine Hepburn and Robert Taylor all boast college degrees. But theirs is a small number compared with the imposing list of successful, self-made stars who succeeded without a Phi Beta Kappa key and, in most cases, not even a high school diploma.

They graduated from the school of hard knocks! Pictured on this page, there are Janet Gaynor, Clark Gable and Jean Harlow. In the article itself you'll discover dozens of others in their class.

Jean Harlow

COUNT IN HOLLYWOOD?

well-known "college of hard knocks," the school which has no ribbon-tied diplomas, no June commencements, no honor societies.

Today there are many young men and women in Hollywood who would gladly exchange that once-prized and engraved diploma for four years of practical experience with people and life, instead of with books.

Johnny Mack Brown, for instance, rode into Hollywood on a diploma from the University of Alabama and his fame as an all-American football player. Where is Johnny today? He has slipped from leading roles in the major studios into the ranks of western serials. While Gary Cooper, who was punching cattle on a Montana ranch and struggling along as an extra in pictures during Johnny's years of university life, is rated as one of the head men of the screen.

Then there's Franchot Tone. Franchot is an honor graduate of Cornell University and a possessor of a Phi Beta Kappa key, the laurel wreath of scholarship. After several years in Hollywood (*Continued on page 94*)

WHAT'S AHEAD FOR NORMA SHEARER?

Norma's marriage had the rare combination of a man and woman who shared not only a mutual love, but an unusually successful business association.

By Eleanor Packer

Will this beloved star continue her career or seek

Norma would drop work at a moment's notice to go on a trip to benefit Irving's health. Here they are returning from one.

Irving Thalberg's great monument, the artistic "Romeo and Juliet", with Norma and Leslie Howard in the name roles.

DEATH, SUDDEN and tragic, has ended Hollywood's most beautiful love story, the story of Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg.

For nine years, since the October day when they were married, Norma and Irving had known not only a perfect love, but also a complete companionship, which included both their personal and their professional lives. They were a man and a woman who loved and married and became the parents of two children. They were also a brilliant, genius-tinged producer and a successful actress who worked, dreamed and accomplished together.

Quietly, as he had lived, Irving Thalberg died, surrounded by the ones he loved. Norma Shearer knelt beside him during those last heart-breaking hours, as she had stood beside him during the happy and almost unbelievably successful years of their marriage. In the final hours of his life, his eyes met hers in the deep and wordless understanding which they have always known.

When Hollywood had recovered from its first stunned shock and grief at the death of the young executive who had given so much, even his life, to the motion picture industry, the thoughts of everyone turned to Norma and her future. One question was on the lips of all who knew her.

"What will Norma do with the years which lie before her?"

No one knows the answer to that question, not even Norma herself. She is too bewildered in her sorrow, too numbed by the loss of her young husband, even to think of the future except as a blank and empty void.

But Norma is a young and a very vital woman. Time heals even the deepest wounds. She has her two children, the six-year-old boy with the heritage of Irving Thalberg's name, the baby girl to whom were bequeathed Irving Thalberg's glowing, dark brown eyes. Some day Norma will gather up the broken threads and go on. There is no doubt of that. How she will rebuild her life, no one can predict now, so soon after its wreckage.

HOLLYWOOD IS, of course, filled with whispers and prophecies. A few of Norma's friends say that she will never make another picture, that her superb performance in "Romeo and Juliet" will mark her farewell to the screen. That would be a gloriously dramatic gesture, to say her farewell with Irving Thalberg in the masterpiece which they made together, she as the star, he as the producer—to end Hollywood's most beautiful romance with the greatest love story of literature.

Other friends insist that Norma's career will go on, that she will continue to make pictures, that she will use her work to help to fill the new loneliness of her life. Knowing Norma, I believe that she will return to the screen after a few months of retirement. She is too young and too energetic to be idle. Her children will fill part of her life, but not all of it. Work is a habit with her. She has been busy, active, interested in the world of the stage and screen since she was sixteen years old.

"I believe that every woman owes it to her husband and children to have outside interests. A woman, who has other activities, whatever they may be, is far more interesting to her family than the woman who is completely submerged in domesticity, who knows nothing beyond the four walls of her home," Norma told me only a short time ago.

With those beliefs, what would be more natural than that Norma should continue with the work which has been the most absorbing interest in her life, second only to her husband and children? She has grown up with motion pictures. She knows them, artistically and technically, as few women do. *(Continued on page 97)*

retirement permanently? Here is the real inside story

Frank Lloyd reads an amusing page in the script to the two stars, Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray

With Frank (Mutiny on the Bounty) Lloyd as producer-director, with your favorites, Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray, in the lead roles, Paramount's "Maid of Salem" sweeps before the cameras. Here are the first glimpses of this mighty picture of a love which braved the blazing fury of Colonial New England's witchcraft persecutions.

Claudette Colbert as Barbara Clarke, the little "Maid of Salem"

One of the Salem gentry who has talked back to the law gets a day in the stocks

A group of Salem lads doing a little tippling, Colonial style

Claudette Colbert
and Fred MacMurray in
"MAID OF SALEM"
A Paramount Picture with Harvey Stephens and Edward Ellis. Produced and Directed by FRANK LLOYD

Jean Muir now knows that it pays to be good

Jean takes another step toward a screen comeback in "Once a Doctor."

STORMY PETREL

By Dora Albert

WHAT HAS happened to Jean Muir? A year ago she seemed one of the White Hopes of Hollywood. Young, ambitious and individual, she had forged ahead with breathless speed. She was put into one fine role after another—the betrayed girl in "Dr. Monica," the starring roles in "As the Earth Turns" and "Desirable," the eagerly-contested role of Helena in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

And then suddenly, as though her career were indeed a midsummer night's dream, it was all over. For eight months she made no pictures at all. Finally she was loaned to Twentieth Century-Fox for a small role in "White Fang," the kind of part in which any bit player could have appeared.

Recently she completed "Draegerman Courage," a program picture, and she is now doing "Once a Doctor," where she is featured with Donald Woods and Dick Purcell.

These are the facts, but what is the story behind them? Why was Jean Muir raised to the glittery pinnacle of stardom and then thrust back into obscurity?

The story of Jean Muir is the story of a rebel—and the price she paid for her rebellion. It is the story of a girl who almost threw away a career because of her critical, superior attitude toward Hollywood and motion pictures.

Jean never used to be very popular in Hollywood, except with a few people who knew her well. The rest found her too destructive, too much of a lone wolf. For one thing she was too frank and didn't know when to keep her thoughts to herself.

"When I first came to Hollywood," she confessed to me, "I was constantly making enemies because I spoke my mind so freely. Within earshot of a scenario writer, I would complain bitterly that the story he had written was atrocious and had no more plot than a barrel of sour apples. I would explain what an impossible person a certain director was, and discover a glazed look coming into the eyes of the person to whom I was talking. Nine times out of ten she turned out to be the director's wife."

When Jean Muir was appearing in "Dr. Monica" with Kay Francis, who was supposed to be the star, Miss Muir said frankly, "My role is much better than yours, you know. Do you mind?"

When Katharine Hepburn, after her startling success in Hollywood, appeared in an ill-starred Broadway play called "The Lake," Jean went backstage to see Katie after the performance and blurted out, "Miss Hepburn, I admire your courage."

Katharine Hepburn realized the honesty behind the girl's bluntness, but there were other stars in Hollywood who didn't, and who hated Jean.

And there were executives who would cheerfully have slaughtered her for, instead of accepting their suggestions meekly as other newcomers did, she asked a thousand questions. She wanted to know the why and wherefore of everything. At other times she acted as if she knew more about their business than they did.

When Jean first came to Hollywood, her ideas were based on how things were done on the stage, and she rebelled against Hollywood's methods. Her first part was in a picture which Roy Del Ruth was directing, "Bureau of Missing Persons."

"In this scene," he told her, "you're supposed to sit on a bench reading a newspaper and crying."

Jean did her best to obey. But she was new to picture and very nervous. It seemed to the director that Jean wasn't crying enough. "Bring the menthol," he ordered.

Jean was horrified. She thought of her idols of the stage. Did they use menthol to make them cry? Of course not!

"I won't do it!" she sobbed. But in the end she did as she was told. And she was so bitterly humiliated at the idea that it had been necessary to resort to menthol that the tears, real ones this time, came streaking down her face, leaving little blotches on her make-up.

Though Warners, impressed by her talent, put her into the finest roles they could find for her, Jean Muir never was satisfied.

Sometimes, of course, Jean was right. When the studio asked her to wear five or six different changes of costume in "As the Earth (*Continued on page 83*)

GOOD NEWS

Hollywood's off-screen sleuth on a hectic beat

Ginger Rogers and Jim Stewart even do the Air Races together. Is it love?

Belles Lettres Note: A recent and highly prized press dispatch is a breathless little paragraph describing the dignified mien of the headwaiter at the Brown Derby. After discussing the personage at considerable length the note ends with: "The only indiscretion the headwaiter permits himself is to write a little poetry now and then in a style reminiscent of John Keats." Make that two orders of Keats, my man, and wrap up a bit of Shelley to take out.

■ ■ ■

At the moment Bob Taylor is the biggest draw in pictures. Even things he made two years ago are being revived for the edification of large audiences of women, and his studio seems to be making every effort to rush him into as many pictures as possible. The poor guy has made over a dozen pictures in the last year and a half and it looks like he's going to keep on making them as long as he can stand up. Incidentally, he's conferring with his bosses regarding a boost in salary, for he started at the studio at $35 a week and with a few bonuses and such he now makes approximately $750 every pay day. Naturally, it grieves him to know that stars with half his drawing power are pulling in $5000 a week, and since a star's life is a short one, he wants it while he's got it, if you know what he means.

■ ■ ■

Not that it means anything, but it's sort of a coincidence that Margot Grahame is playing opposite Herbert Marshall in "Make Way for a Lady" while her husband, Francis Lister, is in London co-starring with Edna Best, who is still Mrs. Marshall.

At a movie the other night we tried desperately to hear some of the dialogue, but the competition was too much. A gal a few seats away, an expert gum-cracker, covered every speech and the picture didn't have a chance. In some cases, not hearing the dialogue is a fine thing, but indications were that this picture might be good if we could hear it, so we leaned over to ask the young lady to hold off until we found out what this rich fella was doing in that nice girl's apartment. Imagine our consternation to discover the gum-snapper to be Margaret Sullavan!

■ ■ ■

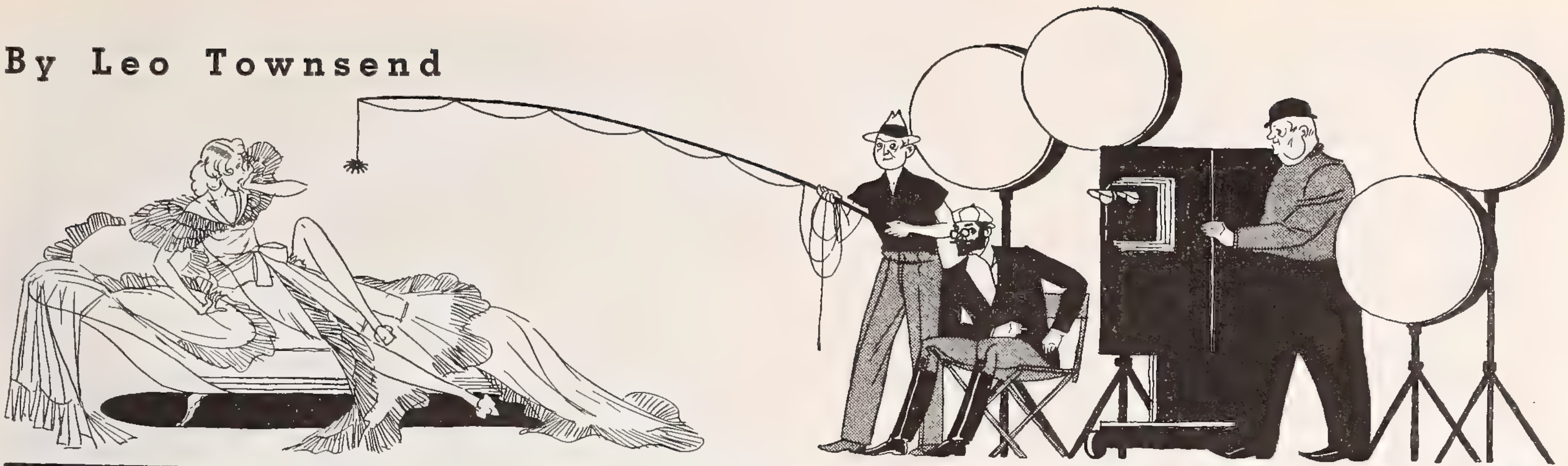
The death of Irving Thalberg was a shock to everyone who knew him. Only 37, he was a slave to his job, working almost nightly at the studio and seldom taking a vacation. He earned millions in his brief life span, but he had little time to enjoy them. An ironic overtone to the tragedy was that his death came just a few days before the Hollywood premiere of his wife's biggest picture, "Romeo and Juliet."

■ ■ ■

A studio-designed wardrobe is final proof that the Quints are now full-fledged stars. Two dozen seamstresses fashioned bonnets, dresses and matching accessories for the Dionne young ladies to wear in their new picture. There are rumors about that Adrian has his eye on the gals. After all, why launch a new mode on just one Jean Harlow?

Mr. and Mrs. Fred MacMurray, also onlookers at the races, beam obligingly.

By Leo Townsend



activities keep our news from parties to sports events

When Loretta Young suddenly walked out of the leading role in "Lloyds of London," people wondered why until she boarded a boat for Honolulu. It was a nice vacation, and just by lucky chance, mind you, Eddie Sutherland happened to be there at the same time.

■ ■ ■

The social life of the "Born to Dance" cast is really terrific. A few weeks ago, for instance, Frances Langford tossed a swimming and cocktail party at her home for the chorus of the picture, with no men allowed. Then Eleanor Powell cooked a dinner with her own hands for the special benefit of her leading man, Jimmy Stewart, and her studio's publicity department. The publicity department, incidentally, is cooking up with its own little hands a delightful romance between Eleanor and Jimmy. Their love will bloom about the time the picture is released, after which it may slowly fade away.

■ ■ ■

Sid Silvers, who (with Jack MacGowan) wrote the new Eleanor Powell picture, "Born to Dance," also plays one of the comedy leads. Being author of the thing, Sid wrote himself a swell part, but when he came to play it he found most of it had disappeared. Drawing himself up to his full five feet, he marched into the producer's office to demand an explanation. "We're building you up gradually," said the executive. "We think you're a great comic, Sid. In fact, you've got a lot of Chaplin in you." "I know," said Sid. "You mean I never talk!"

■ ■ ■

Ruth Chatterton sponsored the Air Races. Here she is with Kay Francis.

Accident-of-the-month was Lucille Ball's. Lucille, as you know, gives her all to portraying dizzy blondes on the screen. We bumped into her on the RKO lot the other day and she told us all about it. "I tripped over my dog at home," she said, "and bumped my head. Ever since there are moments when my mind is a complete blank." We stepped back ten before we asked her how she could tell.

The town's friendliest "ex's," Adrienne Ames and ex-hubby Bruce Cabot.

■ ■ ■

Did you know that Jean Harlow is studying French? Not that she contemplates moving to Paris or anything. She just thought it would be nice. During the shooting of "Libeled Lady" there were several French guests on the set one day. They met Jean, and someone told them of her linguistic struggles. So they tested her out by asking her to say "I am well" in French. Jean complied. So they tried her on "I am not well." There were a few minutes of Harlow hesitation and then, "Oh, nuts!" So pardon Jean's French.

■ ■ ■

The vague rumors about that Garbo is ill are true. The Silent One has a serious intestinal ailment, and we just learned that she spent several weeks in a sanitarium last year. On her way to recovery she became bored with the place and thought she'd go home. That the ailment still is serious is evidenced by the fact that "Camille" was held up two weeks with Garbo home in bed.

Local Boys Make Good: Henry Fonda and Randolph Scott, both of this city, recently went East and brought themselves back a couple of wealthy brides. The new Mrs. F. is the widow of George T. Brokaw and Mrs. Scott was Mrs. T. H. Somerville. She's one of the Du Pont girls and there's talk around that she possesses some $70,000,000. Wouldn't it be nice if she bought Paramount for Randy?

■ ■ ■

At the "Dodsworth" preview there was lengthy applause when Mary Astor first appeared on the screen. As this was her first picture since the recent trial, the applause must have been pleasant music to her ears, for it probably means favorable audience reaction throughout the country. Mary's constant companion, these days, incidentally, is Marcus Goodrich, a writer under contract to RKO. Goodrich, an old friend, is now handling all of the Astor personal affairs.

■ ■ ■

Joan Crawford has been having a lot of success lately at keeping her pictures pretty much in the family, or perhaps it's merely a coincidence that Franchot Tone appears with her in her last two vehicles. In "The Gorgeous Hussy" Walter Abel originally had the part of young Mr. Eaton, whom Joan finally marries. It was a small part, but a kind writer built it up for Mr. Abel. Then it was promptly handed over to Franchot. In "Love on the Run," in which Joan is co-starred with Clark Gable, Robert Young was set for the second male lead. Again the part was built up, but not for Bob, for once more Franchot stepped in and grabbed it. Some agent, Crawford!

Some fun! Frances Langford and Tony Martin get a great kick out of a fast spin Hollywood-wise.

■ ■ ■

Carole Lombard has a prowler. Every once in a while, in the vicinity of the home she and Fieldsie recently rented, she heard strange noises. She wasn't making them herself, so she hired a watchman. A few nights later she awoke to discover a flashlight gleaming through the bedroom window and onto her face. But Lombard is never at a loss for words. "Hey!" she yelled. "Are you the watchman, or are you the other guy?" A meek voice replied, "I'm the watchman, madam." "Then," said Carole, "for Gawdsake take that light out of my eyes!"

■ ■ ■

The Doug Fairbankses (the actor, remember?) cocktailed in mid-air for a group of their friends recently. They hired one of the new 28-passenger planes, piled everybody in and set out. There was dinner and dancing in San Francisco followed by more flying and more cocktailing. Among the guests were Kay Francis and Delmar Daves, and since the plane didn't return until 5 a. m., there were a lot of worried husbands around Hollywood.

■ ■ ■

At the air races a photographer approached the Fairbankses and Benita Hume and asked them to pose for a picture. Doug and wife dutifully looked up at imaginary planes and the photog turned to Benita with: "Won't you look up too, Miss Astor?"

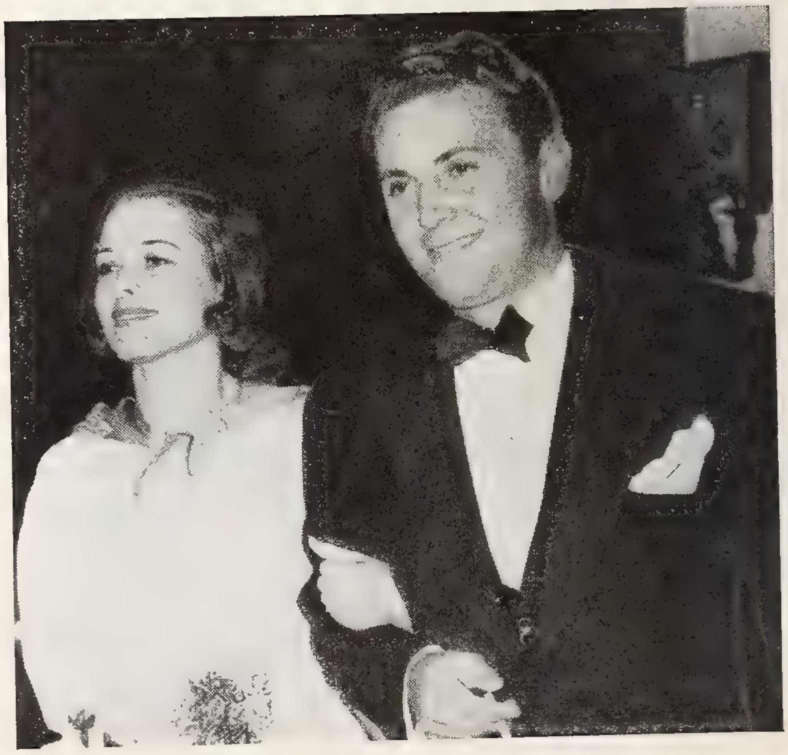
Michael Whalen takes Astrid Allwyn to a premiere where they are asked to say a few words into the "mike."

■ ■ ■

The biggest battle of the season was the battle of the false eyelashes, staged by Mae West and Alice Brady during the making of "Go West, Young Man." When Mae appeared with long eye adornments Alice showed up with longer ones. It went on like that for days, but Miss W. won out by the simple procedure of cutting Miss Brady's part here and there. Both gals should have sent for Marlene Dietrich, who's a real authority on the false eyelash subject. Marlene took three dozen pairs of them with her on her recent trip abroad.

■ ■ ■

Simone Simon, who skyrocketed to fame in "Girls' Dormitory," is still very much on the temperamental side. Director Irving Cummings had plenty of trouble with the young lady in her first



A recent bride and groom step out. Allan Jones with Irene Hervey on his arm. They look blissfully happy, don't they?

Craig Reynolds dates June Travis for a premiere. He has been Glenda Farrell's swain on and off recently.

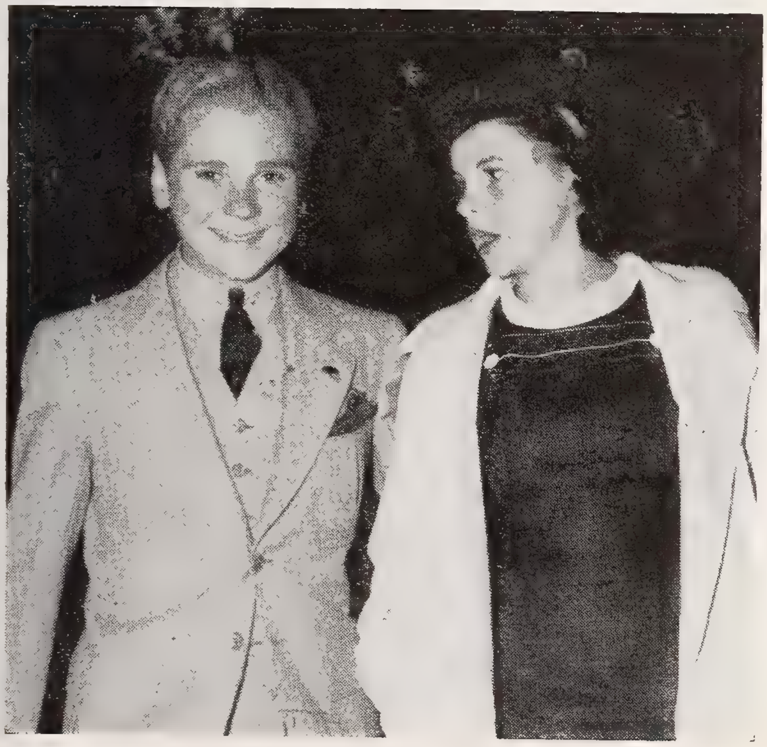
picture, but he indulged in the satisfaction of telling her off when the film was completed. She behaved fairly well in "Ladies in Love" but, by the time her third picture came up, the nation-wide ballyhoo had started and the little lady walked right out of the assignment and home to sulk. Have you been reading those billboards, Toots?

■ ■ ■

Mae West Item: Our spy at an exclusive Hollywood shoppe ("Spying done while you wait" is our motto) reports that Mae is growing. When she first hit Hollywood she slipped into lingerie marked size 14 and now, it is our duty to report, she must have 18. It is heartening to add, though, that Mae still does things with an elegant touch. She never stoops to the gauchery of selecting her lingerie in person—it's all purchased by the Spanish gentleman who is her social secretary.

■ ■ ■

Another note of elegance is the news that Katharine Hepburn has discarded the station wagon in which she always used to drive to the studio. Perhaps it was the influence of her royal role in "Mary of Scotland"—at any rate, she now reports to work in a shiny new coupe.



Why, Jackie Cooper, we remember you as such a little shaver! And now long pants and that pretty girl, Judy Garland.

■ ■ ■

Could it be that Connie Bennett is going soft on us? The regal Miss B., who has always been haughty to the press and the common people in general, has now hired herself a publicity agent whose particular job it is to convince everyone that poor Connie has simply been misunderstood. Just to prove it, La Bennett last month tossed a swimming party at which the lowly press was permitted—even urged—to partake of the Bennett refreshments and leap, fall or wander into the Bennett pool. And we can remember Constance when she was considered 'way up town!

■ ■ ■

A preview audience changed the title of Shirley Temple's new picture from "The Bowery Princess" to "Dimples." Judging from the reaction cards sent in by the customers, everyone felt that "bowery" was a horrid word in connection with little Miss T. After all, she's making $5,000 a week, ain't she? So now it's "Dimples" and everybody's happy.

Another young fellow who is growing up—Wes Ruggles, Jr., with mother, Arline Judge.

Another gym addict is Warren William. He builds the Body Beautiful at the bars—and not the horizontal ones like some of the boys around town. So there should be one waistline, anyhow, in Mae West's new epic.

■ ■ ■

Herbert Marshall's going in for horsemanship. Not, however, because he's British, but fattish. In spite of a nasty fall resulting in three stitches which he suffered recently, Mr. M. is still taking his daily workout on that electric horse in the studio gym. That's the old Prince of Wales spirit, Bart.

■ ■ ■

We have just learned that Barbara Stanwyck's four-year-old son, Dion, has a pet name for Robert Taylor. It's "Gentleman Bob." We can't find out if Barbara calls him that or not.

■ ■ ■

It took Gracie Moore to shake Mickey Mouse's position as top guy around town. Miss Moore threw a temper tantrum just before a big broadcast on which she and Mickey are to be featured. Mickey, Donald Duck and their crowd could appear on the program and she wouldn't, or vice-versa. It was vice-versa, with Walt Disney giving Grace the air.

■ ■ ■

Patsy Kelly Gowns, Inc., is the most exclusive joint in town. In fact, it excludes everyone but Patsy Kelly, who designs all the gowns just for herself. Having a yen all these years to be a glamor girl and getting no coöperation from Hollywood designers, Patsy's decided to spread the coq feathers. (*Cont'd on page* 69)

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A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

By Leo Townsend

Photographically speaking, "Ramona" hasn't been surpassed on the screen. Loretta Young and Don Ameche have the leading roles.

★★★★ The General Died At Dawn

(Paramount)

Put Gary Cooper into a Chinese revolution and you've got something. Add a distinct touch of glamor (that's Chinese for Madeleine Carroll), a few excellent supporting players and a top-flight director and what you've got is a splendid screen drama. "The General Died at Dawn" is as exciting as it is full of intrigue. It is exactly what the words "moving picture" imply, for its photography is beautiful, the composition of its scenes is done with an artistic hand, and the whole thing moves. Gary Cooper portrays an adventurous American whose particular mission of the moment is to combat the forces of General Yang, a marauding gunman who plunders the poor of China. Madeleine Carroll is on the side of the general because her father, Porter Hall, is on his payroll. Eventually, of course, Gary and the poor people win out, but not until General Yang and his murderous cohorts have made things pretty ominous. Akim Tamiroff turns in a superb character job as General Yang, J. M. Kerrigan is excellent as a self-styled detective and Porter Hall's weakling is an inspired bit of acting. Gary Cooper continues the first-rate work he's been doing lately, and Madeleine Carroll, in a Dietrich type of role, manages to be glamorous and believable at the same time.

Preview Postscript

That British haircut of Gary's is the direct result of a Bermuda vacation. But the souvenir which caused the studio the most trouble was the Cooper coat of tan. He had to sit beneath the studio bleaching lamp for two days before being entrusted to the camera . . . Ever present on a Cooper set these days is "Jedge" Cooper—the tall, lanky and suspendered gentleman from Montana who is Gary's father. The Judge is a great favorite with cast and crew, having a generous number of tales on tap about the old days in Montana to fill dull moments between takes . . . Clifford Odets made his debut on this one not only as a scenario writer but as a movie actor. He shared his big scene with three hundred other "extras"—among them John O'Hara. Madeleine Carroll was regarded with some trepidation as another of "those cold English girls" before she showed up for work on the set. After that, she was known as a swell person. She didn't hold up production for a single cup of tea, either. On the picture's completion, Madeleine sailed for England for a brief visit before returning to Hollywood and more celluloiders . . . The scene which required the greatest length of time to film was not one of those overflowing with extras. It was the one between Gary and Miss Carroll—where he has to punch her in the jaw. Gary just couldn't get the proper punch. "Come on, hit me," urged Madeleine, while Director Milestone clawed his hair in anguish. So Gary promised. Lights went on, cameras turned for a take, Gary let go with a perfect punch in the Carroll jaw—then ruined the whole scene by crying, "Did I hurt you—did I?" . . . To Hans Drier, Paramount art director, went considerable plaudits for his construction of the Chinese village on the studio lot. It was authentic in every detail shown, and represented weeks of intensive study and careful construction. After the picture's completion, part of the village scene was not torn down. It was such a perfect scenic bit that the studio plans to build a "short" around it . . . Location scenes were taken at Chatsworth, while the "ocean" scenes were filmed on the Paramount lake, which was strewn with Chinese scows, battleships, etc., all one-sided affairs since the camera doesn't bother much with rear views . . . Chinese actors are in great demand at present in Hollywood. There's a run on Oriental films, with practically every studio having one planned or in production. Many of the Chinese extra players have been around Hollywood and done these roles for the past fifteen years, and some of them still haven't bothered to learn English.

Joe E. Brown and Carol Hughes in a bright moment from "Polo Joe," Mr. B.'s latest laugh-inducer.

★★★ Ramona (20th Century-Fox)

In photographic beauty this picture has never been equalled on the screen. You may not have seen advantages in technicolor before, but "Ramona" is sure to change your opinion of the medium. Though color is not "natural" yet, the early California outdoor setting of this film lends itself to the technicolor process with hardly a jarring note. The luxuriant growth of flowers and fruits, the gay colors of Spanish costumes, and the riot of color in the fiesta where Mexicans, Spaniards and Indians join in the festivities, make the perfect background for this Indian love story. And if the story itself had lived up to its trimmings, this would have been one of the outstanding pictures of

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the year. As it is, the tragedy of Ramona and Allessandro is told with a moving simplicity in the first sequences, but the pace slackens to a drag in the latter ones. Loretta Young's portrayal of the Indian maiden is adequately done. She looks so lovely that an emotional shallowness in some scenes goes unnoticed. Don Ameche is perfectly cast as the Indian hero, and Pauline Frederick does full justice to the role of austere Spanish senora who hardens her heart against her Indian foster-daughter. Kent Taylor is likeable in the role of her son. Jane Darwell and Katherine DeMille are satisfactory in minor roles. "Ramona" is undoubtedly a picture that will please every audience.

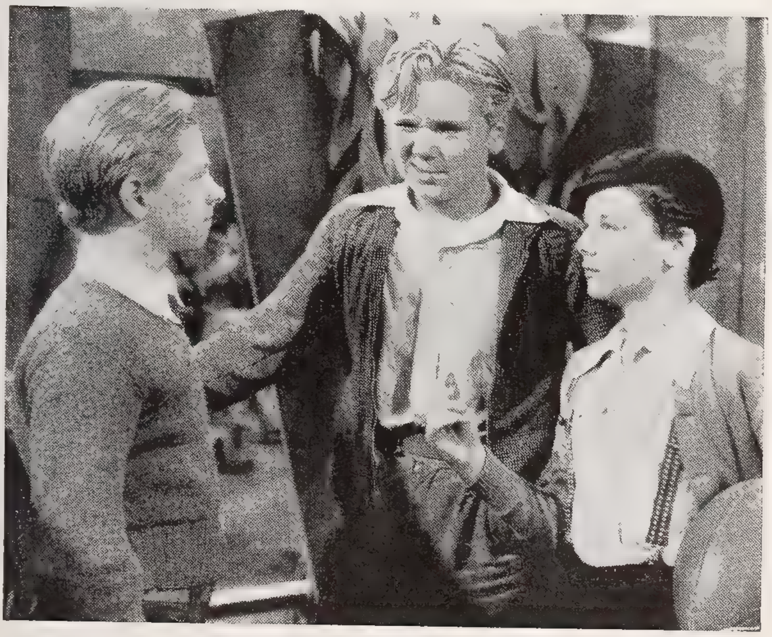
Preview Postscript

Main location for filming was a 55,000-acre ranch in the Mesa Grande area of the San Jacinto Mountains, 140 miles south of Los Angeles, which was selected only after innumerable color tests had been made of other areas in California . . . Sun, wind, fire and birds combined to furnish formidable obstacles for Director King. Due to the extreme brightness of the sun in the clear mountain air, many scenes had to be filmed under "scrim"—a fragile bobbin netting which softened the overhead light just enough to eliminate glare, every dart of which the color camera would have faithfully reproduced. The continual high winds often ripped the nets to shreds. Other times the powerful arc lights fired the lace-like nettings, which went up like tinder. Months beforehand a cherry orchard and an apple tree had been contracted for use when in full fruit. Both ripened on schedule and Indian boys had to be hired to guard them from the swallows with shot guns . . . More than 3,000 persons took part in making this film. The cast of seventeen feature players, seventy-five minor artists, a technical crew of two-hundred and fifty, the remainder consisting of Indians, and extras, constituted the immense community which went on location. All lived in tents and cabins with the exception of Loretta Young and Kent Taylor, who rented special trailers, complete with two rooms, electric refrigeration, shower baths and all the trimmings. Each night "rushes" of the day's work were shown at an improvised outdoor theatre. Swimming, horseback riding and tennis offered the cast an enjoyable time. Twelve weeks were spent filming location scenes before the company returned to the studio for another three weeks of interiors . . . Don Ameche started stage work eight years ago in Madison, Wisconsin, substituting at the last minute for a main character in "Excess Baggage." Later he entered radio work and was snatched up my movie moguls in short order. He will broadcast from Hollywood now, due to picture engagements lined up for him.

★★★ Craig's Wife (Columbia)

On the stage, "Craig's Wife" was a Puiltzer Prize winner back in the days when the Pulitzer Prize meant it was the best play of the year. On the screen, it is one of the most impelling dramas of the season. Rosalind Russell, in the title role, is a complete shrew, a coldly beautiful woman who loves only her cold beautiful home. Her husband and her friends are mere annoyances who are tolerated only in the degree that they can be of value to her. She believes in marriage only because, as an institution, it gives her security and, in her own case, wealth. Her husband's friends no longer come to her because there is no welcome there. Gradually her selfish existence closes in on her and one by one maid, cook, sister and finally her husband walk out on her, leaving her with her fine empty home. It's a tragic picture, and one which you wouldn't soon forget. Rosalind Russell's performance definitely stamps her as an actress of the first rank. She's so good you'll despise her. John Boles is better than usual as her husband, and there are fine performances by Jane Darwell as the cook and Billie Burke as a next-door neighbor. Much of the picture's power is due to the able and sensitive direction of Dorothy Arzner.

See Modern Screen's Movie Scoreboard on page 22.



These youngsters, Mickey Rooney, Jackie Cooper and Freddie Bartholomew, turn in excellent performances in "The Devil is a Sissy."

Rosalind Russell is so good in the title role of "Craig's Wife" that you'll hate her. Assisted by John Boles and a very fine cast.

Preview Postscript

Known as Russell's Last Stand, this picture was awaited with great curiosity around town. Rosalind was forced into the role against her better judgment, which makes the celluloider's triumph considerably more interesting . . . It's a woman's picture from start to finish. Directed by Dorothy Arzner, edited by Viola Lawrence, scenarioed by Mary McCall, Jr., and starred by Miss Russell. Dorothy Arzner is Hollywood's only female director. She started out as a typist at Columbia but gave herself a five-year plan for bigger and better things. In three years she was directing . . . The set for this one was undoubtedly one of the most artistic and complete interiors ever constructed on a lot. A ten-room house was built in its entirety, with an estimated cost of $60,000 in furnishings. Exteriors were filmed at a home in Beverly Hills . . . Two brides of four months worked on this picture. Dorothy Wilson is now Mrs. Lewis Foster, while Kathleen Burke has married Juan Fernandez, a dance director at Paramount . . . John Boles found time for this film between personal appearances in Cincinnati, Montreal and Toronto. While in Hollywood he is rarely seen out, except to and from the studio. John is perfectly contented to stay in his Santa Monica beach home with his wife and daughters and forsake the bright lights of Hollywood . . . Rosalind Russell is another who'd just as soon stay at home—at least while in Hollywood. But of late she's been kept on the run between one night club and another. The reason being Mary Jane Russell, who is Rosalind's sister and a first-time Hollywood visitor. She seems to like Cinema Town a lot.

(*Continued on page* 101)

AROUND THE TOWN

Elissa Landi is back in Hollywood and busily at work in "The White Dragon." However, her off-screen hours are occupied socially with the handsome Nino Martini. Here the two of them pose for Scotty while spending a recent evening at the popular Trocadero. Nice looking pair, huh?

Now it's June Travis who seems to have captured the dating time of Cesar Romero. Cesar usually turns up at events with Virginia Bruce or Betty Furness but here he is at the Biltmore Bowl, smiling adoringly into June's piquant face. And she seems to be enjoying the attention, too.

"Have a peanut," said Glenda Farrell as she leaned across the bar at her own gay party recently. And, not to be left out, Mary Brian hurries up with a batch of popcorn. Barton MacLane can't seem to make up his mind but Wini Shaw dips right into the dish. The party was a Farrell success.

The grinning gal here has stored her ice skates in favor of grease paint. Sonja Henie, champion skater, is caught at a preview with attractive Tyrone Power, Jr.

Humphrey Bogart and Margaret Lindsay in a scene from "Isle of Fury."

Just how that Bogart boy ever became an actor still puzzles his old New York gang

HUMPHREY'S HALCYON DAYS

By Ruth Rankin

THIS STORY is about Humphrey Bogart, late of the New York stage, now in and of Hollywood. Humphrey was the man without the shave, in "Petrified Forest," who made Dillinger look like a sissy. He menaced things up in great shape for "Bullets and Ballots"—he was that nasty man named Fenner, who finally shot the hero. Now, after all, the man who shoots the hero in any picture is pretty important.

They are lining up things fast for Humphrey over at Warners where they predict stardom for him within three years.

Well, all I have to say is, it will be no fault of Humphrey's. He will have to be a star in spite of himself. He hasn't the remotest idea of playing studio politics and wouldn't if he could. He can't suppress his joy in the fact that he has no tact and an unholy habit of not minding his own business. And by the time three years have elapsed, he will have had a fight with everyone on the lot. However, everyone will wind up by liking him because he won't sit still and take it. Anybody who gives him an argument will have to see it through—and Humphrey will even start the argument, if things look sorta slow.

Someone once remarked that Humphrey's father probably had to be a doctor to keep Humphrey sewed up. Enough stitches have been taken in that guy to run up a little light summer dancing frock, with ruffles.

The first time I ever saw him—it was in 1918—he was laid out on a sidewalk in New York's Greenwich Village. It seems that a girl in a doorway yelled "help" and Humphrey responded. The girl faded out when he got there and two tough gents emerged from the shadows, intent upon his wallet. They got it—but they had to fight for it. We happened along two minutes later, picked up all we could find of Humphrey, took it home with us and telephoned for Dr. Bogart, who seemed less surprised than would be ordinarily indicated. I guess he'd been called before, on similar occasions.

It was the beginning of a beautiful friendship which has lasted eighteen years, or until Humphrey reads this inspired revelation.

He carried a souvenir from that little fracas for some time—an upper lip like an awning, which blurred his speech but didn't stop Humphrey from talking. Finally his papa took a pleat in it and you'd never know the difference now. But at that time it didn't look as if Humphrey would be an actor. (*Continued on page 95*)

Girls, who knew-Humphrey-when, say dates with him were colored by speedy driving and battles!

SHE HAS

And so Claudette is adored

Claudette and her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman, attend the Night of Stars show.

WHERE IS that woman?" And nobody smiles when they say that either. The scene is Paramount's publicity department. It is twelve forty-five. Claudette was due at eleven for her first interview. At eleven forty-five she was to have had her second. At twelve-thirty, her third. The three interviewers—and interviewers should never meet in the same line-up—are sitting in a row, pock-marking pencils and optically slaying each other. The boy from the portrait gallery breezes in. "Am I going to get Claudette at one?" The publicity woman throws a memo pad at him. He retreats, but comes back a second later. "That reminds me. You told her to bring those new furs of hers? We're counting on them for winter fashion releases." This time the publicity gal controls herself. "I told her. But you know Claudette! If she doesn't bring them, don't blame me."

Then suddenly Claudette appears, standing in the door in a pair of dark blue slacks. She smiles and peeks out sheepishly from behind dark glasses. "Hello, everybody. I'm so dreadfully sorry!" She greets them all, all around, with some personal word. Then she asks the publicity girl if she may speak to her for a moment outside. A moment's conference. The girl returns alone. Her eyes are frantic, appealing. But a faint smile twitches her mouth. "Sorry, kids, Claudette's got a luncheon date. A friend from New York. She wants to know if you'll please excuse her until afterward. She's sorry, but she sort of got everything all bawled up."

A hushful moment. To hide their eye-softness, three writers look floorward. Three pair of feet do a school-room shuffle. "S'all right with me," the male writer, first. "I don't mind either," one of the girls. "I'm hungry myself," sympathizes the other.

Claudette Colbert charm? Yes, Claudette has that certain something which enables her to "get away with murder."

THAT PHRASE might also apply to the charm that guards her life, for if there is magic in her smile, there is no less of it in the godmother wand that controls her destiny. When she was fourteen she was run over by a two-ton truck and lived to tell the tale. When she was eighteen, doctors told her she had stomach trouble from which she would never recover and a year later she defied them to find a trace of it. In 1930 on an around-the-world trip on a tramp steamer, she arrived at the Malay peninsula, the only healthy passenger on the boat. The others were sick with malaria. And so on and on. Dangers to her career, as well as her life, were just as easily waved away. Very few actresses, before or since, have survived the number of play flops that she survived during the early part of her career.

Then came what surely must be the end—the announcement that Claudette was picking her own next play. That such a newcomer could pick anything but another flop was inconceivable. But the wand waved, Claudette muttered "Abacadabra" and "The Barker" turned out to be a hit, the first and the biggest in her whole career.

The incident of "It Happened One Night," about which you have heard umpteen times, is another example of her uncanny luck in story selection. Constance Bennett and Miriam Hopkins had turned it down when Claudette Colbert accepted it. Claudette was in a bit of a career-pickle, too, when that picture came along. She was badly in need of something to get her out of it.

But—and that's the point I'm making—Claudette always gets out of everything. It may be a good story that does the smoothing-over, but mostly it's that smile, that appealing something I referred to back in the beginning of this opus. And no matter what the evidence against her. There was that time she should have been arrested, for example. That was in the days when she was just fifteen-year-old Lily Chauchoin. Claudette laughs as she recalls it.

ONLY IT wasn't so funny then. It was my first driving experience. I didn't have a license or even a permit, and the car wasn't mine. It was a brand new one belonging to Harry Wolf, a friend of the family's. How he ever happened to let me drive it, I don't know. But anyway, there I was behind the wheel breezing down New York's 72nd Street in the very heaviest evening traffic, when I stalled right in the middle of the trolley tracks. The traffic piled up behind me and an irate policeman came over to see what was the matter. There was nothing really the matter except that I hadn't the least idea of how to start

It has been a long wait between pictures for Claudette's fans. Her newest picture is "Maid of Salem." Right, she and Bonita Granville appear in a scene from it.

WERE MARRIED

Because Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor had forgotten California's three-day marriage license law, they had to postpone their wedding until one minute after midnight on September 28th. However, the wedding took place with full church pomp at that unusual hour.

Henry Fonda and Mrs. Frances Seymour Brokaw met abroad last summer. Their engagement, announced from there, came as a great surprise. They were wed in a fashionable church ceremony in New York on September 16th and left for Hollywood at once.

of the town's most famous couples to the altar. Just look!

Jean Harlow (left) is still in her twenties and Myrna Loy (above) has just turned thirty, yet they both have the fresh sparkle of the 'teens. Beautifully cared for hair and unblemished skins will be their challenge to age for years to come.

A POUND OF CURE

By Mary Marshall

You'll never hear a screen star make that feeble excuse, "Oh, ten extra pounds is rather becoming, don't you think?" Beauties like Carole Lombard realize that their star sets when that svelte figure begins to show a rubber tire waistline.

Joan Blondell is a shining example to all who insist that it's simpler to be "pleasingly plump" than divinely slender. Joan literally shaved the pounds off to gain that alluring figure with its softly curved contour. You can do it, too. Try!

That old bogey, "the fat forties," won't get you if you watch your step between twenty and the early thirties

THERE COMES a day in the life of even the best-looking lass when she suddenly realizes that she ought to "do something" about herself—about her figure, skin or hair. One girl in twenty actually does "do something," and that's a very conservative estimate. The other nineteen young ladies are all too inclined to say—and quite humanly enough—one of several things: "Oh, that ten extra pounds is rather becoming, don't you think? I was really too thin." Or, "I guess it's natural to gain a few pounds—or a few lines—as one gets older." Or something else which is nice and comforting but which, as the song goes, "ain't necessarily so."

I want to hold the floor for the duration of this article about girls from the early twenties to the early thirties. There's no good reason nowadays why anyone should look materially older at thirty-two than one does at twenty-two. That certain girlishness departs with the passage of ten years, and so it should. But physically speaking—from the standpoint of figure, skin and hair—the passage of a decade should tell no age secrets.

It's all very well for me, sez you, to adorn these two pages with pictures of the Misses Harlow, Colbert, Lombard and Blondell. "What have they got to do with me?" asks you. "They're beautiful. I'm not. They've got money. I haven't. They can hire masseuses. I can't. They can . . . " But save the rest of it, my sweeties, for I'm way ahead of you.

LEAVING THESE beauteous gals right where they are in their artistic poses for a moment, let me give you what I consider, in my not too humble opinion, an ideal for every one of you to follow, from the early twenties right on into the thirties and—yes, lady—clear through to middle age also. Here 'tis:

1. Clean, flowing body lines, whatever your size. Your chassis may not have the "oomph" of a Dietrich, but you can emulate Dietrich's splendid posture. You absolutely need not have lumps here and (*Continued on page 88*)

FREEDOM'S A FLOP..!

And Tom Brown, who has waited long to attain it, tells you why

By Franc Dillon

IT WOULDN'T be much of an exaggeration to say that the greatest disappointment Tom Brown ever had came to him on his twenty-first birthday.

Of course there was a party, a grand one given by his parents at a local hotel, with presents and a birthday cake with candles and an orchestra and all his friends there to wish him well and help him celebrate. Everything was, apparently, perfect, including the fact that the party was a complete surprise to Tom. But just the same Tom was bitterly disappointed.

"I don't know what exactly I expected to happen on that day," Tom said, in talking of it, "but as far back as I can remember I had looked forward to and planned for it. I'm sure I didn't expect to wake up and find that I had a long, grey beard or anything like that," he laughed, "but I did anticipate some startling changes that weren't forthcoming."

WHEN THE doorbell rang one noon recently and I found Tom standing on my doorstep, my first thought was of food, for what boy isn't hungry, especially at meal time?

"I was just going by," he explained with an impish grin, "and I thought I'd better stop and see if you were behaving yourself."

"Hungry?" I asked suspiciously.

"No, honest, but if you don't mind, I'd like a glass of milk. You think it's funny for me to be drinking milk?" he asked. "Well, it *is*, really. That is, considering that all my life I looked forward to the time when I would be old enough to accept a glass of beer or a highball when it was offered to me. Now that I'm of age, I don't want it. In fact, I'm strictly on the water wagon."

And that is how this conversation began, during which he told me all the things he had expected from life when he should be twenty-one, all the dreams he had which had exploded in his face. (*Continued on page 85*)

Tom thinks it's fun to be twenty-one, but it has its drawbacks, too.

Nick Lukats, Priscilla Lawson and Tom appear in "Rose Bowl."

IS BEAUTY A BOOMERANG?

Virginia Bruce's answer will hearten all girls who long for it

By Faith Service

A great beauty herself, Virginia has had beaux and adulation galore, so she knows the answer! "Born to Dance" is her newest screen appearance.

ISN'T BEAUTY, a boomerang, in a way?" I said to Virginia, on an impulse.

"What say?" asked Virginia, her delicate brows lifted slightly.

We were sitting in the sunlight, outside Virginia's dressing-room on the studio lot. The white-gold sun of California, which shows many a noted beauty to be something made-up while electric lights do not, made of Virginia something whiter and golder than the sunlight. She wore a pale blue sweater, a rose sport skirt, a rose scarf, bobby socks and sneaks. Her golden hair, hung loosely about her face. She looked sixteen and like a poem, a valentine, a song, a dream.

I recalled how, at odd times, Jimmy Stewart, Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable, Cesar Romero and other cavaliers had spoken of Virginia's beauty. I glanced at the volume she held in her hands, Maurois' "Life of Byron." I thought back to her passionate, self-sacrificing love for John Gilbert, her eagerness to retire completely from public life when she married him, her deep, maternal love for the small Susan and her often reiterated desire to have other children. I wondered whether the reputation of being a Great Beauty, deserved as it most authentically is, satisfied this girl who has more than a silky skin, golden hair and eyes as blue as forget-me-nots.

So I asked her. And she laughed, or rather, to tell the plain truth, she snorted. And she replied, "You're not trying to make me admit that I am 'a beauty,' are you, for heaven's sake? Because, in the first place, it's ridiculous. And in the second place I hate to be so labelled—even with such lovely libel.

"I do think beauty can be a curse. I don't want to be known as a beauty. I think the reputation of being one starves a girl of most of life. And just so you won't contribute to any such mistaken ideas about me, I can tell you half a dozen things that are wrong with my face. Half a dozen things I hate about myself!"

"I dare you!" I said.

"Take you on," laughed Virginia. "I hate my chin. Look at it! Can you find it? (*Continued on page 78*)

THE GOOD

Muni and Rainer bring you Wang and O-lan in all

CAST

Wang	Paul Muni
O-lan	Luise Rainer
Uncle	Walter Connolly
Lotus Liu	Tilly Losch
Grandfather	Charley Grapewin
Cuckoo	Jessie Ralph
Aunt	Foo Yong
Eldest Son	Keye Luke
Youngest Son	Roland Lui

—Adapted from the METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER picture. Directed by SIDNEY FRANKLIN. From the screen play by TALBOT JENNINGS, MARC CONNELLY, FRANCES MARION. Based on the novel by PEARL BUCK. Fictionized by MARY MAYES.

Wang greets his new wife, O-lan, from The Great House.

O-lan, once a slave, works hard for her beloved Wang.

INTO THE eyes of Wang, the farmer, came a furtive, frightened look. He glanced surreptitiously from the great cauldron of hot water on the stove to his aged father, making such a to-do there with his bowl of tea. Tea, by the gods, which the Old One—grumbling between great drafts of the fragrant beverage—declared was like silver and too good for poor farmers who should be content with hot water to warm their lungs of a morning. But then, as Wang had said, in excuse, "This is the day!"

Young Wang, the furtive look gone, decided to throw caution to the winds. He started to take the *whole* cauldron of water—not just a panful—into the inner room, attempting with very poor success an air of nonchalance. The Old One glanced up from his tea. What was this, what was this?

"Now there's enough water to bring a crop to fruit!" His thin voice crackled with amazement.

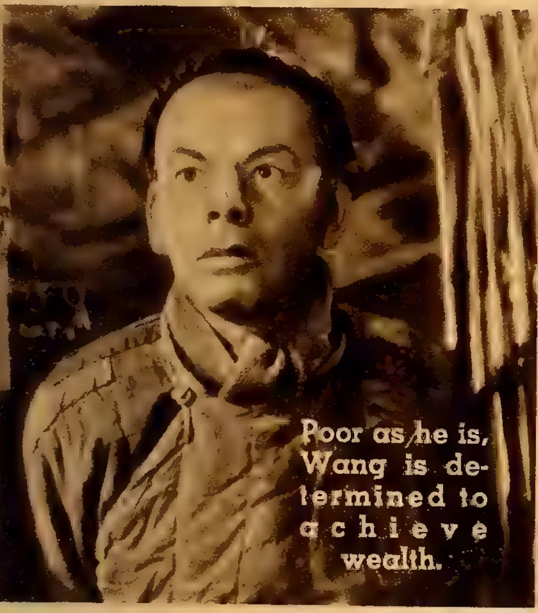
Wang, his great shoulders bending not one whit under the cauldron's weight, mumbled low, "Father, I haven't washed my body all at once since the New Year."

"It won't do—it won't do," said the old man. "Starting your woman like this—tea in the morning, and all this washing!"

Your woman! For days, Wang had thought of nothing else. A woman! A wife! Of course, he had not yet seen her—it would not have been seemly. But his father had assured him that, though she was

EARTH

the romance and pathos of this great story



Poor as he is, Wang is determined to achieve wealth.

Tired of O-lan, Wang takes Lotus Liu as his second wife.

only a kitchen slave in the Great House of Hwang, she was not deformed, nor did she have a hare-lip. Wang dared not hope for a pretty face—nor small feet. But anyway there would be someone to work with him in the fields. Someone to bring a semblance of home to their humble dwelling. Someone who would bear him sons, the gods willing. . . .

Now the Father, who was really a kindly old man for all his complaining manner, was led by Wang's long-considered persuasion not to cry their poverty too loudly at the suggestion of a feast that night—a very small feast. Indeed, when neighbor Ching came by their door bearing a jug of wine "for the bridegroom!" the Father set forth the feast as his very own idea.

"If you will come," he invited farmer Ching, "my son will be honored, for you were boys together."

In the inner room, Wang grinned delightedly and recklessly splashed a little more water over his strong body. This was the day! . . .

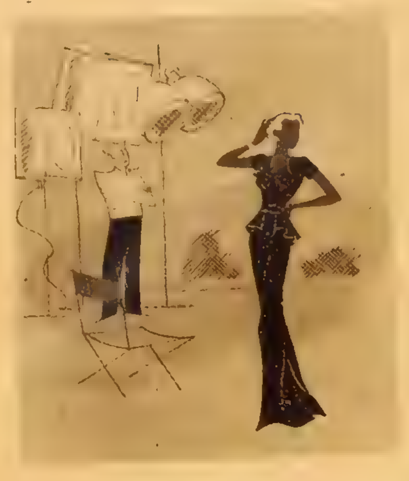
The woman sat there, never moving, by the kitchen door of the Great House. Beside her, from a sink, drain water dripped into a bucket. On her other side was a heavy wooden box, its hinges gone. Giggling and chattering slaves passed and re-passed.

"He is here—the bridegroom!"

"His basket of (*Continued on page 105*)

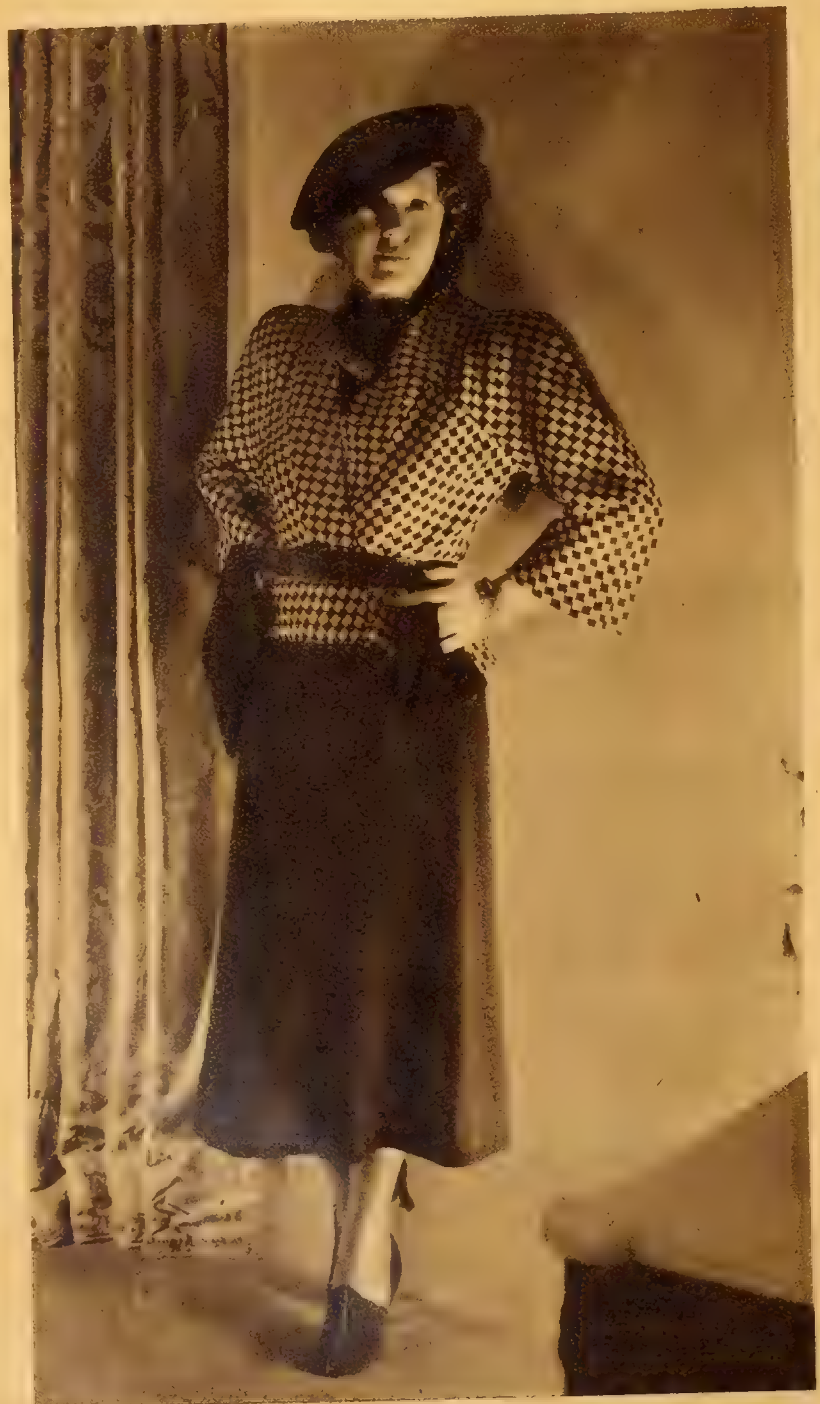
. . . A STAR AND HER

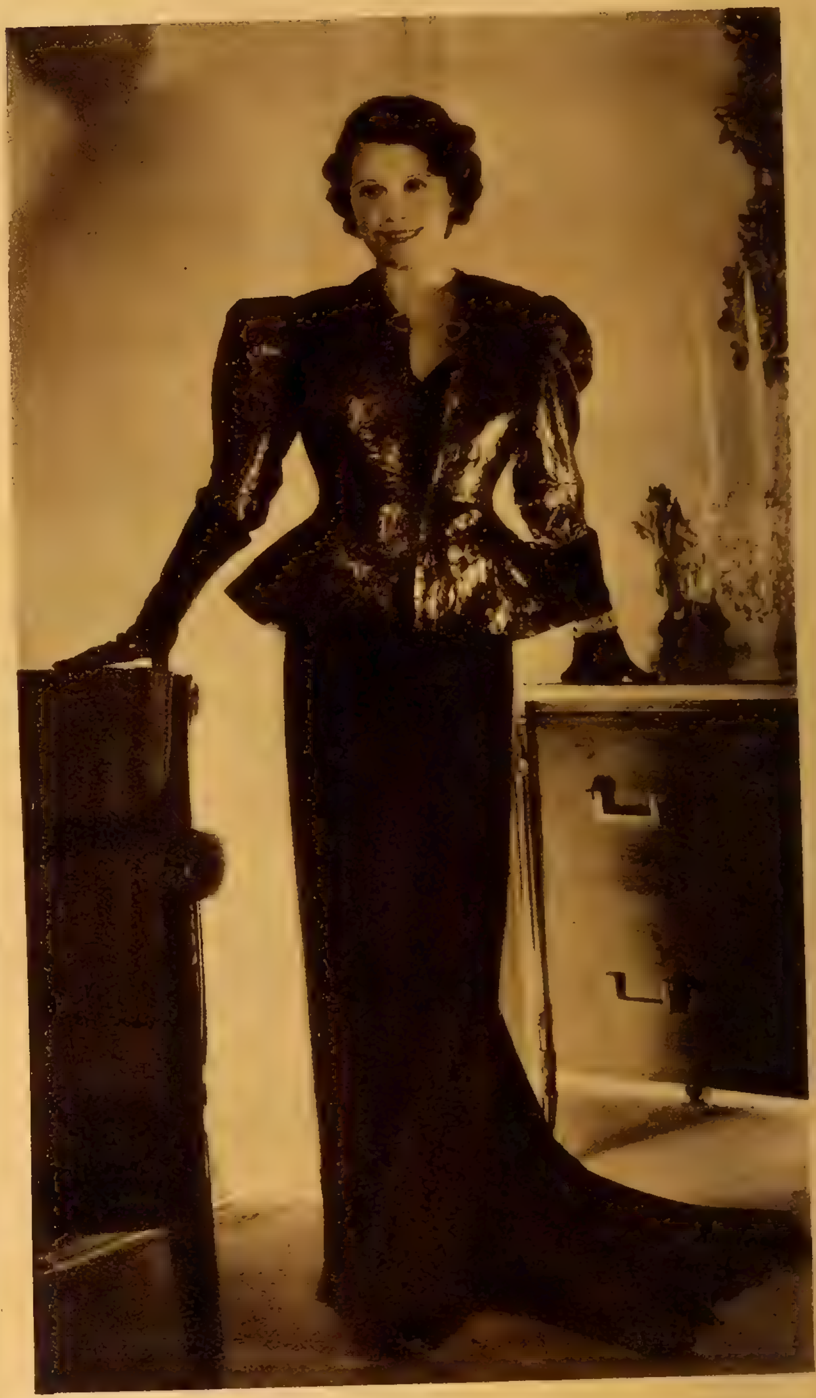
Ruth Chatterton tells why worth" clothes so very much



Omar Kiam has used the dramatic peplum flare to accent a short lamé jacket worn over a simple black gown. The fitted waist and wider shoulders are of the new line.

Ruth bought this two-piece woolen costume for her personal wardrobe upon the completion of the picture. The top is a black and white check woolen and the skirt is black woolen cut with a circular flare.



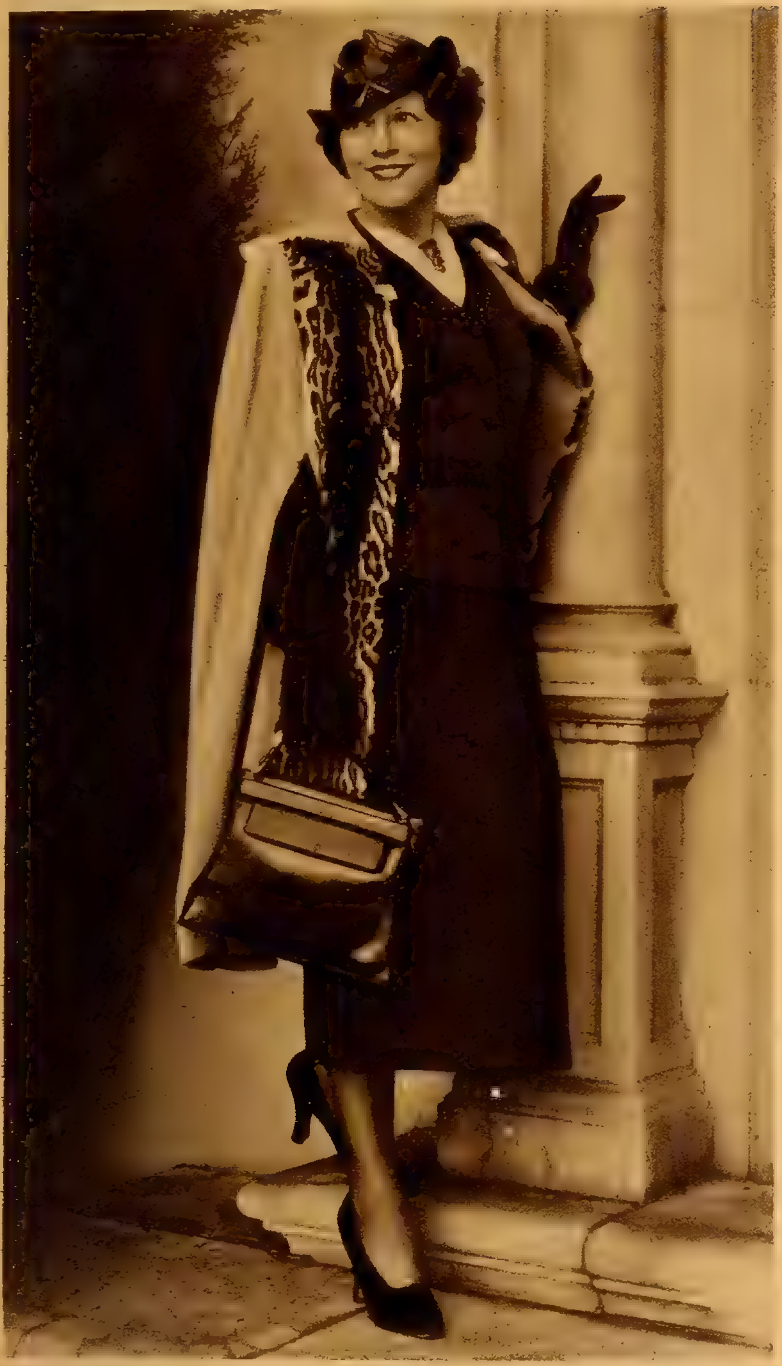


FOR YEARS Ruth Chatterton had to traipse about Hollywood under the burden of one of those strange titles which seem to cling to some celebrities like moss or sticking plaster. Her special tag was "first lady of the screen," if you can imagine a stuffier title to affix to a person, especially one with a sense of humor and a vivacious personality like Ruth's. Anyway, it must have depressed Ruth thoroughly, for she seemed to dress like a first something-or-other with the result that she looked dignified, unhappy and definitely frosted. Then came her temporary retirement from the screen—and lo, the next any of us saw of la Chatterton, there had been an amazing transformation. She emerged as a very dusty and slightly hectic lady aviator (aviatrix, to you) who was sailing madly through the skies in an air derby. She

DESIGNER TALK CLOTHES

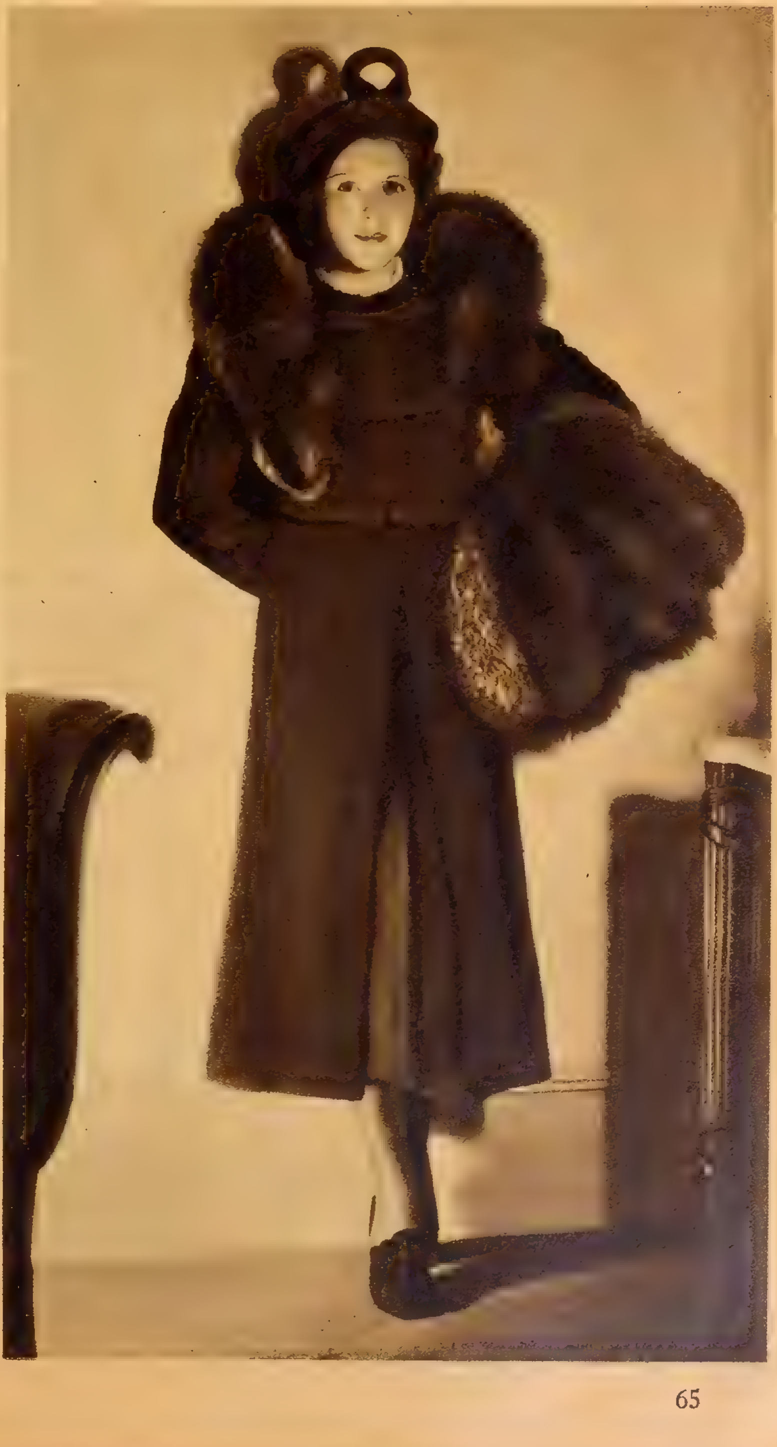
she likes her "Dods-

By Adelia Bird



Over a trim little brown tweed suit, Ruth wears a beige woolen cape trimmed with bands of leopard. Colorful pheasant tail feathers trim her brown felt hat.

Typical of the new flare in costumes is the black wool coat below. The bodice is slightly fitted and the skirt part opens at front. Lavish silver fox trims the collar and forms the huge muff she carries.



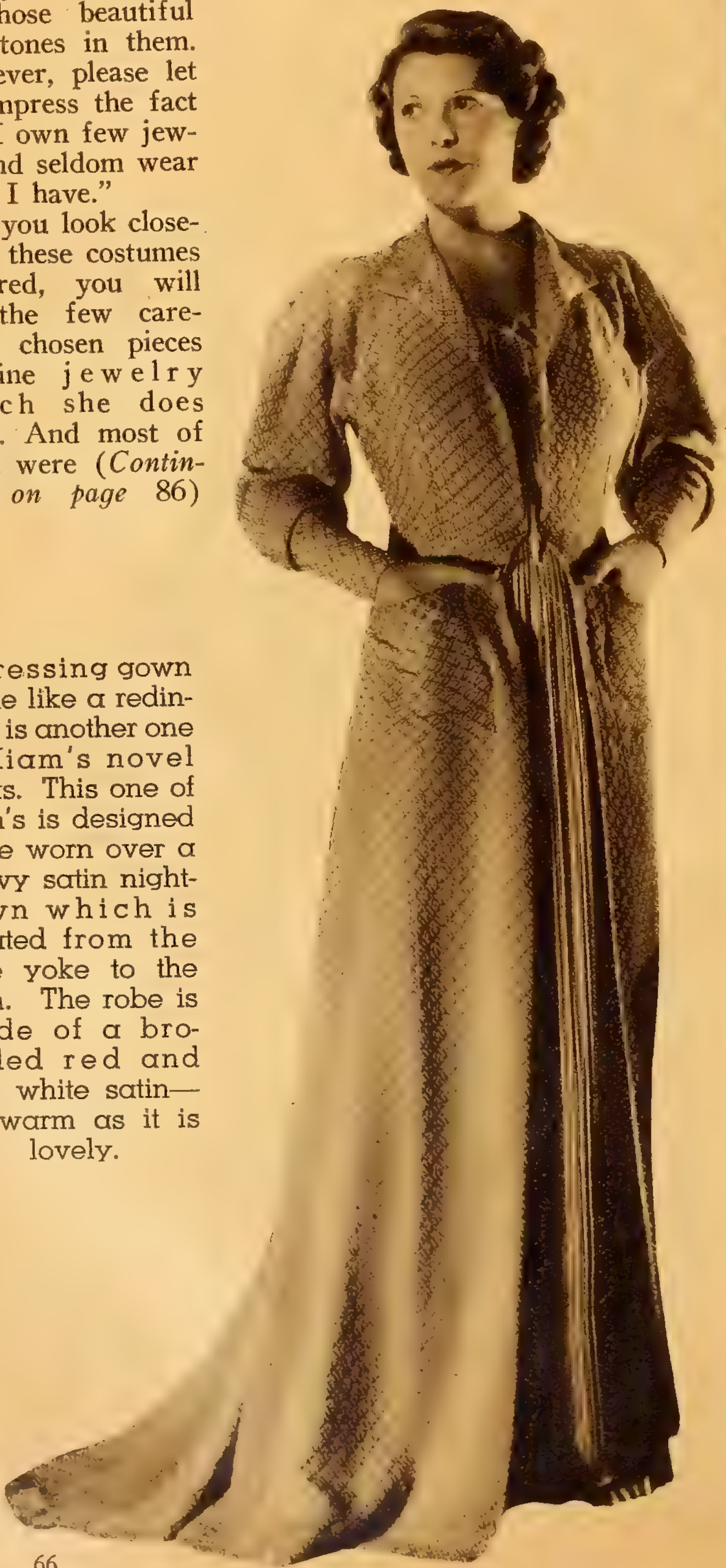
posed, grinning broadly, arrayed in the decidedly casual garb of the airways. Very little of the formerly veddy elegant Miss Chatterton has been visible in either press pictures or newsreels since.

And now, with her return to the screen, she steps out as still another personality. It is as if she has blended her two former selves into a new and very exciting version—one that has the well-groomed, chic appearance of the screen star and the other, the casual, gay person who pilots airplanes with a devil-may-care outlook on both life and wearing apparel. If you have seen her as Fran in "Dodsworth" you'll understand what I mean. However, you don't even have to wait for that, you need only to study this array of interesting costumes which Omar Kiam has designed for her to wear in the picture. Since she has bought several of these for her personal wardrobe, you can see that Kiam knows his star designing to a T.

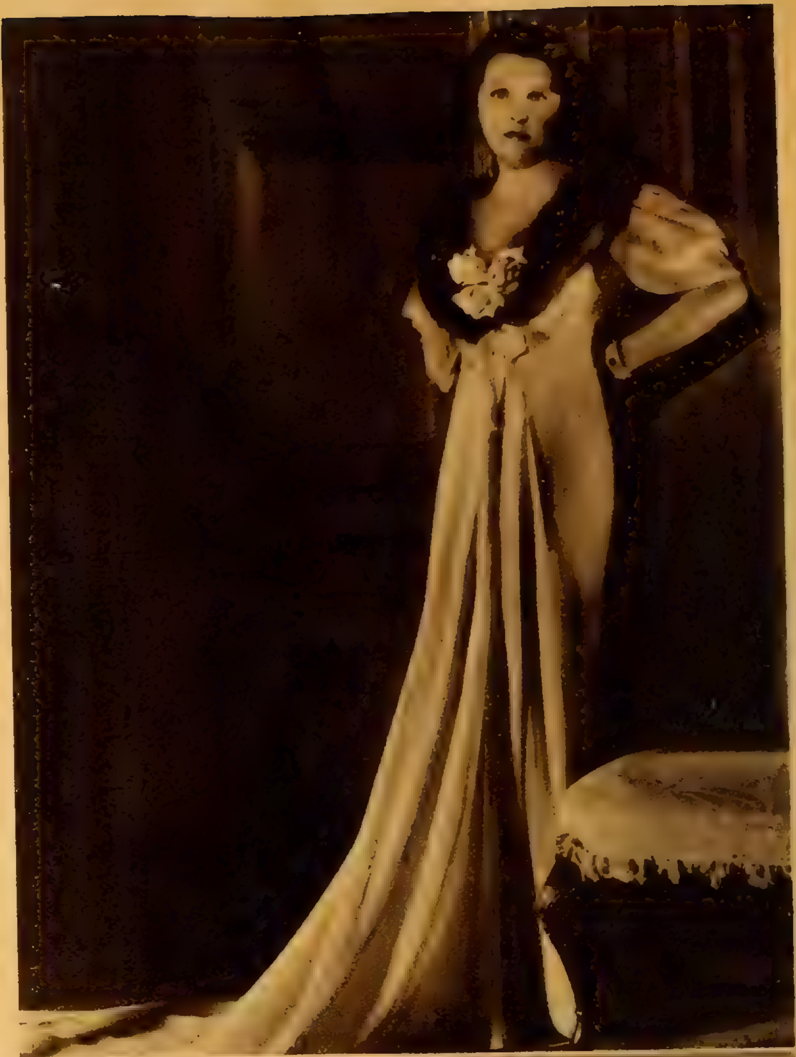
ANYONE WHO interviews Ruth on the subject of clothes invariably gets the quick answer, "I prefer slacks." And she does, what is more. But her preferences fortunately don't end at slacks. She loves the comfort of trousers and, since she spends so much of her off-screen time in her airplane, she naturally has a number of slacks which are perfectly suited to her strenuous hobby. But, when she is "grounded" for her more social hours 'round and about Hollywood, she reverts to type and dresses with great care and a definite flair for smartness.

Talking to me about clothes recently, Ruth said, "I prefer simple things, generally in black and white, although occasionally I see something in a color that strikes my fancy. Also I like a touch of color somewhere in my costume or in a piece of jewelry. I particularly am fond of rubies and whatever jewels I may wear you'll usually find some of those beautiful red stones in them. However, please let me impress the fact that I own few jewels and seldom wear what I have."

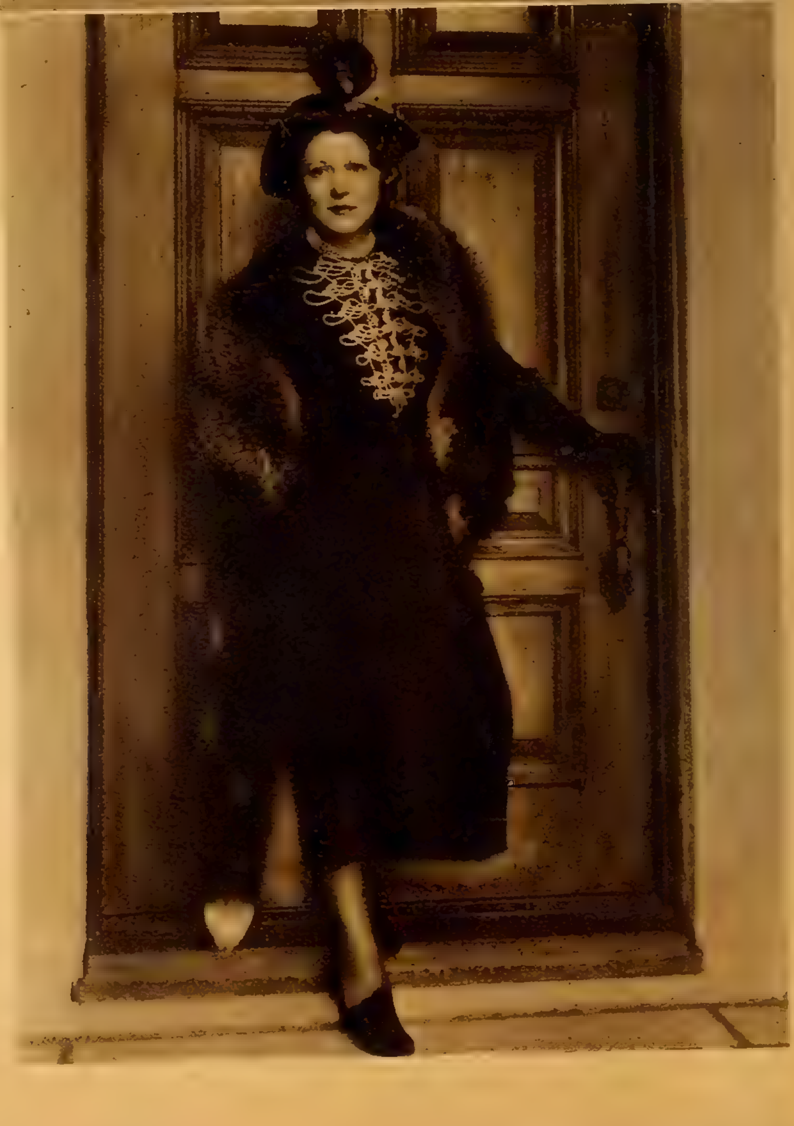
If you look closely at these costumes pictured, you will see the few carefully chosen pieces of fine jewelry which she does wear. And most of these were (*Continued on page* 86)



A dressing gown made like a redingote is another one of Kiam's novel ideas. This one of Ruth's is designed to be worn over a heavy satin nightgown which is pleated from the lace yoke to the hem. The robe is made of a brocaded red and and white satin—as warm as it is lovely.



Above, a charming hostess gown of pale pink chiffon trimmed with brown fur and roses. Below, a sheer black wool daytime dress with white cord plastron.



Mrs. Alexander Black, descendant of a California family prominent since the early Spanish settlements. This is her latest portrait, a study by Hurrell.

Mrs. Alexander Black of Los Angeles recalls with pleasure:

Lazy days at Del Monte...casual house parties at her husband's Shasta County ranch...the amusing new evening jackets...charity work...upcountry hunting and fishing, dashing East on holidays...attending the film *premières*...gathering a gay crowd for a midnight snack from the chafing dish: perhaps sweetbreads in cream with chopped almonds...Melba Toast...cheese...coffee.

And always within reach...Camels. Camels are important in the success of this clever hostess. "For me and for most of my friends, Camels are a natural, necessary part of social life. Camels add a special zest to smoking," says Mrs. Black, "and they have a beneficial effect upon digestion. They give one a comforting 'lift' that is easy to enjoy but hard to describe."

A few of the distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*
MISS MARY BYRD, *Richmond*
MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, *Boston*
MRS. ERNEST du PONT, JR., *Wilmington*
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, *Virginia*
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, *New York*
MRS. NICHOLAS G. PENNIMAN, III, *Baltimore*
MRS. LANGDON POST, *New York*
MISS ANNE C. ROCKEFELLER, *New York*
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER, *New York*

The Trianon Room, Ambassador Hotel, New York, where you see Los Angeles, San Francisco, New York too! John Gayet, *maître d'hôtel*, says: "The Ambassador's discriminating clientele prefer finer food and finer tobaccos. Camels are an outstanding favorite at our tables."

Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Both a pleasure and an aid to digestion: Smoking Camels!

One of the happiest experiences of daily living is smoking Camels. Their grateful "lift" eases you out of a tired mood...their delicate flavor always intrigues the taste. Meals become more delightful with Camels between courses and after. They accent elusive flavors...and lend their subtle aid to good digestion. For Camels stimulate the flow of digestive fluids, bringing about a favorable alkalizing effect.

Camel's costlier tobaccos do not get on your nerves or tire your taste. They set you right. Make it Camels from now on — for pleasure...and for digestion's sake!

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

COSTLIER TOBACCOS: CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS...*TURKISH AND DOMESTIC*...THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND.

— for Digestion's sake ... smoke Camels

POISE is in your hands

There is nothing more captivating than the appearance of perfect ease. Call it what you will, but the natural charm of the man or woman whose every motion breathes confidence, is magnetic...

What is so surprising is to discover how much of this impression is dependent upon the hands. Watch the hands of a speaker. Notice the hands of your favorite actress in action. Or bring it closer home and see how your own hands behave.

Do you find yourself hunting for rough spots? Is one hand always busy exploring the other for defects? It is so easy to fall into the habit of appearing awkward by letting your hands ruin your poise. Make your hands an asset to your personality. It is so easy!

The first step is to keep your hands smooth and delicately fragrant. Your hands must be comfortable to *you!* When they are comfortable and attractive to you, they just naturally appear graceful to others.

Just try the Frostilla treatment for a week or so...your poise will improve tremendously.

Frostilla is the perfect skin lotion...For over 60 years it has been recognized as the first and basic requirement to skin loveliness.

Frostilla stands apart from other lotions and creams because it does two things. First, it makes the skin smooth, attractive to the touch and delicately fragrant. Second, it imparts to the skin the resiliency that is essential, if the skin is to maintain a youthful appearance.

Fourteen exquisite flowers from Southern France contribute their perfume to Frostilla Lotion. Another ingredient is selected from certain trees found in the Ural Mountains of Russia. No place is too distant, no care too great to bring to Frostilla the qualities that make it the soothing lotion that protects and conditions the skin.

Make these two tests and you will never be satisfied with anything less than Frostilla Fragrant Lotion.

Test No. 1. Take your most expensive perfume, a bottle of Frostilla and any other lotion or cream...Then, after smelling your favorite perfume as a standard of fragrance, smell the other two. You will quickly discard all other lotions and creams in favor of Frostilla Fragrant Lotion. Its quality is instantly apparent.

Test No. 2. Dip a toothpick in Frostilla and another one in any other cream or lotion... Let them dry! Then slip your fingers along the toothpicks. You will find that Frostilla leaves no gummy or soapy residue. Frostilla does not "coat" the skin. It is a true skin conditioner.

35c, 50c and $1.00 sizes everywhere.
Travel size at ten-cent stores.
(35c and 50c sizes fit most standard wall dispensers.)

A Gift for Frostilla's Friends . . . *What do you do with your little finger when you pick up a glass or cup?* How do you hold a cigarette? Pick up cards? Shake hands? Margery Wilson gives the authoritative answers to these and other questions in an illustrated booklet on how to use your hands correctly. Although this booklet is priced at 50c, we have arranged to present it *without charge* to Frostilla users in the United States and Canada until May 30, 1937.

[Margery Wilson, International Authority on Charm and Poise]

Just mail the front of a 35c, 50c or $1.00 Frostilla Fragrant Lotion carton (or two fronts from 10c sizes) with your name and address and your FREE copy will be forwarded postpaid. Address "Frostilla," 436 Gray Street, Elmira, New York.

FROSTILLA
Scented with a lovely bouquet perfume
Alcohol 15%
FROSTILLA
FRAGRANT LOTION

More GOOD NEWS

Our special investigators have just brought to light the fact that Mae West's screen kisses are the shortest on record. Seems Mae's motto is "Leave something to the imagination." Why, Mae, we didn't know you cared!

■ ■ ■

Arthur Treacher has gone rural with gusto, spending all his spare time at the new ranch raising vegetables and blisters. "Wonderful, this being so close to nature," he enthused one morning on reaching the studio. "Why, only this morning, while shaving, I looked out the window and there were a couple of John rabbits."

■ ■ ■

Keep your eye on Gary Cooper's left hand next time you see him in a picture. If he is playing an unmarried role—and ain't heroes always single?—there will be a coating of greasepaint over the thin platinum band that is his wedding ring.

■ ■ ■

Out on the "Charlie Chan at the Opera" set, proceedings are held up every afternoon by the ferocious Boris Karloff. He has to have his cup of tea. Warner Oland, probably the best-known movie Oriental in the world, thinks the beverage is rank poison

■ ■ ■

On a set at Metro we were standing around with a group of people when someone noticed a defective spotlight which had started to burn. "Hmmm," hmmmed Joan Crawford, "smells like my last picture." And she *didn't* mean "The Gorgeous Hussy."

They kept their marriage last March a secret for months—Randolph Scott and Mrs. Marionna DuPont Somerville.

■ ■ ■

They were talking about life one day during the shooting of "Dodsworth." Divorce figuring pretty largely in that discussion, the question arose as to how it generally starts. "Well, from my observation," put in Walter Huston, "the husband goes to Paris, the wife to Shanghai—and then they gradually drift apart."

■ ■ ■

Hearts and Flowers: Gail Patrick seems to have definitely decided on John King, handsome Universal contract player. Miss P. is the handsome Paramount contract player. . . . Nino Martini sings his tender tenor love ballads to Elissa Landi. . . . And Gertrude Michael and Rouben Mamoulian are sharing a dinner table again at the Brown Derby.

■ ■ ■

Hollywood's next big merger, it is rumored, will be that of Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers, seen below at a social event.

Ross Alexander and Ann Nagel became Mister and Missus in a surprise elopement to Yuma, September 17th.

Joan Blondell, who's ready for lunch as soon as she's finished breakfast, has discovered a remedy. On the set she keeps a dish of cream cheese and chives, which she munches at constantly. They say Dick Powell has taken up the practice just as a matter of protection.

■ ■ ■

Mischa Auer, who did the swell gorilla number in "My Man Godfrey," says he can't decide whether it's he or the town that's dizzy. A case in point is a party which he attended at the Cocoanut Grove. It was one of those all night affairs, so Mischa just had time to get home and change from the dark suit which he wore into business clothes before reporting to the studio. The "business clothes" were full evening dress for a scene in "Three Smart Girls."

Seductive fragrance of Spring!

CHERAMY April Showers Talc

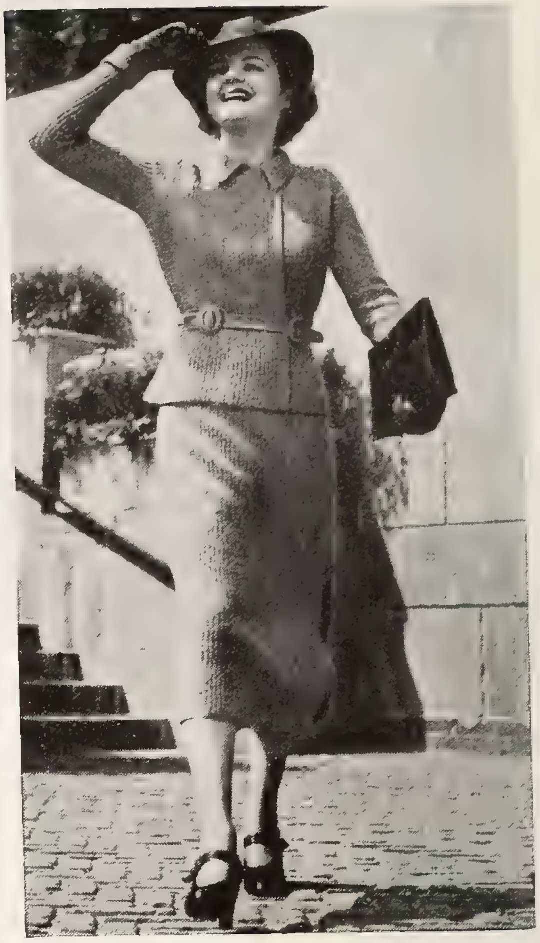
THIS IS the most famous, best-loved talcum powder in the world. Its quality is superb. Its fragrance is eternally new and forever right—the fresh perfume of flowers after a rain.

Supremely fine—yet the cost is low—28¢ for the standard size at fine stores everywhere.

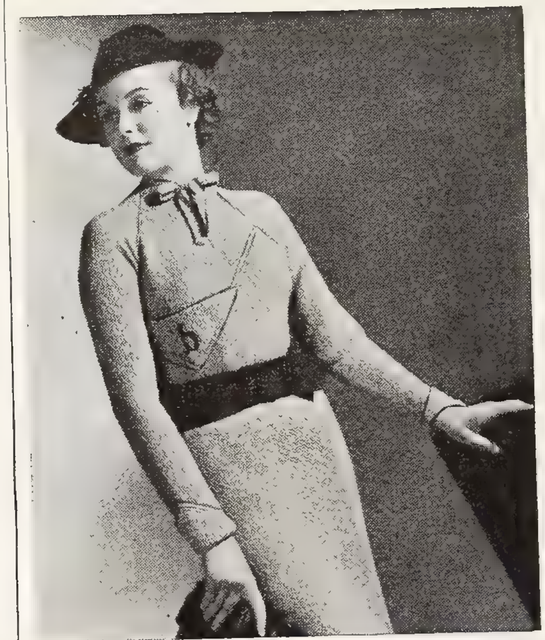
Exquisite... but not Expensive

Knit these now and wear them all year 'round

READY FOR YOUR NEEDLES



1001—An unusual two-piece dress in real Shetland wool. Note double buckled belt.



1007—A distinctive pocket with monogram and a flattering neckline on this smart knit.

THE enthusiastic response of you knitters to this department has made it a monthly command performance! And so, our aim is to see that you have the newest and most becoming patterns which can be knitted with a minimum of dropped stitches.

The two styles shown here are especially smart. One is a very new-looking two-piece design with its skirt made in two pieces, thus facilitating the knitting of it. The blouse part is made like a jacket, opening down one side from the boyish turnover collar. Two small pockets on either side at top and a knitted belt that fastens with two buckles. The second model is a good-looking one-piece with tie neckline, a diagonal effect to the bodice and an effective flap pocket upon which you can put a monogram. The fitted sleeves have turn-back cuffs.

You may have one or both of these patterns for the mere asking. Just fill in the coupon below and enclose it with your stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Adelia Bird,
MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Enclosed please find a stamped, self-addressed envelope for knitting directions.

Pattern 1001
Pattern 1007

Name..............................

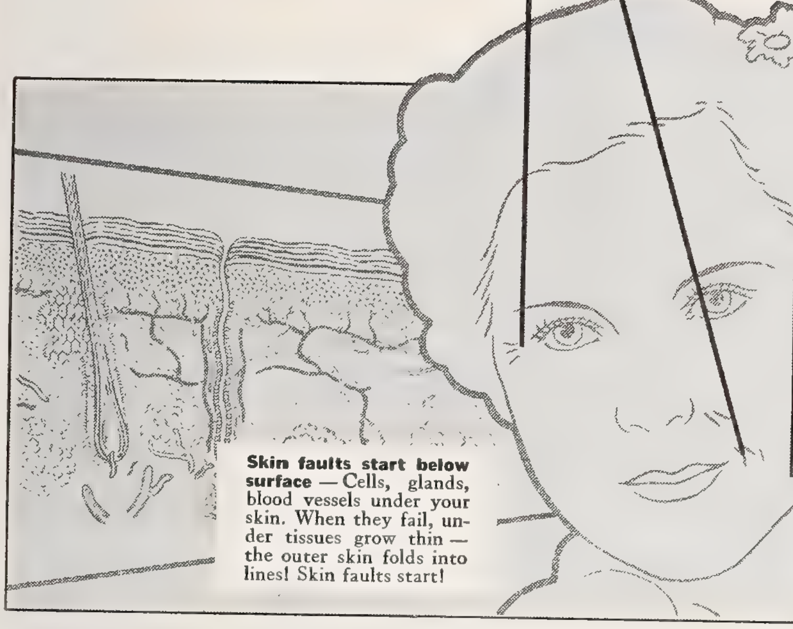
Street..............................

City..............................

State..............................

Check one or both patterns and please print name and address.

LINES SAY "over 30!"



Skin faults start below surface — Cells, glands, blood vessels under your skin. When they fail, under tissues grow thin — the outer skin folds into lines! Skin faults start!

Miss Esther Brooks, much admired in New York this past winter, says: "Pond's Cold Cream takes every speck of dirt out of my pores, keeps my skin clear of blackheads."

A Sign that UNDER TISSUES are Shrinking!

THOSE mean little lines that creep in around your eyes, your mouth . . . You are only 25. But people see them—"She's every bit of thirty!"

Or, you are over thirty . . . but not a sign of a line. And everybody takes you for years younger than you are—"Not a day over 20!"

Do you know what those same little lines say to a dermatologist? He sees right through them to the under layers of your skin, and says: "It's the *under* tissues at fault!"

Keep away Blackheads, Blemishes —with Under Skin treatment

Skin faults are not always a matter of years. Look at the skin diagram above. Those hundreds of tiny cells, glands, fibres *under* your skin are what really make it clear and satiny—or full of faults! Once *they* fail, skin faults begin. But keep them active—you can, with Pond's rousing "deep-skin" treatment—and your skin blooms fresh, line-free, as in your teens.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which reach deep into the pores. It floats out all the dirt, make-up, skin secretions that are starting to clog. Already, your skin looks fresher!

More . . . You pat this perfectly balanced cream briskly into your skin . . . Start the circulation pulsing, oil glands working freely.

Do this regularly—day after day. Before long, cloggings cease. Pores grow finer. Blackheads, blemishes go . . . And those myriads of little fibres strengthen! Your skin grows firm *underneath*—smooth, line-free *outside*, where it shows.

Mrs. Eugene du Pont III

whose fresh, glowing skin just radiates youth and beauty, says: "Pond's Cold Cream freshens me up right away . . . It takes away that tired look and makes 'late-hour' lines fade completely."

Here's the simple Pond's way to win the clear, glowing skin that never tells of birthdays. Follow this treatment day and night.

Two things to remember

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. Watch it bring out all the dirt, make-up, secretions. Wipe it all off! . . . Now pat in more cream briskly. Rouse that failing underskin. Set it to work again —for that smooth, line-free skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer, finer every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Start in at once. The coupon below brings you a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE
and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept M-50, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name____________________

Street____________________

City______________State________

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company

It is hard to believe that
FEMININE HYGIENE
can be so dainty, easy and
GREASELESS

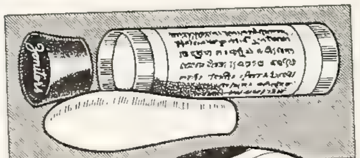
BUT IT IS TRUE ● Zonitors, snowy-white antiseptic, *greaseless,* are not only easier to use than ordinary preparations but are *completely removable with water.* For that reason alone thousands of women now prefer them to messy, greasy suppositories. Soothing—harmless to tissue. Entirely ready for use, requiring no mixing or clumsy apparatus. Odorless—and ideal for deodorizing. You'll find them superior for this purpose, too!

● More and more women are ending the nuisance of greasy suppositories, thanks to the exclusive new *greaseless* Zonitors for *modern* feminine hygiene.

There is positively nothing else like Zonitors for daintiness, easy application and easy removal, yet they maintain the long, effective antiseptic contact physicians recommend.

Zonitors make use of the world famous Zonite antiseptic principle favored in medical circles because of its antiseptic power and freedom from "burn" danger to delicate tissues.

Full instructions in package. All U.S. and Canadian druggists. Mail coupon for informative free booklet.



Each in individual glass vial

Zonitors
FOR
FEMININE HYGIENE
Snowy White • Greaseless

Zonitors, 3415 Chrysler Bldg., N.Y.C. *Send, in plain envelope, free booklet,* A New Technique in Feminine Hygiene.

Name..

Address..

A ZONITE PRODUCT

Your Kodak Picture
ENLARGED
FREE 8x10 Inch ENLARGEMENT of any SNAPSHOT

Your favorite snapshots of children, parents and loved ones are more enjoyable when enlarged to 8x10 inch size—suitable for framing. These beautiful, permanent enlargements bring out the details and features you love just as you remember them when the snapshots were taken. Just to get acquainted, we will enlarge any Kodak picture, print or negative to 8x10 inches —FREE—if you enclose 25c to help cover our cost of packing, postage and clerical work. The enlargement itself is free. It will also be beautifully hand tinted in natural colors if you want it. We will acknowledge receiving your snapshot immediately. Your original will be returned with your free enlargement. Pick out your snapshot and send it today.

GEPPERT STUDIOS Dept. 287 Des Moines, Iowa

Meals in Jig-Time

(*Continued from page 17*)

particular problem—and mighty ingenious were her suggestions, too. Of course, where, with many of us, our approach to the subject of quick-meal planning is often but a sad example of familiarity breeding contempt, with Ginger the problem is sufficiently unusual to merit some real, constructive thought, with the inevitable and happy result that she has collected and invented some excellent and original ideas, which I, in turn, will pass on to you in this month's recipe leaflet. The coupon at the end of this article will bring you her recipe suggestions—entirely free of charge. Not only that, but this same coupon will also bring you a little booklet put out by a prominent manufacturer, containing a large number of candy and cookie recipes which can be described as "quickies," too. Think of that! All yours for the asking—cookies and candies for the approaching holidays as well as Ginger Rogers' pet dishes.

But let's review briefly here these suggestions of Ginger's. For, in so doing, many other ideas are bound to come up that will help us all in making up menus for our own meals.

Naturally, you will find that canned and packaged foods play important roles in such a production. For, in the preparation of meals in jig-time, you will have to rely largely upon the ready-prepared or almost-prepared foods put up in cans, bottles and boxes which now are offered in such variety on your grocer's shelves. You would do well to make a careful study of this supply, whether you are of the fortunate few who, like Ginger, prepare "quickie" meals only when you change your mind at the last minute about going out, or whether you belong to the vast army of business women to whom the quick-meal problem is a daily one. Even the afternoon bridge players and the natural-born procrastinators are sure to enjoy the suggestions Ginger's leaflet has to offer along these lines. So let's see what it contains.

First there is the Rogers' Supper Ring pictured at the beginning of this article. Strictly speaking this isn't a recipe but a "collection" with several well-known favorites suggested in an unusual combination. One of the cards in the Rogers' leaflet tells you how to go about assembling this main course dish and making it so that you'll have only one pot to scour. You see, both the salmon and the canned soup, that are combined to make the noodle ring filling, are heated in a saucepan of boiling water right in the cans they come in. Then if you have one of the new can openers (also pictured) you'll be able to lift out the cans and open them with but a flick of the wrist and no danger of scalding. It's a neat trick.

Another good point about this recipe card is that it gives you the exact amount by cupsful, as well as the size cans required for a service for four. Right here, I want to stop the dialogue for an important aside on the amounts contained in cans of various sizes. As you know, the weight of the contents is given on the paper wrappers. But the following table will show you how to figure approximately how many cups you'll be getting by purchasing cans called No. 1, No. 2, etc. This is an important table to have when making purchases and in following recipes, so be sure and copy it down for future reference.

You never will have any cooking missteps with canned foods, if you follow this.

SIZE OF CAN	AVERAGE CONTENTS
No. 1 (tall)	2 cups
No. 2	2½ cups
No. 2½	3½ cups
No. 3	4 cups
No. 10	13 cups

And now to return to Ginger and her "quickie" recipes. Another favorite main course dish that she described to me is one she has named "Meat Rounds with Sauce Piquante." For these she uses club steaks or filet mignon, but I suggest that for economy's sake you substitute chopped meat (preferably top round, ground). I made that substitution myself in testing the recipe and I can't see how it could have been better, for after all it's the sauce that *makes* this dish—as is so often the case. And in this instance, at least, the sauce is fixed in a jiffy with the sort of things found on every well-stocked kitchen shelf.

AN excellent vegetable suggestion of Ginger's is Harvard Beets. These should be made with the tiny canned or bottled beets that are known to be fully as nutritious as the home-cooked variety and which lend themselves to many uses without hours of fuss and bother. Use them in salads, as colorful garnishes, as a relish, as well as in the tasty dish mentioned above.

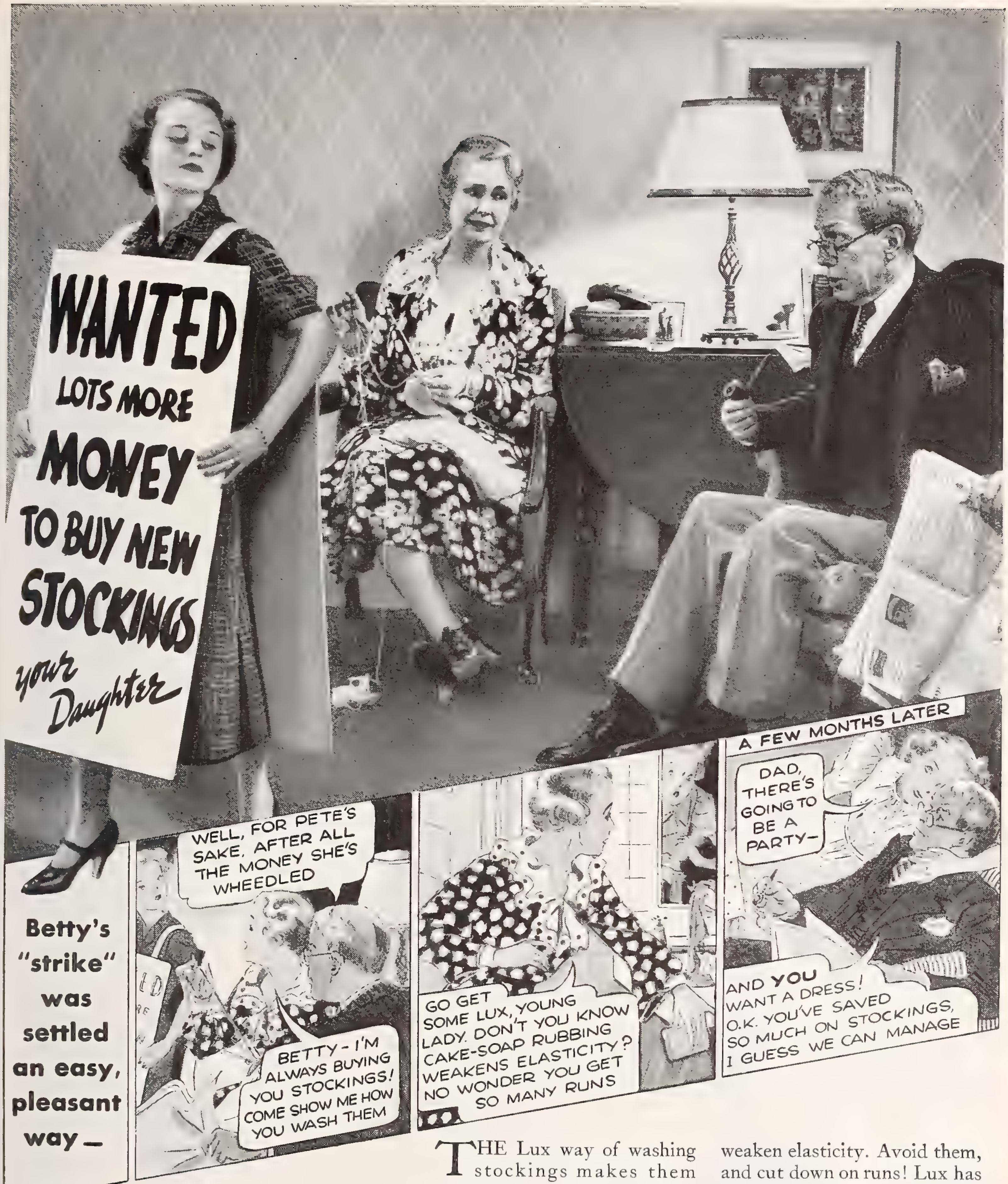
For the dessert course Ginger came through with two excellent ideas. One is called Dinner Dates, and the other, Pineapple Surprise. Both are dressy enough to serve for company dinners, yet they're easily and quickly prepared. With the first you will want to serve some sort of sweet cracker—one of the infinite number of packaged cookies now available to all. The Pineapple Surprise, however, is complete in itself and suggests but one of the many ways you can use store sponge cake. For these packaged sponge cakes can be made into delicious shortcakes with fresh or canned fruits. Or try one, some night, as a Cottage Pudding, with a sauce made from left-over canned fruit juice thickened a little with cornstarch.

Of course, I'm giving you both of Ginger's recipes in this month's leaflets. But even at that I feel that I'm just skimming off the cream for countless other ideas for "quickie" meals crowd into my mind as I write this. Why, I haven't even mentioned canned tomato juice and the many varieties of delicious canned soups which introduce a meal so graciously! Then, of course, there are those filling and ever-welcome canned foods, spaghetti and baked beans. Excellent in themselves, they also lend themselves to a number of variations. For instance, both beans and spaghetti are delicious used as a stuffing for green peppers or tomatoes. They take on new appeal for the family if you vary the meats with which they are served. They're both especially tempting served with little brown pork sausages or sliced ham, I've found; while baked beans with pork, and spaghetti with meat balls, are already too popular to require any additional words of praise from me.

In seeking speed without sacrificing quality, don't overlook canned meats, either. Many can't be surpassed and I know that in my own case, for instance, I prefer canned corned beef hash to the kind I laboriously fix up myself—any day!

As for canned fruits, they deserve and will receive my attention at a later date in an article all to themselves. But before I forget—and in case you don't know about them—let me urge you to try the

(*Continued on page 74*)


WANTED
LOTS MORE
MONEY
TO BUY NEW
STOCKINGS
your Daughter
WELL, FOR PETE'S SAKE, AFTER ALL THE MONEY SHE'S WHEEDLED
BETTY - I'M ALWAYS BUYING YOU STOCKINGS! COME SHOW ME HOW YOU WASH THEM
GO GET SOME LUX, YOUNG LADY. DON'T YOU KNOW CAKE-SOAP RUBBING WEAKENS ELASTICITY? NO WONDER YOU GET SO MANY RUNS
A FEW MONTHS LATER
DAD, THERE'S GOING TO BE A PARTY—
AND YOU WANT A DRESS! O.K. YOU'VE SAVED SO MUCH ON STOCKINGS, I GUESS WE CAN MANAGE

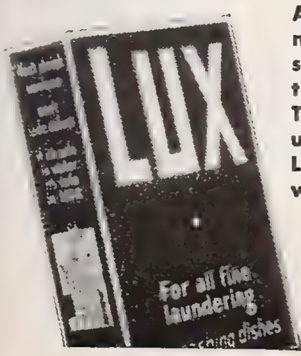
Betty's "strike" was settled an easy, pleasant way—

THE Lux way of washing stockings makes them wear ever so much longer! The *life* of a stocking depends on its *elasticity*. That's the ability of silk to give under strain, then spring back without breaking. Lux saves this elasticity.

Soaps containing harmful alkali and cake-soap rubbing weaken elasticity. Avoid them, and cut down on runs! Lux has no harmful alkali. You'll find it's real stocking insurance to Lux stockings after *every* wearing.

Here's a tip—you can speed up drying by rolling stockings in a towel to absorb moisture. Then it's quicker and easier to pull them into shape, too.

Are you wearing the smart, new fall colors—warm bronze, sheer as a shadow, vapory tones, subtle as atmosphere? To keep these lovely shades unfaded, care for them the Lux way. Any color safe in water is safe in Lux.


LUX
For all fine laundering

LUX saves stocking E-L-A-S-T-I-C-I-T-Y

STOP USING
half-way
TOOTHPASTES
—USE
FORHAN'S

DOES BOTH JOBS

CLEANS TEETH

Simply cleaning your teeth may keep them white—*for a while!* But when neglected gums become soft and spongy all the half-way measures in the world won't preserve your teeth.

Don't take that chance, start using Forhan's. It gives you double protection—*whitens teeth* and *safeguards gums* at the same time.

SAVES GUMS

Forhan's was created by an eminent dental surgeon to provide double protection; with it you clean teeth and massage gums just as dentists advise. It costs no more than most ordinary toothpastes, but ends ordinary half-way care! Begin using Forhan's today.

Also in Canada.

Forhan's

The ORIGINAL TOOTH PASTE *for the* GUMS *and* TEETH by R.J. Forhan D.D.S.

SHUN SKIN WORRY!

Blemishes, Blackheads, Pimples, Muddiness, Should Go Quickly!

Why miss joys of life because of a poor complexion? Thousands report wonderful results with Kremola. Combats surface skin blemishes, pimples, blackheads, dark spots. Smooths, beautifies the skin. A doctor's formula in face cream. **Sample free.** Send 10c to cover postage and packing. For a jar, send $1.25.

KREMOLA CO. Dept. MM1 Chicago, Ill.

Look 10 Years Younger

BRUSH AWAY GRAY HAIR

● Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. BROWNATONE and a small brush does it. Used and approved for over twenty-four years. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

(*Continued from page 72*)

packaged cake mixes now on the market. They've improved so greatly of late that they can invite comparison with home-mixed ones. And what a saving in time and effort these Devil's Food and Gingerbread mixes represent.

And now in the few inches of space still left to me I want to point out to you the importance of seasoning canned foods to your own individual taste. Because, you see, the food manufacturer must strive to please the largest possible number of buyers—or to put it in another way he must not offend the majority by seasoning his product too highly or too distinctively. For that reason most canned foods are, of necessity, bland in flavor. So it is up to you to pep them up according to your own preferences and those of the members of your family. Don't condemn the product because it fails to have a certain seasoning you think essential—just add the missing something, be it a pinch of curry, a little more ginger, a dash of celery salt, a suggestion of garlic, etc. The improvement will surprise and delight you and incidentally that improvement represents the difference between a plain Can-Opener Cook and a successful producer of "quickie" meals, prepared in jig-time. For further helpful ideas, see the Ginger Rogers' leaflet!

The Modern Hostess
Modern Screen
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a free leaflet containing Ginger Rogers' favorite quick meal recipes. Also the candy and cookie recipes.

Name..

Street..

City..

State..

Information Desk

(*Continued from page 21*)

the leading man. He didn't understudy so long, either. Paramount talent scouts were watching and in April of 1934 he put his John Henry on a long-term contract. You will see him soon in "Maid of Salem."

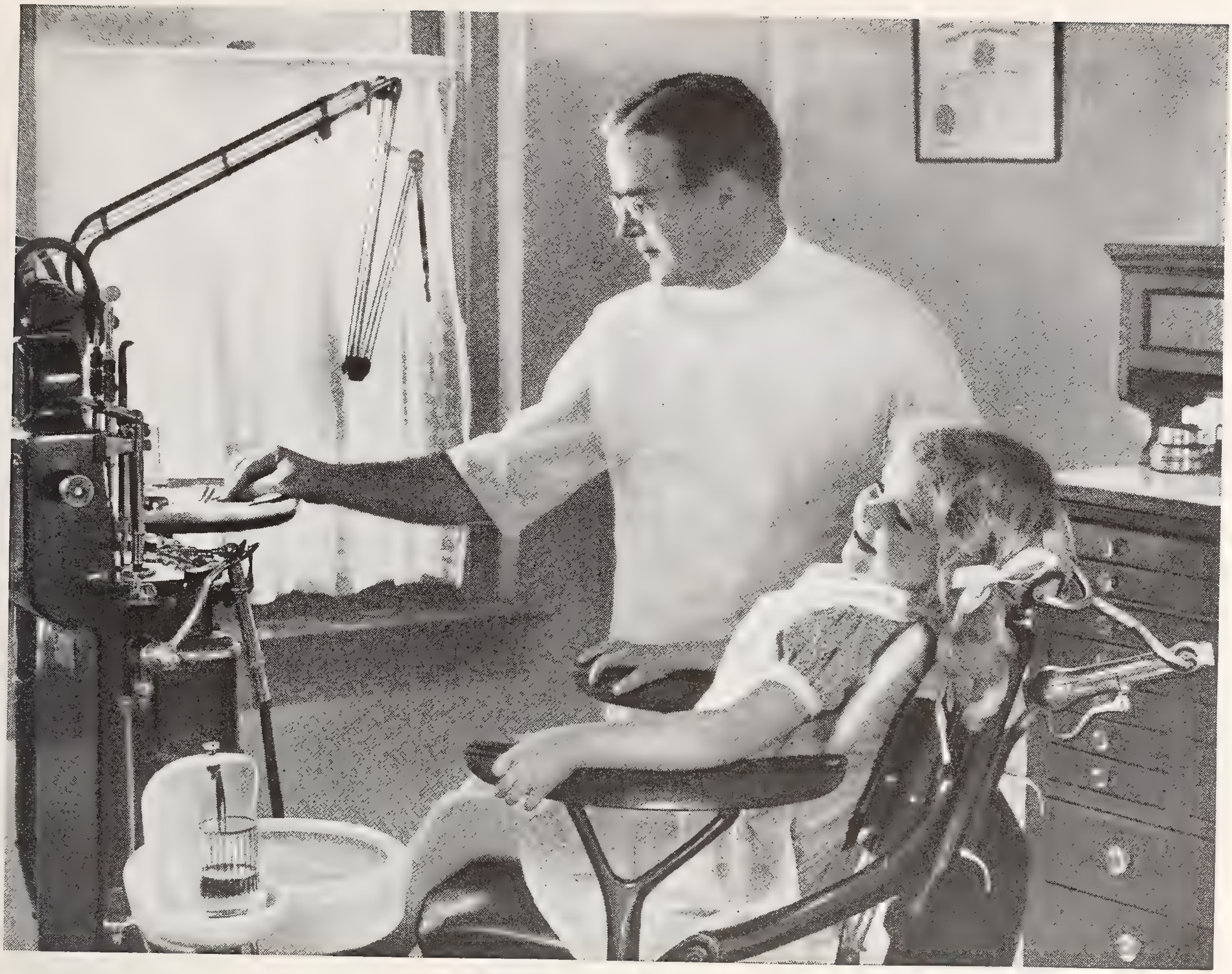
LA VONNE EDWARDS, San Bernardino, California; HELEN MOORE, Greensboro, N. C.; BARBARA GOUGH, Rochester, N. Y.—"That handsome chap" is what you three girls all agree in calling the young Lochinvar who sang, "When I'm with You" in "Poor Little Rich Girl," and you all are dying to know who he is. The name is Tony Martin. If you like him so much, be sure not to miss him in "Sing Baby Sing" where he plays the part of Tony Renaldo.

KATHARINE HEPBURN: Miss Hepburn fought and won her own war of liberation from the dictatorship of her stage directors. She collected as indemnity the right to interpret her roles as she pleased. In the course of the battle she withdrew abruptly from scheduled leads in both "Death Takes a Holiday" and "The Animal Kingdom." These opportunities were sacrificed because she refused to recognize her director's right to set limitations on HER art. As a result of her sustained animosity to the nasty men with the megaphone, she did not break into pictures until after her Broadway smash hit, "The Warrior's Husband." RKO-Radio then gave her a five-year contract and starred her in "A Bill of Divorcement." Katharine is the daughter of a prominent Hartford, Connecticut, surgeon. She was educated at Bryn Mawr and received her first important stage opportunity as understudy for Hope Williams in a play titled "Holiday." Once runner-up for the Connecticut Women's Golf Championship, Miss Hepburn is the athletic as opposed to the "party" type of girl. She conserves the energy which she manifests so lavishly by going to bed very soon after supper. She is tall (five eight is tall for a woman), slender, with eloquent grey-green eyes and a luxurious head of auburn hair. Her next two starring vehicles will be "Portrait of a Rebel" with Herbert Marshall and "Quality Street" with your old friend, Franchot Tone.

JACKIE COOPER: Heredity and environment conspired to make an actor of Jackie Cooper. His mother a vaudeville violinist, his dad likewise a vaudevillian, and his uncle the renowned movie director, Norman Taurog. And because the stork wanted to be 100 per cent consistent, he dropped Jackie down in Los Angeles right near the studios where he was to become a little big-shot. But one thing the stork forgot was to find his little protege a high salaried job. Jackie had to start the way most of us do, right at the bottom. Five dollars was the net profit from his first screen appearance in a Lloyd Hamilton comedy. But even in those days Jackie knew that five bucks was no fortune and so he jumped at the chance to join Hal Roach's half-pint "Gangsters." This was when he was seven. At eight he was a star. Paramount cast him in the title role of "Skippy" and from then on there was no belittlin' Jackie. Nor would anyone want to in view of his later successes, such as "The Champ," "The Bowery," or "Treasure Island." Be sure to see his latest picture if you haven't already done so. It's called "The Devil Is a Sissy" and co-stars Jackie with his two pals, Freddie Bartholomew and Mickey Rooney.

GRACE STEIN, Brooklyn, New York—Henry Fonda's bride, Mrs. Frances Brokaw, has a cute little four-year-old daughter. Let's hope she likes her new daddy. Alan Jones also became a foster father when he married Irene Hervey. That makes two kids in the Jones family. Alan has a son, Theodore, by his first wife.

MARGARET SULLAVAN: It happened one night at Princeton. Watching a performance of the Tiger's amateur thespians was author Elmer Harris. Visiting artiste on the Princeton boys' home-made stage was Margaret Sullavan. Naturally her performance was elegant, and quite as naturally talent-scout Harris thought it so—or there wouldn't be any point to our story. Anyway, before the curtain was down on the last bow, Mr. Harris was backstage, and between congratulations, offered Margaret the lead in the Broadway show he had authored, "A Modern Virgin." Universal robbed the legitimate stage of her services after being enamored of her stellar work in "Dinner at Eight" in which production she shared the honors with Constance Collier and Conway Tearle. Her first picture was "Only Yesterday," followed by "Little Man What Now?" Margaret's love life has moved along in step with her career. While playing in New England stock, she met and married Henry Fonda. When Hollywood called her and left Henry back East, absence didn't seem to make her heart grow fonda. Instead poor Henry awoke one foggy morning in New York to discover that he was being sued for divorce. The divorce being granted, she was led to the altar by her director in "The Good Fairy," William Wyler. Right now she is separated from Wyler and for a while it looked as if she and Henry were drifting together again. But his recent marriage to the wealthy Mrs. Frances Seymour Brokaw should put an end to any such theories. Miss Sullavan was born in Norfolk, Va., in 1909, has blue grey eyes, brown hair, and just the trace of a southern accent. She is five foot four—stocking feet. Her last picture was "The Moon's Our Home" in which she was co-starred with her erstwhile hubby, Henry Fonda. Broadwayites will see her in George Kaufman's "Stage Door."



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Mother Knows Best

(Continued from page 35)

"And why not?" frankly explains Mrs. Rogers. "Wasn't that the best way to give Ginger a good stage presence and an assurance when she performed in public? Even then I had decided that some day Ginger would be important in Hollywood and everything we did in those years was done with that plan as the important factor."

Ginger was popular among the young generation in Forth Worth—she was a pretty, curly-haired, slender young thing with plenty of vitality, a capacity for lots of fun and the peppiest dancer in her crowd. So completely did she believe in her mother's dreams of her future fame, that she adopted Lela's attitude and followed her decisions without question. She went to parties in the town and her mother saw to it that she had a good time but Ginger was never allowed to forget that, while these social activities might be very pleasant, there was something much more important in store for her and she must not let her adolescent fancies obscure the future that Lela had already planned for her.

At that time, the Charleston was in vogue and Ginger managed to put more verve into her steps, mastering more intricacies of foot twisting to fast rhythm, than anybody else. So it was no great surprise that in a citywide contest she was awarded first prize. That led to professional engagements, but the Rogers knew that their way to Hollywood would be far more difficult if New York were not a successful stop-over en route. It was an expected thing that, sooner or later, Lela and Ginger should arrive in Manhattan. And it was not surprising that eventually Ginger should appear in a Broadway musical production, for that was what Mother Rogers wanted and this alert woman has always gotten what she wants for Ginger.

Ginger's first New York role was in a Lester Allen musical which lasted seventeen weeks, but her big success came with "Girl Crazy." During the seasons when she was and when she wasn't working on Broadway she was also appearing in pictures made at the Paramount Studios on Long Island. Certainly, if that company had realized the future gold mine in Ginger, she would have been signed to a long-term contract. But who could know then that the vogue for musical romances would result in the lucrative Astaire and Rogers team, a combination that has broken two difficult box office records at Radio City? In fact, who could have foreseen that Fred Astaire would have become the sensation he is today? Anyhow, RKO-Radio took the chance and it was "Top Hat" which really brought this popular pair to the summit of their own efforts. No succeeding vehicle has ever reached the class of that outstanding production, but they've all made plenty of money for the stars and the producers.

However, before the Rogers trekked westward to the cinema citadel, there were many times when both almost believed that they had aimed too high, for while Ginger worked as seriously as her mother planned, things did not come so quickly that there were not dark moments which made success seem far away. It was during these periods, as Ginger and her mother now admit, when Ginger stuck only because the plans had been laid so long and Lela Rogers would not give up faith in her daughter's ultimate fame.

WITH the recent "Swing Time" picture which drew 11,000 people into Radio City before two o'clock in the afternoon, the day the film opened, and which broke all box office records for a first day engagement, Ginger essayed dramatic moments in between dances. Mrs. Rogers thought her offspring did right well with her sober mien for the cameras.

Quite frankly, between sips of coffee in her New York hotel, the morning after the opening, Mrs. Rogers said, "In fact, Ginger made such an effort to be dramatic that I think she leaned over backwards a little, don't you? She has a lot to learn if she is to duplicate her dancing success in serious roles. It will be like starting all over again, but I am confident she can do it. She already has improved tremendously. You know, it takes fifteen pictures for a player to really find herself on the screen and Ginger has appeared in more films than that. However, the public will only take so many doses of any one kind of entertainment, then it wants something new."

It is a little difficult to imagine Ginger Rogers without any big dance numbers and there are some who do not believe that she ever can reach a screen importance in drama equal to her unusual success teamed with Astaire. But as her mother confidently details the plans for a serious screen Ginger, who will deal out emotion instead of rhythm, you have a feeling that where Ginger is concerned, Mother Rogers cannot be so far wrong. The record to date is the best proof that she "knows best" for her daughter.

Ginger and her mother weren't as pleased with "Swing Time" as with others of her vehicles. In discussing this picture, Mrs. Rogers emphasized that, while both Ginger and Fred Astaire gave better performances, the score could not compare with "Top Hat." She was surprised a little at the enthusiasm of the New York critics.

"It only goes to show what they know," she remarked, and she said the best review was that of one male critic who had picked out all the flaws.

"The next picture better be good," she exclaimed vehemently, meaning the vehicle and not the acting. But, as she added, the Gershwins are working on the music and the Rogers hopes are high. She also believes that Astaire has undeveloped dramatic possibilities. "I'd like to see them give Freddy a part without music and dancing. If they would only forget what a great dancer he is and let him be serious on the screen, he would surprise everybody."

Ginger looks more attractive now than at any time since she became a film star. She screens better, too, but that's only because they both feel the studio has learned to light her better on the set. Her hair has more of a reddish gold tint and even away from work she wears long lashes that emphasize the depth of her dark eyes. It is significant that, although this slight, pretty young actress has had two unsuccessful matrimonial experiences, at no time has Mrs. Rogers relinquished her place at the helm.

Ginger does the acting but Lela takes care of the business. Why even when the star is being interviewed, you can ask her the questions but her mother will make the important answers. Ginger has such complete confidence in her mother's ability to manage her career that she never questions the older woman's decision.

When they first went to Hollywood, Mrs. Rogers was on the set all day and the young actress never made a gesture or spoke a line without advice from her. "In the past few years, however, Ginger has learned to take care of herself. She doesn't need me so much in her work and I leave her acting to her own judgment."

But the slender, blue-eyed, sharp blonde Lela Rogers, who can show seasoned veterans of the Hollywood contract campaigns some smart tricks in getting what she wants on a picture deal, could not content herself with any leisure hours. So last year, the studio gave her some embryonic contract talent in the way of a stock company, a fat weekly salary and a theatre on the lot which seats 250, then told her to turn out screen players. All the newly-signed troupers attend her acting school.

Results in her school, Mrs. Rogers claims, are more fortunate than in other studios where talent is signed every week or so and dropped when option time comes up, sometimes with hardly a screen appearance to show for the contract. Hollywood, she says, is starving for new faces.

"They haven't developed a single new or outstanding personality from among the younger untried recruits in five years," she says. "There's no unusually promising star material which can move up to the front rank to tomorrow's stardom when the public gets tired of seeing the celebrities who are now the big box office draws."

Conversation, wherever the Rogers are, always comes back to Ginger and Ginger's future. A few months ago the studio took out a million dollars worth of insurance on Ginger, for their own protection, and it is Lela Rogers' unfaltering purpose to keep her daughter's status in that class.

THE fortunate think is that Ginger is perfectly content with the present situation—neither a husband nor a friend can interrupt that arrangement. Ginger talks about her clothes, about Hollywood parties, about other pictures she has seen, or plays she has attended. She'll even dwell lightly on a new beau, but when it comes to anything important about her career, she looks confidently at her mother and lets her make the right answers.

Ginger likes a feminine wardrobe of soft materials, fluffily designed. Her mother usually leaves decision on such matters to Ginger and, during their recent vacation in New York, all the star's early afternoons were spent with dressmakers and milliners. She took back with her a flock of dresses and hats and furs that would have seemed like a Cinderella dream in the pre-movie days.

The Rogers were very unofficial about their Manhattan holiday and were quite inaccessible to the home offices. They stopped at a Park Avenue hotel and the publicity department didn't catch up with them until they'd been doing the popular places for a week.

"It took detectives to find us even then," Mrs. Rogers boasted.

On the morning of their return to Hollywood, Ginger was dressing while frantically trying to keep half a dozen appointments, all connected with her wardrobe. Lela was packing innumerable bags and trunks, with only a few hours to finish the job. She was drinking coffee at fifteen minute intervals and helping Ginger. She dismisses as casual topics any new romances for Ginger. In Lela Rogers' eyes, while she obviously can't keep her daughter from falling in love or thinking she is, anything in the world is of minor importance compared to Ginger's work. The pretty Ginger listens with a docile manner that is a perfect "Mother knows best" attitude.

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Is Beauty a Boomerang?

(Continued from page 61)

"I hate my neck. It's set funny on my shoulders. I look like an antelope.

"I hate my eyebrows. They don't arch as they should. My little Susan's brows arch beautifully and naturally and I've always wished mine did, but they don't.

"And I have big ears. See? Oh, don't look so politely incredulous, you know they're big. Why, I have to keep my hair over them when I go to bed at night so they won't get cold. And I never can wear my hair slicked back off my ears as I'd like to wear it.

"These are just a few of my worst points. And knowing them as well as I do, you can't expect me to smile with smug self-satisfaction, taking the accolade of beauty for my own.

"And I don't want it, anyway. I want to be a human being, not a mannikin or a bisque doll. I'd like to be an actress, not a show-girl. I think it hurts a girl to be dubbed a beauty—it can be a decided liability and not an asset. I . . ."

"Just the same," I interrupted, "you *are* known as a beauty. The swains of the town go about mooning over you. So what are you going to do about it?"

"I *do* do things about it," said Virginia with spirit. "I'll tell you what I do specifically in just a minute. I know what people say. Everyone in Hollywood gets labeled. One girl will be known for the-most-beautiful-legs-in-the-world. And she has to all but break them before she can get her face in front of the camera.

"Someone, in an expansive moment, thinks it would be good publicity to call a girl 'a beauty' and the poor thing would have to get small-pox to break away from the label.

IT'S stultifying to be known as a beauty—it's impoverishing. You run the risk of being cast as some sort of show-girl or mannikin for the rest of your days.

"Think of most of the beautiful show girls you've ever known—such beauties as took your breath away just to look at them. Have any of them become Katharine Cornells, Helen Hayes', or Lynn Fontannes? They have not. And they haven't mostly because they haven't tried. A beautiful woman has a brain in her head just as a plain woman has. The difference is that the beautiful woman usually doesn't make an effort to develop that brain. She doesn't think she has to use it. Beauties begin to believe, early in life and with reason, that all they have to do is to be beautiful and that the riches, fame and gifts of the world will be poured into their laps. For a time that's just what does happen. And then, perhaps, their beauty begins to dim—or other, younger beauties come their way. And where are they? What are they?

"I really suppose," said Virginia, moving her feet so that Bob Montgomery wouldn't trip over them, which he tried his darndest to do as he came down the path, "I suppose your question 'Is beauty a boomerang?' is well taken—even though you have put it to the wrong girl.

"And my answer is, 'Yes, it is.' I should say that even the girl in a small town, who has the reputation of being the prettiest girl, is to be pitied. A label like that is like sky-rockets that last a little while and then it dies down and the girl 'dies,' too. I think it is a far happier and more enviable state to be born just average good looking so that you have to work hard to develop your personality, your talents, even your looks. There is a quality of earnestness about girls who are not known as beauties, which beauties never have.

"It's bad for a girl's personal life, too. I know that the girl, who is called the prettiest girl in town, doesn't have half the fun that the regular, all-round tomboy sort of girl has. Boys aren't afraid of the regular girl. They take her everywhere. They are comfortable with her and believe me, I think men care a lot more about comfort than they do about charm. And when a girl is known as a beauty, other girls don't like her. Maybe they're jealous of her, maybe she doesn't make an effort to be chummy and interesting. She doesn't, perhaps, 'give' anything. Girls who are famous beauties feel, because they are made to feel that way, that if they give the world the privilege of gazing upon them that's all that is expected of them. It isn't.

"Anyway, they are very lonely people, I think. They have few girl-friends. Perhaps, at first, they don't feel the need of girl-friends, having so many beaux. But even the beaux don't give them an awful lot of fun, to my way of thinking. They don't take them on big parties any oftener than they have to. Perhaps they're jealous, too, and want to keep them to themselves. Whatever the reason, the prettiest girl doesn't get to go on straw-rides, picnics, and such things because the boys think that she would be too grand for such goings-on.

"I honestly believe," said Virginia seriously, "that beauty often keeps men away from girls. I mean the beauty that is publicized, that is spelt with a capital 'B.' And I mean nice, regular men, the kind of men girls should get to meet and to marry. Oh, men take great beauties out, of course. To show what big-shots they are, to show the girls off. But usually these men are not the marrying men. The nice men, those who want wives, homes and families are afraid of beauties. They feel they haven't the money for orchids and the de luxe cars which they have been taught to believe great beauties expect. They can't afford to go often to the de luxe night spots. And so, the poor 'celebrated beauty' misses out on a lot of fun and—which is more serious—doesn't get to meet the fine, regular men she might love and marry.

MEN, except for occasional bursts of exhibitionism, don't want to be the taggers-on after any woman, however beautiful—not for long, not until death do them part. They don't want to spend their lives standing on the edge of a spotlight occupied by a dazzling wife. They are too practical. They wonder what kind of a home life they would have with a 'Bird of Paradise' at the helm."

"Well," I said, "what do you do about it?"

"Stop that!" laughed Virginia. "Do I have to lay bare my private life in order to prove to you that I am not what a few zealous press agents and youths have wished on me?

"Listen, I know this great beauty business has been noised abroad about me. And so I do everything I can to break it down. I go out riding with boys, with my brother Stan and his friends, for instance. I invite myself to go with them in their open flivvers with the tops down. We go to hamburger stands along the road and down to Venice Pier and, believe me, when we come home none of those lads is thinking of me as any beauty. I have fun with them and they know it. I don't care whether my hair is on my head or in my eyes—and neither do they.

"I live the most family kind of life that ever was. I had to rent my house on Toluca Lake because there really wasn't room for all of us. You see, there are my mother and dad, the baby and her nurse, my brother and I. And then we have lots of the family out here, too. My grandparents, who have lived here for twenty-five years, aunts and uncles—and all of them are at the house a lot of the time. On the nights when I don't go out, and there are quite a few of those, I make fudge in the kitchen with Stan and some of his friends—or my mother plays the piano and I sing, we harmonize old songs together. I like to go to bed and read; it is one of my very favorite pastimes.

I always put the baby to bed and hear her prayers. I wouldn't miss that time with her for anything. And she says such darling prayers," Virginia said, her blue eyes very tender. "Lately, she starts by saying 'God bless *God*' and then next comes always, 'God bless Daddy,' and then the whole family is mentioned, carefully, one by one—including the pets and the toys.

"I knit for the baby. I've knitted a few things for myself. I do not spend hours going through a ritual of cold cream, massages and astringents before I go to bed. I was brought up, in North Dakota, to wash my face and hands, say my prayers and go to bed. And I still do just that.

"There are so many of us at home," laughed Virginia, "that we've had to draw up a 'Table of Resolutions'—we just compiled one, had it typed and now it stands in the front hall of our new house in Brentwood for all the Bruces to read.

"It's headed 'Resolutions for the Bruce Family'—and here are some of 'em:

"Never let the puppy out at night—this is necessary because someone always comes in late who does let him out and then there is a grand to-do in the morning trying to find him.

"Keep one garage door open at night—and that's necessary because Stan, or dad, or I come in late and invariably find that the first one in has efficiently closed and barred the doors.

"Leave closet windows in fur closet open—and that's because dad has a mania for going about, closing and locking all of the windows in the house so one of these days my furs are going to be rendered unto the moths because of it.

"Turn off lights under baby's sleeping porch—and that's because of another mania of dad's, bless him—he thinks lights should be left on all night long so the one under the baby's sleeping porch is apt to be left on and when it is, the term *sleeping* porch doesn't quite apply, if you know what I mean!"

I did know what she meant. And Virginia by then had given proof positive that she does not fancy herself as a great beauty, that she does everything within her power to escape the curse of being one. For, whoever heard of a G.B. riding about in topless flivvers, making fudge, worrying about garage doors and whether the puppy is in or out?

"There is a quality of earnestness about girls who are not known as beauties," Virginia had said, "which beauties never have. . . ."

Right there is the reason for her real beauty. She is honest. She does make an effort to please. Women do like her. She develops her mind and her abilities. She has that "quality of earnestness."

Yet, alas, Virginia! I am afraid you are doomed to beauty for the rest of your life. Because beauty that comes from a warm spirit and an honest heart is a perennial bloom.

THE BOSS PLAYED ME A DIRTY TRICK-
MR. TRASK PROMISED ME THE JOB. NOW HE'S INTERVIEWING OTHER GIRLS! IF THAT ISN'T A DIRTY TRICK...
THEN SHE FOUND HER NAME IN AN OFFICE MEMO
OFFICE MEMORANDUM
TO : Office Manager
FROM: Mr. Trask
I have changed my mind about taking Miss Lane as my secretary. I still think she's capable, but I have noticed that her breath—well, frankly, Miss Lane should see her dentist.
JANET SEES HER DENTIST
YES, MOST BAD BREATH IS CAUSED BY DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS
ONE MONTH LATER
MR. TRASK SAYS YOU'RE THE BEST SECRETARY HE EVER HAD, JANET!
THANKS, ANN!
AND THANKS TO COLGATE'S!
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

WHY let bad breath interfere with success—with happiness? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special *penetrating* foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle.

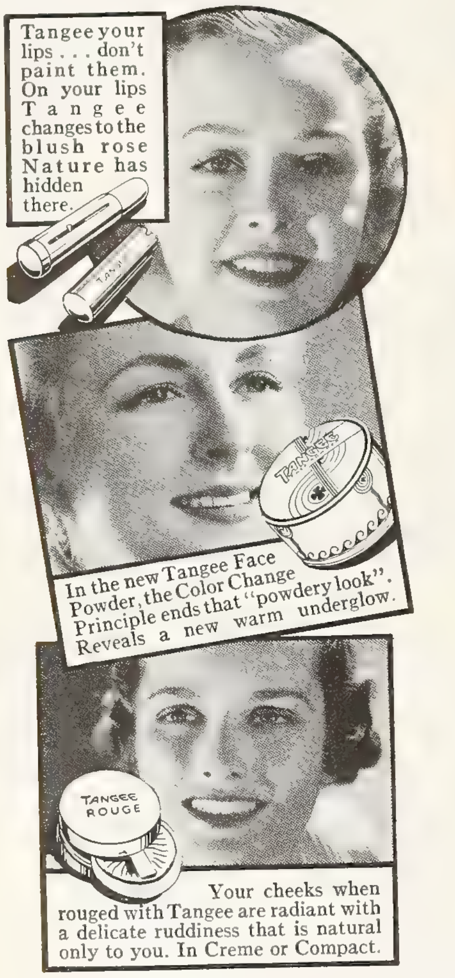
Be safe—be sure! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!

20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Tested and Approved 2273 Good Housekeeping Bureau

HOW TO AVOID THAT "Made-up" LOOK

Be colorful ... but not painted. The Color Change Principle available in Tangee lipstick, powder and rouge intensifies your own *natural* coloring.

Today it is quite simple to make the most of your own natural skin tones. The Tangee cosmetic principle brings out a liveliness and sparkle in your lips, cheeks and skin that is yours alone, because it is *your* coloring. Exactly how the Tangee Color Change Principle accomplishes this is explained in the pictures below. It will take you 22 seconds to read how to be lovelier ... in your own way.



Tangee your lips ... don't paint them. On your lips Tangee changes to the blush rose Nature has hidden there.

In the new Tangee Face Powder, the Color Change Principle ends that "powdery look". Reveals a new warm underglow.

Your cheeks when rouged with Tangee are radiant with a delicate ruddiness that is natural only to you. In Creme or Compact.

Insist upon Tangee for all your make-up essentials. Only in Tangee can you obtain the Color Change Principle. Powder is 55¢ and $1.10. Rouge, compact or creme, each 83¢. Lipstick is 39¢ and $1.10.

• **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES!** *There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Always ask for* TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY MM-126
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of Miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.
Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel
*Name*__________ Please Print
*Address*__________
*City*__________ *State*__________

Bob Taylor's True Life Story

(Continued from page 37)

her Camille. At the most, she may be a touch temperamental—but that didn't do me any harm.

"So, I've gone over this past year of mine, this incredible year, step by step. I've torn it to shreds, analyzed every step of the way for publication. But—I've never told anyone my reason for believing that I'll never be spoiled. No, not even if the Taylor star keeps on rising instead of falling, as it well may do. And I've got my reasons, believe me—but hold on a bit, there's some one giving me the high sign, I'll be right back."

"Barbara," Bob said on his return to me, speaking of Barbara Stanwyck, "is the grandest actress in the world, one of the great women of this century. You've got something to work with when you work with Barbara as I did in 'His Brother's Wife.' D'you know, she can turn on the tears the instant the scene or the line calls for them. I can work up tears, too, but I have to have time for it. It's a matter of technique, of course, and Barbara has her technique so beautifully controlled, her emotions so lightly but firmly harnessed that she can leash and unleash them on tap. She's an actress." And aside he said, "Mamo, don't bother any more now, thanks a million—I feel like a new man."

BOB continued, "And now for my reasons why I'm sure I'll never be spoiled. My reasons are—my parents, my home life and my young boyhood. I am an only child, as you know, and my parents thought pretty well of me. I was, naturally, the star on the home lot. Mainly because there was no one else in the cast. And so I was accustomed, from infancy, to being the one king-pin on the lot. And that stands me in good stead now. Because, having been *the* king-pin all of my life, being one of the king-pins in Hollywood, even if I were, wouldn't go to my head now. I'm used to it.

"And, although I was an only child and my parents rather fancied me, they made me toe the line—and how! I was taught to respect them and my home. I understood vested authority at an early age.

"I was spanked when I deserved it. Not often, but when Dad said he would spank me—he did. And if I may begin, at any early date, giving advice to young mothers and fathers I would say what has been said before—spare the rod and you will spoil the child—and you will run a perfectly magnificent chance of spoiling the star!

"What I mean is, my Dad never pulled his punches. He never threatened to spank me only to forget it or back down on it. I knew that if I did the things I shouldn't do, I would get the licking and there would be no forgetfulness on my father's part, no alibi accepted, no stalling, no reprieve.

"And believe me, that stands me in good stead now. It taught me to be darned certain that a misdeed on my part will be followed by punishment. I still feel sure that no alibi will help me out. I know that life doesn't stall.

"You see," Bob said, with that seriousness which gives his youth maturity, his eyes their depth and his smile its gravity, "a boy's parents constitute life for him. And if the parents act in accordance with the underlying, sound principles of life, a boy is pretty apt to know what to expect and behaves accordingly.

"Then, too, my parents placed trust in me. They expected me to behave decently and honorably. And because they expected me to, I think I can say that, for the most part, I always did.

"The analogy can be drawn right along. For now, the studio seems to have placed trust in me, seems to expect me to behave decently and honorably, to turn in a 'good performance.' And because they expect me to, I'll try like the deuce.

"When I was a little shaver of ten or twelve, I'd be allowed to take my bike or my horse and ride for miles around the country without boundary lines or restraints. I could even ride to a neighboring town, if I felt like it, and spend the night in a local hostelry or with some boy friend. And there were no questions asked at home. People usually walk a fairly straight line, I've found, when they're not being prodded in the ribs every five minutes.

"And that all helps, too, now. Because I was raised in the belief that I was answerable for my own actions, I still realize keenly that what I do or do not do is my own picnic or my own funeral.

"Every little decision that had to be made in my young life, *I* made. When I wanted a musical instrument and couldn't make up my mind whether I wanted a banjo, a cello or a saxophone the most, I got no help at home. I had to make my own choice and knew I'd have to abide by it. I wanted," smiled Bob, "a saxophone.

"When it came time for me to go to college, I had the choice of going to Northwestern University by myself to study dramatics—or I could go to Doane with my pal, Gerry Wieber. Dad couldn't afford to send both of us to Northwestern. It was a momentous decision in my life at the time. But I had to make it alone. I went to Doane with Gerry.

"My father instilled into me, very early, the grave importance of punctuality. He was a doctor, you know, and he used to tell me that Life and Death wait for no man—or his watch! When he had to attend a birth or to see a man out on his last journey he *had* to be there on time, or else. Lack of punctuality on my part was always attended with drastic results. And there weren't any excuses accepted. I couldn't say, 'I didn't know what time it was or that my watch was fast or slow.' I was told that those were no excuses at all, that it was my business to know the time and to have my watch set right.

"And I'm grateful for that training now," Bob said. "At least, I won't be the type of 'spoiled star' who strolls nonchalantly onto a set anywhere from fifteen minutes to an hour and a half late, believing that he can be late by divine right or something. I'm always on the set at least half an hour before anyone else. In fact, I'm the sound-stage-opener-upper of the studio.

THEN, there's this—I always had more than the other boys in my home town. And this, too, proves to be a safeguard against the danger of being spoiled by Hollywood, its money or its luxury. Because I never knew what it was to want for anything I didn't have, I'm not bowled over by having more than I need now.

"I had a bike before any kid in the neighborhood had one. I had a horse of my own when none of the other fellows had one. I had a car long before anyone else. I always had more clothes, more spending money, more gadgets of all kinds than other fellows my age. And so, having more clothes, more spending money and more gadgets now doesn't go to my head. I'm used to it, comparatively speaking.

"And just as people back home used to say to me, 'What a swell bike, aren't you the one to have a horse' and so on—so, now, people say to me, 'What a swell car, aren't you the one to be a moom picture star' and so on.

"I never got much flattery at home. It was my parents' idea that a chap was supposed to do his job well—why not? I knew when they were pleased and I knew darned well when they were displeased; few words were wasted either way.

"Perhaps that's why flattery never meant very much to me. They say that diet shrinks the stomach. Well, a diet of no flattery shrinks the taste for flattery, too. And such doses of sugar as I did occasionally get from friends and neighbors, always made me feel self-conscious and embarrassed. I've never had any come-back to compliments. I've always felt like a chump when people praise me. I hope I continue in the same way. For when I begin to smile smugly, when I come back at a flowery speech with a smooth nifty, I'll know that it's time to call in the movie morticians!

"There's another angle, too, to this business of my having had so much when I was a kid. It seemed, at the time, to work against me. For, naturally, other kids resented my having more than they did. They were disposed to ride me for it. And I had to work like the devil to make friends. I had to work like a dog to prove to them that I was at least regular even if I did ride a horse while they walked, even if I did have ten bucks to their one.

"It's the same now. I still work like the devil to make friends—and for much the same reasons. I don't imagine any chap tries harder than I do to be friendly. I still feel that I must bend over backwards to try to convince other fellows that I am at least regular, even if I do happen to be a movie actor.

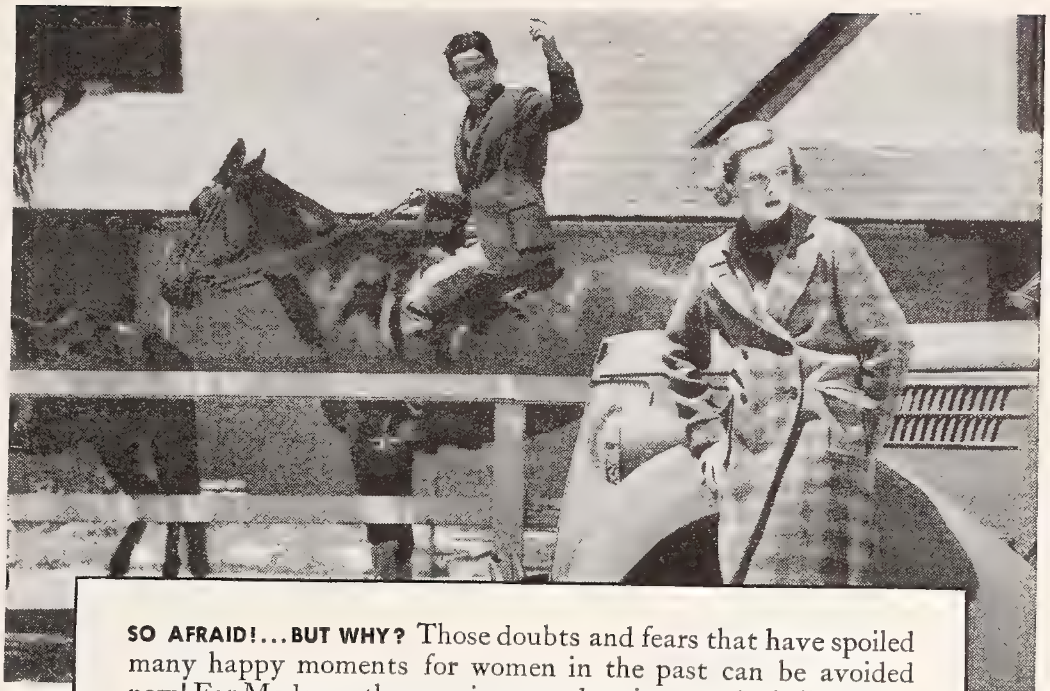
"And I like to be friends with all kinds of fellows. Just as my Dad used to have the time of his life hob-nobbing with the Nebraskan farmers, as well as with other doctors, lawyers and town bankers—so I like to be friends with garage men, the electricians, sound men and all kinds, as well as my fellow actors.

"And this, too, stands me in good stead. For I certainly don't think I give the impression of expecting people to touch their foreheads to the ground when I approach. On the contrary, I always feel that it's going to be a tough job to make people like me.

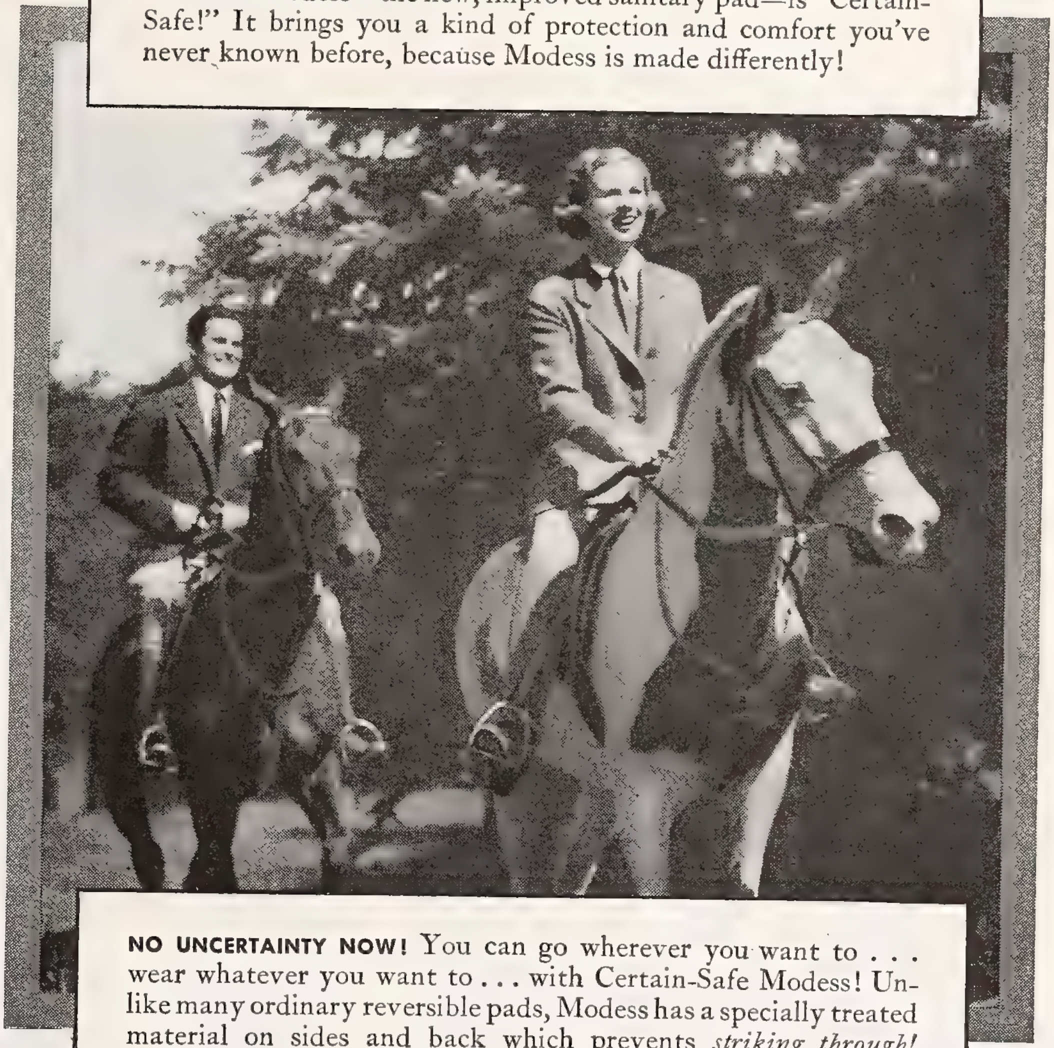
"I'm not demonstrative. I can't show my feelings easily. Which also should prevent me from making an ass of myself. Because I can't 'show off!'"

And I know that that is true. For I saw Bob and Barbara at the Grove one night a week or so ago. They dined and talked so quietly, they danced so unobtrusively—Barbara in a tailored suit, Bob in dark clothes—that, unless you were face to face with them, you would never have known they were there.

"I'm like my mother in this respect," Bob was saying. "She never can show her feelings, either. A week or so ago, on her birthday, I gave her a diamond bracelet. I knew she had always been crazy about diamonds—women are. Back in Nebraska only multi-millionaires and the people you read about in the Sunday Supplements have diamonds. I had an idea that mother had always had a secret hankering for the things, even though she never would have dreamed of mentioning



SO AFRAID!...BUT WHY? Those doubts and fears that have spoiled many happy moments for women in the past can be avoided now! For Modess—the new, improved sanitary pad—is "Certain-Safe!" It brings you a kind of protection and comfort you've never known before, because Modess is made differently!



NO UNCERTAINTY NOW! You can go wherever you want to . . . wear whatever you want to . . . with Certain-Safe Modess! Unlike many ordinary reversible pads, Modess has a specially treated material on sides and back which prevents *striking through!* Modess stays safe . . . stays soft. Wear the *blue line* on moisture-proof side *away* from body and perfect protection is yours.

Modess
It's Certain Safe

End "accident panic"—
ask for Certain-Safe
Modess!
The Improved Sanitary Pad

● *Try N-O-V-O—the safe, easy-to-use, douche powder. Cleanses! Deodorizes! Refreshes! (Not a contraceptive.) In a dainty Blue and Silver Box—at your drug or department store.*

anything so fantastic. Anyway, for the kick I thought it might give her, I handed her the box on her birthday. She opened it all unsuspecting, and there was the diamond bracelet!

"And what did she do? *Nothing.* Not a trace of emotion crossed her face. She didn't laugh; she didn't cry. She just sat there. And then she said, very quietly, 'Oh, Buddy'—and that was all, then or later. But Barbara and I, who were watching her, both felt a sort of chill go up and down our spines because we understood what she was feeling."

And I may say that I felt a sort of chill go up and down *my* spine too, as Bob told this little tale about his mother. For I could imagine, can't you, what his mother's real thrill must have been when this boy of hers, so able now to buy her diamonds, actually remembered to buy them?

I think the depth of her thrill must have been, not so much his ability to buy them, as his boyishness in doing it.

"I know how she felt," Bob said, "because I am so much the same. Diamonds, you might say, have been laid in my lap. Certainly when I went to Pomona College I had no idea of what was in store for me. I thought that earning my own living had *better* be in store for me, since Dad had just passed away, but I hardly expected such a 'living' as this!

"Naturally—and between you and me—I get such a wallop out of it as beggars description. I can't *believe* it. I go into huddles with myself and have a fit. But I can't show how I feel about it—and that's all to the good. For if I did, I might be put down as an exhibitionist. At least," said Bob, with his frank smile, "if I do 'spoil,' I'll spoil quietly!"

Even if you knew none of the specific details of Bob Taylor's early life, these experiences, so vividly related by him, tell you what has made him the modest, likeable chap he still is today. You feel the solid, sensible background of his boyhood in Beatrice, Nebraska. You feel the kind but authoritative influence of his father, Dr. Brugh, who, as a busy country doctor, had no patience with a boy who didn't show character and a democratic spirit. Even though Dr. Brugh and his wife gave Bob advantages that some of the other local boys did not have, they never allowed him to feel he was different or superior. He attended public school and got the average bumps and boosts that most kids get along the way. And when, while still in college, his father died, he stepped into family responsibilities that would have had a maturing effect upon him even if he had been a giddy youth, which he wasn't.

"And as for 'girl-trouble'—well, I've always been used to being with girls," he continued. "Doane was co-ed, so is Pomona. And the prettiest girls on the campus were, speaking relatively again, of the same glamor to me as the biggest stars in Hollywood are to me right now. I've always gone out with girls, though always with one girl at a time.

"I don't like double dates. I detest crowds and big parties. I like to go out, as Barbara and I do, by ourselves, to dine and dance and talk.

"But certainly, I did not grow to manhood in a womanless world. I always worked side by side with girls in college, competed with them, shared mutual problems with them, took them dancing in the evenings. I work with girls in pictures now, share mutual problems with them, take them dancing in the evening. Now, instead of taking 'my girl' to a fraternity or a sorority dance I take 'my girl' to the Grove or to the Beverly Wilshire or somewhere. That's the only difference. I've really gone out with only two girls since I first came to Hollywood. I don't think I can be said to have gone goofy in the girl direction."

And no one can say that he has. When he first came to Hollywood, he went about with Irene Hervey to the exclusion of all others. And when Irene and he drifted apart, Irene finally marrying Allan Jones, Bob started to beau Barbara Stanwyck about.

Certainly a young man with the world at his feet, couldn't have a more down-to-earth person for a sweetheart than Barbara. She has known hard work and unhappiness despite her youth, and she has never been a part of Hollywood's gayer life. She's a realist and a girl whose head will never be turned. Their whole romance has been so quiet and real, too.

If they do marry, which the rumor hounds insist they will, you can depend upon it that both will be truly in love and that their marriage will have dignity and the simple, homely virtues which made up Bob's background in Nebraska.

The director was giving the signal for another take, so Bob said goodbye.

And watching the boy thousands of fans call, "The handsomest man I have ever seen," I thought how truly you could say, "Back of every great man are great parents." I knew that Bob had given the real reason and the sound one for why he is not spoiled, nor will be.

IT'S ALL SPOILED
READ HOW PIMPLES ALMOST TURNED POLLY'S DREAM INTO A NIGHTMARE
WHY POLLY— WHAT IS THE MATTER DEAR?
HARRIET'S LETTER - Y-YOU REA IT— SHE W-WANTS TO D-DRIV OVER D-DURING VACATION AND BRING HER B-BROTHE J-JACK
HERE POLLY— I WANT YOU TO TRY EATING THIS YEAST FOR AWHILE. MRS. AMES SAID IT CLEARED JEAN'S PIMPLES RIGHT UP!
WELL, JEAN CERTAINLY HAS LOVELY SKIN. DO YOU THINK THERE'S REALLY A CHANCE FOR ME?
LATER
IT SURE WAS A LUCKY BREAK I LEARNED ABOUT THOSE YEAST CAKES IN TIME. THERE'S NOT A SINGLE PIMPLE LEFT! OH, I DO HOPE JACK WILL LIKE ME

Stormy Petrel

(*Continued from page 43*)

Turns," she protested that no mid-western farm girl would have so many dresses as that. If she was going to portray a farm girl, why couldn't she portray one realistically?

FINALLY she began to complain that the studio was shoving her ahead too fast and putting her into too many pictures.

Shortly after she made "Midsummer Night's Dream," she said, "I've been made a star too soon and I'm just miserable about the whole business. When I went on the stage, I hoped that it would take me ten years to arrive."

I knew that a few years previously Jean had lived in a cheap basement apartment in New York and had tramped from agency to agency begging for a job. Hollywood had thrown out a life-line when she was broke and desperate, thin and undernourished, and when all that stood between herself and failure was twenty dollars.

And yet she dared to complain that Hollywood was smashing her artistic standards.

"Now," she said drearily, her voice tragic and poignant, "I'm afraid I'll never be as competent an actress as I had hoped to be. I can't go back to Broadway and play tiny bits, getting the long apprenticeship which I should have had before I came to Hollywood. And, because of that, I'm afraid I'll never get to the top, never really amount to anything as an actress. Today young actresses are starred too soon. It isn't only I; it's the host of young people who come to Hollywood."

On the surface this might sound like humility, but actually it was another example of Jean's belief that in Hollywood things are never done as well as they are on the stage. She had accepted a Hollywood contract, not because she wanted to be in pictures, but to save herself from starvation. Always her thoughts were of what-might-have-been, of the career she might have had on the stage if she hadn't gone to Hollywood. She has since said of this period in her life, "I was terribly afraid the movies were going to take away from me the ideals Constance Collier had taught me and substitute in some way the ideals of Jimmy Durante."

Even when the studio sent her to New York to get additional publicity for "Midsummer Night's Dream," she objected.

"What point is there to all this silly ballyhoo?" she wanted to know. "All the ballyhoo in the world won't make 'Midsummer Night's Dream' a better picture than it already is."

Warners, more than a little weary of her critical attitude, sent her to their studio in England where she made "Faithful," a picture so unimportant that it never was released in this country.

Jean came back from England as superior as ever in her attitude toward the movies. As evidence of this, she threw herself heart and soul into the Theatre Workshop, which she had started as a training school for young people. Here were taught not only acting, but directing, scenic designing and every other phase of the theatre. Though the Theatre Workshop had supposedly been started as a hobby, Jean seemed more interested in it than in her movie career.

Now matters took an ironic turn. Since Jean had complained that she was being shoved ahead too fast and put into the wrong roles, her studio decided to give her a taste of a different sort of treatment.

Month after month went by and Jean was not cast in any pictures at all. She ate the bitter bread of idleness, She, who had received so much adulation, was now thrust in a corner like an old shoe.

She still had her Theatre Workshop, but she found it was not enough. For the first time in her career Jean knew what it meant to be completely ignored. And Hollywood, quick to realize that the cold wind of her studio's displeasure was blowing on Jean, behaved toward her with indifference. People whom she had hurt now got their chance to hurt her. Jean was going through that particular hell that is reserved in Hollywood for those who are beginning to slip.

BUT Hollywood still held in reserve one final blow to Jean's pride. After months of idleness, Jean was farmed out for "White Fang." Her role was stupid and unimportant, the kind she would have turned her back on only a few months ago. And the picture itself was just an

OW—HE'LL HATE ME ON SIGHT
T DARLING – I
OUGHT YOU
NTED TO
ET JACK –
Y YOU'VE
N TALKING
OUT IT FOR
ARLY A
YEAR
I-K-KNOW - BUT I DIDN'T HAVE ALL THESE DREADFUL PIMPLES THEN – OH, MUMS, IT'S JUST TOO MEAN TO HAVE IT HAPPEN LIKE THIS
THAT AFTERNOON
–AND THE POOR CHILD IS JUST HEART BROKEN. SHE'S LOOKED FORWARD TO MEETING HER FRIEND'S BROTHER FOR SO LONG
YOU OUGHT TO GET HER SOME FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. THAT'S WHAT THE DOCTOR PRESCRIBED FOR JEAN. IT CLEARED HER SKIN UP WONDERFULLY
OOD BYE-GOOD BYE
OH MOTHER-HE'S
VEN NICER THAN
I THOUGHT
HE'D BE
–AND DON'T FORGET - YOU HAVE A DATE WITH ME FOR THE NEXT PROM
I KNEW YOU'D FALL FOR HER, JACK
Supplies Vitamins A·B·D·G FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES MAKE YOU HATE TO BE SEEN

PIMPLES spoil many a "date"—for boys as well as girls—after the start of adolescence, from about 13 to 25 years of age, or even longer.

At this time, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The entire system is disturbed. The skin gets extra sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Then, unsightly pimples pop out.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, pimples go! Eat 3 cakes each day, one before meals—plain, or in a little water—until skin clears.

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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BRINGING NEW ROMANTIC LOVELINESS *to* THOUSANDS

No wonder women all over America are switching to this glorious new Hollywood Mask. New ingredients, new shades, new blending and harmonizing secrets. See for yourself how much more Hollywood Mask can do for you—to create an exciting, alluring, charming *YOU!*

Goodbye WRINKLES, BLACKHEADS

Discouraged because nothing conquers large pores and blemishes? You must stimulate underlying skin tissues, tone up circulation—purge pores of dirt and rancid oils—try Hollywood Mask! Spread it on! Rinse it off—and presto!—what an agreeable change—skin once more looks fresh, clear, youthful, glowing!

Hollywood Mask *Large Size Tube,* $1 *Trial Size,* 10c

Lipstick KEEPS YOUR LIPS SOFT.. SHADES TO BECOME YOUR TYPE

Can lipstick do more than transform lips into tantalizing, beautiful red? Yes it can! Hollywood Mask Lipstick is not parching—soothes lips. Lasts out many more kisses. Non-transparent. Indelible. Matches Hollywood Mask powder and accentuates beauty of your complexion type.

Jumbo Size, 55c *Trial Size,* 10c

Lipstick Colors: *Light, Medium, Dark, Orange, Raspberry*

Twice-a-Day MOISTURE PROOF POWDER IN SHADES MOST FLATTERING TO YOU

Now!—powder that stays and *stays* and *STAYS* on hours longer—because it's moisture-proof. End that "Plaster-of-Paris" made-up look—with Hollywood Mask Powder. Won't show because it complements your individual color skin type. Micro-fine textured. Applies smoothly with all powder bases.

Large Size, 75c *Purse Size* 10c

Powder Shades: *Rachelle Creole Brunette Peach Natural Blanche Suntan*

Try all three exciting new Hollywood Mask Cosmetics. On sale at leading drug and department stores, five and ten cent stores, or send coupon below—NOW—See how marvelously the *right* makeup can add to your charm.

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Send purse size cosmetics I have checked. I enclose 10c for each as checked to cover packaging and mailing.

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☐ **Powder**
☐ Creole ☐ Natural
☐ Peach ☐ Rachelle
☐ Blanche ☐ Suntan
☐ Brunette
☐ **Lipstick**
☐ Light ☐ Medium
☐ Dark ☐ Orange
☐ Raspberry
☐ **Hollywood Mask**

ordinary program picture.

Jean knew she was being sold down the river. But months of idleness had taught her humility. She realized what a fool she had been to be so critical and carping in her attitude toward Hollywood. And so she accepted the part. Nor has she rebelled against the roles which have followed at her home studio, though they are not exceptional.

"Jean's attitude has changed completely," a studio publicity man told me. "She's no longer superior and critical toward movies. She now intends to concentrate on her movie career, and she probably will not re-open her Theatre Workshop."

Jean isn't altogether to blame for her attitude toward Hollywood. Everything in her life conspired to make her too outspoken for her own good, too agressive to be popular.

From the time she was a small child, Jean Muir was brought up by her parents not to believe anything, not to accept anything, until she had proved it to her own satisfaction. They refused to lay down the law to this child of theirs. They told her that she must make up her own mind about religion, about her home, about what she wanted out of life. They would have preferred to give her hand-me-down clothes, if that ever had been necessary, rather than hand-me-down ideas. "Find out for yourself," was the core and heart of all they taught her. "Stand on your own two feet. Use your own mind."

Because she grew up so free and unfettered, Jean made many enemies, even as a child. Accustomed to being the queen bee in her own home, she insisted on dominating the children with whom she played. When they played school, she wanted to be the teacher. Sometimes she turned her backyard into an imaginary court of the Arthurian legends. Then the children came in and played with her, till she herself drove them away by her insistence on always playing the star role.

Lonely and miserable at school, Jean was delighted when her father suggested that she go abroad to visit his people in Scotland. But even there she didn't find happiness. Even there, she was still buried in her own loneliness, her unfortunate absorption in her own personality. So she went to the Sorbonne in France. And there her loneliness was increased tenfold, for she didn't even speak the same language as the other girls.

In her wretchedness she sought some escape, and decided this time that she could find it by studying dramatic art. At once she wrote her parents, telling them that she wanted to give up her courses at the Sorbonne and study for the stage.

You might imagine that they, who had never opposed Jean before, would have written to her now to go on and do as she pleased. But they didn't. "Of course," wrote Jean's mother, "you can go ahead and do what you think best, but do you want to give up something that you have started? Do you want to quit in midstream?"

When it was put that way to her, Jean Muir saw only one answer. She had been called all sorts of things in her life, but never a quitter. And she wasn't going to be one now. Or ever!

When she finally left the Sorbonne, she spoke French like a native. You know what happened after that, how through an accident she met the English company of "Bird in Hand" which was going to America on the same boat as she. To learn something about the stage, she offered to work for nothing as an understudy, and they accepted her. But that was the first and last time that accident played a part in determining her career. After that, Jean fought and slaved for success.

"I found a small room in New York for three dollars a week," she told me. "It was ugly and dirty, and cockroaches swarmed all over the place. I couldn't stand that, so I moved into another place for three and a half dollars a week. That was tiny but it was clean, and from there I laid siege to all the producers' offices."

CARRYING her best pair of shoes in a package and wearing Indian moccasins, Jean Muir tramped from one office to another. As soon as she came to any office, she put on her high-heeled shoes and, thus fortified, walked in to see the producers. Incredible? Jean Muir assured me it was true, and no one in Hollywood has ever known her to lie.

Even in those days she was unusual. Though she was living on six dollars a week, though she was cold and hungry and undernourished, she dreamed of the day when she would be able to stage her own plays. One day she decided to go to the Metropolitan Museum of Art to do some research work on the costuming for a certain play. Examining her meager store of money, she found that she had only a dime for carfare. That was enough to take her to the Museum and back by subway. But Jean hated the subway! Instead, she walked sixty blocks to the Museum and squandered her ten cents on a bus to take her home.

She was like a little girl in her worship of the stage and of the great stage actresses. There was the time, for instance, when Jean met Ethel Barrymore for the first time. When Miss Barrymore offered Jean a cigarette, Jean reached forward to take it. But she was so upset by the thrill of meeting this woman, who was the toast of two continents, that her hand began to tremble. Embarrassed at showing her emotions, Jean quickly withdrew her hand, and refused the cigarette.

"You don't smoke?" said Miss Barrymore, smiling. "That's fine, child. Smoking is bad for your voice."

From that day to this Jean has never touched a cigarette.

Usually Jean was lucky if she managed to get a three-line part in a play. But by unwearying persistence, by unending calls on managers, she finally got her first important role, as Helen Menken's mad sister in "Saint Wench." This was her big chance! Remembering how often she had prayed and hoped for such a chance, she drove herself on and on, till her body could hardly stand the grinding routine that she demanded of herself. Then came the opening night! The play opened to the worst notices that any play had ever received in New York!

"Saint Wench" ran a week, and then closed down. When Warners offered Jean a contract, she had been out of work for three months. No wonder she said, "You must be crazy to want me!" But a scout of theirs had seen her in "Saint Wench" and decided she had possibilities; some one else dug up an old movie test she had taken with Franchot Tone and was impressed by her work.

Because she had to fight every inch of the way to get ahead on the stage, Jean Muir pursued the same tactics in Hollywood. "I believed that the way to get ahead was to push and to pound," she told me, "so I pushed and I pounded."

But eventually Jean discovered that in Hollywood diplomacy is more important than frankness, reserve more important than honesty.

Most important of all she learned humility, and in her humility she is greater than she ever was when she was arrogant.

Freedom's a Flop!

(*Continued from page 60*)

"You know, I've been a juvenile for so long, and for just that long I've wanted, longed, to be grown up. Of course, I've lied about my age for ages, pretended to be older than I was in order to get work, and have said I was twenty-one for the past five years. When I actually became twenty-one, it was a sort of anti-climax to my friends. But to me it was important. It was a milestone. I thought I would put on a role of dignity like I would my overcoat, that people would suddenly realize that I was grown up and treat me with respect.

"I looked forward to the time when I could vote, swaggering up to the polls to cast my vote for President of the United States with a pipe in my mouth. Now that I'm old enough to vote, I was working so hard on a picture that I forgot to register and I can't vote.

"I always thought I would be married by the time I was of age and pictured myself the head of a family and I quite fancied myself ordering servants around and being the man of the house. I took it as a matter of course that I would marry Anita Louise. She's the only girl I've ever been in love with. Now that that's all over, I haven't fallen in love with anyone else, but I'd still like to get married. I'm a one-woman man," he added seriously. "You never hear of me flirting around with this girl and that. I want to be in love with one girl and be married to her for the rest of my life."

He looked so in earnest that I couldn't help but believe him.

"But part of my hopes are coming true soon," he continued. "I'm going to have my own home. By that time my father and mother will be set financially. They are going to build a home for themselves and I'm going to live alone. Of course, I'll be running over to their house all the time and probably spend more time with them than I will in my own place, but I'll know that I have a place that will be just mine," he said with a great deal of satisfaction.

"It will be hard on the folks and hard on me, too," he admitted, "but I think it is the right thing to do."

WHAT a wrench it will be for Tom to leave home, the home his parents have built around him, the home where he has had the best chance in the world to become a spoiled brat—but hasn't—only his intimates can understand. It will be hard for him to give up his bedroom, which he planned and for which he designed every stick of furniture, but he will have to, "because I'm going to live in an apartment at first," he explained.

Tom runs rather to the nautical in a great many ways and in decorating his bedroom he went completely berserk. Everything is designed to make you think you are on a ship. The footboard on his bed is made of carved anchors. There are ship's ropes around everything—a ship's bell and clock and the pictures on the walls are in frames made to represent life preservers. There are imitation portholes, in which rare tropical fish swim about.

"I have to make the break some time," he sighed, "and it might as well be now. My father and mother have their own friends, but they neglect them for me. I'm an only child and they are all wrapped up in me and in everything I do. They make their plans around me and it isn't right. Most of all, I want to learn to rely on myself. I'm getting to the point where

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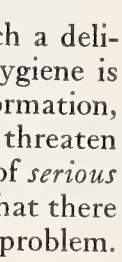

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I have no faith in my own ability to make decisions, just because I've always depended on them to make my decisions for me. I unconsciously turn to them for everything and it's time I learned to make up my own mind, in order to be a worthwhile person.

"Another reason I want my own place is so I can entertain more freely. Oh, don't laugh now," he said, "I'm all over that stuff of wanting gay parties. But if I have company at the house and we start singing at midnight, I worry about keeping the folks awake.

YOU know, in this game you have to do a certain amount of entertaining for business reasons. I don't mean inviting 'the right people' or the social climbing angle. But just suppose I'm cast in a new picture. I get the script and I read it. Well, if I happen to meet the director at the studio I can ask him up to the house for dinner and it gives us a chance to get acquainted and gives me an opportunity to find out what his idea of my role is. Often I've started a picture under a director I never met until the day I began to work for him, and naturally I had no idea what he expected of me. It makes things easier if you have a chance to get acquainted first. But that's just one angle.

"I've been going around with an older crowd lately and I'm learning a lot. I may not be as intelligent as they are, but I've got sense enough to know when I'm out of my class and I know when to keep my mouth shut. They are people who have been places and done things and they talk about what's going on in the world and not about who socked who at the club the night before. It is more or less of a musical crowd and whether or not I can sing, I *sing,* and I'm having a lot of fun and feel like I'm really growing up."

With the aid of his mother, Tom has been saving his money. I don't mean that he is one to catch his finger in his pocket when the check comes. It is usually the other way. But he has always saved a certain amount of his salary. He is saving one-half of his salary now, which is a very good record when you consider his family expenses, income tax and other drains on his income. Recently he put himself on an allowance of fifty dollars a week, which sounded quite extravagant to me.

"Oh, no," Tom protested. "You see, if I were married, I would eat at home and that expense would go on the food bill for the house, but as it is, although of course I eat at home most of the time, I have to take girls out to dine and dance. That comes out of my allowance and besides I take care of my car, buy my clothes and pay my beach club dues. Fifty dollars doesn't go far. Some weeks it doesn't go half far enough.

"I know I'll never be a Clark Gable or a Fred MacMurray," he said, "but if I mind my business and work hard I might get somewhere some day." And he went on to tell me about his next picture while my mind jumped back to a review of his last picture that I had read the day before. Of Tom's work in "And Sudden Death" a noted critic had written: "The stealer of film honors is Tom Brown, that engaging young juvenile who displays surprising dramatic stature in the unsympathetic role of a befuddled, weakling brother . . ."

"But now they've put me in 'Rose Bowl,' a football picture," Tom wailed, but quickly added: "Oh, well, I guess I'm lucky at that."

Now don't think Tom is a Pollyanna, and I wouldn't for the world try to create an impression that he is a recluse, a student, a stay-at-home. He is invited everywhere because, being good company, he's apt to be the life of the party without all the obnoxious implications that often accompany that classification. He is a lot of fun and cuts quite a dash with the ladies. He belongs to the liveliest beach club. He's seen here and there at the good shows, and pictures and dancing places. In fact, he goes as far and as often as he can—on fifty dollars a week. And his inevitable companion these days and evenings is cute Toby Wing.

"She's the most fun to go out with," he says enthusiastically. "She's a beautiful dancer, and always looks lovely. It's a lot of fun to be with Toby. She's the best all-around girl."

But apparently it's all in fun, and marriage seems to be far from Tom's mind at the moment, although he admits he's looking around for the right girl.

"And when I find her, being twenty-one will be all right," he said—and *meant* it.

A Star and Her Designer Talk Clothes

(*Continued from page 66*)

put on for pictorial effect! A pair of clips, a brooch and one or two lovely bracelets, all set with rubies, are the choice. Even if rubies are out of reach for most of us, we can follow Ruth's hint of pointing up a costume with colors in jewelry by using simulated stones.

SPEAKING of her "Dodsworth" clothes, she continued, "The smart two-piece suit which Omar Kiam designed, I liked so much that I am buying it for myself. It has a short flared black wool skirt and a very chic jacket of black and white checked wool. The jacket is held together by the leather belt and a green scarf is worn at the neck. With this I wear a black wool beret."

This is the costume on page 64. Notice how the sleeves are made all in one with the body of the jacket and that they end just above the wrist. This suit is typical of the smart daytime costumes for this fall and winter—the fit of the jacket and the flare of the skirt giving a trim line to the figure. Ruth uses one of her ruby-jeweled pins to hold the scarf.

"Another of the costumes which Omar made for me and which I am purchasing, is a stunning black, fuzzy wool suit with a skirt almost identical with the one just described. The jacket is high-waisted and fitted. The tight sleeves flare at the top, and have most amusing little peaks. At the high neck I wear a pair of my diamond and ruby clips. And my hat is *so* high!" (No photograph was made of this particular model.)

And there was still another gown, the most elaborate evening gown she wears, which was not photographed either, but about which she said:

Of the evening gowns worn in the picture, I particularly like a slinky white crepe frock of Empire design, heavily beaded with crystals. It has a long train and I wear a striking white ermine cape with it. Omar and I designed this one together and put into it our favorite ideas. I hope the result is successful.

"It seems to me that the importance of excellence in materials can't be too heavily stressed. I'd much rather have an absolutely plain gown of fine material, than the most elaborate creation of an inferior one."

And there, my pets, is a little fashion axiom to put right into practice.

As we finished looking at the "Dodsworth" wardrobe she said:

"It's always somewhat of a trial for me to go through the endless fittings and conferences about clothes before a picture starts. I think how pleasant it would be if I were high in the clouds in my plane, wearing my comfortable slacks. But I've learned how to make a game of the whole thing. In preparing these costumes for the picture, Omar and his assistants would come to my house and we would discuss, and fit and argue over tea and sandwiches. If we got tired, we would turn on the phonograph and play a lovely symphony record—our weariness would be forgotten soon and we would start all over again. I think that's the reason we are all so happy about these clothes—we had such a pleasant time making them."

And you feel that she had even a more pleasant time wearing them. Later, when I talked to Omar Kiam, it was interesting to see how he has brought out his pet theories in design for these costumes.

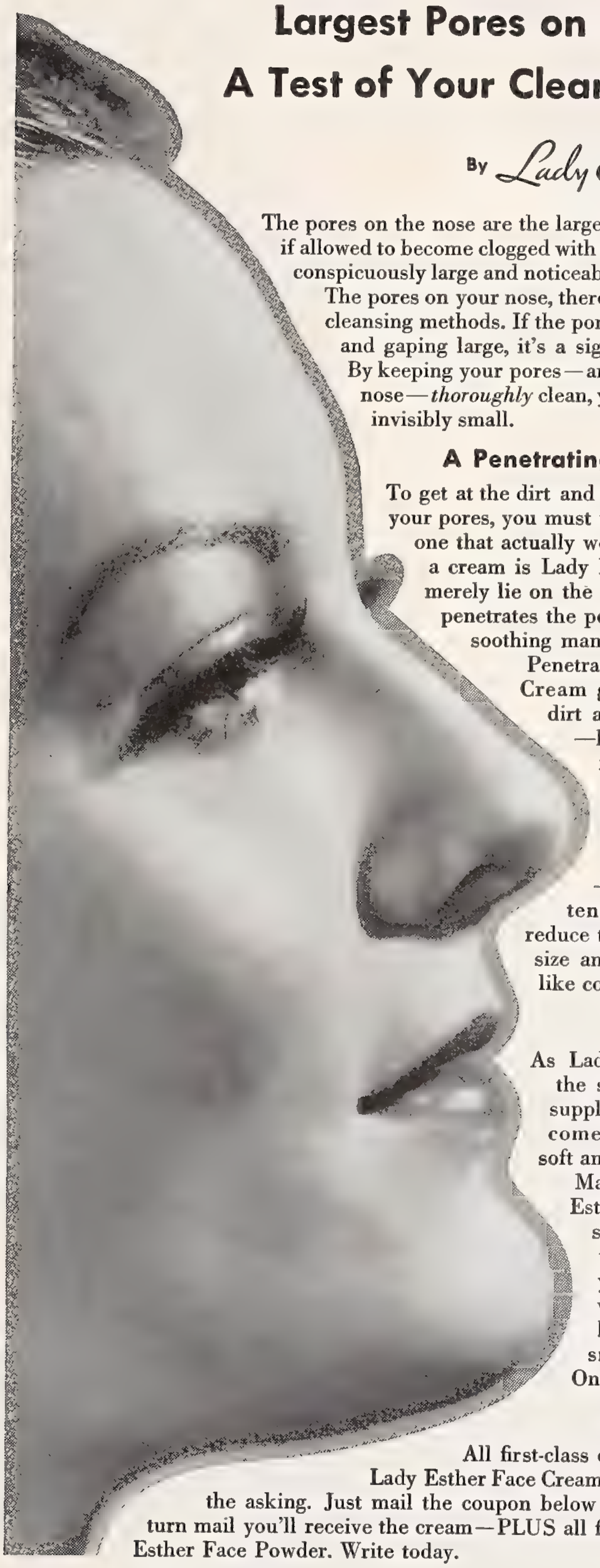
"Short skirts. Higher cut shoes. High hats. In fact, everything is going up!" he said, in describing the new trend.

THE higher cut in shoes is apparent in the unusual suede step-ins which Ruth wears with three of the daytime costumes pictured. Each of the three outfits is quite different in character and yet the shoes are perfect with each. There's the two-piece suit described earlier, then there's the one-piece black wool dress on page 66. It is cut very simply and slightly fitted. The high, round neckline is set off with a triple strand of pearls and the bodice is decorated with a plastron made of white cord in an intricate design.

Her off-the-face black satin hat achieves the height, Omar mentions, with an aigret held by a jeweled pin. Black suede gloves and a black suede bag match the shoes. A distinctive costume from head to foot.

Over this same dress, Ruth wears a nubbed black wool coat that opens, like a redingote, to show the dress beneath. There's a slight flare to the skirt and a trim fitting to the bodice of the coat; otherwise, it is quite simple, with a large collar of silver fox as its only trimming. The huge muff is a lavish detail but not essential to the chic of the whole coat. That tricky black felt hat has a twisted coil of the material to give it a towering look.

Omar's special brand of designing genius is evident in a three-piece ensemble, shown on page 65. Over a collarless, brown tweed jacket and skirt, he poses a beige wool, three-quarter length cape trimmed with broad bands of leopard. These bands run from the widened shoulders to the front hem. Slits in the cape permit the jacket sleeve to show through. In lieu of a blouse, Ruth wears a soft beige scarf caught with a gold clip. Again Omar uses trimming to reach a high point in his hats. This time a fedora-like brown felt has pheasant's tail-feathers as trimming. And how do you like that almost valise-size handbag of brown calf? Isn't it stunning? I could carry a complete wardrobe around in it! You'll find that many of the newest daytime handbags reach such proportions and have the top handle treatment. You definitely are not supposed to tuck these under your arm, they are to be carried by



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By Lady Esther

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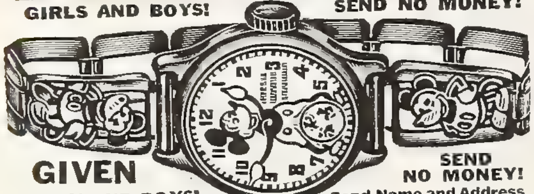

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"Skirts will be shorter than they have been in many seasons," Omar amplified his first brief statement. "And, of course, they will be fuller. For evening I still prefer the long, graceful line."

And as proof of his feeling about evening clothes, look at the black crepe and lamé dinner gown on page 64. The gown beneath the flared peplum jacket of metallic cloth is cut on form-fitting lines with the fullness drawn to the back to form a short but full train. Vivid red and green is shot through the metal of the jacket giving a startling contrast to the gown. The shoulders are full and slightly puffed at the shoulders. Two clips and one of her bracelets form the only trimming.

As if fearing he might be misinterpreted, Omar said: "When I say that shoes will be cut higher, I do not mean the old high shoes of Edwardian time, but the shoes cut to cover the instep and sometimes the ankle with a higher heel. In 'Dodsworth' I have used this type of shoe almost exclusively, both for street and evening.

"And as for hats, there is no limit to their versatility and height! Most of mine are designed to be worn high off the face.

"There is a marked tendency to smoother fabrics than for sometime past. This, however, might be called a forerunner to the future. We will not discard rough tweeds and knobby materials, especially for sports wear."

Although neither Kiam nor Ruth described or talked about the two negligees worn in the picture, I am showing you pictures of them because they are so utterly charming. One is a hostess gown of palest pink chiffon, made with a sweeping train and high waist. The neckline, bordered with fur, is very low at front and old-fashioned pink roses are tucked into it at the bosom. The sleeves are short and draped. Velvet would make a beautiful and less extravagant collar for our purpose.

Another robe is a dressing gown of heavy red and white brocaded satin made like a redingote but reaching to the floor where it sweeps out in a slight train effect. The top is rather tailored. It buttons at the waist and has interesting large patch pockets. The gown worn beneath this is finely accordion pleated from the lace yoke to the hem.

This is the sort of screen wardrobe that provides a wealth of inspiration for us all because it is so timely, so full of the important fashion news of the moment. And both Ruth's and Kiam's fashion ideas are alive with hints for all of you.

Before closing, I want to mention that there is a new dye product on the market that is a wonder. I am featuring it in my December Shopping Bulletin with full description, name and price. Be sure to write in for your Bulletin, for there are other grand suggestions besides this dye. Just fill in the attached coupon and it comes to you, free of charge.

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A Pound of Cure

(*Continued from page* 59)

there, flabby flesh anywhere, nor spare tires. You need not be of the spindling chest-broad rear variety. You may be large-boned and weigh 140, and still be trim and slim if the 140 pounds are in the right places. You may be tall, but tiny-boned, and be too fat at 130. The actual weight doesn't matter so much. It's the trimness and firmness of your body which means youth. I'll come back to this anon.

2. That clean, scrubbed look which the young skin has. Everybody isn't born with a complexion that is an all-time wow as far as texture and coloring are concerned. But no one need have bumps and blemishes around longer than it takes to banish them with proper diet and a little judicious external doctoring. Nobody need have that muddy look which comes from myriad grimy deposits in the pores and which aren't vicious enough to be called blackheads—yet—but which soon will be. The clean, scrubbed look doesn't bar make-up by any means. More about this, also, as we get on with our lecture.

3. A silkiness and sheen to your hair, no matter whether it's an enviable blonde or plain mouse-brown. As you get older, the youthful gold of your hair may darken; the various shades of red hair, too, get darker and less interesting, sometimes, with the passage of years—even a few years. You may—or may not—choose to do anything to restore the color. That's your business. Your hair even may go prematurely gray at a very early age. About all this, I care not one whoop, so long as you don't let your hair get lifeless, stringy, too dry or too oily, and generally unmanageable. No amount of professional waving will help you if there isn't good hair to start with. Remember that.

4. Of course, you have to get along through life with the set of features God gave you. But you can do a heck of a lot to improve upon Nature's short dealing, if you have been short-dealt. I know heaps of girls—and so do you—with very unclassical noses, eyes that are nothing to write home about, perhaps not one decent feature to their names, and what difference does that make? How often have you heard folks say, "She's not the least bit good looking, but she's awfully attractive"? Where features are concerned, the older you get, the luckier you are. It's pretty bad taste for the poor-featured sixteen-year-old to go monkeying around with the eyeshadow and the bright lipstick. But it isn't bad taste for the older girl—it's just plain smart.

Now, to get down to the tacks made of brass . . . I shall do this, if it's all the same to you, by picking a series of examples from experiences which I've come across and by making up out of my own little head a few more examples which may be helpful to you. If I don't hit your particular trouble, write your case history down on a piece of paper and mail it to me.

Example one: Girl twenty-two, tall, five feet seven and slenderly built. Basically good figure, with only one fault. A spare tire around the waist. It shows badly in the new waist-hugging dresses when she wears a girdle. When she doesn't wear a girdle, that extra fat is still there, of course, imparting a general thickness to the middle of her body. This girl sits all day. She says, sensibly enough, that she must wear a snug girdle because she doesn't want the rear to spread. That's fine. But the snug girdle *does* push up that hunk of flesh around the waist. Any way you slice it, it's very bad, especially with all the new clothes fitting one's middle like the paper on the wall.

This is a very common complaint. I'm not talking about the person who is too fat all over, or at least plenty too fat in the hips. This particular girl is slim—has a nice figure—good, firm, slender hips and a properly proportioned buzzoom. She's just getting her first warning of what *might* happen if she doesn't start the cure right now.

TEN minutes of bending exercises every morning—that's the first order. And you can't beat the old toe-touching stunt. Then, one-half hour's brisk walk early in the morning. Walking won't reduce you, but it will help make you trim and firm. But you must really beetle along at a brisk pace and keep your stomach and diaphragm pulled in flat every minute of the time.

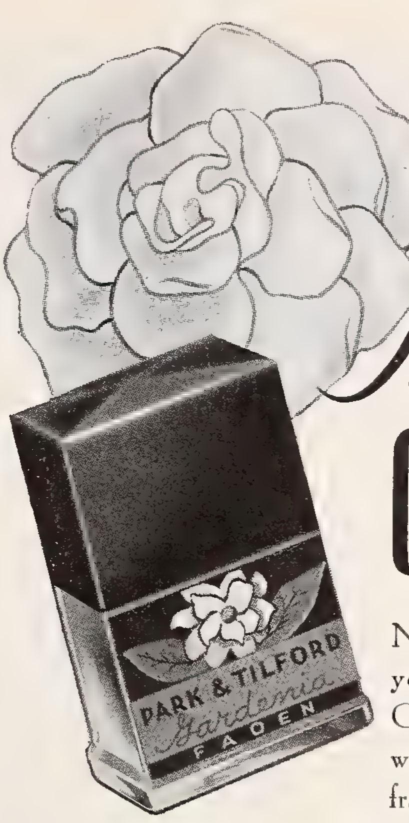
Now this girl should eat no heavy sweets, no heavy starches, and the fat content in her diet should be low. And what does that mean? It means that she may have sugar in her coffee or tea, if those beverages are exceedingly distasteful to her without, but she must have no cake, no pie, no ice cream. Fruit is what she gets for dessert, or gelatine, or sherbet. She may, furthermore, have a couple of slices of crisp toast for breakfast, with a very little butter, but she should not eat spaghetti, or rice, or any cereals, nor need she have bread, rolls, or crackers with luncheon and dinner. She must eat no fried foods whatsoever. A baked or boiled potato is all right, with a little butter rather than gravy. In other words, she should cut down—rather than cut *out* entirely. This is harder to do, sometimes, but if the gal has good sense, she will really make this effort to effect certain eliminations in her diet.

Example number two concerns a young married person who has recently had a baby. If you really want to know, I'm using myself as an example and telling you exactly what my doctor told me to do after my young hopeful appeared on the scene. Already, I've received a small ton of letters from young mamas, detailing their problems to me, and believe me, the problems aren't to be minimized. That's why I'm offering myself as Exhibit B.

First thing, ask your own doctor, please, if the following suggestions are okay for you. Every individual is different. You may have some particular complication that needs particular coddling. If you're strong and healthy, none of the following stunts should be in the least strenuous—but all the same, consult your doctor.

Now I didn't do a blessed thing for the first two weeks. I lay around and got my stren'th back. At the end of two weeks, I came home, and the very next day, I started in. The first exercise was to get on the bed on my knees and place my shoulders down on the bed as flat as I could get them. That's all. And just stay there five minutes the first day, six minutes the second day, and so on, up until ten minutes.

The second exercise—third day out—was to lie on the floor and place one



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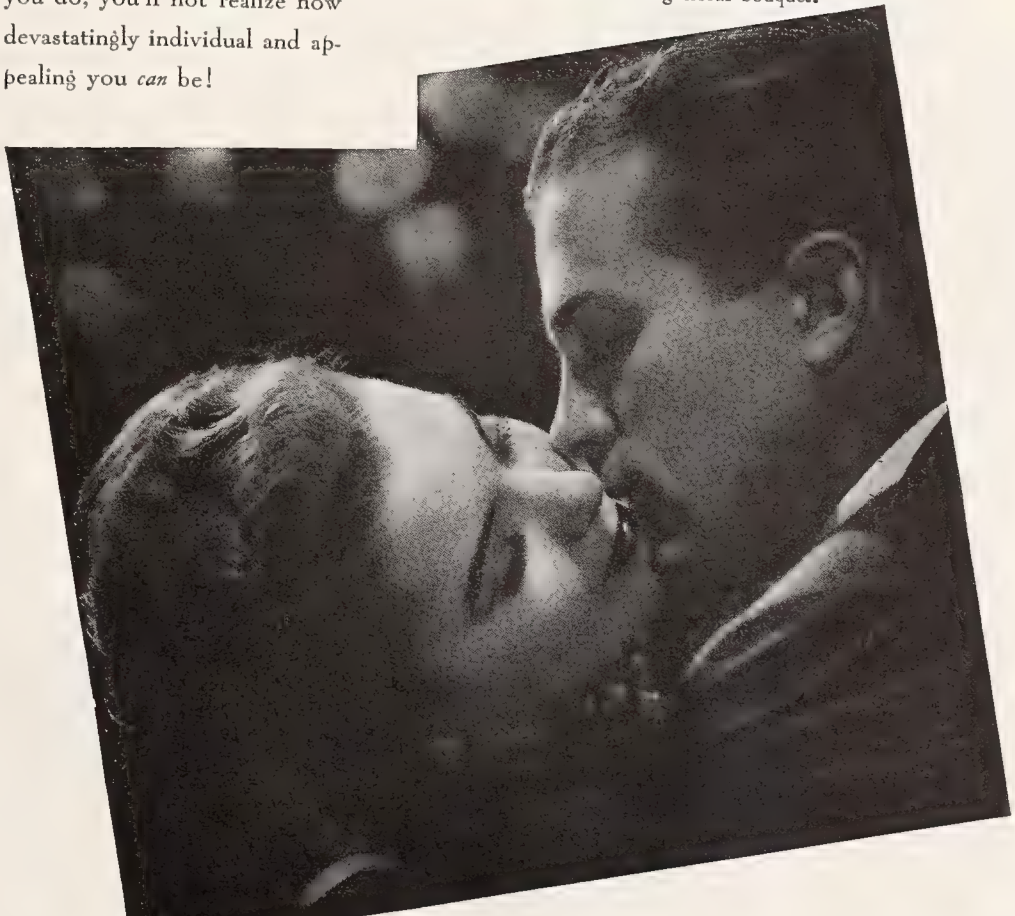

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thick book on my tum and raise it up with my stomach muscle, five times. Next day, six times, and so on, up to ten times. Then add another book, and keep up the good work.

The third exercise—fourth day out—was to lie on the floor and raise first one leg straight up in the air without bending the knee, then the other. Five times each. This is a cinch, but don't skip it, because it prepares you for the next, which isn't such a cinch.

When you're really beginning to feel pretty spry and peppy, try raising *both* legs up off the floor, without bending your knees, and without raising your shoulders off the floor either. This really gets the old stomach muscles to working.

When you can do this with reasonable efficiency, try raising the top part of your body up off the floor without bending your knees or letting your legs leave the floor. Don't go at it too hard. Once the first day, twice the second day, and so on.

The point of all these exercises is to get your middle flat and firm again—and it doesn't hurt the hips a particle either. Don't be too impatient, but be faithful, and pretty soon—you'll be surprised—you'll be able to get into that evening dress you only wore once before . . . well, before.

Example three concerns the girl whose face begins to look old before it has any business to do so. Sagging chin, lines, dry skin—dry skin is the biggest problem—and a sort of roughness and crepiness of the throat that is by no means youthful. The answer to the lines, dry skin and crepiness lies in cream—heaps of it—oily cream. Cleanse your face with cream at night *twice* and then, without using a tonic or water or anything, put on a film of maybe the same cream or maybe a heavier kind, if you can afford two, and leave it on, overnight if possible—if not, at least for twenty minutes or so. Don't use hot water, ever—even the steam that rises from a nice hot bath dries out your skin just a little more. Use lukewarm water in the morning and rinse with lukewarm water—not cold. Cold is refreshing and just dandy for normal or oily skins, but for dry skins it's too harsh. If you simply must relax in a hot bath now and then, smear the jolly old face with plenty of cream beforehand. Use a creamy foundation for your makeup. Use a cream rouge. And the lightest, softest powder you can find. Give your neck all the coddling every time you do your face.

A sagging chin takes plenty of work. Slap under it with the back of your hand. Keep your head up always and kind of stick your jaw out, consciously—whenever you think of it.

Write for my Skin Routine Number 2 which includes (a) treatment for dry skins (b) oily skins and (c) just plain bad skins.

Example four concerns the girl with what is commonly known as middle-age spread. Only, the sad part is, too often the spread happens before middle age. Do the rolling stunt I gave you in my first article: sit on the floor, grab your ankles with your hands and roll yourself round and round until it hurts. Wear a good girdle. Pull in your rear consciously—you can, you know—while you're walking, standing, sitting. Tighten it up and keep it from getting flabby.

Example five concerns the gal whose pretty hair goes completely wonky for some reason or other. An illness, maybe. Children, perhaps. Neglect—usually. So long as there's a wave in it, most women never give a thought to their hair. For a long time, nature will bear up under a constant onslaught of careless shampooing and hasty waving. Then nature says, "Phooey!" and thereafter no wave will stay in longer than two minutes and a general drabness sets in that no amount of artificial doctoring can remedy.

NOW, I often think of the movie stars in this connection. Goodness knows, many of them have their hair dyed and tinkered with until the color bears no resemblance to the original shade. But the texture of their hair—the shine and health of it—persists through all this. Most of you need not and should not submit your locks to the treatment that the movie star just has to, more or less. Why should your hair look like last year's bird's nest? The answer is, it shouldn't. Again, oil, plus brushing, plus massage is the answer to good, shining, healthy hair—and I don't care what else you do to it. These treatments are within the means of everyone. You can use olive oil, castor oil, or prepared oil treatments, which smell a heck of a sight nicer and cost but very little. Warm the oil and rub it into your scalp. Furthermore, take a piece of cotton and rub it along the length of your hair. Then wrap a hot towel around your head; or stand over a steaming kettle; or go out in the sunshine, if you live in the sunny south. And answer letters or do your knitting, while the oil gets in its good work.

Then shampoo—and never use a cake of soap on your hair. Prepared liquid shampoo or a melted down half-cake of any good soap—these are what you should use. Two soapings and half a dozen rinsings, under a shower or spray, and then maybe a light rinse in the last water to give your hair pretty lights and color. If you can dry the wool out in the air, fine. Anyway, keep massaging your scalp all the time your hair is drying. Give your hair sharp pulls and tugs—it stimulates the scalp. And when it's dry, brush it—vigorously, if it's coarse—very gently, with a medium stiff brush, if it's fine. Keep this up for six months and, if you don't find a marked improvement at the end of that time, you have my full permission to write to me and tell me I'm a so-and-so.

You have my full permission to write to me, anyway, whether you think I'm a so-and-so or not. Write to me if you're fat; write to me if you're thin; write to me if your skin is bad. I'm no miracle woman, but I can tell you a thing or two that will help. The address is Mary Marshall, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Please don't forget to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Up to now, I've been answering all of you who forgot about that envelope but hereafter, I'm not a-goin' ter do it, so there. Furthermore—may I tell our Canadian customers that Canadian stamps ain't no use in these here United States. Enclose three cents, like good girls, if you live in Canada. The mail is coming in like sixty, and M. M. will be broke and busted if she has to buy any more stamps, so plizz forgive me for this little speech.

Contest Entrants, Attention!

. . . Winners of both the "New Movie Types" and "Anthony Adverse" contests will be announced in January Modern Screen

She Has a Way with Her

(*Continued from page 53*)

would the other feel? They faced each other seriously. "I hope you get it," said Lily. "No, you should have it," protested Katharine. "You're so much prettier than I am."

"But you've had experience!" Recalling that phrase now, many years later, Claudette laughs at her Lily-naïvete.

"Two years before," said Claudette, "Katharine had starred in a school play, so of course, she would get the part. It was so certain that I decided not even to try for it. But it took me a long time to sell her on the idea—all the way down in the trolley, as a matter of fact. How serious we were sitting there side by side, and yet how funny we must have looked to the other passengers. The Irish-brogue Katharine and French-girl me jabbering so earnestly to each other. I went over and over the fact that I didn't want to be an actress anyway. Finally she gave in. I remember she put out her hand and said, 'Well, all right, if you promise not to be envious and never to regret it, and if it won't make any difference in our friendship.' We shook hands solemnly."

TRUE to her intention, Lily refused to announce herself and sat in a far corner of the dark, dingy Provincetown Theatre, while Katharine went up onto the stage to try out for Mr. Deeter. When the reading was over he shook his head and looked doubtful, which was all that was needed to spur the loyal Lily immediately into action. She dashed forward, took Mr. Deeter's arm and in a burst of French enthusiasm began to extol her friend's merits. She extolled so fast and with such pep and vivacity that Mr. Deeter just stood and looked at her. When she saw the arresting look in his eyes, she suddenly stopped. "Don't stop," he said. "Go on. That's delightful. You're just the girl I want!"

For a brief moment Lily failed to understand. Then Mr. Deeter handed her the script. "Here's your part. Learn the first ten lines and report here for rehearsal in the morning at nine. Thank you both for coming down. Goodby." And he left.

The girls in the darkness and the emptiness of that historical barn stood ten feet apart and across the canvas-covered seats searched for each other's eyes. But their vision was wet and blurred. Then they moved closer and their hands met and gripped tightly. Simultaneously, they uttered their thoughts. "Gosh, I'm sorry," said Lily. And at the same instant, "Gosh, I'm glad," said Katharine.

And so in that moment Lily was set on a new path, a path she was to tread in fame, as Claudette Colbert, and in the same moment her friend stepped off it. Never again were they to walk in rivalry. As Katharine often said in the years that followed, "It's more fun being proud of you, anyway." And when she married, she showed her love and pride by naming her first baby Claudette.

One more anecdote about the young charmer, Lily, before we come back to the grown-up one, Claudette. This, too, involves Katharine. As is the case in most French families, Lily was never given any money, but Katharine had an allowance.

"I always sponged on her, too," admits Claudette today. "With the interest added, I suppose I really owe her a small fortune now. For months we had contemplated being really devilish and buying

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"MY SECRET OF LOVELINESS—I use *Marchand's Golden Hair Wash*," says Miss Helen Bernard, of Wheeling, W.Va.

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BRUNETTES—Just a rinse with Marchand's adds a sparkling, glowing sheen to your hair. Or if you wish, using Marchand's full strength you too can lighten your hair to any golden shade.

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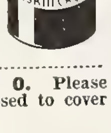

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some rouge. Neither of us had ever worn any make-up and we had reached the ripe age of sixteen. So, our nerve geared up, we advanced one day to a department store's make-up counter and, having heard that it was the best, requested vegetable rouge. You might have thought we were buying a car, we were so cautious and questioning, and extravagance-guilty. Afterward, outside on the street, we broke the cake in two and each took a half. That was what nearly proved to be my undoing, because naturally, from that moment on the rouge was in a constant state of crumble. That afternoon I put some on, but rubbed most of it off, if the state of my fingers was any indication. Of course, I didn't notice the fingers. I was too intent on doing a subtle job on my face. But my mother noticed them. Still she had such faith in the innocence of her 'child' that it never occurred to her that it was rouge.

"She took one look at the red dress I was wearing and said, "I knew that dress was too cheap to be good. Look how the color has come off on your hands. Take it off this minute and put it back in the box—and don't wash your hands. We'll go right to that store and show them!"

"So nothing would do but as she said. I tried to rub the rouge off on my slip as I was changing, but soap and water was the only thing that would have worked, and mother was hanging around, so I couldn't tackle that. Believe me, I was scared!"

THE scene in the department store that afternoon is easy to reconstruct. The mother proffering her daughter's red-smudged hands to the saleswoman and, at the same time, pointing to the red fabric in the box. The saleswoman—the type who obviously knew all there was to know about rouge—looking closely at the girl's fingers and discovering her secret at once. Then, on the verge of "spilling the beans," she suddenly catches the mute appeal in the brown Lily eyes. For a moment she hesitates. It takes her back, a long way back. Then she smiles and says lightly, "Of course, madame, we will be very glad to make an adjustment." And another way out is won!

Claudette has been hypnotizing them right and left ever since. What it is, nobody knows, but anyway, it "gets" you. Recently, it even knocked the pins right out from under a determined-to-hate newspaper critic in New York. For years this particular critic had panned Claudette at every opportunity. Not gentle digs either. What he said, he said venomously. Yet, as he admitted in print on numerous occasions, he had nothing personal against the girl. He had never even met her.

For several years Claudette suffered his attacks in silence. Then she decided that she wanted to meet him face to face and personally ask him the reason for his enmity. She gave a party in New York and invited him. Even in front of her other guests she took the cat by its whiskers and asked him.

"Because you're the kind of actress who should never play anything but French maids on the screen," he answered promptly.

There were two things that any other star would have done under the circumstances: one, laugh it off; the other, throw him out. Claudette did neither.

She said, "Gosh, you may be right. I've never done one on the screen, but if I could find a good one, I'd try." That shut him up for the time being, but anyone could see that he was disdainful.

Several weeks later Claudette wired him from the coast, "Well, I'm doing it—the part of a French girl for the first time on the screen. Not a ladies' maid, but I wait on table and sell cigarettes."

The part was that of Cigarette, of course, in "Under Two Flags," the kind of part she had always steered clear of, afraid of being typed as the French girl she is.

"Pick up the aggies—you win!" the return telegram read. "I'm a fan, and an ardent one from now on!"

You see, it isn't that she sets out to entice. Contrarily, the fact that she doesn't, is the secret. Like that morning coming in late to the publicity department. Had she arrived dripping sables or cooing fabulous excuses and apologies, she would never have gotten away with it. Appearing hatless, in slacks, and being herself, she can get away with anything.

Maybe It Was Too Easy

(*Continued from page 12*)

mascaraed; plucked arches for eyebrows; and even white teeth.

"Oh, I don't know," she answered vaguely. "But, you see, in the theatre no one pays the slightest attention to you, no matter who you are. If you need a hairdresser or want one, it's your job to get her. The same with a dentist and all those things. But, in pictures, there's always the hairdresser and the make-up man, and they're always looking after you. I like it," she admitted, dimpling.

"Did you find Hollywood easy from the start?" we asked.

"Well, yes and no."

Doris Nolan is a New York born girl, who was brought up in New Rochelle, where her family still lives. She was born on July 14, 1916. She has an older sister, Gladys, and a younger brother, Warren. While in the New Rochelle High School, Doris gratified her yearning to act. She appeared in several school sketches and plays and received good newspaper notices for her work.

"After that," she declared, "there was no holding me. I was bound to be an actress."

NEITHER her father, who is a New York woolen importer, nor her mother—whom she calls by her first name of Mary and who is now with her in Hollywood—objected to her career ideas. So Doris, without any difficulty, applied for and received her chance to act professionally with the Clinton Hollow Stock Company at Poughkeepsie, New York. A motion picture scout from the Fox Studios saw her and asked her to make a screen test. She did, and the result was that Fox signed her up and sent her West.

"But that wasn't so easy as it promised to be," Doris said. "Mary and I didn't know a soul in Hollywood and for three solid months we still didn't know anybody. We lived in an apartment in Beverly Hills and just had ourselves to talk to, except when I went to the studio."

But the studio didn't assign her to any picture during all this time.

"Didn't you do anything the entire time you were there?" we questioned.

"Well, yes," and Doris grinned. "You see, I speak a little French. As it happened, the studio signed an actress who was French—I won't tell you her name—

and, knowing I could speak French, they asked me to see that she found an apartment and got settled."

"It's funny that a studio that size wouldn't have an interpreter around for that kind of thing," we remarked.

"Well, I don't know." Doris was diplomatic. "Anyway, I was glad to do what I could for her. But it was a little hard being out in Hollywood six months and not working. I would have gone a little mad if I hadn't been able to ride horseback."

"You like that sort of thing?"

"Um. One of these days I hope to have some horses of my own. The rides are grand, too, on the coast. You can go up in the hills and the mountains, you know. And the mountain climbing is great, too. There are grand spots all around for that, as well as horseback riding."

When her picture contract expired—that was last year, in 1935—and was not renewed, Doris got the opportunity to play the feminine lead in "Daughter of Cain," a stage play produced at a community theatre in Hollywood.

"Luck was with me," she said.

Al Woods, well-known New York stage producer, saw her in this play and engaged her on the spot to come to New York and play the lead in his stage production of "The Night of January 16." That was last winter.

"Luck stayed with me," Doris laughed.

One night, Dan Kelley, Universal studio casting director, who had come East to scout for new screen talent, went to see this play. He saw Doris, liked her, signed her to the dotted line and a long-term Universal contract.

"When the play finished its run last spring," Doris said, "Mary and I went back to Hollywood and this time I went to work almost right away in 'The Man I Marry.'"

"And you're featured in your first talkie," we commented.

"Yes."

"You're right about your career," we agreed. "It almost does sound too easy."

She has been in New York recently, where she played the featured lead in another Al Woods play, "Arrest That Woman." However, the show's run was extremely short and Doris went West again to do another picture. She still has one more play to do for Mr. Woods.

She doesn't go out much socially in Hollywood because she doesn't enjoy the social life. She frankly prefers trailing around in slacks to getting dressed up and going places. Nor does she care for night life. She likes to read, and she likes to have friends for dinner and sit around afterwards or go for a ride in the car or a horseback canter or a tramp in the hills. She wears no jewelry—neither rings, bracelets, nor necklaces. However, she does admit to one terrific yen. She loves to write.

At the rate she is going, Doris Nolan should soon have quite a bit of experience, though perhaps this includes falling in love and at this date Doris hasn't gotten around to that pertinent phase of heart throbs. Hers, thus far, have come through her career.

"And maybe that was too easy," she says.

Maybe Doris Nolan is one of those fortunate youngsters who doesn't have to garner her experience at the expense of heartbreak and tears. Her sense of humor and ready smile should save her a lot of that sort of thing. One rather hopes so, anyway, for she's a likeable youngster and not at all uppity-uppity at being a featured player headed for stardom on both the screen and the stage at the ripe young age of twenty.

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SCREEN ROMANCES

"THE LOVE STORY MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN"

DECEMBER NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE

Does a Diploma Count in Hollywood?

(*Continued from page 39*)

Franchot is still a featured player, a highly successful one to be sure, but still not a star. While Clark Gable, who called his education complete when he was graduated from a small-town high school and who spent the next years roaming around the world, working at any and all kinds of jobs, is one of the most important of the screen's first-rankers.

"Sometimes I think that too much education is bad for an actor or actress. It so often seems to ruin their natural emotions by smoothing them, inhibiting them," I once heard Norma Shearer say to Jim Tully, the writer. Norma spent only a few scattered years in schoolrooms. Jim ran away from an orphans' home before he had finished grade school and spent the next few years as a youthful hobo. Both Norma and Jim are among Hollywood's favorite children, headliners in their two fields.

Wallace Beery heard the call of life and the open road when he was in the fourth grade. He ran away from school and never went back. Today Wally is glad that he spent those next years, riding the rods and working in circuses, instead of poring over books. He was meeting the men and learning to understand the life which he is bringing to the screen today. During those same years the Morgan brothers, Frank and Ralph, were attending Cornell and Columbia Universities. Today they are featured players but neither has attained the fame and popularity of the unschooled Wally.

FATE dumped Bob Montgomery out of school and into work and, finally, into Hollywood. When his father died very suddenly, Bob was forced to leave the prep school, where he was preparing for college, and to go to work. If that tragedy had not befallen the Montgomery family, Bob would probably have finished his university education and gone into some kind of business.

"I probably learned more in those few years of bumping up against the world than I could have learned in a dozen colleges," Bob said. At least, he learned to fight his way to success and stardom.

Look at the names which twinkle in electric lights above the theatres. Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, W. C. Fields, Greta Garbo, Claudette Colbert, Jean Harlow, Mae West, Myrna Loy, Janet Gaynor, Grace Moore, William Powell. A dozen others. Not one of them is listed on the alumni records of any university.

Instead of going to college, Fred Astaire danced with his sister, Adele, on various vaudeville and musical comedy stages. Ginger Rogers crooned and Charlestoned in vaudeville. W. C. Fields juggled colored balls and learned to make audiences howl with laughter. Greta Garbo worked in a Stockholm department store and played bits in slapstick comedies in her native Sweden. Claudette Colbert played small parts on the stage and in the Eastern motion picture studios. Jean Harlow ran away from a girls' school to be married and, later, played extras in Hollywood. Mae West sang her riotous, lusty songs in vaudeville theatres. Myrna Loy taught dancing, posed for sculptors and played bits in Hollywood pictures. Janet Gaynor struggled to find a foothold in the silent pictures. Grace Moore ran away from a finishing school and sang in musical comedy road companies. Bill Powell trouped in road shows and stock companies.

Of course, there are the few exceptions which prove the rule. Katharine Hepburn is a graduate of Bryn Mawr. Fredric March was graduated from the University of Wisconsin. John Beal has a diploma from the University of Pennsylvania. They are, however, a mere drop of higher education in Hollywood's overflowing bucket of practical experience.

THE younger set of players, the boys and girls now stepping into fame, are facing the same problems and conditions that were met by their older brothers and sisters. Only one of the headliners of the new crop is a university graduate, Robert Taylor.

The writers and directors show the same indifference to college diplomas. Frances Marion, who has been topnotch among the scenario writers for many years, both in silent and in talking pictures, learned the secret of her human touch and understanding in the editorial rooms of a San Francisco newspaper, in a Los Angeles advertising agency and in the cutting rooms of the studios, not in any university. W. S. Van Dyke, one of the ace directors, who made "Trader Horn," "Eskimo," "The Thin Man," "Naughty Marietta" and "San Francisco" with a brilliant and versatile ease, was working in lumber camps, mining coal, driving trucks and acting in small theatrical companies, while many other boys of his age were studying and playing their way through college.

As a rule, I think that you'll find that the really successful people in Hollywood are the ones who have bumped up against the sharp edges of life, who have had to fight for everything they've earned," Van Dyke told me. "A college education is a wonderful thing, if you can afford to spend those valuable years learning the experiences of others. Understand, I'm not talking about the training for a definite profession where a college education is an absolute necessity. I'm speaking of the general cultural courses which may pave the way for several kinds of work.

"I believe in the cultural benefits of a university education. Again I say, if you can afford it, don't miss it. But I can't ever feel sorry when I hear people bemoaning the fact that some boy or girl is not going to be able to have a college course because of financial circumstances."

A recent census of the studios showed a high percentage of college graduates among the technicians, the cameramen, electricians, sound engineers and designers. In those fields Hollywood puts a high valuation on college diplomas. But, even there, you'll find that the most successful men and women have had several years of practical experience, in addition to their university training.

One producer, who has built many stars, summed up Hollywood's attitude toward higher education among its players when he said, "A young person with only a fundamental education and with his natural emotions unspoiled by the restrictions and inhibitions which so often come with too much training, has a better chance of succeeding than a schooled and polished youngster who has been taught to reason with a clear, cold logic. For its actors, writers and directors Hollywood needs experience and emotional understanding instead of 'book learning.'"

Hollywood is a young person's town and a practical town. If you have an honest ability and a background of practical experience you have a good chance to find success, whether you have a college education or not.

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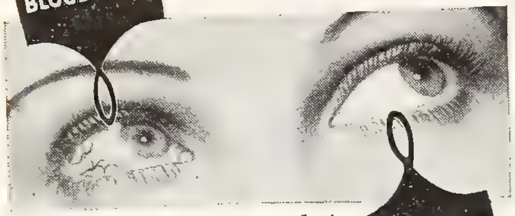

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Humphrey's Halcyon Days

(Continued from page 51)

It didn't look as if he would be anything but an awfully naughty boy from a nice family, who thought the world was his oyster.

AT the very beginning of things, Humphrey was born on Christmas Day in 1900, which makes it comparatively simple to keep track of his age. He was a right handsome little boy, from the pictures his mother had around. I can only vouch for him from eighteen on, and he looked all right then, after they got the bandages off.

I wasn't the only girl he had permanently in wrong with her family on account of those three o'clock in the mornings, and the fights, but all of us thought he was worth it. We were convinced that any man who could dance that well and put up a good fight, on any provocation whatever—or none—had a great future.

We virtually thrived on the masquerade brawls in Webster Hall and the Kit Kat Club and even Tammany Hall. We "did" the Village regularly, which was known in a casual off-hand manner as "slumming." Actually the Village was more fun than any place, in those halcyon days. That is, it was when Humphrey managed to keep out of a fight. I guess it was fun even when he didn't, at least he seemed to enjoy it. I had to go home alone many a time.

WHEN we get together these days the dialogue goes like this:

Humphrey says, "Do you remember the time your Stutz ran out of gas on the Queensborough Bridge at three A. M. and I had to push it over the rise?"

"Remember the time we ran into the elevated post on Sixth Avenue?" says I. "And what the cop said? And the time we went to court with that speeding ticket, and the cop lied like a gentleman—said we were only doing forty—so we took him to lunch at Rector's? He ordered everything in the place, and we only had two dollars between us, so he had to pay the check?"

"Did you ever look him up and pay it back?"

Humphrey looks pained. "Madame, you will never find a Bogart lacking in the finer principles. Besides, what if he had caught *me* speeding after that?"

"Ha, my point. He couldn't, because your father wouldn't let you have the car. You always smashed it."

"The last time it was your fault. Remember that masquerade at Webster Hall—you wore two beads and a buckle and I was a Spanish toreador—very hot stuff?"

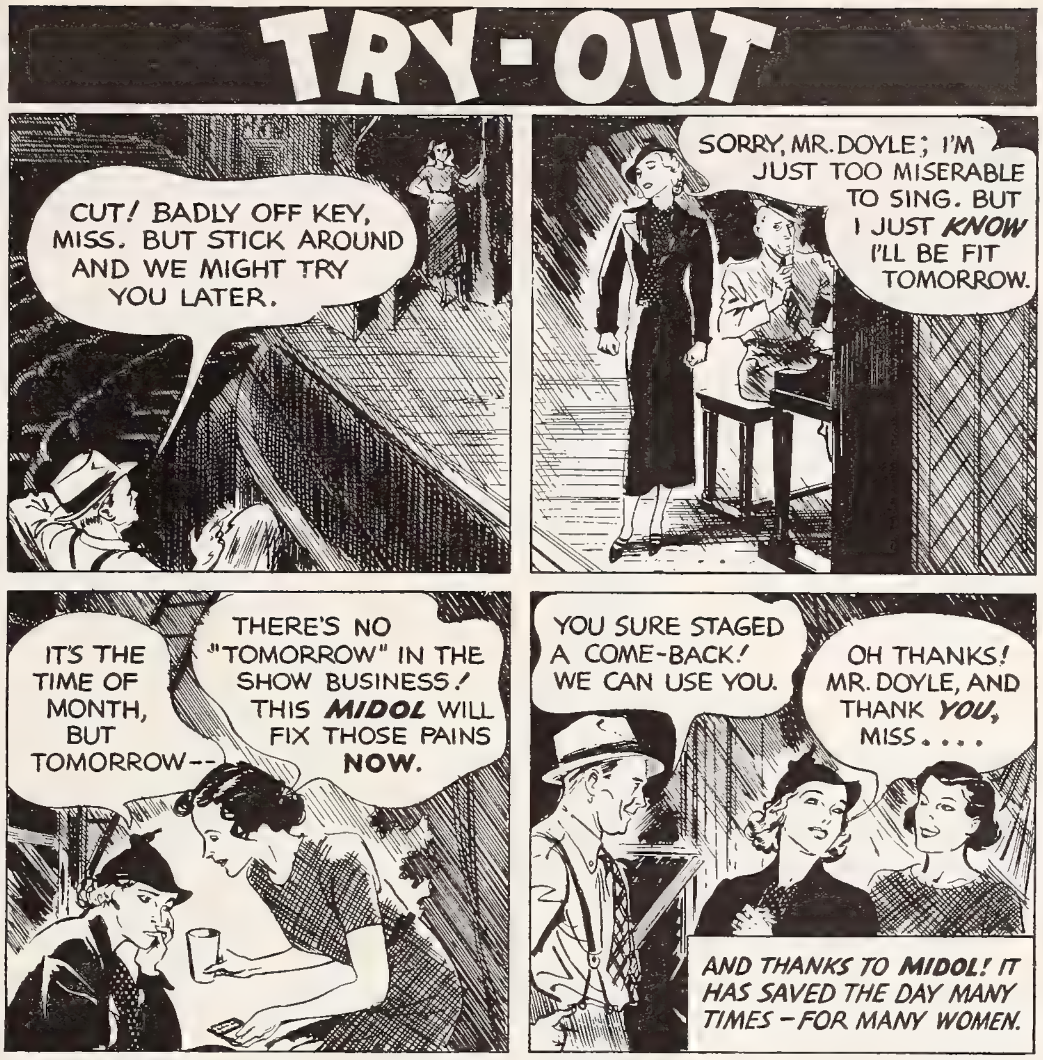
"Uh huh."

Humphrey is a superb ignorer. He went right on, "And the fenders were off the Stutz having the wrinkles ironed out and the headlights wouldn't work, so we drove past the new subway excavation and picked up red lanterns and tied 'em all over the car?"

"Wonder what kept us out of jail?"

". . . and it began to rain pitchforks," Humphrey barged on, "so we arrived at the party soaked and covered with mud—were we sights! Then we retired to the ladies' and gents' rooms to take a bath, with thousands of people milling around. And, if memory serves me right, you were the belle of the ball because most of your beads dissolved."

"You didn't do so badly yourself with that artist's model made up for Lady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Godiva."

". . . and then, at three A. M., you happened to think of the aviator, arriving from Kelly Field at seven, an awful heel but anyway you had promised to meet him, so we thought it would be just dandy to go in costume. The party was about over, so after the fight—it was a lovely fight, too, remember?—we drove uptown to my house, and mother got up and made coffee for us. Remember?"

But, to proceed from where Humphrey left off, it was finally six o'clock or so, and the Bogart butler was sprinkling the lawn out front—even a lawn four feet square is quite a rare thing in New York, and he felt tender about it. Then he observed the splashed car at the curb and felt tender about that, too, so when we emerged to meet the aviator it had water on the spark plugs and wouldn't start. Humphrey's mother (a *very* grand woman with an understanding soul) gave Humphrey some keys. He sprinted away and returned with his father's car. By that time, we had fifteen minutes to make it.

The gay Spanish toreador, with mud on his bolero, started down Broadway at a pretty good clip. They launder the streets at that time of morning to make them nice and slippery, so when a taxi materialized against our fender, we turned around three times and wound up in a delicatessen window.

The taxi was still healthy, so we got in and arrived twenty minutes late. After roaming around and asking a lot of startled people if they had seen an aviator, we found him in the Pennsylvania Hotel, with his uniform sent out to be pressed and he hadn't brought a spare. After a telephone conference, it was agreed unanimously that an aviator, without his pants, added to our festive group would be one too many. Humphrey decided to let the whole thing drop and have some breakfast, in spite of the fact that I happened to be engaged to the aviator at the time.

Well, *that* was one episode. The others will have to ride, unless you want a serial.

Of course Humphrey was getting educated in the meantime. Just sort of incidentally, he went to school.

Later, there was an interval during which he was part of the United States Navy, a very small part to be sure. But to hear him tell it, he practically was running the show, and all the girls were pretty impressed. I never saw a sailor who did any more for the uniform, I have to hand him that. Whenever he happened to be out of the brig, he cut quite a swath.

Next thing we knew, he was an actor. That isn't what the critics said at first. But they changed their minds later.

The William Bradys being relatives—Humphrey and young Bill (who recently met a tragic death) were inseparable from the time they were kids—Grace George (Mrs. Brady) gave Humphrey a small walk-on part in one of her plays. On the opening night Humphrey discovered he couldn't talk very well, his mouth seemed to be full of cotton—sometimes known as stage-fright—so he walked off to get a drink of water, leaving the leading man standing there with nothing to say. Of course, Humphrey came back eventually. One critic remarked, "The young man identified on the program as Humphrey Bogart was not only mediocre, he was terrible."

Three plays later, Mr. Woolcott ate his words via the public prints, reversing his decision with gratifying thoroughness.

Around this time, Helen Menken and Humphrey announced their engagement. The marriage lasted only a year because they were separated almost continuously, due to professional engagements, and simply drifted in opposite directions. They were divorced in 1925. Humphrey met Mary Phillips in "Meet the Wife"—she played his wife. They have been married ten years now and they have worked out the separations perfectly by not asking each other any questions. Mary arrived recently in Hollywood, after concluding a long engagement in "The Postman Always Rings Twice."

In his teens, when the century was trying to keep up with him, Humphrey was a pretty arrogant, fresh kid. He had the beginning of a career tossed in his lap and took it all in stride. He was, he says, a "one-dimension person." His first six plays were smash hits, and he made personal triumphs in almost every one, after that first one. He thought the theatre was always like that, one hit after another. Then the rude awakening. He hit a lull that informed him what it was all about, in a few short telling strokes. Plays began to fail—a series of flops, each year worse than the last. One year, he worked six weeks.

In 1932, he came out to the coast under contract to Fox. No outstanding roles resulted. Soon after he arrived that time, I happened to be calling on a friend in the Hollywood Hospital. He said Humphrey was in the next room.

There he was—bandages and all. It seemed like old times. He said I ought to see the other fellow, before I had a chance to say it first.

He returned to New York after this contract expired, and his next real success was in the stage play, "Petrified Forest." Leslie Howard insisted that he play the same part in the picture, so Humphrey came back to Hollywood—sitting pretty, this trip.

He's kind of a nice guy—wears well—and is just as amusing since he got good sense, although it certainly was a surprise.

He hasn't had a fight—not a real one, *avec* bandages—this trip. But you never can tell.

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WBT	Charlotte, N. C.	9:45 a.m. E.S.T.
WTOC	Savannah, Ga.	9:45 a.m. E.S.T.
WMBR	Jacksonville, Fla.	9:30 a.m. E.S.T.
WMFJ	Daytona Beach, Fla.	9:15 a.m. E.S.T.
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What's Ahead for Norma Shearer?

(Continued from page 41)

OF course, Mr. Thalberg has guided her career, has led her into stardom. It was he who made all the important decisions of her professional life, who kept her star shining brightly through the years in which they worked together. Norma has always been the first to give him the credit for her success. She has had utter faith in his judgment, has always followed his directions with an implicit trust.

"Irving is always right," Norma told me one day. Higher praise than that, no woman can give a man, no wife can give a husband.

However, all Hollywood knows and respects Norma's intelligence. She was born for success. If she had been a school teacher or a stenographer or a saleswoman, she would have been the best in her field. She knows no half measures. She is a tireless worker. No detail is too small for her consideration. She knows the secret of absolute concentration, of directed determination. There is no doubt that Mr. Thalberg developed and furthered her career as an actress. But Norma possesses the ability which made that development possible. She depended upon Mr. Thalberg, while he lived, knowing better than anyone the depths of his understanding, the quality of his genius. But, now that he is gone, Norma is capable of standing alone, of walking onward without help.

On her wedding day, Norma became two people, and several times, during the last few years, she has been torn between these two selves, the actress and the woman. Always the woman has defeated the actress. After the birth of little Irving, in spite of the fact that she had just achieved the greatest success of her career in "The Divorcee," Norma was willing to give up her professional life in order to devote herself entirely to wifehood and motherhood, if her husband so desired.

"But Irving wants me to go on with my work," she told me at that time, "so I shall continue in pictures. However, we have agreed that I shall stop my work whenever Irving thinks best."

Again, at another high spot in her career, she deserted the screen for a year and went to Europe with her two Irvings. Mr. Thalberg's physicians had said that he must have a complete rest, a change of surroundings, if he wished to regain his always fragile health. The years of long, intense working hours, of wearing, nerve-racking labor, had taken their toll of his strength. Norma, the actress, knew that it was almost fatal to a career to retire for an entire year. Norma, the woman, didn't care about careers or futures for herself. She thought only of the health and welfare of the man she loved.

In the studio they put aside their personal relationship and became fellow workmen, striving for the same results—artistic and successful pictures. They worked in complete accord, the actress and the executive producer. They followed a unique system in preparing a Shearer picture. The script was broken down into sequences, similar to the acts of a stage play. Each sequence was rehearsed in its entirety before its separate scenes were filmed. When the director and Norma were satisfied with the results of the many rehearsals, Mr. Thalberg ar-

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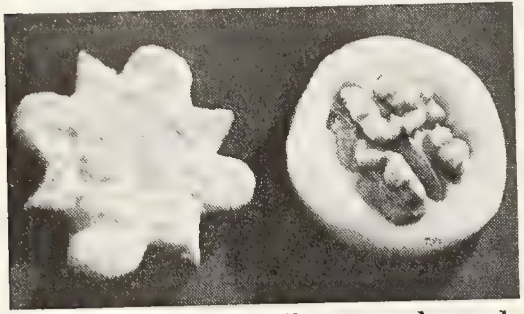

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rived on the stage. Usually he sat on a photographer's stool behind the cameras. Quietly he watched the action of the scenes, making no comment until the end of the sequence. Then his criticisms and suggestions were made in a low, calm voice to the director. When Mr. Thalberg finally approved the rehearsal, the actual filming was begun, the long sequence being broken into the shorter scenes, which were necessary for the various camera set-ups and angles.

"Very often I don't know what picture I'm going to do next until I receive an official notification from the studio or read the announcement in the newspapers," Norma said one day. "I never discuss studio affairs, especially my own problems, with Irving at home. We have enough time to talk things over at the studio. I try to make our home a place of rest and relaxation. Besides, I know that whatever Irving decides for me will be best. So I never question his plans."

ALTHOUGH she never interfered with his judgment, Norma influenced Mr. Thalberg's decisions in her own quiet way. Until the arrival of talking pictures Norma had always played sweet and demure heroines. When the studio purchased the stage play, "The Trial of Mary Dugan," for one of its first sound pictures, Norma wanted to play the heroine, to prove to the public that she was a dramatic actress. But Mr. Thalberg was planning to give that picture to one of the studio's already established dramatic stars. Norma was not an experienced emotional actress.

Norma accepted his decision without argument. But she knew what she wanted and she wasn't defeated. She didn't resort to the tearful pleadings which are the weapons of the average wife. That is not Norma's way of gaining her goal. She has always accomplished her purposes by clean-cut, determined actions. That's what she did in the case of "Mary Dugan." She called in the aid of the play's author, Bayard Veiller, and a group of technicians. Quietly they slipped into an empty sound stage and made a test of the court room scene of the play, with Norma enacting the role of the emotional heroine. Then, with shining and excited eyes, she invited Mr. Thalberg into a projection room to see the test. She proved to him that she was capable of bringing to the screen the harassed Mary Dugan, and the picture turned out to be one of her greatest successes.

Almost the same thing happened when the studio bought the Ursula Parrott, best-selling novel, "Ex-Wife," and re-titled it "The Divorcee." The screen was going through the ultra-modern era of feminine freedom, of unconventionality. Casually, Norma asked Mr. Thalberg to consider her for the role of the very modern and unconventional heroine of "The Divorcee." But Mr. Thalberg only smiled. Norma's career had not been built on sex appeal. There were other actresses in the studio who were better fitted for the role.

Norma said no more. Instead, she rented a luxurious and revealing negligee from a Los Angeles costumer, thus avoiding the studio wardrobe and curious questions. She spent an entire afternoon in the gallery of a clever portrait photographer, who was not connected with the studio. The result was a series of pictures of a new Norma, a young woman who was fairly reeking with sex appeal. Timidly she laid these pictures on Mr. Thalberg's desk. He looked at them in amazement, while Norma stood beside him, smiling the eager smile of a child who is silently begging for a new toy.

"I had to prove to Irving that I could look sexy, if it were necessary, for the role of the girl in 'The Divorcee,'" she explained later to her friends.

SHE succeeded. "The Divorcee" opened an entirely new field of stardom in Norma's career. For several pictures Norma ran riot as a modern young woman who managed to eat her emotional cake and have it, too. Then Mr. Thalberg, with the far-seeing wisdom which made him the greatest of all motion picture producers, saw the end of the era of flamboyant sex in screen entertainment, and gave Norma the idealistically lovely "Smilin' Through."

With Mr. Thalberg she shared a splendid generosity in regard to the importance of the other actors in her pictures. She and Mr. Thalberg have always followed the creed that the picture is the important thing, not the star. Consequently, Norma has always been surrounded by the most competent actors available. And never has a good scene been eliminated or changed because some one stole it from the star, as happens so often in Hollywood. Several years ago, after the preview of "Strangers May Kiss," people predicted in whispers that the scenes which Robert Montgomery, a comparative newcomer then, shared with Norma would be re-made. Bob had blithely stolen them with his suave, tongue-in-cheek gaiety.

However, not one scene was changed, and that picture launched Bob into a stardom of his own. The morning after the preview Norma and Bob met on a studio street. Cordially, enthusiastically she congratulated him.

"You were grand in the picture, Bob," she said, "but I've learned my lesson. The next time we work together I'm going to say all the last lines. Then you can't have the final word and steal all my laughs."

With her usual intelligent caution, Norma completely separated her two lives. In the studio she maintained an impersonal, business-like attitude toward Mr. Thalberg. She never entered his office without making an appointment. When she telephoned him, she always explained her message first to his personal secretary, as did all the other people who wished to talk to him. She never took the smallest advantage of her position as the wife of the vice-president in charge of all production of her studio.

Away from the studio, she was solely and entirely the wife, the mother and the home-maker. She guarded Mr. Thalberg's health as zealously as do other devoted wives who have no interest other than their family's welfare. She made no plans or appointments, social or professional, without first consulting Mr. Thalberg.

"Irving's hours are so uncertain," she explained. "He never knows how late he will be detained at the studio. So I manage to have a very elastic schedule at the house. I don't want to worry or hamper Irving by making him feel that it is necessary to have a definite dinner hour or to follow any set routine."

Every evening, between six-thirty and seven, Norma telephoned Mr. Thalberg to ask him about his wishes and plans. Then she arranged the evening accordingly, inviting a few intimate friends for bridge or a picture, if he so wished, or assuring him complete quiet and aloneness if he were tired. Norma managed her home to suit the wishes and happiness of her husband, just as she worked at the studio with the one goal of pleasing him.

"Irving's approval is the most important thing in my professional life," she once said. "The highest praise which I can receive is his 'Good work, Norma.'"

Norma left no stone unturned to increase and preserve their personal happi-

Carrie, and she gives up her profession for a small tailor shop. Prosperity arrives, and the kids grow up and become Arline Judge and John Howard. Young Mr. Howard gets himself into difficulties when trying to be noble, and the whole thing ends with Carrie going to prison to keep her little brood together. Gladys George does an expert portrayal in the leading role, in spite of the arduous task of being so good for so long. John Howard and Arline Judge play capably, although Arline seems a bit mature for her role of a high-school girl. The rest of the cast, including Harry Carey, Isabel Jewell, Jackie Moran, Charlene Wyatt and Hattie McDaniel, is well chosen.

★★ Polo Joe
(Warners)

Here is slick Joe E. Brown entertainment for the kiddies, and those grown-up kiddies (bless their hearts!) whose risibilities are easily tickled by slap-stick antics. His final epic for Warner Brothers (RKO-Radio now has his services) puts Joe on a horse; therefore the title "Polo Joe." It doesn't turn out to be a "horse on Joe," of course, because our acrobatic hero triumphs in the final reel, wins the girl (Carol Hughes), has a chance to exploit, variously, his unique talents. They include: 1. Singing a love song, in Chinese, to the accompaniment of an Oriental orchestral trio. 2. Swinging from a chandelier. 3. A gymnastic encounter with two kidnapers. 4. Rendition of the Three Bears nursery story in his famous "little mouse" style. Summed up, Joe gives his customers their money's worth.

★★ Wedding Present
(Paramount)

A guaranteed gloom-chaser, you can't go wrong on this picture. There's nothing but nonsense to it, but it's done on such a high plane of idiocy that plot weaknesses can be laughed off. The gay and giddy cast rounded up includes Joan Bennett, Cary Grant, George Bancroft, Gene Lockhart and Inez Courtney among others. Joan and Cary are a couple of reporters who have fallen in love on company time. Having taken nothing serious in his life before, Cary could hardly be expected not to treat love as something of a gag. But Joan decides to find someone a bit less insane for a life partner, and picks out Conrad Nagel who has taken life seriously enough to write books about it. Cary wins her back by calling out all the sirens in town, something the girl-friend could never resist. George Bancroft, another editor on the verge of a nervous breakdown, gives a top performance. William Demarest, a gangster with a heart of gold, and Edward Brophy, his assistant racketeer, provide some of the picture's more hilarious moments. We've seen Gene Lockhart to better advantage and Inez Courtney has been a lot funnier. It's Cary Grant's picture, but Joan Bennett will surprise you by not only looking prettier than ever, but delivering a performance with a punch.

★★ Dimples
(20th Century-Fox)

Even the more rabid Temple fans will find this picture hard to take. In all justice, we should say that Shirley is in there fighting, down to the last curl. But story and direction are of such shoddy stuff that with every dimple turned on, Miss Temple fails to click in many scenes. Frank Morgan, the old scene-swiper, pulls a couple of fast ones on the star in this picture, too. He plays the role of Shirley's grandfather, an old rascal with more charm than honesty. True, Mr. Morgan is up to his familiar tricks, but a couple of his scenes brought the biggest hand of the picture from the preview audience. Helen Westley as the kindly lady who wants to adopt Shirley and get her out of the gutter gives an excellent performance; Robert Kent is pleasant enough for the romantic interest, while both Delma Byron and Astrid Allwyn, the feminine leads in his life, are decidedly negative. Stepin Fetchit contributes some of his perennially good antics and Jesse Scott and Thurman Black, the "Two Black Dots" are worth getting acquainted with. The plot is a conglomeration of events all leading up to the inevitable song and dance staged by Shirley. The opening number, "Hey, What Did the Bluejay Say?" sung and danced to harmonica accompaniment, is the outstanding number. The rest range through passable to poor to punk in the final sequence where they have this nice little girl togged out in a miniature Dietrich model of white satin tails and top hat. There's no denying the Temple talents, but a few more pictures like this will thin out her fans.

★ The Captain's Kid
(Warners)

This should go pretty good for the Saturday matinee, but aside from that audience we're afraid it won't meet with too enthusiastic a recepton. Sybil Jason is the girl around whom the story is woven, but it's Guy Kibbee who makes the most worth while contribution. He gives a really grand characterization of the old sea captain, who divides his time between his beloved boat and the town jail. The captain's kid, Sybil Jason, is the niece of May Robson, a domineering old lady with whom Kibbee has been in love for lo, these fifty years. Miss Robson is too capable in her role, shouting and carrying on in great style between trying to keep Sybil from seeing anything of the captain, and keeping her other niece, Jane Bryan, from seeing too much of Fred Lawrence, the captain's helper. What might laughingly be called the plot has to do with some buried treasure. Sybil finds an old map telling the whereabouts of the buried loot, so she and the captain set sail to find it. This trip gives Sybil an excuse to air a song and dance and Guy a better chance to shoot a man which leads to a long and harrowing trial. One scene in the prison cell between the small star and Mr. Kibbe proves that Sybil really has what it takes. But more care as to story and direction will be needed if she is not to be typed as just too, too cute.

★ The Longest Night (M-G-M)

Mystery, murder, laughs and love are turned at such a fast and furious rate here that you probably won't mind about it all being pretty trite stuff. Robert Young carries most of it off with his familiar, but competent, playboy antics. A large department store, which has fallen to his lot, provides the story's background. And here the usual cross-section of human beings goes into action. There are crooked clerks, poor-but-honest ones, the weak and the strong, the bright and the balmy. There are also some that aren't a bit hard on the eyes—chiefly Julie Haydon and Florence Rice. Robert, when he finally shows up to tend to business, promptly falls in love with Florence. The fact that Julie is her sister and also in cahoots with the gang that's railroading the dirty work

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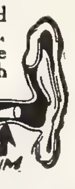

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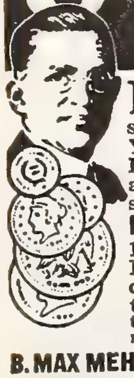

in the store, makes things a bit complicated. The plot may be found wanting, but there's no shortage in intrigue, excitement and corpses. It's a big dose, but if you can take this sort of thing you'll be well diverted for an hour. Ted Healy, Sidney Toler and Catherine Doucet furnish their usual good comedy.

★★ Wives Never Know
(Paramount)

If you are a Boland-Ruggles fan, you will find this one of their better pictures. Even if you have no yen for their particular type of antics, you will still find yourself chuckling over this one and overlooking the fact that the story is overdrawn and overplayed in many instances. Charlie and Mary have been married some twenty years. Twenty years have not blighted their love for one another, but Adolphe Menjou manages it in twenty minutes. The author of a best-seller on the horrors of wedlock, he comes to visit the happy couple and informs Mary Boland that she and her husband are just contented vegetables. Having seen the light, Mary is miserable over the fact that Charlie has made her so happy. So he obligingly turns to wine, women and song in order to make his wife miserable enough to make her contented again. Adolphe Menjou is not at his best with such obvious comedy and Vivienne Osborne plays the siren role with too heavy a foot on the hard pedal. However, she has one scene that's a wow when she attempts to get Menjou down to brass tacks on the marriage question. Claude Gillingwater, Louise Beavers and Fay Holden are well cast in minor roles.

★ Three Married Men
(Paramount)

Based on the trials and tribulations of three married men, this turns out to be anything but the gloomy picture one would expect. The fact that Roscoe Karns, William Frawley and Lynne Overman are the gentlemen in the case has a good deal to do with it. Lynne and Bill are Mary Brian's brothers and Roscoe is her intended groom. She finally marries the guy, in spite of the fact that her brothers and her entire family do all in their power to avert the disaster. Mary's family is not the only one which views the wedding with alarm, for Roscoe's is equally apprehensive. It all dates back to a family feud that started forty years ago. There was as much point to the feud as there is to this picture, but both are lively enough. George Barbier is responsible for a lot of chuckles, as are Marjorie Gateson, Betty Ross Clarke and Mabel Colcord, a few of the in-laws. Mary Brian looks prettier than ever and handles her role capably.

★ Thank You, Jeeves
(20th Century-Fox)

This film is one of those things. You can take it or leave it. You can take, for instance, Arthur Treacher's amusing and sometimes hilarious performance as the impeccable "gentleman's gentleman" made famous by the P. G. Wodehouse stories. You can also take the nice light comedy of David Niven in the role of Bertie Wooster, Jeeves' slightly demented master. As for the other characters, the direction and most of the script, faint praise is much too good for them. The scenarists have relied too much on stock situations, and the director went to too many pains to make the obvious even more so. The result is an unsatisfactory picture, but one which makes one hope the Niven-Treacher combination will be allowed to perform again under more favorable auspices.

★ Murder with Pictures
(Paramount)

There were so many people chasing each other in this one that we were too dizzy to get the last sequences straight. However, it no doubt turned out logically—to the director at least—and the cast seemed to be having a fine time. We hope they did anyway, for they were a good crowd—Gail Patrick, Lew Ayres, Paul Kelly, Benny Baker, Ernest Cossart and Joyce Compton among others. The plot keeps up a lively pace and is not without complications if you don't object to tricks. Dialogue is snappy, too, full of wisecracks that you can't help laughing at again.

Between You 'n' Me

(Continued from page 25)

and how! and besides use it like a real Yankee.

4. I get my money's worth of seeing Hollywood-made pictures, for they are better in every way when compared to the poor European and Japanese pictures.

5. I can sing American jazz songs just like a crooner; viz, Bing Crosby or Al Jolson.

6. I learn how to dress like a Beau Brummel by imitating their smart cut in clothes, thereby making me the dandy of my town. But my enthusiasm has changed to sorrow, for it caused my downfall when romancing in typical Hollywood fashion, for what did I get from my girl-friend but a cold shoulder, for she says it's undignified to love in Japan in true movie style!—Tokuo Doi, Kyoto, Japan.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Gable Fans' Rally

I've seen every one of Gable's thirty-odd pictures. I've seen him dirty and messy in "San Francisco"; sinister in "Night Nurse"; comic in "It Happened One Night"; dramatic in "Mutiny on the Bounty" and "Men in White." Would the handsome Bob Taylor be able to play such varied roles with the same sincerity that Gable does? I think not. Would he remain as fascinating if he acted in an earthquake or war scene, with the subsequent change in his appearance? Again, I think not. Have you heard the men say they find qualities in him to admire as they say about Gable? I haven't.

I've read that Taylor's fan mail proves him more popular than Gable. My idea is that after five years of continued popularity such as Gable has been enjoying, some of us take his fine performances a little for granted and don't let him know how tremendously popular he still is. So come on, Gable fans, let's tell Mr. M-G-M that, while we think perfect, handsome boys are all right, we'd rather ignore big ears in a man who, although only attractive and charming, can really act.—Eleanor Kammerer, New York, N. Y.

The Good Earth

(*Continued from page 63*)

food—he feared one would steal it. In this house, we throw such meat to dogs."

"In Shantung, I knew a kitchen girl and they gave her to a farmer. He beat her twelve times in two days and then sent her back."

Malicious laughter. The inevitable sniggering of the mongrel breed in the presence of the humble and lowly. Then a harsh, authoritative voice sent the tormentors scattering. Cuckoo, stewardess of Lord Hwang's great house. . . .

"Why are you sitting there, fool?" she cried to the immobile figure by the sink. "Are you ready? Is that your box? Open it—we'll see if everything in it *is* yours."

The pitiful belongings were tumbled and tossed about.

"These! When did you steal these?" A bracelet—a cheap string of wooden beads were in Cuckoo's hand. O-lan answered in her slow, flat voice, "My mother gave them to me."

"Well, pick up your rags." Cuckoo flung the pathetic trinkets to the ground. "The Old Mistress waits."

The Old Mistress of the House of Hwang bid fair, for sheer boredom or the drowsiness induced by her ever-present opium pipe, never to complete the perfunctory statements which rendered O-lan the wife and chattel of Wang the farmer. With long intervals of silence, she mumbled the necessary words. She said carelessly that O-lin was a virtuous maid—naturally, since she was too ugly to pleasure the Princes of the house. Wang must bring the first son to the Great House on the first day of the New Year. Well, and what were they waiting for? Begone! Begone!

The feast—the very small feast—was a great success, the food cunningly seasoned with this and that of herbs. The guests were farmers from the neighborhood and—grudging hospitality!—Wang's uncle and cousin. His uncle, a shiftless, plausible fellow, ever borrowing, never giving; the cousin, viciously wise beyond his years. But what would you? The gods punish those who do not honor their father's generation. Heard above the cousin's ribald jokes were many praises for the feast.

"Oh, it is poor food—and ill prepared," said Wang and his father politely.

In the kitchen, O-lan smiled with quiet pleasure as she heard these testimonies to her skill. And what thoughts were there, behind her plain, stolid face? Perhaps she thought how Wang, when he saw her staggering under the load of her heavy box, had taken it from her and had given her only the light basket of food to carry. Perhaps she thought how, at a fruit vender's, he had bought her peaches, and had not reprimanded her when she dared to eat. Perhaps she thought how, passing the uncle's ramshackle hut, he had, with the sudden anger of the meek, thrown the cousin into the gutter with one twist of his mighty arm, when the cousin had jeered at her plain face and unbound feet. (And then, to be sure, hastily invited the cousin and his father to that night's feast, which invitation was as hastily accepted.)

O-lan took something in her hand and went out the kitchen door. The guests were leaving . . . her work was done. She knelt down under the stars and dug with her hands in the rich, good earth. She was patting and replacing the soil when Wang the farmer came out and found her there. Hastily, as though to ward off a blow, she put up her hand.

"The peach seed . . . A tree will grow from it," said O-lan.

Wang's voice was kindly, though his face betrayed no emotion:

"Why did you put up your hand? Were you afraid?"

O-lan nodded, almost imperceptably.

"They were not good to you in the Great House?" Again, a slight movement of the head. "No!"

"I shall be good to you." Wang raised his lantern and held it over her head. Its rays brought something into the woman's face that had not been there before. Tears—unaccustomed—and a beauty that was unaccustomed, too.

IT seemed to Wang, during the next months, that life was a luxury indeed. In the morning, water was brought, and he did not bring it. In the evenings, food was prepared, and food with a difference he well could comprehend. One day, he observed that his blue cotton clothing was ever clean and mended, and the clothing of his father, too. No longer did vermin infest the bedding. And when this or that household implement was broken, no longer was it thrown away, nor was there talk of money to replace it, but it appeared again, neatly mended and as good as new. He wondered about this woman, who gave no talk beyond replies to his questions. And then he upbraided himself for wondering. After all, she was only a woman. . . .

Wang, in his rice field, bent and lifted his great strong back in the patient rhythm of labor. The sun was passing hot, but there was much still to be done. A shadow fell across his path—O-lan, a hoe on her shoulder. Wang glanced at her curiously.

"There is no work in the house until nightfall," said the flat voice, and she fell into rhythm beside him.

They worked together under the blazing sun, their clothing clinging like skin to their bodies. On and on, without word or pause. After a long time. O-lan said, "I am with child."

She went on with her work until Wang took the hoe from her. His voice was thick in his throat. "Enough for today. We'll tell my father."

Once within the house, Wang followed the woman into the kitchen.

"I know nothing of these things," he murmured. "When the child is born, you'll need a woman. Perhaps there's one in the Great House—someone you knew in the kitchen?"

"No one in that house!" O-lan's flat voice quickened with intensity. Then, more soberly, "When I go back to that house, it will be with my son in my arms. I'll have a red coat on him, and red flowered trousers, and a hat with a gilded Buddha, and tiger-faced shoes. And I'll go into the kitchen where I spent my days as a slave, and into the Great Hall where the Old Mistress sits with her pipe, and I'll show myself and my son to all of them."

Not before had Wang heard this woman speak at such length. He looked upon her with amazement. Then, gruffly, "I suppose you'll need some money?"

"If you will give me three pieces of silver? It is a great deal, but I will not waste any of it."

Wang reached into his garments and brought out silver. He counted three

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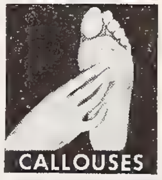
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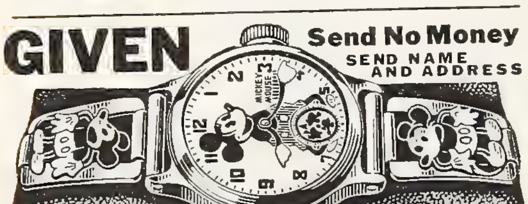

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pieces into O-lan's hand—then carefully added a fourth. "After all, he is the first!" he said.

O-lan's hands were clutched tight to her breast. Her voice came in a hoarse whisper. "This is the first time . . . I have ever held silver money in my hand!"

The harvest came, and was stored safely, but with great labor against a threat of storm. And O-lan worked in the fields with her child nigh born, the pain so great that she could scarce lift the gathered wheat. And at last, against her will, she crawled back to the house, crept to her room, carrying a fresh split reed for what must be done—alone. "No one from that house!" No one, while the wind soared and the rain came down and the farmers worked at impossible speed—Wang and Ching and Ching's wife and even the old father—all, all except Wang's uncle, who glanced up from his game of cards in town and said, "How sorry, my harvest will be spoiled. But my nephew Wang, he is a good and kindly man and will take pity on his poor uncle, whose wife bears him only daughters and whose fields bear him only weeds."

THE storm gone, the uncle and the uncle's wife hurried to the brother's house to see what they could see. They saw wheat neatly stacked in shelter, and from the inner room there came a lusty cry and the uncle's wife, slatternly, but good-natured withal, hurried within, bustling and calling that here indeed was work to be done—after all work was over. And then came Wang, famished and weary from his labor, and he seized a bowl of rice hastily and then he too heard the cry and hurried to the inner room, thrusting aside the exclamations of his father's brother and the aunt.

The child was wrapped in a pair of Wang's old trousers, as was the custom. O-lan was kneeling beside a chest, folding some garment. Another cry—a man child's cry—rent the air and Wang, seeing the little fists of his son waving with baby strength, took that for a sign of recognition and his heart swelled as if it would burst.

On New Year's day, they went to the Great House. O-lan replied not one word to the sarcasm of Cuckoo. The Old Mistress muttered drowsily that it was a fine child. Wang, silver in his garments from the year's harvest, bought from the Great House a strip of land adjacent to his own. Hard-won silver to him—a bit of coin, to the Old Mistress that would perhaps still her craving for yet another day. And there was a great feast that night in Wang's home.

There was yet another feast—but smaller, as was seemly—a certain time after that, when Younger Son was born. And no feast at all, the third time when the first girl came—a mere slave, but what would you? The gods cannot smile on one man eternally. And each year, Wang added to his fields until there were five besides his own original one.

Then, one summer, when Elder Son was eight years of age, the sun shone as it never had before and planting had gone apace, but the sun continued to shine blandly and unceasingly, and there was no rain to water the crops. In the house of Wang, the merest trifle of water was used for household needs and all was poured onto the soil. When one field withered and died, Wang thought, "I have yet four more," but a second turned brown and useless and then a third and when his uncle came begging for a little silver "to tide him over till harvest day," O-lan strove for the first time to curb her husband's generosity. O-lan who remembered the days of famine in her childhood when she had been sold as a slave into the Great House. Then, day after day, they scanned the heavens, which shone with a wicked brightness, until at last they knew there was no hope. What use silver—little though it was—when there was no food? They ate what was stored, eking it out to endless length, and then ground up corn husks for food. O-lan slaughtered the ox, when Wang could not, for the ox had been his friend, and at last the meat was gone and the bones crushed for the marrow that was in them. There was no work to be done and sleep—fitful, nightmare sleep—stilled for a while the craving of their empty bellies.

Then, the last of all the starving village, Wang said, "Let us leave our home and our fields. Let us go South."

In a hut made of straw mats, leaning against the wall of a southern city, O-lan taught her pupils.

"Now, take the bowl in your hand, so. Now, hold it out, so and cry," her stolid voice changed, rose in a wail that would soften a man of stone. "A heart, good sir! A good deed for your life in heaven! The coin you throw away—feed a starving child!"

"Now then, now then!" called Wang in amazement.

O-lan looked at him and her eyes dropped timidly. "So I begged when I was a child—in times like these."

Well, O-lan and the boys and the old father might beg, but Wang would not, he vowed. He rented a ricksha and pulled his vitals out for a few pence a day. Then came a horde of soldiers through the city, seizing this one and that for slaves to bear their arms and bedding, and Wang dared not go out in daylight. Thereafter, he pulled the great vans down by the warehouses at night for less pence in a week than a day's labor in the fields would bring him. And he so often said, "Ah, let us go home and starve if need be—'tis better than here. If I had anything to sell, I'd sell it and go back to the land."

Then O-lan said, "In times like these, my parents found a way to go back—they sold me to the Old Mistress."

Wang caught his breath. "You would sell the Little One?" This girl, now, a mere slave, but she had torn at his heart strings in those last days in the north when O-lan had found means to feed her only by chewing seed, one at a time, and pushing the pulp into the little thing's mouth. So thin, she had been, and the life fluttering back and forth in her till it was a question whether she would go or stay. And now, with little care enough, as children will do, she was plump and merry and a pretty one, though she said no word as yet.

"You would sell the girl?" Wang repeated.

"I'd sell her," O-lan said. "To take you back to the land."

LITTLE GIRL smiled her baby smile. Wang asked, not looking at his wife, "Were you ever beaten in the Great House?"

"Every day I was beaten."

"But this child is pretty—they did not beat the pretty slaves?"

"No," O-lan said. "They didn't *beat* the pretty ones."

Wang rose to his feet. "If it weren't for me, you'd die before you'd sell her. We won't sell her—not if I spend my life in this wilderness."

And then later, in response to his misery, O-lan said, "Wait yet a little. There is talk about. When the rich are too rich, and the poor are too poor, things come to pass."

"When the rich are too rich". . . . Things came to pass indeed, one day. There was a rush of soldiers' feet in the streets and Wang stayed within the hut, for fear of being taken to the wars. But O-lan went out and was pushed along with the crowd—through the town, through the gates of a noble house. And on and on she went, not comprehending, but merely going. Through outer courts, from which slaves with pearls in their shoes had fled, through inner courts where there was no man, and at last into a private inner room, and here was a huge mountain of a man, his rolls of yellow flesh quivering with fright. He stared at O-lan, with terror causing his eyes to pop out of his head, and he said, "My life! My life! Take these, but spare my life!" He thrust a heavy pouch into her hands and she took it, still uncomprehending. When he was gone, she dared look, and in her hand she saw glittering red and green stones and white stones, too, but these were not the white she had known, but white with a fire that she had never seen.

After a long time, strong arms came and bore her away into the outer court where were many like herself and the soldiers were lining them up in groups against the wall. From a tattered wretch a stolen satin garment was torn and he was thrown against the wall, too. O-lan shrunk back as far as she could—the pouch of jewels was in her garments but they would find it—they would find it!

"You thieves shall be taught a lesson!" thundered one in a strange garb. There was a roar of gunfire and the line against the wall dropped. Never crying out, but trembling as though with an ague, O-lan kept shrinking back, back—her thoughts of the little ones, Wang, the old father. Then the commanding voice rose again:

"We are Republicans, not bandits. We come to free the city, not to kill. You have seen what happens to thieves. Go your way—but remember, anyone caught looting shall be shot!"

The memory of that time in the southern city passed, as the memory of a nightmare. And the northern farmland came to harvest—to many harvests—again, with the seed that the southern jewels had bought. Neighbor Ching joined his labors to Wang's. Elder Son learned the ways of writing and figuring in the town and could manage the sale of his father's grain. Younger Son, a strange child, was set upon the study of this new-fangled agriculture—a kind of book, Wang believed, which could make the heavens rain just enough and not too much. Little Girl only remained the same. She spoke no words at all beyond her baby jargon and sat in the sun all day, twisting a bit of cloth. Wang often thought to himself, "Suppose we had sold this poor mouse and they had found her this way. They would have killed her." And so he was always gentle and kind with her. O-lan took up her busy life where she had left it, and if a strange fire in her vitals sometimes caused her to sink to the earth in pain, no one ever knew or saw.

One day, in the shop of Liu, the grain merchant, there was men's talk, after business had been transacted, of the new tea shop and sly smiles passed between Liu and Wang's uncle—ever present with his oily tongue and itching fingers—and would not Wang the farmer, nay, Wang the merchant!—care to stop there for a little fragrant wine and perhaps an hour's pleasure with a pretty girl? What harm?

Wang said uncomfortably, "But I don't want any girl. No girls! No girls!"

However, impelled by curiosity, drawn on by flattery, he went to the tea shop and when rice and wine were set before him, a singularly familiar voice was heard.

"Well, and it's Wang the farmer!" Cuckoo, by the gods, her shrewish face no older, her shrewish voice no softer. And the guile of the uncle and the guile of Cuckoo led Wang to an inner room where there were dream women's portraits on the wall, and though he gruffly feigned disinterest, there was one with a little pink face and tiny curling hands before which he stopped and stared.

"Her hands are so small," he said as though to himself.

"She has little hands—and little feet—and a little pointed face like a flower," said the voice of Cuckoo behind him.

"And she is real?"

Cuckoo smiled. "Put a little silver in my hand and I will place her before you."

FIRST a little silver—then a great stream of silver—poured from Wang's hands from that day forth. To the despair of O-lan, he cut off his long queue. And no longer would her stoutly made garments do for him—he must have this and that of silken cloth tailored for him in the town. And the day came, at last, when he bought the Great House of Hwang, now falling and rotted from within. The rabble that dwelt in the courts were turned away and lilies bloomed again in fragrant pools and more silver went for chests and screens. And Lotus to the very innermost court was brought, with Cuckoo to wait on her. Wang had said to O-lan,

"There is a woman. Not such a one as you—not as good as you . . ."

"But she is beautiful?" O-lan's voice was very low, and her breath difficult, as though she suffered pain.

"She is beautiful," Wang had replied.

O-lan's hands pressed tightly together, to still a cry that a double pain would wring from her. "You are a man," was all she said.

Wang forced down something like pity that rose within him. "It's like a sickness. When I'm with her, it's not enough. When I'm not with her, there is nothing. Even the land is nothing. . . ."

O-lan answered quietly, "Then it will be better when she's in your house."

For a space of time, Wang slaked the thirst of his love and it seemed that peace was upon him. So long as there was silver, Lotus' pretty eyes did not fill with tears and her upbraiding did not ring in his head. So long as there was silver, Ching paid the laborers and managed all there was to do on the land. Yes, silver brought a man peace.

But then, at first there was gossip, to which Wang paid no heed. Gossip that Elder Son went often to the inner court and that Lotus found him pleasing. O-lan, speaking slowly and painfully, urged that Elder Son be married speedily to some maid, but Wang replied that there was time—there was yet time! At last the evil thought grew in Wang's mind so great that he paid a sudden visit to the inner court—and met the ugly truth face to face. He beat Lotus until her meagre little soul was imprinted forever with a respect for her lord. And he shouted that Elder Son should go—should leave his house forever!

Elder Son would have gone, fierce and uncompromising in his youthful pride, but on that very day, a cloud fell across the sky and a laborer brought to Wang a dead thing—a small dead thing that presaged yet another evil that silver could not render non-existent. Locusts! In the distance, the sky was black with them. And Wang rushed out upon his land for the first time in many months.

Elder Son came running forth to see what the panic was about. O-lan stirred painfully from her place in the kitchen, but fell back again, her face twisted anew with the fire in her vitals.

Then Younger Son spoke: "My father, the new scholars say that one should burn

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the outlying fields. Make a great fire, and the locusts will be burned and so you will save the inner fields."

This unheard of thing! This wicked thing! To burn one's fields! But Younger Son spoke with unwonted vehemence and at last it was done and the flying things dropped to the earth in hordes and most of Wang's land was saved.

Then, indeed, sanity returned to him and he saw Lotus for the pretty, but faithless thing she was. She might stay, but no longer would he sicken and die at her slightest frown. Then, indeed, he looked more closely at O-lan and saw that the fire within her vitals was burning her life away and he spoke hastily of getting a doctor—the best—she should have the best.

But O-lan, speaking ever slowly, told him that it was of no use. If he would see to the marriage of Elder Son? If Wang would forgive Elder Son, and see that this thing was done?

"It shall be done," Wang said.

. . . In a plain room in the great house, O-lan sat, raised up in her bed. There was chatter and merriment without and it made her happy to hear it. There was rice, there were sweet cakes, there was wine—she had seen to it all. The bride was a pretty maid—and proper. The uncle's voice rose, pompously proclaiming a toast to the groom. Jokes—ribald laughter.

So it had been—but little different, after all—many years ago. Now she could rest and wait for this thing inside of her to come and take her.

Wang came to her side. "You must get your strength. The learned doctor has guaranteed your life to me for five thousand pieces of silver."

O-lan put out her hand and touched his cheek.

"I cannot—forgive me."

"But this I cannot bear!" cried Wang in anguish. "I'd sell my land, if I could heal you."

O-lan murmured with difficulty, "No . . . and I would not . . . let you . . . for I must die sometime. But the land is there after me." She motioned to Wang to lift her up, and he raised her tenderly in his strong arms. "It is raining," said O-lan. "The land . . ."

Slowly, she sank back in his arms and he laid her gently upon the bed. The sound of the rain grew stronger, beating down upon the earth. Wang went out into the court and raised his face up to the midnight black sky.

"O-lan!" his lips moved. "O-lan! You are—you are the earth!"

"Your Autograph, Please?"

(*Continued from page 19*)

and looked at me for a moment, startled. Then she laughed outright and, taking my book signed, saying, "All right, you win."

As I turn the pages of my book I come to the autograph of Mae West. It took me a long time to get that one. The first time I tried proved a dismal failure. I had sighted her one night pushing her way through a crowd. Stepping between her and her car, I proceeded to ask Miss West for her signature. Before I had a chance to say a word she reached out, pushed me aside, and instead of inviting me to "Come up and see me sometime," she said, as only she can, "Out of my way, son." Instead of discouraging me, those words made me want that signature all the more. I vowed that some day I'd get it, and I did. Recognizing her car as it stood at the curb outside of "Jim's," Hollywood beauty salon, I parked myself alongside the machine, determined to stay there until Mae came out—even if it took all night.

But apparently that had been tried before. I had hardly placed myself alongside the car, when out came one of the beauty operators with the suggestion that if I sent my book in to Miss West she would gladly sign it. The operator explained that Miss West generally did this to save herself from being mobbed by autograph seekers who also might attract an unmanageable crowd. Curious, I asked this operator how Miss West knew that I was waiting for her autograph. "Her chauffeur told her," she answered. "He has been trained to smell out autograph hounds." Wow!!!

These tricks to get away from autograph collectors like myself, have only one result—they have forced the autograph seekers to develop ingenious methods of their own to get at the stars. It's the old, old story of the burglar-proof safe, which is only burglar-proof until some thief invents a means of getting inside it. In my own case these tricks have forced me to learn, for one thing, the license numbers, makes and types of automobiles owned by the various stars. I gained this valuable information by spotting these machines as they waited outside the various eating places, theatres, night spots and shops.

For instance, I can really tell you offhand the exact color and other distinguishing features of Norma Shearer's Rolls Royce sedan. It's one car I can tell a mile away by its flashy chromium. Of course, Gary Cooper's car is a cinch. It is the only one of its particular type in the United States—a big powerful Dusenberg, which should be able to beat most of the ordinary race cars on the average American track. As yet I haven't had a chance to see Gary's new car. But I'll spot it soon.

Eddie Robinson's automobile is also a cinch. Not because it is the only one of its kind in the country, but because of its peculiar shade of blue, which is different from any I have ever seen. Incidentally, here is one thing you can always be sure of where that gas-buggy is concerned. Whenever you see it on the road, Eddie will be behind its wheel, nervously chewing on the end of a big black cigar.

To disclose all my tricks would undoubtedly mean good-by autographs. However, here is one you may find interesting. At least it has gained me a lot of autographs—those of Barbara Stanwyck, Elissa Landi, Gene Raymond, Robert Montgomery and Ann Dvorak, to mention a few. While stars are busy plodding their way through crowds, I hide myself in their cars. When they open the door, I pop up. Startled, they generally sign my book before having a chance to recover their composure. It's great fun—except when I have to worry about bodyguards.

Very often autograph seekers are forced to co-operate with one another. Here is one example of such co-operation. It added Jean Harlow's signature to my collection. Learning that Miss Harlow was having lunch in a popular Hollywood restaurant, I gathered together a group of autograph collectors—who had already obtained her signature—and induced them to stand in front of the eating place. I knew that Miss Harlow would hear of it, and figured she would be frightened into sneaking out the back way. That is just what she did. And when she came out the back entrance, there I was waiting for her, with a big grin and book in hand.

Even the youngsters have their place in autograph collecting, as I found out the time I got Wally Beery's signature. Late one night I had waited about two hours for him to come out of the Beverly Brown Derby. When he did, about 'steen autograph seekers suddenly appeared from nowhere. It was too much for Wally. He started to duck—when up piped a small girl in the group (she was about twelve years old), "Oh! Mr. Beery!"

"What are you doing up so late at night?" he shot back at her.

"I've been waiting up to get your autograph—and the least you can do is give it to me," was her rejoinder. What could Wally do? Naturally he signed all the books thrust at him.

I always believed that Connie Bennett was "snooty." Here's what made me change my mind. I saw her sitting in her car, in front of an exclusive film colony dress shop. She was giving autographs through the window. I tried to shove my book at her, but the crowd was too thick. I stepped to the other side of her car, and tried to gain her attention there. It was no use. Exasperated, I took the liberty of opening the door of her machine, got in and sat down beside her. First she was startled (that's a big secret, startle them, take them off their guard), then she grinned, took my book and asked me for my pen. I started to look for it and found it gone. What a time to lose a pen! Embarrassing moments. But Miss Bennett proved a good sport. She took her own pen out of her purse and cheerfully signed her name in my, now almost filled, autograph book.

The one autograph I value the most was among the easiest to get. It's Loretta Young's. It wasn't the getting that makes it valuable to me, but the way it was given. I got it at a preview of "White Parade," which starred Miss Young and John Boles. Loretta was in the theatre at the time of the preview. I saw her as she was leaving through the lobby. From the balcony I made it downstairs in less than nothing flat. I had never missed one of her pictures, and felt that I knew her.

Loretta shook hands with me and discussed the film for several minutes, wringing me dry of any ideas I might have had about "White Parade." Then with a smile she signed my book, and *thanking me,* asked where I was from. When I said Boston, she remarked she was glad to meet a true Bostonian, especially since "Boston" was her nickname in the picture. Believed it good luck. Her charm, pleasantness and cordiality absolutely amazed me. I could hardly believe that so famous a person could be so nice to a total stranger. I have since learned that Loretta Young is everything she showed herself to be that night, a sweet, young, beautiful and sincere motion picture actress. How easy it would be on us autograph seekers if all screen stars were like her!

Yet, though many aren't, when I sum up what I have told you, I find myself with the grand total of three hundred and eighty-five autographs—everyone a "big timer."

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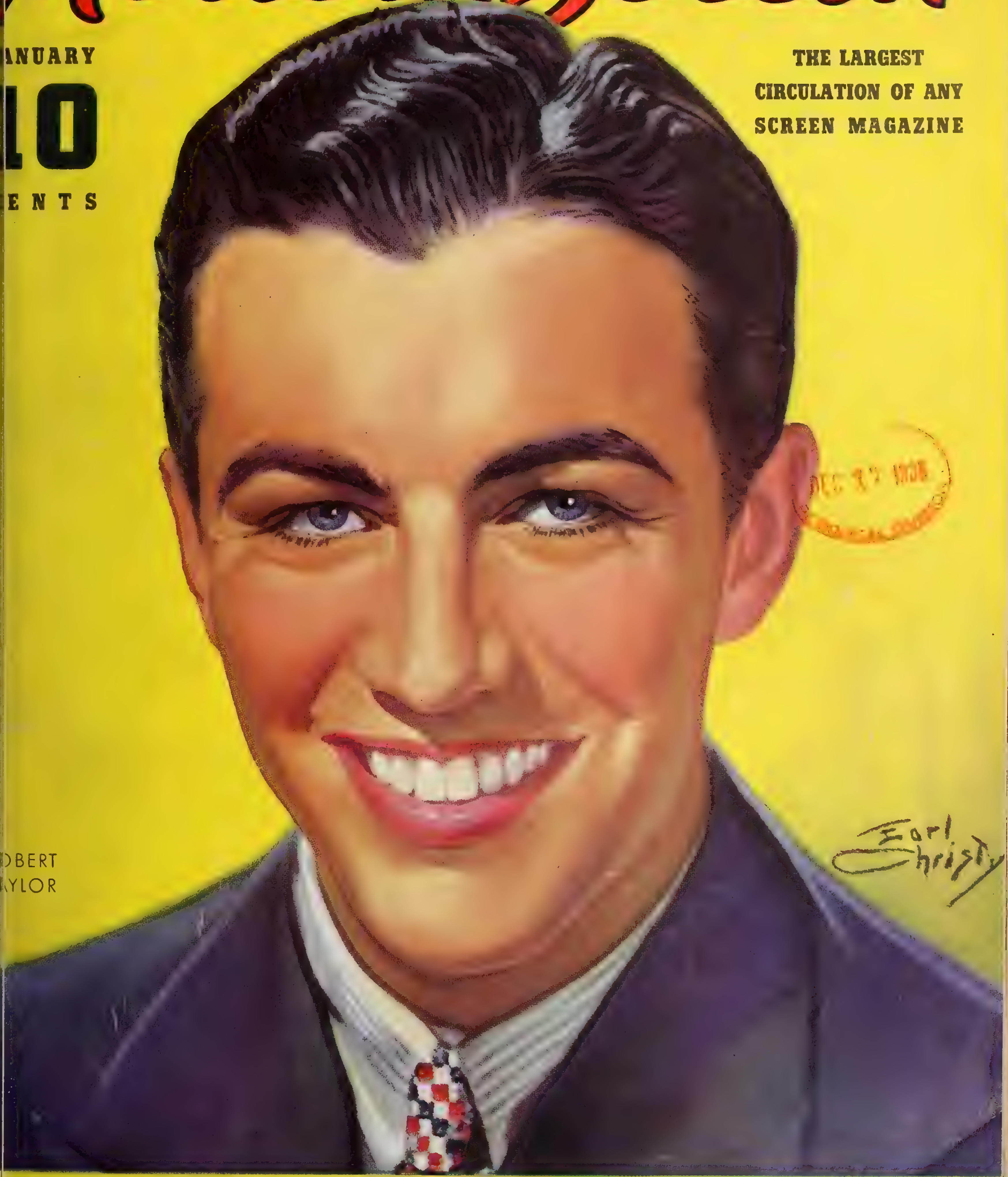

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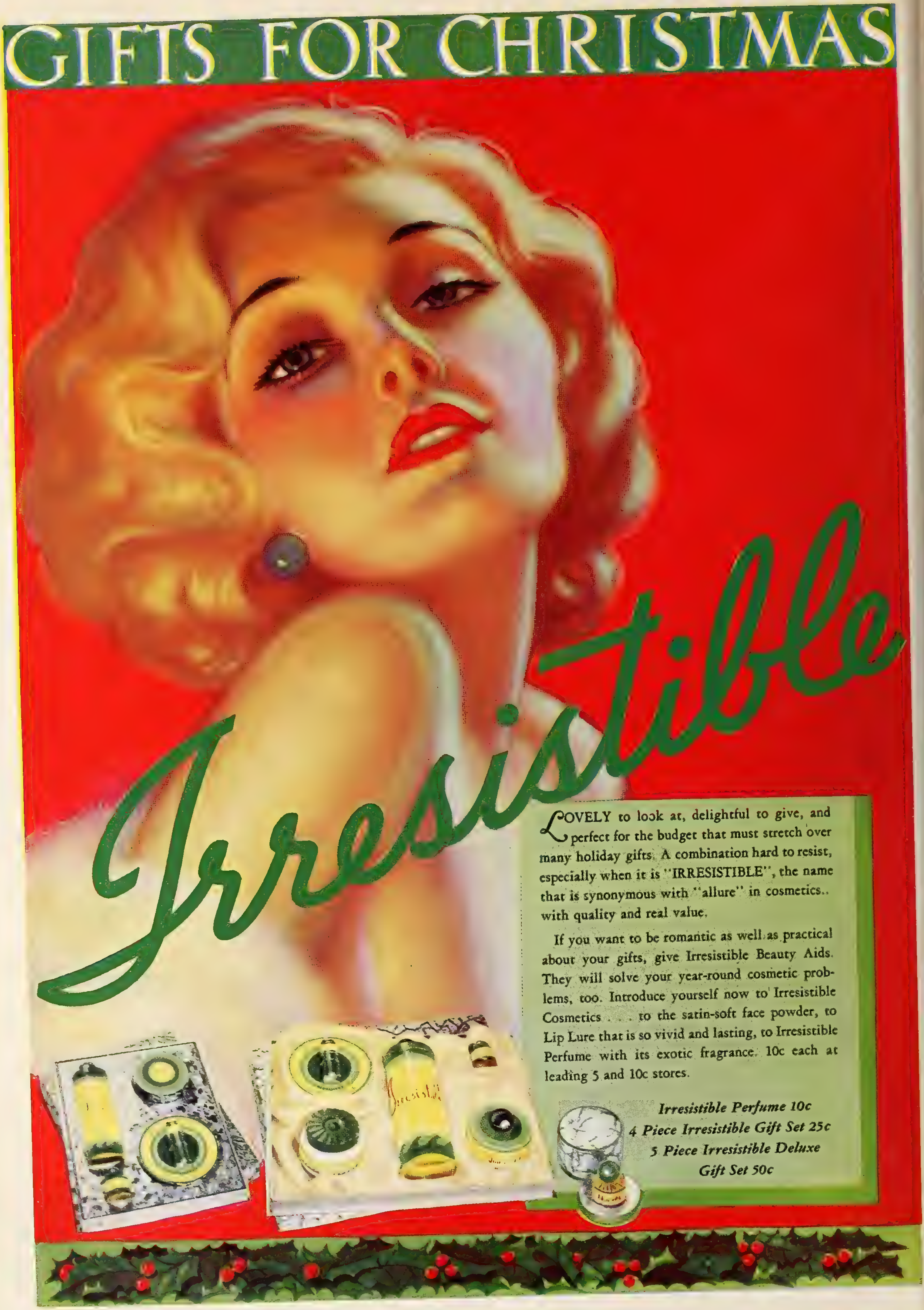

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If only this lovely girl could stand forever as you see her here—serene, beautiful, goddess-like! *But when she smiles*—when lovely lips part and reveal dull teeth and dingy gums—how quickly and tragically *the spell of beauty is broken.*

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

It may not seem dangerous—that first warning "tinge of pink" on your tooth brush. It may seem trivial, unimportant. But your dentist will tell you it can be and has been the prologue to many a dental tragedy. Remember—"pink tooth brush" is a distress signal, and only a distress signal. But when you see it, play safe—*see your dentist.* The chances are that it does not mean a serious gum disorder—*but your dentist should make the decision.* Usually, however, it only means gums that have grown tender and flabby under our modern soft food menus—gums that need more exercise, more stimulation—and as so many dentists will often advise—gums that need the help of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana, with massage, is designed to help benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth. Rub a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. Lazy gums awaken. Circulation stimulates gum tissues. You'll soon sense a new, healthy firmness in the gum walls themselves.

Ipana Tooth Paste and massage is approved by many modern dentists, taught by many modern teachers in classrooms all over the country. Don't take chances. Even before you see that "tinge of pink" on your own tooth brush, even before you have this first warning of danger—schedule yourself for this modern dental health routine with Ipana and massage. Don't risk being a "dental cripple." Change to Ipana and massage, and help keep your smile lovely, bright, sparkling—*and safer.*

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS NEW YORK
IPANA plus massage is your dentist's able assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.

DEC 14 1936

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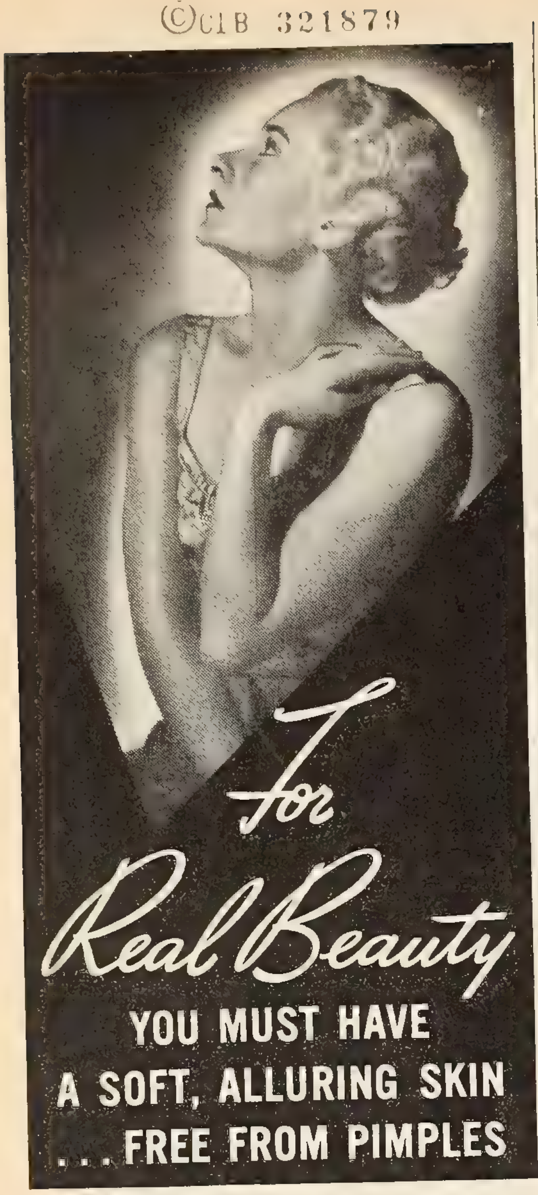

For Real Beauty
YOU MUST HAVE A SOFT, ALLURING SKIN ... FREE FROM PIMPLES

SMOOTH, satiny shoulders—lovely skin "all over"—a radiantly clear, youthful complexion—men admire them and modern style demands them.

To be truly lovely, you must rid your skin of ugly pimples on face and body. And thousands are doing it, with complete success.

The real cause of disorders resulting in ugly pimples may be nothing in the world except a lack of the yeast vitamins B and G. When these elements are not present in the human diet in sufficient quantities, the intestinal tract becomes weak and sluggish. Its function is badly impaired. Constipation is likely to ensue and this, in turn, often shows up in pimply skin.

Countless men and women have found that in such cases, Yeast Foam Tablets work wonders. This pure dry yeast supplies vitamins B and G in abundant quantities and thus tends to restore the intestinal tract to normal—in those instances of vitamin deficiency. With the intestinal tract again in healthy function, pimples should quickly disappear.

Start now. Try Yeast Foam Tablets and give them the chance to give you the same welcome relief they have brought to so many others.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today—and refuse substitutes.

FREE! Mail Coupon for Trial Sample

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 N. Ashland Av., Chicago, Ill.

Please send FREE TRIAL sample of Yeast Foam Tablets. (Only 1 sample per family.)
MM 1-37

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Modern Screen

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Now Showing

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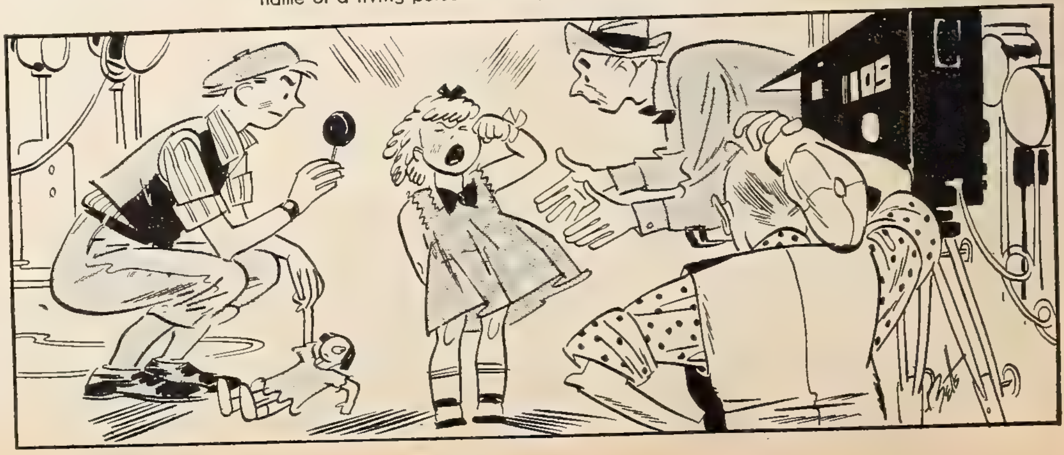


REUNION-IN LOVE-BY REQUEST!

You asked for it and you'll be delighted you did! They're together again! Joan and Clark taking their "Love On The Run"—kissing and kidding their way from Mayfair to the Mediterranean in a trans-continental caravan of jollity!

Joan
CRAWFORD · GABLE
Clark
IN
LOVE on the RUN

A W. S. VAN DYKE Production
with
FRANCHOT TONE
REGINALD OWEN
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Produced by
Joseph
L. Mankiewicz

We Salute

'LOST HORIZON'

It is our pleasure this month to congratulate all those who participated in making "Lost Horizon" the winner of Modern Screen's award for distinguished pictures.

A bravo to Director Frank Capra for his discerning work in preserving the flavor of the James Hilton book of the same name. And more bravos for the moving portrayals given by Ronald Colman, Isabel Jewell and Jane Wyatt, together with the fine work of Margo, Edward Everett Horton and John Howard.

Every month Modern Screen is awarding a medal to the most outstanding about-to-be-released production. Watch for this monthly award and let it be your guide to the month's best picture.

Modern Screen's Hollywood editor, Leo Townsend, presents our Medal to the director of "Lost Horizon," Frank Capra.

Modern Screen's Medal-Award Picture, "Lost Horizon," a Columbia production, reviewed by Leo Townsend

MODERN SCREEN
AWARD FOR EXCEPTIONAL MERIT

When James Hilton's "Lost Horizon" appeared in the bookshops in 1934 it was hailed by critics and the paying customers as one of the finest and most interesting novels in recent years. Director Frank Capra, who numbers among his successes "It Happened One Night" and "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town" persuaded Columbia Studios to buy "Lost Horizon," and now, after more than a year's preparation, it comes to the screen as his most splendid celluloid achievement, as well as the most ambitious offering in Columbia's history.

The screenplay, by Robert Riskin, differs somewhat from the novel, but the changes were heartily approved by the author. It tells of a band of Englishmen and Americans, escaping bandits in a flight from Baskul to Shanghai, who suddenly discover their plane, piloted by a strange-appearing Oriental, is headed completely off its course. Passengers include Robert Conway (Ronald Colman), an author in the British diplomatic service at Baskul, his brother George (John Howard), Barnard (Thomas Mitchell), an international swindler, Lovett (Edward Everett Horton), a scientist, and Gloria (Isabel Jewell), a prostitute. Their mysterious journey takes them miles beyond the rim of civilization, high into a plateauland near Tibet, where they are met by a caravan of Chinese who conduct them across tortuous mountain paths until they finally reach a valley and the most beautiful sight they've ever seen. It is the lamasery of Shangri-La. Ruled by a high lama said to be over 300 years old, Shangri-La is a garden spot of contentment where time is unknown and whose inhabitants are blessed with eternal youth. It is occupied entirely by Orientals except for two young women, Sondra Bizet (Jane Wyatt) and Maria (Margo), a Russian who, despite her supposed sixty odd years, has the appearance of a girl of sixteen.

Life in Shangri-La soon becomes a happy existence for all of the travelers but George, who longs for the outside world. After a time he succeeds in convincing his brother that the lamasery's eternal youth is a myth, and together with Maria they leave Shangri-La to return to the outer civilization. Their journey is beset with hardships, and Maria, without the charm of Shangri-La, becomes once more an old woman. George, realizing his mistake, takes his life, but Bob Conway continues on.

Later, aboard a ship headed for England, Conway realizes this world has lost its appeal for him and he disappears from it once more, hoping to find his way back to the lamasery.

A year or so later, there are reports of a lone man wandering across Tibet. It is Conway, seeking Shangri-La—searching for his Lost Horizon.

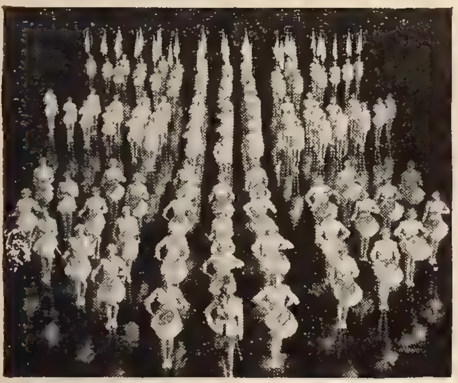
Even the most critical and exacting readers of the original "Lost Horizon" will have to concede that Ronald Colman makes the ideal person to interpret the Hilton leading character, Bob Conway. Colman, with his usual finesse, gives a smooth, sympathetic and inspired performance.

Isabel Jewell, who has struggled valiantly for recognition from the Hollywood powers-that-be, has a chance again to prove that she is a fine dramatic actress. And Jane Wyatt, recruited from the stage and Park Avenue, is proof enough that the talent scouts are good spotters. She possesses both charm and ability. Margo plays her role with intelligence and an unexpected flair for characterization in the scenes where she has to grow old, and John Howard, as the restless member of the Shangri-La group, has that box office combination of good looks and sincerity in his portrayal.

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Glenda coos the new Gold Digger's lullaby—"With Plenty of Money and You"— to those dashing heartbreakers and champion funmakers—Victor Moore and Osgood Perkins!

Take a bow, Lee Dixon, for stealing the show from Hollywood's fanciest steppers with the dazzling dance stuff that made you the overnight sensation of Broadway's hot spots!



Busby Berkeley achieves a new pinnacle in rhythm as he introduces his 170 newest beauty discoveries in that stunning dame and ditty number—"All's Fair in Love and War"

And "Speaking of the Weather", it's fair and warmer for everyone concerned when Dick lets himself go with that grand new love song the tunesmiths made to order for his lady love!

Come On, Everyone
THE PARTY'S ON AGAIN!

RING out the old... SWING in the new! 1937 comes to town in a blaze of syncopated merriment as Warner Bros. go to town with a superlative new edition of "Gold Diggers". Mirth and maids and melody... lyrics and laughs and lovely ladies... packed with lavish profusion into a glorious show set to the split-second tempo of Warner Bros. musicals!

DICK POWELL

JOAN BLONDELL

in

"GOLD DIGGERS OF 1937"

VICTOR MOORE • GLENDA FARRELL • LEE DIXON • OSGOOD PERKINS • ROSALIND MARQUIS • Directed by LLOYD BACON ... A First National Picture with songs by Harry Warren and Al Dubin, Harold Arlen and E. Y. Yarburg

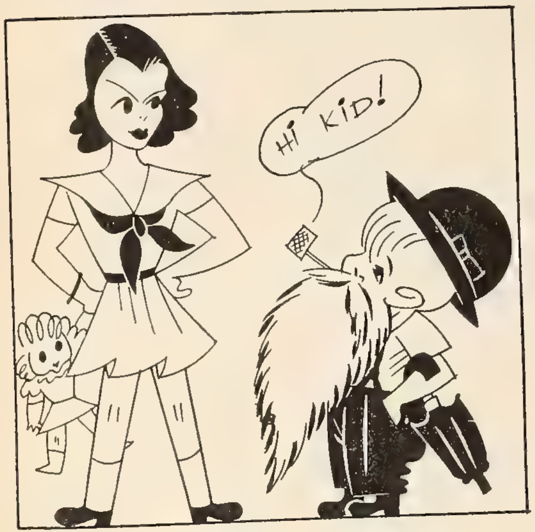
Warner Bros.

Between You 'n' Me

Here's where the fans have their say and win cash prizes as well

CASH PRIZES FOR LETTERS

There's no reason why YOU can't win one of the cash prizes. Every month lucky ladies and gents receive checks for their observations on matters pertaining to the movies. All you do is this: Write us a letter. If you've been following this column—or even if you're just becoming acquainted with us—you know that anyone who has anything worth while to say, is given space here—and what's more, he gets a cash prize to boot. Send as many letters as you like. Ten dollars in prizes are awarded each month for the six most interesting letters submitted—1st prize, $5; five 2nd prizes of $1 each. Address: Between You and Me, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York City.



Maybe Simone Simon will tell her age now. A reader insists she must be older than Baby Leroy!

$5.00 Prize Letter
Is Mr. Gable Too Self-Satisfied?

Recently in a Modern Screen interview Clark Gable spoke as follows: "Can you imagine me talking with an accent? You bet you can't. If I do play the part, I'll just talk like I always do. I'll be myself or nothing." (The part Mr. Gable was referring to was the title role in "Parnell.")

And in those few words, Mr. Gable covered the thing that seems to be wrong with most of the Hollywood actors and actresses; they appear to feel that all they need be is mere animated photographs of themselves. Not one out of ten really ever creates a part.

It seems strange that Mr. Gable should feel that he needn't make the effort to learn an accent, but that all he need do to please his public is just to go on being himself. All the great actors and actresses of the past, and a number of stage performers of today, never hesitated to submerge their own personalities and spent months remaking themselves into the people they were asked to portray. Surely Mr. Gable doesn't feel that the public will be content to go on indefinitely being satisfied with seeing him be himself, no matter what characterization the play may call for.

Why not have more display of histrionic ability, and less display of moving pictures of Hollywood personalities? — Kathryn Vaughan, Kent, Conn.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Your Age, Please, Simone?

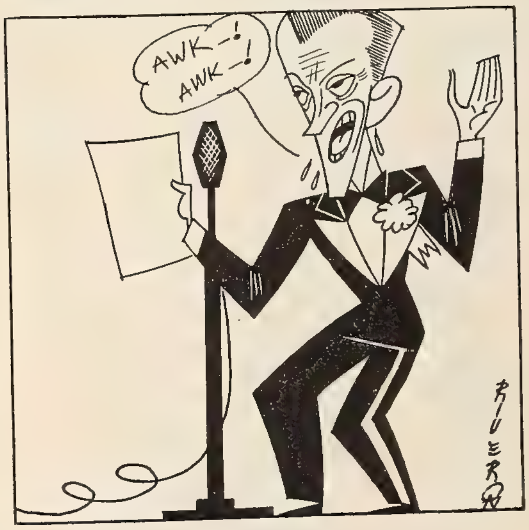
Would it be asking too much to suggest that the new French actress, Simone Simon, tell someone her real age, and then stick to it? I have picked up three diffent screen magazines in as many days. The first said, "She's 25, but looks 18." The second: "She's 22, but looks 15." The third: "She's nineteen, but looks—"

Oh, well, by next month she'll be running Shirley Temple stiff competition, and in comparison Baby Leroy we would believe is a grandpa!

After all, the girl has plenty of charm and looks to see her through without all this simpering age business. Who cares if she lies about a couple of years? But couldn't she make up her mind, and stick to it?—R. D. Eaton, Sacramento, Calif.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Putting Astaire Wise

Why doesn't someone put Fred Astaire wise to the fact that he's killing himself. No, not in pictures. They're okay. In fact, there's nothing I like better than a swell Astaire-Rogers hit. But this business of radio broadcasting—Fred is one of the many stars who has to be seen to be enjoyed. He's tops as a dancer but his singing is decidedly weak. Anyone knows that it's the Astaire personality that puts over his songs for him. And there's no use arguing about his ready wit. Sure, he has plenty of it, but Charlie Butterworth is no foil for him.



How many of you agree that radio is not Astaire's medium, that he should stick to the screen?

My advice to Astaire is to stick to pictures and Ginger Rogers until he can thrill his radio audience through television.—Betty Taylor, Montreal, Canada.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Send In Your Votes Now!

Shirley Temple has been in the limelight for some time now. She has really done justice to the fair sex by placing herself in such a position of respect and admiration that, as a result, the typical American girl-child of today must look, act and respond in the characteristic Shirly manner or the child just isn't typically American. She has succeeded in creating a style of Tiny American Girlhood.

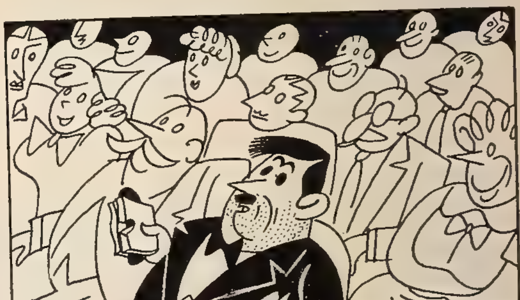
But where, may I ask, is the male child who can possibly set himself up in the same position to the same degree of popularity as a model of American boyhood?

Personally, I should like to witness a contest of one kind or another which would ultimately end in the selection of a candidate for this position and which would make of this ghost-child of my imagination a reality of flesh and blood in the screen world.—Janet McConachie, Sunnyside, L. I., N. Y.

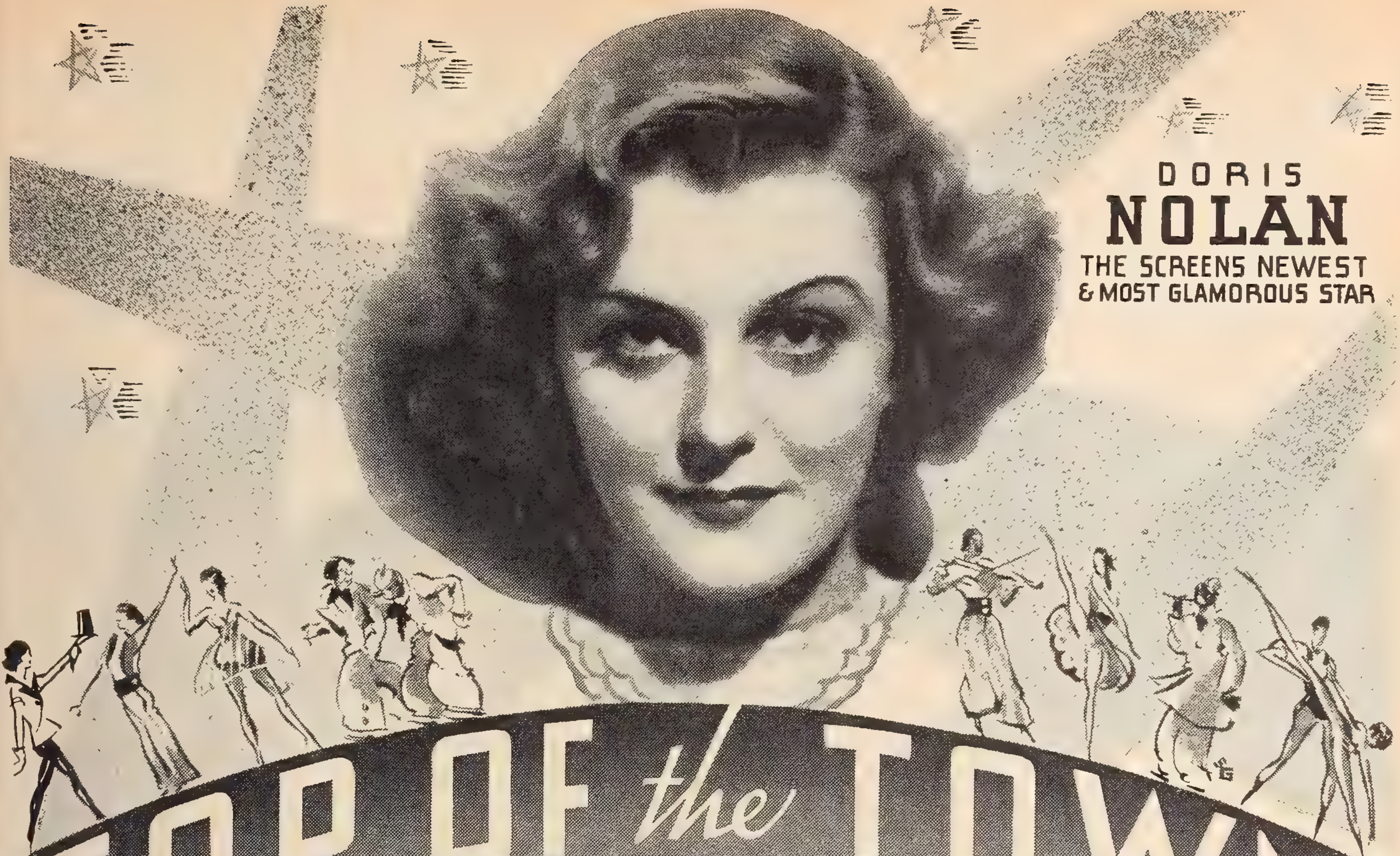
$1.00 Prize Letter
Roles They'll Never Play

1. Wallace Beery as The Thin Man.
2. Freddie Bartholomew as Tom Sawyer.
3. Adolphe Menjou as a farmer.
4. W. C. Fields as a bellhop.
5. Jack Oakie as Hamlet.
6. Bob Taylor as a villain.
7. Victor McLaglen as a playboy.
8. Mae West as a schoolmarm.
9. William Powell as a cowboy.
10. Norma Shearer as a chorus girl.
11. Buck Jones as a soda jerker.
12. Leslie Howard as a caveman.
13. Jean Harlow as a girl scout.

(*Continued on page* 85)



Season tickets for movies might be all right, if patrons didn't take the word "season" literally.



DORIS
NOLAN
THE SCREENS NEWEST
& MOST GLAMOROUS STAR

TOP OF *the* TOWN

THE HIGHEST PEAK IN GLORIOUS ENTERTAINMENT

Brilliant with Beauty! Dazzling with Dances!
Gorgeous with Girls! Looney with Laughter!
Sparkling with Splendor! Tingling with Tunes!

GIANT CAST OF 350!
LOOK WHO'S IN IT!

DORIS NOLAN
The new fan topic of the nation!

GEORGE MURPHY
Broadway's greatest dancing star!

HUGH HERBERT
GREGORY RATOFF
HENRY ARMETTA
Filmdom's top comics together for the first time in one picture!

GERTRUDE NIESEN
Radio's greatest songstress!

ELLA LOGAN
Internationally famous radio & night club star!

THE THREE SAILORS
They're nuts to everybody!

PEGGY RYAN
Eleanor Powell's protege and dancer supreme!

GERALD O. SMITH
Where fun is—there he is!

JACK SMART
Famous stage comedian & March of Time star!

MISCHA AUER
Remember the gorilla man of "My Man Godfrey"?

THE WHOLE WORLD WILL BE WHISTLING THESE SONGS
"I Feel That Foolish Feeling Coming On"
"There Are No Two Ways About It"
"Blame It On The Rhumba"
"Fireman Save My Child"
"I've Got To be Kissed"
"Top Of The Town"
"Where are you?"

SONGS AND LYRICS
By Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson, the greatest song hit team in pictures!

STORY AND SCREENPLAY
By three writing Aces: Charles Grayson, Bob (Academy Prize Winner) Benchley and Brown Holmes!

DIRECTOR
Walter Lang who gave you "Love Before Breakfast!"

GOWNS AND SETS
By John Harkrider, illustrious Ziegfeld set and wardrobe creator!

DANCES
By Gene Snyder, famous director of the New York Music Hall Rockettes!

CHARLES R. ROGERS, *Executive Producer* **LOU BROCK**, *Associate Producer*

THE *NEW* UNIVERSAL'S GREATEST MUSICAL TRIUMPH!

MACDONALD
ROBERT TAYLOR
GENE AUTRY
DON AMECHE

Information Desk

HERE ARE the biographies you have been clamoring for. Whether one is printed or not depends on the number of requests recorded for it. REMEMBER . . . every request counts . . . and mailing the little coupon on this page isn't just another way of satisfying idle curiosity. It's your way of telling Hollywood who's who on the screen. You're the public and you give the orders! So don't keep your flicker interests a deep dark secret.

ROBERT TAYLOR (Last printed October, 1936. Total number of requests since then 302.) Alaska found gold. Oklahoma found oil. Hollywood found Robert Taylor. Paradoxical, too, that this young chap, so quiet, with a life so uneventful, should be the sensation of a Hollywood decade. Born Spangler Arlington Brugh, in the tiny town of Filley, Nebraska, August 5, 1911, he enjoyed a normal boyhood as the son of a comparatively well-to-do country physician. At Doane College, his first alma mater, his interest in dramatics started . . . oddly enough it was the business side that intrigued him, and he looked after arrangements for the club's trips. Not unusual was this early indifference to acting. He was too serious about too many different endeavors to get engrossed in the stage. Gifted cellist, top notch athlete, a really brilliant orator . . . Bob was all three of these. When his cello teacher transferred to Pomona College, Bob followed. Pomona, an hour's drive from Hollywood, was just close enough to screenland for Bob to get some of the necessary movie virus into his blood. He took to acting with a vengeance. The first break came when the casting agent of M-G-M saw his work in the college production of "Journey's End." Conservative break . . . a contract at thirty-five a week. That was getting Bob's services at sweat-shop wages, only nobody knew it. Metro used him for hack work, playing opposite unknown prima-donnas who wanted screen tests. Not even a public appearance until the "Crime Doesn't Pay" series came along. Then he was lent out to various other studios. Generous of Metro . . . if only they had known how truly generous they were. But soon the fan mail began pouring in . . . mysteriously . . . because Bob had had no ballyhoo . . . letters from fans who didn't even know their idol's name . . . had to describe him. Metro, shrewd lion, was too wise to ignore the uncanny intuition of the public. Overnight they made their find a star. Or how would you interpret this list of leading ladies—Dunne, Gaynor, Young, Stanwyck, Garbo, Crawford? The intimate facts about Bob are soon told. He doesn't get nervous before the camera. He never learns his lines until the night before he needs them. He gets up before his alarm rings at seven every morning. He sleeps in a great big bed, wearing the uppers and lowers of his pajamas. He likes meat, hates fruit, drinks about 10 cups of coffee a day. He has a man-servant by the name of Joe who lays out Bob's clothes, which he changes three and four times a day. He feels very tender about Barbara Stanwyck, and they hold hands in the movies. His latest picture, "Camille," with Greta Garbo, should be released any day.

PATRICIA HOYT, Sioux Falls, Iowa—There is no established record for the length of a fan letter. But Charles Boyer thought he was doing pretty well when an Omaha high school gal dropped him a seventy-nine page note.

JOAN BLONDELL (First printing; total number of requests 223.) Things started popping in Joan's life a scant four months after her birth, August 30, 1909. The little tot, scarcely old enough to play with her toes, gave nightly performances in the New York Globe Theatre's production of "The Greatest Love," while backstage, mama, herself a theatrical personage, prepared the ten o'clock bottle. Her education was richly seasoned with vaudeville. Whatever else she may have learned, she certainly should be well up on her geography. No use mentioning the fact that trouper Joan crossed this North American continent fifty-six times. It's so prosaic alongside of her one-night stands in Germany, her split weeks in Australia, her professional tours through China. At the age of sweet sixteen, when most young girls stay home nights doing their algebra and writing love letters to movie crushes, Joan found herself stranded in a Peking hospital, deserted by her troupe, with the option of washing dishes to earn her fare home or else settling forever on the good earth. Maybe she wasn't glad to get back to quiet, staid old Broadway, where nothing ever happens! But, of course, things always do happen to Joan. Opportunity came knocking in the form of a prominent role in "The Trial of Mary Dugan." And from then on, opportunity was a frequent visitor. A role opposite a young fella by the name of Cagney in a show by the name of "Penny Arcade" is what made Hollywood take notice. The call came from Warner Brothers. Joan and Jimmy played their "Penny Arcade" roles all over again for the flickers. The show was re-titled "Sinner's Holiday." Evidently Warners didn't think of Joan as a deserving sinner. She got no holiday. Fourteen pictures at a clip . . . all in one year. Sort of a world's record for hard work or good nature. Love has come twice into Joan's life. The first lucky devil was cameraman George Barnes. The two eloped to Yuma, Arizona in 1932. And on November 2, 1934, Norman Scott Barnes was born. Only ten months later, Joan and George went their separate ways. No need to tell you that Joan's second big moment is Dick Powell, to whom she was married on the 19th of September, 1936. Joan is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs about 115 pounds (so long as she watches that diet), has blonde hair and blue-gray eyes. You'll be seeing Joan and Dick soon in "Golddiggers of 1937."

BEATRICE BUTERA, Brooklyn, New York—No wonder you're curious to know how old Shirley Temple really is. You hear so many conflicting accounts. We have been fortunate enough to get a facsimile of her birth certificate which fixes the birth date as April 23rd, 1928. In other words, come next April 23rd, Shirley will be nine years old.

If you would like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, fill in and send us the coupon on this page. And Look—how about saving yourself 2c by pasting your request on one of Uncle Sam's penny postcards? General questions, of course, will also be answered here. If your question is not taken care of here, look for it in your mail box. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

JOHN ARLEDGE (Last printed, April, 1936. Total number of requests since then 260.) The moral of John Arledge's early life seems to be that if you are a good boy and practise your piano every day, you'll be a "moompitcher" actor when you grow up. Born in Crockett, Texas, March 12, 1907, Johnson Lundy Arledge showed early aptitude for the piano. Immediately upon graduation from the University of Texas, he managed to land a job as one half of a radio piano duo. From radio he turned his attention to vaudeville, and it was the latter which brought him out to Hollywood. By the end of two years of knocking about in vaudeville, Johnny had become footlight-conscious. More than that, he had learned something about the stage. First crack out of the box, he was assigned a role in Pauline Frederick's production of "Crimson Hour." In April, 1931, the gifted young man came to the attention of Fox and he was subsequently cast for roles in "Young Sinners" and "Daddy Long Legs." Later on his work as "Dude" Lester in a road show of "Tobacco Road" got RKO-Radio officials excited about him and his most recent appearances have been with that company. Last year he played featured roles in

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in your department.

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City . . . . State. . . . .

NELSON EDDY

[redacted]

"We're Only Human," "Two in Revolt," and "The Big Game." Arledge is a quiet, diffident sort of fellow. Between takes on a set, he is always found in a corner reading a book. He is blond with a natural wave that is the envy of his girl friends. His eyes are gray and soothing and radiate a quiet charm that makes John Arledge a very distinctive person.

ETER BERNSTEIN, Santa Monica, California—Is Vic McLaglen as strong off the screen as on the screen? You bet your boots he is! In filming the "Magnificent Brute" a fight scene had to be retaken several times with the result that Vic was brawling for sixty-eight minutes straight by the stop watch. Figure out how many three-minute rounds that makes. And some time try holding a quarter of a ton ladle aloft for a whole minute.

ROBERT KENT (First printing; total number of requests 310.) Riding master, able seaman, bank-messenger, prize-fighter, farm hand, model . . . add them all up, divide by the magic number and you have the actor, Robert Kent. But be careful not to attribute this checkered career to shiftlessness. Kent has had too much bitter experience in the school of hard knocks to be shiftless. When his father died, Robert was only six. Penniless, his mother managed to scrape enough money together at a secretarial job to see her son through a Brooklyn high-school. After that he was on his own. Kent moved from job to job, though never in the role of drifter, always as seeker. It took him until 1930 to find what he was looking for. Through a modelling job which his six foot tall, out-of-door physique gained for him, he became acquainted with a little group of players which styled itself the Brooklyn Neighborhood Theatre. They gave him his first role in their production of "King Lear." Right then and there Kent knew where his career lay and went after it hammer and tongs. The independence which he had acquired in his years of knocking about did not desert him. He blasted his way from one company to another, and with each new group insisted on more important roles than he had had with the last. Not even Paramount found itself a match for the indomitable fellow. They gave him a contract, but failed to give him the roles he wanted. So Kent had the contract cancelled and went back to the legitimate stage, taking the juvenile lead in May Robson's coast production of "Kind Lady." Once more he was staking his career on his own ability and grit, and once more he proved himself a good bet. Zanuck, the veteran 20th Century-Fox head, admired his acting in the Robson production, signed him, and put him to work immediately. In a very short time he has appeared in "The Country Beyond," "The Crime of Dr. Forbes," and "Dimples." Right now you can see him in "Reunion," with Jean Hersholt and the Quints. Robert has brown hair and blue eyes.

(*Continued on page 89*)

"I'm most certainly grateful to Camay"

SAYS THIS CHARMING WISCONSIN BRIDE

BELOIT, WIS.

Camay?—I wouldn't be without it! It's so pleasant to use, so quick in results. Yes, I'm most certainly grateful to Camay.

Sincerely,

(Signed) Jane Sherman Clark

November 12, 1936 *(Mrs. Edward G. Clark, Jr.)*

"*THE bride carried orchids, wore white velvet with old lace*"—a charming picture, but then what a lovely bride! For Mrs. Edward Clark, Junior, has joyous blue eyes, hair like blond satin, a complexion that's as fresh, as fair, as spring itself! And she keeps it so (just as you should yours) by daily care with deep-cleansing Camay.

It's exhilarating!—the mere touch of Camay's deliciously fragrant lather! And how clear, how satin-smooth it makes your skin, even in coldest skin-trying weather. Camay's so soothing for Camay's so *mild—provably milder* than all other beauty soaps, by actual tests on women's skins.

Begin Camay care of your skin today. The price is very low!

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.

CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
CAMAY
CAMAY

CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women

Christmas at the

As you can see, the Lloyd children take an active interest in Mother's candy-making activities, especially around holidaytime when sweets are the order of the day. Yes, they even have a hand in the fixing.

Here's a special offer! Those who send in the coupon, which appears at the end of this article, immediately, will receive recipes for the tempting candies, pictured right, in addition to the Lloyd recipes

Courtesy Karo

How to make your holiday a festive one in the Holly-

MERRY CHRISTMAS! And what a fine collection of Christmas refreshments I have in store for you this month—delicious treats that are sure to play an important part in making this particular season of the year brighter for you than ever before and that are certain to prove equally popular on many another special occasion.

Harold Lloyd's wife is not only a charming person but a delightful and accomplished hostess with a real interest in cooking and catering and a thorough knowledge of both. So it is with genuine pleasure that I present her recipes for the Lloyds' favorite Christmas foods—some of which will be given here, while still others will be found in our little "Hostess" booklets which the coupon at the end of this article will bring you free of charge.

It took but a few minutes after meeting Mrs. Lloyd and hearing about their holiday plans, to convince me that in all of Hollywood you couldn't find a home where Christmas is ushered in with keener anticipation or celebrated with greater joy. And that's saying a good deal, too, for this moving picture capital of ours is the most Christmas-conscious place I know of. From the day when Santa Claus officially "opens the season" with a gay and colorful parade down the Boulevard to the dawn of the New Year, everybody's attention is focussed on gift giving and entertaining, as stars, studio workers and townsfolk alike enthusiastically celebrate the holidays.

Interest is greatest, naturally, in homes where there are children. So you can well imagine that at the Lloyds', where there are three happy youngsters, the peak of excitement is reached long before Christmas day and continues well on into the New Year.

Of course, all the parties that the Lloyds plan and carry out are enhanced by the fairy-tale setting in which they are given. For, as you doubtless know, their twenty-three acre estate is famed as the most gorgeous place in Beverly Hills. And according to my personal observation it more than lives up to its reputation and provides the most perfect of all possible settings for holiday entertaining. True there may be some folks who would

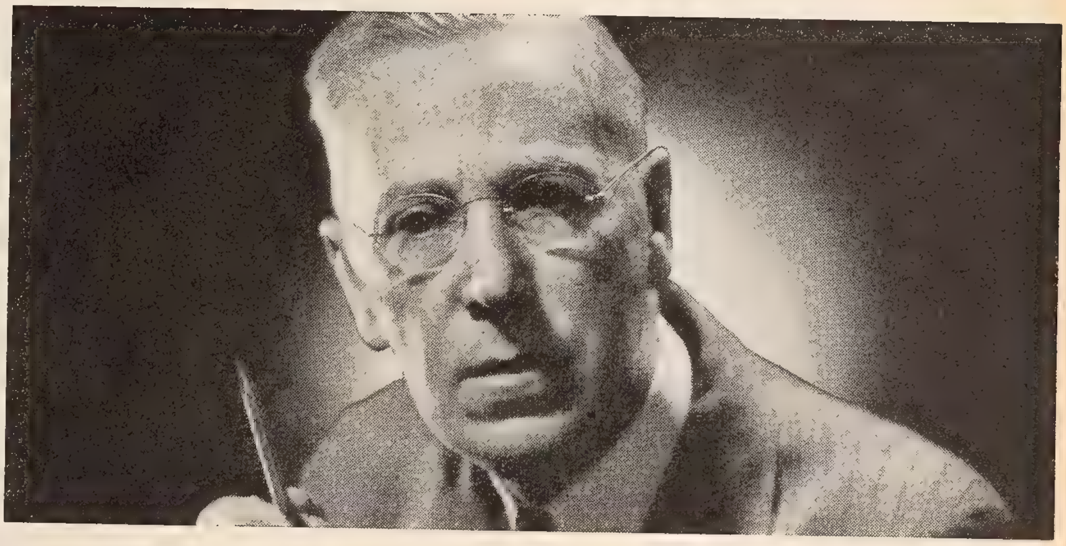
Lloyds

Holidays or no holidays, Harold Lloyd is busy working on the script for his next comedy, which grown-ups and children alike are anticipating.

By Marjorie Deen

wood manner

miss the traditional "cold snap" in the air or "blanket of snow" on the ground, so closely associated with Christmas in the minds of many. But that is not the case with Harold, Mildred and their children. In fact, never having known a "white Christmas" the youngsters think it only natural, on December 25th, to be surrounded by green lawns and murmuring brooks, flowering shrubs and landscaped gardens which have never known the icy fingers of old Jack Frost. Instead of tobogganing or ice skating, the Lloyds and their guests indulge in games of badminton or tennis—while golf enthusiasts can play a round or two on Harold's private course. Stranger still, they'll probably end up the afternoon, I was told, *(Continued on page 86)*



Play safe...take the doctor's judgment about laxatives

YOU choose your family doctor because you have *confidence* in him. He will never take chances where your welfare is concerned. Even with a little thing like a laxative, doctors have a definite set of standards which guide them in their choice. They know the dangers of using the wrong kind. Before they will give a laxative their approval, it must meet their requirements on these specific points:

WHAT DOCTORS DEMAND OF A LAXATIVE

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proven by the test of time.
It should *not* form a habit.
It should *not* over-act.
It should *not* cause stomach pains.
It should *not* nauseate, or upset digestion.

EX-LAX MEETS EVERY DEMAND

Now, here's a fact that's significant—Ex-Lax checks on each of these specifications. Not merely on two or three. But on *all* these points that doctors look for in a laxative.

No wonder so many physicians use Ex-Lax in their own families. No wonder millions of careful mothers give it to their children with perfect confidence. For over 30 years the dependable, satisfying performance of Ex-Lax has created universal trust. Today it is used by more people than any other laxative in the world.

CONVINCE YOURSELF OF THE FACTS

Your first trial of Ex-Lax will be a new and pleasant experience. For Ex-Lax *is* mild and gentle. It *is* thoroughly effective. It does *not* over-act. Does *not* disturb the digestion. It allows your food to be properly assimilated. And these very qualities that make Ex-Lax so ideal for adults are *doubly* important in their relation to children.

A REAL PLEASURE TO TAKE

Everyone likes Ex-Lax—particularly the youngsters. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. If you have been taking nasty, nauseating cathartics, you'll be grateful for the pleasant flavor of Ex-Lax. At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. If you'd like to try a sample, mail the coupon below.

GUARD AGAINST COLDS!...Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds: get lots of sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and *keep regular*—with Ex-Lax, the Chocolated Laxative.

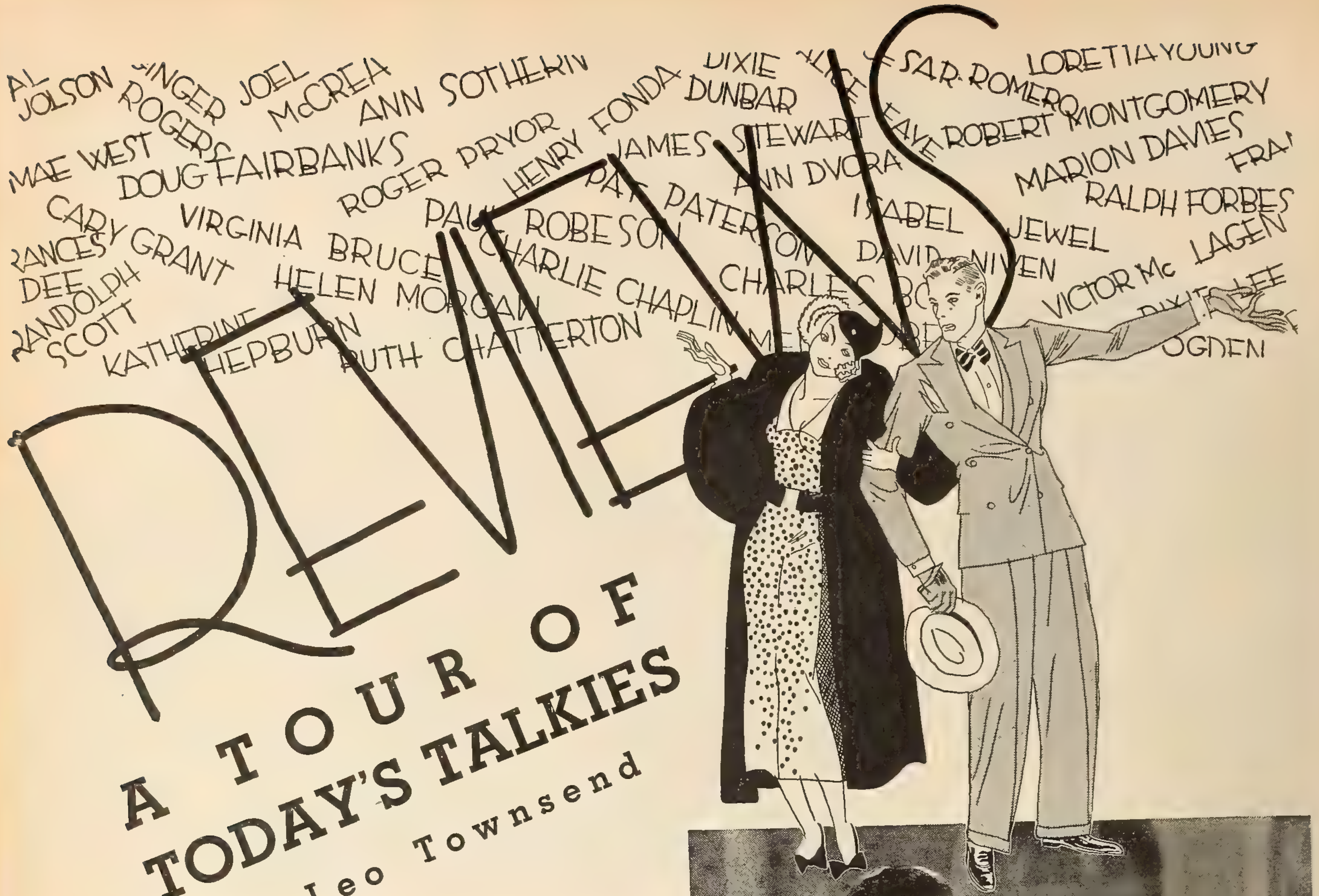
When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!
(Paste this on a penny postcard)
Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170 MM-17
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.
Name....................
Address....................
City.................... Age..........
(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)

REVIEWS


AL JOLSON
GINGER ROGERS
JOEL McCREA
ANN SOTHERN
DIXIE DUNBAR
CESAR ROMERO
LORETTA YOUNG
MAE WEST
DOUG FAIRBANKS
ROGER PRYOR
HENRY FONDA
JAMES STEWART
ALICE FAYE
ROBERT MONTGOMERY
MARION DAVIES
ANN DVORAK
PAT PATERSON
ISABEL JEWEL
RALPH FORBES
FRANCES DEE
CARY GRANT
VIRGINIA BRUCE
PAUL ROBESON
DAVID NIVEN
VICTOR Mc LAGLEN
RANDOLPH SCOTT
HELEN MORGAN
CHARLIE CHAPLIN
DIXIE LEE
KATHERINE HEPBURN
RUTH CHATTERTON
OGDEN

A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

By Leo Townsend

William Powell, Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy make "Libeled Lady" a rare film treat. Myrna Loy's another star in it.

★★ The Magnificent Brute

(Universal)

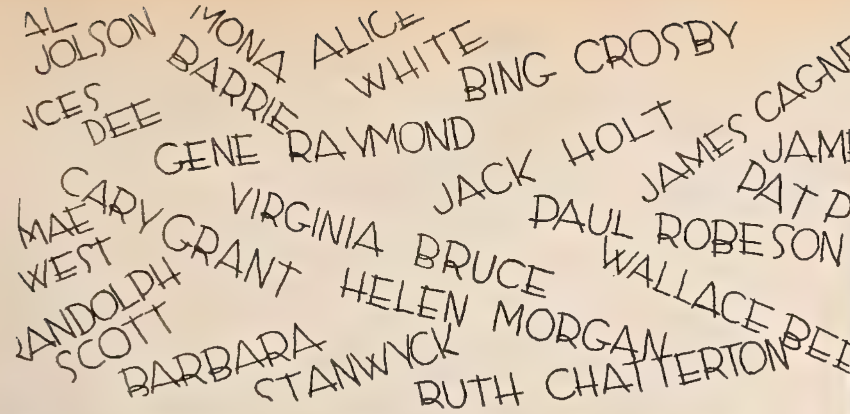
This is a gusty little number, roaring in a steel-mill setting, and interpreted roisterously by men as tough as the steel they make. The toughest of them all is Victor McLaglen, who swaggers through to a two-fisted triumph as only McLaglen can swagger. You'll probably come home and growl over your steak, tear a telephone book in half, and tell your boss to go where you have wanted to tell him to go for years. McLaglen, of course, is superb as the victorious rival of William Hall for the position of "top man" at the mill. His laughter is a bellow, his strength is prodigious, and his table manners are a miracle of gorging. "Why do you bother to cut your potatoes in half?" asks Jean Dixon, who runs the boarding house and is appalled at his gustatorial speed and capacity. McLaglen roars and reaches across the table for his third steak. McLaglen wins from Hall the worship of the landlady's small son, played by Billy Burrud; the awed respect of all the mill-hands; and Binnie Barnes, the girl who works in the candy shop and who automatically becomes the sweetheart of the "top man" no matter who he is. Hall double crosses McLaglen. But Miss Dixon, now in love with her boarder, learns Hall's plot and gets McLaglen to run the villain out of town.

"The Charge of the Light Brigade" is top notch entertainment for any fan. Errol Flynn and Olivia De Havilland in the leads.

★★★ Libeled Lady

(M-G-M)

Pictures like this are few and far between. It is outstandingly good on every point that goes into the manufacture of a movie. The cast is not only composed of big names, but every member has drawn roles for which he is admirably fitted. Jean Harlow goes slithery



Catchy tunes and lots of laughs are what to expect from "Pigskin Parade." Jack Haley, Arline Judge and Johnny Downs are featured.

again as the grass widow in pursuit of Spencer Tracy, a newspaper man who can't spare ten minutes for the wedding ceremony, particularly after he okays a scandal about a millionaire's daughter, Myrna Loy, and has to hire William Powell, a man-about-the-world, to help him out. Powell's job is to get Myrna madly in love with him and, in order to pave the way for blackmail, he first marries Jean, an idea which only Tracy thinks good—at the time. And, in order to get Myrna, Powell must work through her father, Walter Connolly, whose main interest in life is fishing, a subject which Powell has to learn overnight in his hotel suite with the aid of E. E. Clive, a fishing teacher. The screen play is excellently written with complications piling up as fast as the laughs, and ending, of course, with the four stars being paired off to everyone's satisfaction. In the supporting cast, Walter Connolly, Charley Grapewin, Cora Witherspoon, Lauri Beatty and Charles Trowbridge score heavily. Photography is tops and the gowns and sets alone are worth the price of admission. In short, you can't go wrong on this one.

★★★ Pigskin Parade

(20th Century-Fox)

"Pigskin Parade" is a football picture with music. Or, if you prefer—considering the quantity of song and dance numbers—it's a musical picture with football. Burlesquing the big-time tactics of modern college football, "Pigskin Parade" gets under way when an unheard-of college in Texas is invited by mistake to play Yale. Coach Jack Haley and his wife (Patsy Kelly), scour the plains looking for talent and discover a hill-billy from Arkansas (Stuart Erwin), who can toss a melon fifty yards and name his target. They put shoes on him and hustle him right down to good old Texas State, where he becomes the passing sensation of the country. Comes the great game with Yale, and with the going tough in the last few minutes of play our hero whips off his shoes and wins the game for his alma mater. Highest point in the musical department are the songs by the Yacht Club Boys. Best of their numbers is "We'd Rather be in College." "Woo Woo" and "Down With Everything" are close seconds. Judy Garland does well with "It's Love I'm After" in spite of a tendency toward over-emphasis. Tony Martin and Dixie Dunbar click with "You're Slightly Terrific." In the supporting cast are Betty Grable, Johnny Downs, Arline Judge and Fred Kohler, Jr. It's a better-than-average musical of its kind.

Here's a sample of what goes on in "The Big Broadcast of 1937." That's Gracie Allen "amusing" Jack Benny and George Burns.

★★★ The Gay Desperado

(Pickford-Lasky)

Here is an excellent picture, with certain appeal for every audience. It abounds in adventure, humor, romance, satire, outstanding musical numbers and beautiful photography. The well selected cast is headed by Nino Martini, who shows sincere dramatic ability in the role of the unwilling bandit who is taken into Mexico's wildest and gayest band of outlaws because the leader, Leo Carrillo, has a passion for music and thinks Martini does pretty well as a singer. When Ida Lupino and James Blakeley, a clerk and a millionaire's son who have come to Mexico for an elopement, are kidnapped by Carrillo's bandits, the fun begins. Martini falls madly in love with Ida Lupino and she with him, and, fortunately, James Blakeley quite forgets Ida in his hurry to get out of the bandit's lair. Complications come thick and fast when Martini bravely risks his life to get them both smuggled out to safety. And through this all runs the hilarious comedy of Carrillo and his bad hombres, chiefly Harold Huber, as his assistant, and Mischa Auer, a bandit of the old school who looks with scorn on anything smacking of American gangster tactics. Martini sings several songs superbly. Rouben Mamoulian's direction has not missed a trick in bringing out every point which makes for sure-fire entertainment.

★★★ The Big Broadcast of 1937

(Paramount)

This year's production of "The Big Broadcast" is decidedly superior to that of last year. It is fun from start to finish with Jack Benny, Gracie Allen, Bob Burns and Martha Raye contributing outstanding comedy. The romantic interest, furnished by Shirley Ross and Ray Milland, takes second place but is competently handled. Shirley Ross is easy on both the eyes and the ears, while Ray Milland is a young man of engaging personality and obvious ability. The story is laid in a broadcasting station of which Jack Benny is station manager and Martha Raye is his secretary. Bob Burns plays a naïve country lad who is trying to get ahead in the big city, while Gracie Allen comes to the broadcasting station to help the golf cause along and manages to get everybody as mixed up as herself. The outstanding feature of this film is the music of Leopold Stokowski's orchestra whose presentation of a symphony will undoubtedly have the studio deluged with requests for more of this kind of entertainment in pictures of the future.

★★★ Ladies In Love

(20th Century-Fox)

The ladies in the case are Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young, Constance Bennett and Simone Simon—a collection that is worth the price of admission any day. But in an effort to do full justice to such a line-up of important actresses the picture has been weakened, and that in spite of excellent performances from all four. The plot concerns their various heart interests which necessitates a series of jumps from one to another of the girls' engrossing affairs, detracting from the emotional appeal of each. The ruse of having the Misses Loretta Young, Janet Gaynor and Constance Bennett living together in one

(Above) Tom Brown and Eleanore Whitney in a scene from "Rose Bowl." You'll see some good football in this, too.

(Right) Two fine character players in action, Victor McLaglen and Jean Dixon in "The Magnificent Brute."

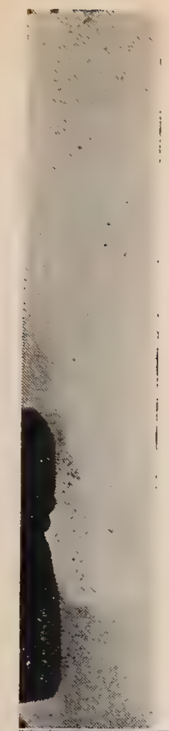
apartment helps to tie the episodes together and Simone Simon gets into the story by walking off with Paul Lukas, Constance Bennett's main interest in life. Loretta Young plays the wide-eyed young thing who still thinks that honesty is the best policy, especially in love. Constance Bennett takes the opposite stand and they both fade out with broken hearts. Janet Gaynor and Simone Simon are the girls who get their men, though Janet has her woes wondering whether Alan Mowbray, a successful magician, or Don Ameche, an unsuccessful physician, is the best bet. Alan Mowbray provides most of the comedy and a couple of his scenes surpass anything he has done on the screen. Paul Lukas and Tyrone Power, Jr., are competent in lesser roles.

★★★ The Charge of the Light Brigade (Warner Bros.)

"Charge of the Light Brigade" is definitely one of the season's better motion pictures. Its action travels at a terrific pace to an awe-inspiring climax in the historic charge; its photography is both beautiful and startling, while the expert direction of Michael Curtiz maintains an almost breath-taking speed throughout its unreeling. The story, which, as a subtitle explains, is not historically correct, has to do with England's difficulties with her colonies in northern India. When the forces of the Surat Kahn descend upon a practically defenseless military post and massacre the families of the 27th Lancers, the regiment dedicates itself to revenge. Later, transferred to Crimea, they learn that their enemy is also there, aiding the Russians. Under Major Geoffrey Vickers (Errol Flynn) the "brave 600" ride into the Valley of Death in one of the most exciting and thrilling scenes the screen has ever presented. Of the cast, Errol Flynn is outstanding as the young Major. Also excellent are Olivia de Haviland as his fiancée, and Patric Knowles, who shows considerable promise in his American screen debut. In the supporting cast are Henry Stephenson, Nigel Bruce, Donald Crisp, David Niven, C. Henry Gordon, Robert Barrat, Spring Byington, E. E. Clive and J. Carroll Naish.

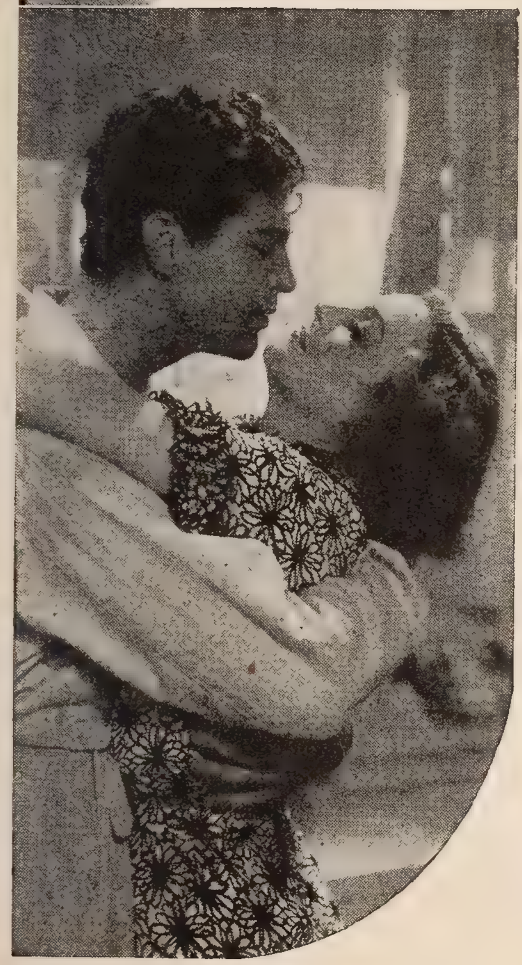
★★★ We Who Are About to Die (RKO-Radio)

A deeply engrossing picture has been made here, based on David Lamson's book by the same title. The plot is secondary in interest to the study of men's reactions in the death cells of a great penitentiary. Evidence of great care taken in casting this picture is shown, particularly in the types selected to portray the men who are about to die on the gallows. As a psychological study, it has not been surpassed on the screen. The plot of the picture has been constructed to lead up nicely to those sequences, dealing with a "frame" by a gang of crooks on John Beal, who is suspected of stealing the pay-roll of an airplane firm, murdering the man in charge and killing a child while making his escape. The injustice of circumstantial evidence and greedy, unscrupulous politicians is forcefully brought out in the following course of events. John Beal is entirely convincing in his role of an innocent man caught in the web of ruthless crooks and indifferent police protection. Preston Foster, as the criminal detective, gives a sincere performance. Ann Dvorak, as the girl who had planned to marry the convicted man, furnishes the slight romantic interest satisfactorily enough.



(Left) Joel McCrea and Jean Arthur render good performances in "Adventure in Manhattan."

Below, Two newcomers whom you'll be seeing lots of in future pictures — Michael Whalen and Doris Nolan. Here they are in a love scene from "The Man I Marry."



★★ Love Letters of a Star

(Universal)

Here is a competent, though for the most part unfamiliar, cast and a good story that carries your interest through to the final reel. The final reel, as in the case of most mystery tales, is quite a letdown. The love letters belong to Ralph Forbes, an egotistical actor, and have been written by Mary Alice Rice, during a school-girl infatuation for him. Blackmail sets in, followed by Mary Alice's suicide. So her family—consisting of husband, Henry Hunter, sister, Lydia Todd, father and mother—gets together in order to outwit the blackmailer. A series of murders follow, with all the once happy family suspecting each other of dirty work. C. Henry Gordon, as Lieutenant Valcour of the police force, finally gets everything cleared up. Okay for mystery story addicts. (*Continued on page 93*)

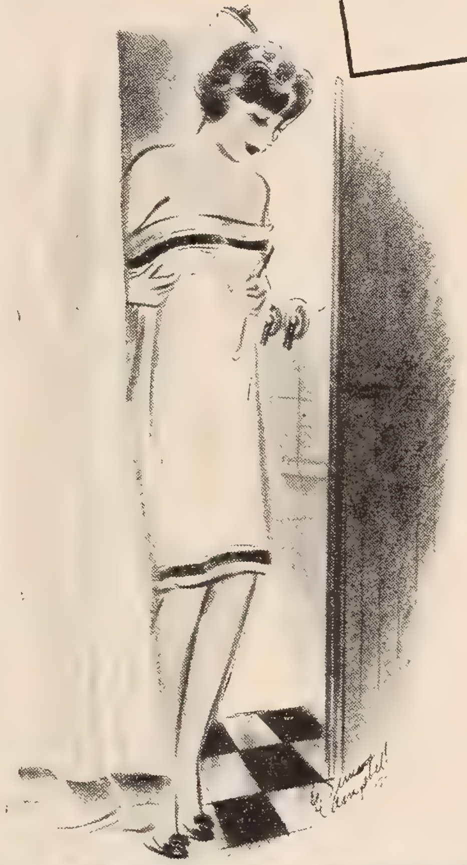
"COLD WEATHER chaps my skin. Watery lotions don't smooth it, either!" Hinds isn't watery. Every *creamy* drop does chapped skin good. It's a vitamin lotion, too—contains Vitamin D!

SOFTEN RED, ROUGH

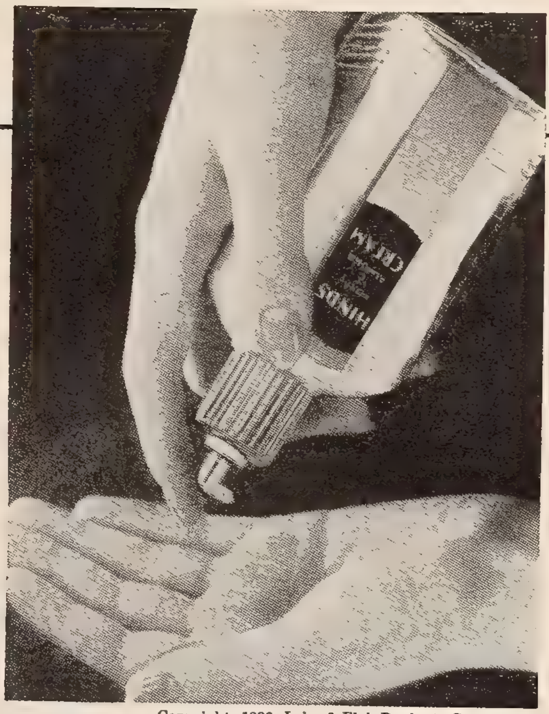
"Sandpaper Skin"

SOONER THIS WAY

Hinds now has Vitamin D in it!



OUTDOOR WORK can ruin your looks! The cold bites into your skin, chaps it red, almost raw. But Hinds puts softness back again. Its *creamy* lubricants soak into the roughness. Chapped skin softens up *faster*.



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FREE *The first One-Piece* DISPENSER

At last! The new perfect one-piece lotion dispenser—free on the Hinds 50c-size bottle. Ready to use. Nothing to take apart or put together. Works instantly. Turn bottle upside down—press—out comes Hinds quicker-acting lotion! Every drop *creamy*—not watery. Hinds comes in $1, 50c, 25c, and 10c sizes.

DAILY RADIO TREAT: Ted Malone . . . inviting you to help yourself to Happiness and to Beauty. Monday to Friday, 12:15 pm E. S. T. over the WABC-Columbia Network.

HINDS

HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

QUICKER-ACTING . . . NOT WATERY!

THE HITS TO WATCH FOR
FROM NOW TO NEW YEAR'S DAY

▼

THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS
in **REUNION**

with the year's most important cast: JEAN HERSHOLT, ROCHELLE HUDSON, HELEN VINSON, SLIM SUMMERVILLE, ROBERT KENT, Dorothy Peterson, John Qualen. Directed by Norman Taurog

▼

BARBARA STANWYCK and **JOEL McCREA**
in **BANJO ON MY KNEE**

with Helen Westley, Buddy Ebsen, Walter Brennan, Walter Catlett, Anthony Martin, Katherine De Mille. Directed by John Cromwell.

▼

WARNER BAXTER and **JUNE LANG**
in **WHITE HUNTER**

with Gail Patrick, Alison Skipworth, Wilfrid Lawson, George Hassell. Directed by Irving Cummings.

▼

CRACK UP

with PETER LORRE, BRIAN DONLEVY, Ralph Morgan, Helen Wood, Thomas Beck, Kay Linaker, J. Carroll Naish, Lester Matthews, Duncan Renaldo Directed by Mal St. Clair.

▼

LAUGHING AT TROUBLE

with JANE DARWELL, Delma Byron, Allan Lane, Sara Haden, Lois Wilson, Margaret Hamilton, Pert Kelton, John Carradine. Directed by Frank R. Strayer.

▼

SHIRLEY TEMPLE
in **STOWAWAY**

with **ROBERT YOUNG · ALICE FAYE**
Eugene Pallette, Helen Westley, Arthur Treacher, J. Edward Bromberg, Allan Lane, Astrid Allwyn.
Directed by William A. Seiter.

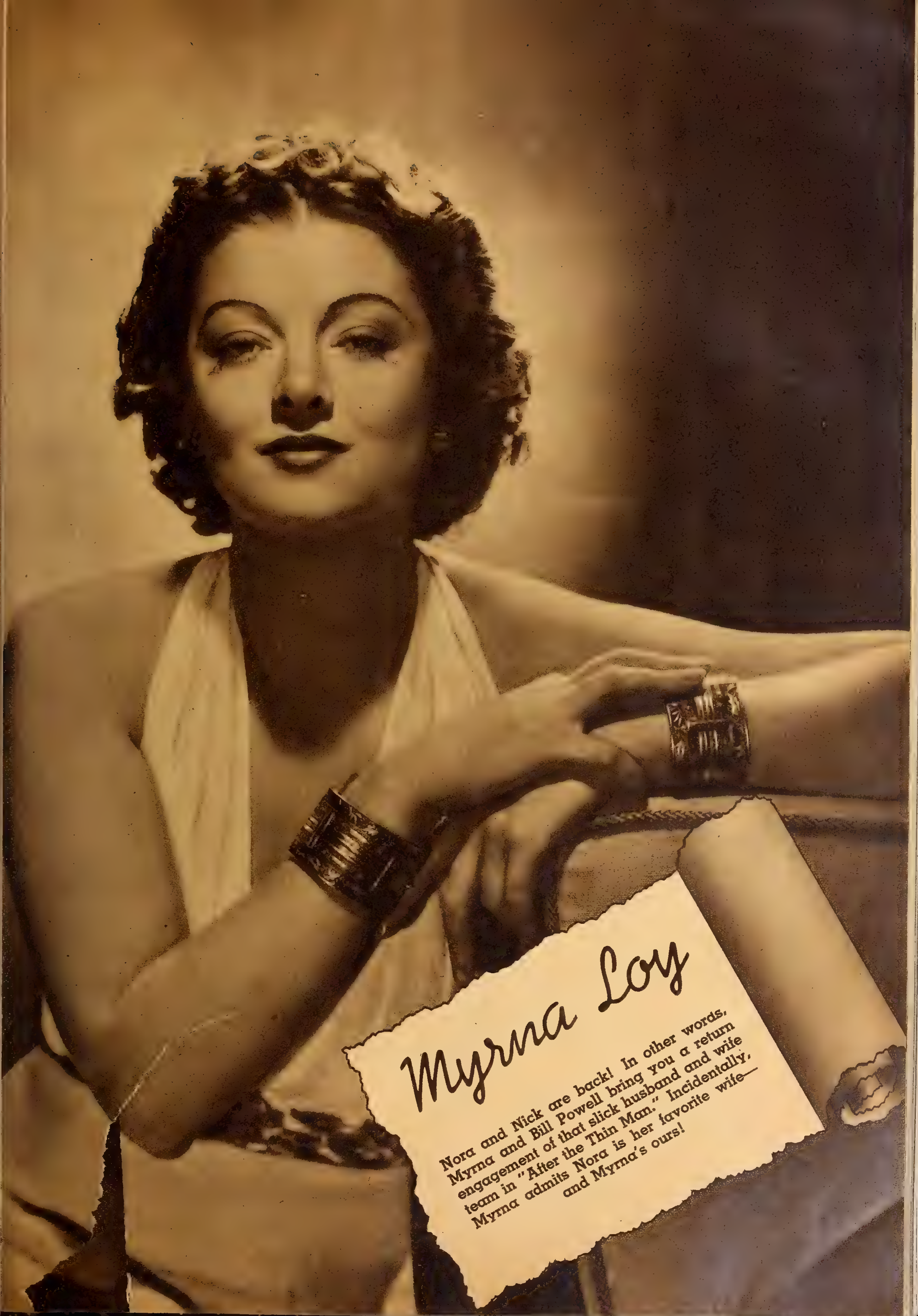
▼

ONE IN A MILLION

with SONJA HENIE, ADOLPHE MENJOU, JEAN HERSHOLT, NED SPARKS, DON AMECHE, RITZ BROTHERS, Arline Judge, Borrah Minevitch and his Gang, Dixie Dunbar, Leah Ray, Montagu Love.
Directed by Sidney Lanfield.

20th CENTURY FOX

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production



Myrna Loy

Nora and Nick are back! In other words, Myrna and Bill Powell bring you a return engagement of that slick husband and wife team in "After the Thin Man." Incidentally, Myrna admits Nora is her favorite wife— and Myrna's ours!

Charles Boyer

With a future picture date with Garbo on his schedule, Monsieur Boyer is now embroiled with that sprightly American, Jean Arthur, in the provocatively titled "History is Made at Night."

Jean Harlow

You wouldn't think that the above radiant creature would be emoting in an opus called "The Foundry," but Jean's all for realistic drama these days. Spencer Tracy is the chap the plot calls for.

Don Ameche

It was no small feat to make such a hit as Don Ameche did in a character part, but "Ramona" put him on the "rave" list. You'll see Don very soon in "One in a Million."

CECIL B. DeMILLE'S 'The Plainsman'

ANOTHER GARY COOPER JEAN ARTHUR TRIUMPH

Cecil B. DeMille brings you Gary and Jean in their grandest picture . . . the story of Wild Bill Hickok and Calamity Jane, the hardest boiled pair of lovers who ever rode the plains . . . a glorious romance set against the whole flaming pageant of the Old West . . .

"You've got courage enough to kill a dozen Indians. Why haven't you courage enough to admit you love me?"

"Save your fire 'till they come close, then blast the varmints. There's got to be room for white men on these plains."

"Do your worst. We'll still be laughing at a great chief so small he'd kill two helpless persons for spite."

"Gentlemen, my name is Wild Bill Hickok and I think we can settle everything very . . . very peacefully."

"I'LL NEVER DANCE WITH ASTAIRE!"

..says Eleanor Powell

By Charles Darnton

Since Ginger Rogers is turning to dramatic roles, Eleanor Powell seems the logical dancing partner for Astaire. But this is out of the question. Here is Eleanor as she appears in "Born to Dance."

YOU'D NEVER guess it, but the light fantastic is heavy work. That is, you wouldn't know unless Eleanor Powell let you see her feet as God—and dancing—made them. Of all the interviews! Off came a sandal, then a sock, revealing a big toe in mourning. Then another strip act disclosing her other foot in something like a padded cell.

But the fast-moving Queen of Taps laughed it off with: "Funny thing!" She talked in exclamations, her tongue as fast as her feet. "On my trip to the Coast last fall, when the train stopped at Albuquerque, there was a crowd on the platform calling my name. I stuck my head out of the car window. But they yelled, 'We want to see your feet!'"

"So I just put my feet up and did a tap on the window-frame."

Knowing that her strenuous work last winter on the New York stage had put her flat on her back, I wondered how she was feeling.

"Fine! And I now weigh a hundred and twenty-five pounds, the most I've ever weighed. But when I was in 'At Home Abroad' I went from one hundred and twenty-two to one hundred and twelve in five months. Then I was out for three months. I used to lie there up in Westchester feeling my dancing days were over. I didn't know what the trouble was till the doctor told me I had a heart murmur. It sounded more like a shout on my last night at the Winter Garden. And all the time the audience appeared to be rising and falling like a huge wave. I got to the wings just in time to keel over. I'm not the fainting kind, but I did more than my share of it then. That's what stopped me. It was said I left the show because of a three-star row. That wasn't it. They carted me off. For once, dancing 'got' me."

Does this mean a feud between the King and Queen of Taps?

HAPPILY, there was now no sign of it. She was, to be sure, slender as a reed, but possessed of a vitality as inexhaustible as her charm. The only change I noticed was in the color of her hair, from chestnut to blonde—done, she explained, for high-lighting. As for high-stepping, she evidently intended to take it easier.

"I'll do only two pictures a year for six years, then I'll be thirty and not feel a day older than I do now," she assured me. "I'd been going it too hard. After finishing 'Broadway Melody of 1936' I was all in, but I went right from the train in New York to an eighteen-hour rehearsal. That was the beginning of my sudden breakdown. I would never have been able to stand even the picture work if it hadn't been for my six years of ballet training. For days I had bleeding feet. Every time we rested, the Albertina Rasch girls would put their bare feet into tubs of cold water to take down the swelling. But I didn't dare take off my shoes for fear I would not be able to get them on again. When it was all over, I cried for two hours.

All her screen joyousness, then, must have been put on with her make-up.

"Oh, no!" protested Eleanor. "I enjoy dancing. But, like everything else, it must be done in moderation. This is what every girl who goes in for it professionally should remember. It isn't as easy as it looks. But I thought it was when I started."

"How did you start?"

WITH A knife and fork," was her astonishing answer. "Drumming on the table with them," and her nimble fingers did a tap. "I used to drive my mother almost crazy. I suppose it was the rhythm in me. But I never thought of being a dancer till Gus Edwards offered me a job in Atlantic City for seven dollars a night—big stuff. Up to that time all we had was twelve dollars a week, which my mother earned as a waitress there. Then I took lessons in New York, but I had only ten in tap dancing."

Ten lessons, and today at the top! One day she might join that other top-notcher, Fred Astaire.

"Lots of fans have written to ask if we were going to be teamed," said Eleanor, "and no doubt the same question has been put to Astaire. He is, of course, the greatest dancer of them all. But I don't think we would be a good team. Our style of dancing is totally different. Fred is very aerial and covers a lot of space, while I dance close to the ground. I don't doubt he could do both, if only because of his ballet training. And he might like me to do machine gun taps—if he liked me at all. But there is a wide difference between us.

"Then, too, a girl is more fortunate as a tap dancer in pictures for the reason that they take close-ups of her face. They don't do that with a man, so he has to do everything with his feet. Half my work is done with my face. I don't know whether Astaire would like that if we happened to be teamed. Anyway, he doesn't know me at all. Bert Lahr introduced us one night in New York four years ago when I was doing a tap in front of the curtain during the run of 'Hot-Cha,' but he probably doesn't remember me. I'm dying to meet him now, not in the Brown Derby, but in a rehearsal hall. I have a funny idea that if we did meet that way we'd get along swell, because we're both nuts about dancing.

"If he only said, 'I think (*Continued on page 72*)

She hates night clubs, which is one reason why she has no steady boy friend, Miss Powell claims.

Since he won't be teamed with Eleanor, who will be Astaire's co-star after "Stepping Toes"?

Anyway, the lady has reasons for her startling statement

"Life

By
Eleanor
Packer

Yes, Clark Gable actually believes this and gives his reasons for saying so

WHEN I'M forty and my work in motion pictures is finished, what will be left for me in life?" Clark Gable asked that question and his gray eyes were dark with an honest worry and bewilderment.

Only in Hollywood could a young, successful man in his middle thirties ask that question. Only there could he face the problem which Clark must solve when he reaches the forty milestone. In all other places and in all other businesses the average man of forty is just beginning to taste his real success. But, for Clark, that birthday means the end, or the beginning of the end, of his professional life.

"I don't like to think of that time. It frightens me," Clark said. "So far as I can see now, there will be nothing left for me in this life. I'll have to find new interests, an entirely new scheme of living. I won't have my work. And I'm sure that I don't want to stop working when I'm still fairly young. But I'm afraid that I'll be too old to begin at the bottom in some new field.

PEOPLE SAY that 'life begins at forty.' They tell us that the years before that age are merely a preparation, that our forties are the golden years when we will have adjusted all our values of living and can honestly enjoy life. That's probably true in the life of the average business man. During his forties he eats the financial fruits of the work he has done during his twenties and thirties, while he goes on building toward more mature successes.

"But it won't be that way with me. My career will be ended. There will be no place to go in pictures, except down the ladder. And I don't want to do that. I hope that I'll have the sense to leave Hollywood and the screen while I'm at least fairly successful. And, if I do that, the life I know today

Gable and his favorite gal, Carole Lombard, are snapped at a studio party.

will end most certainly at forty."

I looked at Clark, and his words seemed almost fantastic. He looked so young and vital, slouching comfortably in the low red leather chair in his panelled dressing-room on the "Love on the Run" set. It seemed ridiculous for him to talk about his life's ending at forty, or at any other definite time.

Then, suddenly, I thought of the truly tragic figures of Hollywood, the one-time stars, men and women still young in years but veterans in experience, who are walking the streets, alone and forgotten, pathetically hunting for work, any kind of work, in the studios. In one of Clark's own pictures, "San Francisco," there were a half dozen one-time stars, still young in their forties, but old and finished in fame. Then I understood why Clark shuddered at the thought of staying in Hollywood when the heyday of his stardom is ended.

"The worst of it is that I'll probably never have enough money to enjoy long years of leisure when they're forced upon me," he went on slowly. "The good old days, when the Chaplin and Fairbanks and Lloyd fortunes were founded, are gone forever. Today, after we pay our taxes to the government and our fees to agents and a dozen other expenses necessary to this particular business, there isn't much left to save for the rainy day of the workless years. I live very simply. I don't even own my own home and I do very little entertaining. But, even though I save every possible penny and invest as wisely and safely as I can, I don't see how I'm going to put away enough money during the next few years to take care of myself during that long, after-forty period.

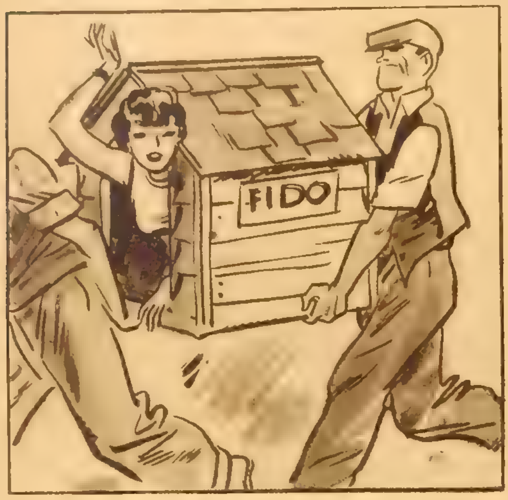
"Understand, I'm not complaining. I thank Heaven every day that I was given my (*Continued on page 73*)

Ends at Forty!"

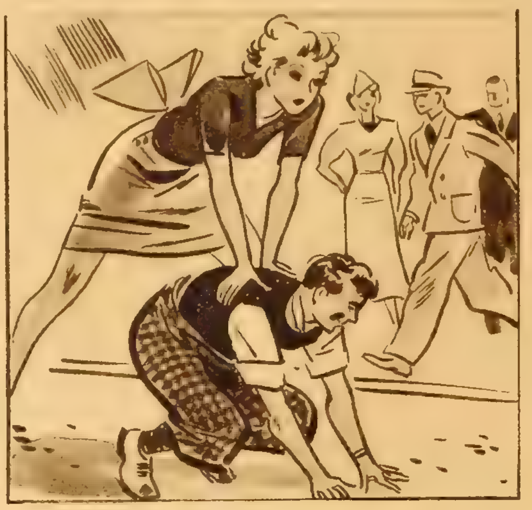
Long week-ends of hunting, fishing and camping appeal to Clark, and usually his sole companion on these trips is Snooper.

These Charming

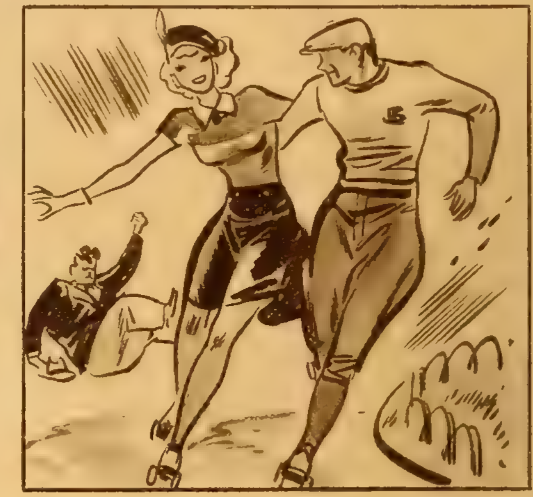
They may be rich and famous and beautiful, but they've



Being toted onto the set in a doghouse because she was tardy seemed great fun to Jeanette MacDonald.



When their famous Kiddie Parties are in full swing, the famous ones don baby togs and have a grand time.



Did you put away your roller skates with your school books? Well, Ginger Rogers and her friends didn't.

By Caroline S. Hoyt

AT LAST I've discovered the secret of Hollywood's carefree, debonair charm. The entire town is "pixilated," gloriously, madly and youthfully "pixilated." There are no grown-ups in the place. All the people are children, who live and laugh and love and weep with an unashamed childish abandon. That enduring youthfulness explains their difference from average people in average worlds.

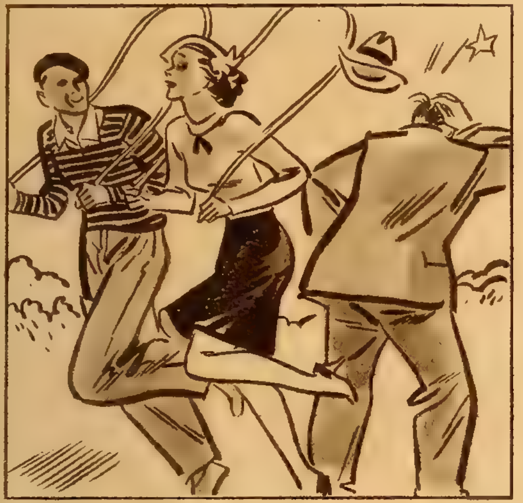
Hollywood's people work hard at the adult business of being actors and actresses. Then they forget that work and play with a child-like exuberance which keeps them fresh and constantly on their physical and mental toes. Boredom is taboo in the film colony. Even among the older inhabitants there is no sign of the calm lassitude which comes elsewhere with years of living and experience. May Robson is as excited over a party as any youngster of ten. She plays with the canaries, hundreds of them, which live in her sunny patio, as gaily as any child romps with her dolls. May is a great-grandmother. She has known more than fifty years of the hard work of the theatrical world, but she has the vital enthusi-

Jeanette MacDonald

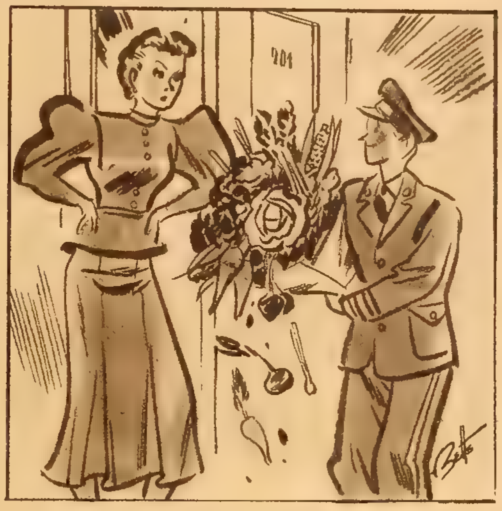
Ginger Rogers

Children

never really grown up!



Playing kids' games at parties is one of the stars' favorite sports. Would your friends enjoy them?



Would a bouquet of vegetables amuse you? Well, Carole Lombard and Clark Gable thought it was a riot.

asm of a girl one-fifth her seventy years.

Age means nothing in Hollywood. Old and young, they share the same spirit of perpetual youth. Luise Rainer is one of the town's newer children. Luise is certainly not a child in actual experience. For several years she has been one of Europe's favorite actresses. She has known tragedies, as well as triumphs, but she possesses a naïveté, a healthily vigorous eagerness, which the average high school girl outgrows in her worldly-wise sophomore year.

Luise glories in practical joking. She plays at living with the same emotional intensity which made unforgettable her telephone scene as Anna Held in "The Great Ziegfeld." Not long ago she attended a real children's birthday party, where the guests were all under ten years old. Luise played (*Continued on page 90*)

Carole Lombard

Luise Rainer

Isabel Jewell

(Above) It's a dreamy moment for talk of love which Brian Aherne and Merle Oberon steal under the stress of "Beloved Enemy." All the dreams for their futures are caught in this tender moment as they lean close to each other in the moonlight. Although Merle's off-screen heart, David Niven, is in the same picture, he has to watch Brian making love to her. And how would all you young romantics be able to take that —even if the plot did demand it?

Immortal lovers were Camille and Armand and their tragic story never has become stale by repetition. Now it springs to a new life with the exciting combination of Garbo and Robert Taylor to bring it to the screen in "Camille." Here in this breathtaking glimpse you see the adoration of these two who loved so deeply but were forced to watch their love slip away. Garbo is a thrilling Camille, for who can portray more poignantly a woman who loves and loses? Of course, you Taylor fans will proclaim Bob the perfect Armand.

Spooning in the Spotlight

These romantic players give you thrilling lessons in love

There's nothing like a doctor's spotless surgical uniform to make a gal's heart go pit-a-pat violently. In "Once a Doctor," Jean Muir finds Donald Woods the perfect object of her affections. And here, she seems to place a restraining finger against his lips, lest he tell more of those sweet nothings which she couldn't bear his not saying! Jean looks more vibrant and alluring than she has in a long while and her darker, bobbed hair is very flattering. Donald is a reason why girls prefer doctors.

(Above) When Errol Flynn takes his lady in his arms for the final clinch, there's nothing bored and detached about it. Errol puts all the fiery zip of his Irish heart into the role he plays. And do we hear the gents say, "Who wouldn't, with Anita Louise as the one to be kissed?" This thrilling moment pictured, is what you may anticipate in "The Green Light." What's more, it will be your first chance to see Errol out of an old-fashioned costume.

Puppy love wasn't originated in this modern generation. Quite to the contrary, it made life exciting for the teen age of centuries ago. To prove it, here are Virginia Fields and Tyrone Power, Jr. putting their hearts into a glance at one another during a scene from "Lloyds of London." It's not hard to see what Tyrone finds fascinating beneath that frilly, old-fashioned cap Virginia is wearing. And it would be difficult to find a lad who looks more romantic in costume than Tyrone.

Bob and Mrs. Young on their return from England recently.

And Bob Young doesn't mean he's musical when he says—

He Plays in B-Flats

By Martha Kerr

Bob Young is now making "Stowaway" with Shirley Temple and Alice Faye.

LESS THAN two years ago the entire motion picture colony became very alphabet conscious. And about the same time, Robert Young, among others, began to feel very blue and discouraged.

Not that he couldn't learn the alphabet. I'm sure he could, for I know personally a half dozen actors who aren't as bright as Bob, who can rattle off the alphabet with scarcely any difficulty.

Neither was he concerned over letters like NRA or PWA. No, the letters that caused so much concern were just A and B.

The reason these two letters suddenly assumed such importance is that pictures began to be classified as "A" and "B" pictures. That started a mad scramble on the part of the actors to get themselves into "A" pictures, which cost hundreds of thousands of dollars and were made, generally, with more care, with better stories, casts and directors than the others and were supposed to be the best pictures.

"B" pictures, on the other hand, are made because exhibitors insist on running double bills. However, a "B" picture often turns out to be a much greater success financially, as well as providing more entertainment, than any "A" picture. Like, for instance, "The Thin Man," which was whipped up as a little "B" number because Myrna Loy and William Powell weren't working and idle actors are expensive. As you know, it turned out to be a sensation.

Up to this time Bob Young was always the "big brother" type—the fellow a girl could trust. And nothing will get a chap nowhere faster—on or off the screen—than to be a fellow a girl can trust. And so Bob was a consistent "B" picture player. It just seemed that a "B" picture couldn't be made down Metro way, where he is under contract, without Bob in it. And when other producers asked to borrow a handsome leading man, Bob was always brought out, dusted off and "sold down the river."

Bob never complained. No matter what role was handed him, he plugged along, turning out the best performance he could in every picture. Suddenly he found himself playing opposite Claudette Colbert, Katharine Hepburn, Janet Gaynor and Ann Sothern and it was noticed that he was developing into a grand light comedy actor. Remember him in "The Bride Walked Out" with Barbara Stanwyck and "The Bride Comes Home" with Claudette Colbert? He rollicked through these pictures and it is a toss up whether he or his audiences enjoyed his performance more, but he proved that he had a grand sense of humor. It seems that what the industry needed was an actor with a sense of humor and, being equipped with the other necessary tools, such as plenty of good looks and an ability to act, Bob has been in demand by every company since then—for "A" pictures.

And always, after being loaned

(*Continued on page 78*)

Hit Hollywood Early

By George Benjamin

Marian knows whereof she speaks in advising you when to plan your screen career. She was playing in pictures at fourteen and she's only twenty-two now. She's in "Come Closer, Folks" with James Dunn.

Marian Marsh's ideas on how to get ahead in the movies are certainly original

IF YOU want to be a movie actress, get to Hollywood as *young* as you can!

"Don't let anyone discourage you. I have heard all of those dire warnings. Yes, all the tales about how your life will be messed up and how you'll become disillusioned and hard-boiled—if you attempt to go into pictures. What I've actually found out, for myself, is: they're *not* so!

"Choose a screen career and you'll have a far more wonderful time than you likely will have otherwise. Begin in your early 'teens, in Hollywood, if it's possible. Don't bother with college—if you wish to act."

This bombshell comes straight from the lips of Marian Marsh. It requires a great deal of courage to speak what you feel is the truth when you're distinctly in the minority. Almost everyone has handed out the same "sane" advice. You will be better off if you banish any longings for Hollywood glory—the competition's too keen, the pace too severe. If you will persist in being ambitious, don't come to California until you are completely prepared. Stay where you are and finish your education, then go on to college and excel in dramatics there. You must have money; you have to be thoroughly trained before you dare venture towards the city of cameras.

That's the regular line. So you can see at a glance that this unusual counsel of Marian's is liable to cause a commotion among the august "authorities."

Admittedly, this is only a twenty-two-year-old talking.

Nevertheless, she has a very good right to add her honest opinions to an ever pertinent topic. She is a success in films. And more, Marian can back up her unorthodox statements by simply remembering her own yesterdays. Amazingly, she herself started absolutely from scratch and she's been a grown-up heroine for seven years!

At fourteen, mind you, she was working in the movies. Two seasons later she was playing opposite the biggest male stars. She didn't debut Cinderella-fashion, as you may have thought, though. There was a lot of publicity once, giving the impression that hers was sudden luck.

"Ambition even pops up when you've not had any burning desire," Marian declared. She and I sat, quite formally, in the living room of her home in Beverly Hills, the house resulting from her spunk. It's a comfortable place, looking down over the busy streets, obviously lived-in by happy, earnest people. I'm fairly well acquainted with Marian and her family—she has a sister and two handsome brothers a couple of years her senior, and a most understanding and wise mother. Brother Tony and I ceased discussing the relative merits of various beaches when his sister arrived for this revealing conversation.

"I WASN'T old enough to be sure what I wanted to do when I first entered the studios," Marian continued. "I just had to have an income; ambition followed when I discovered the future I might attain."

The Marsh clan moved West, jubilantly. The children were delighted to be in a land where sports are never curtailed by New England blizzards. The father, a chocolate manufacturer, had been appointed vice-president of a chain of grocery stores. Then tragedy struck; he died. It was up to each child to do his and her share.

Marian was in the eighth grade at the LeConte Junior High School in Los Angeles. Her sister had secured some work in pictures and so she decided she would try, also. She always has had a quiet sincerity, and it served her well when she applied for jobs as an extra. Outwardly she was sufficiently poised to vow that she was seventeen or eighteen.

She progressed to Hollywood High, and kept on taking time off for $7.50 pay checks (*Continued on page 77*)

Those sounds in the night up Benedict Canyon way aren't coyotes, as some of the Canyonites suspected; they're Clark Gable. It seems Mr. G. is fond of vocalizing, and his apartment at the Beverly-Wilshire can't hold the Gable voice. So he spends several evenings a week at the home of Director Walter Lang, along with Carole Lombard and Madeline Fields. The quartette's current favorite is "The Daring Young Man," and when the Gable baritone resounds against the hills strong men go into hiding and little children run to their mothers. A poll taken among the neighbors reveals these startling facts: That Gable is a nice guy—47. That Gable can sing—0.

■ ■ ■

Razzing the bitter end of double feature bills is the latest pastime of movie audiences in Hollywood. It all started with "Second Wife," when people suddenly started hissing the villain and cheering the hero. This sort of thing will either put a stop to double features or audiences will start yelling for more bad pictures so they can have some fun. Sample dialogue for 1937: "How'd you like 'Passion's Playing'?" "Swell! One of the worst pictures of the year."

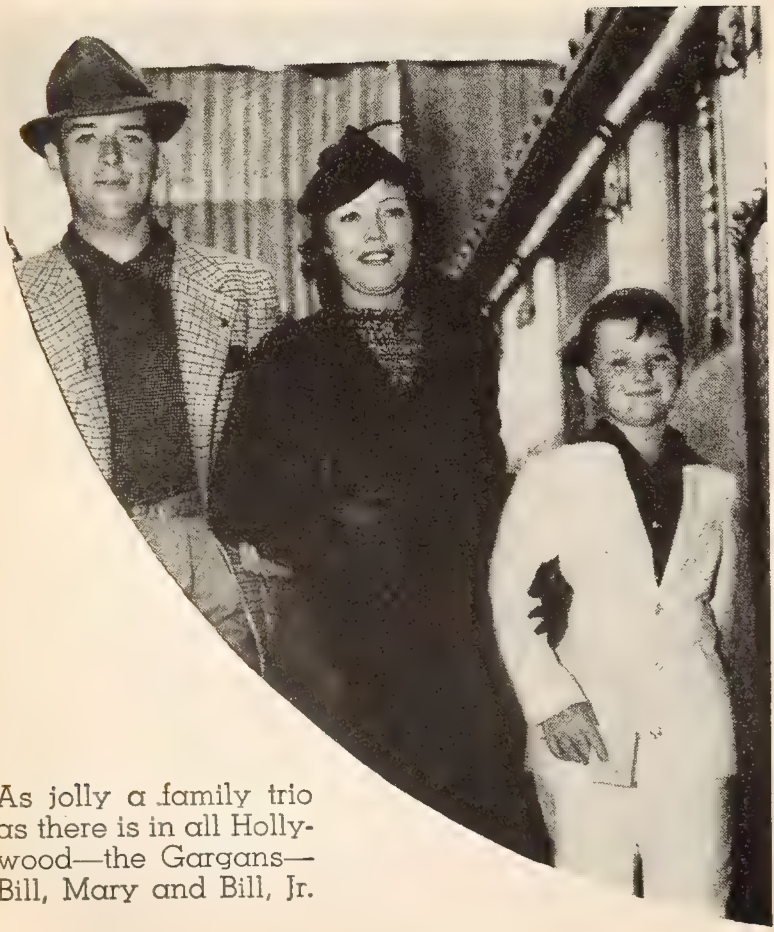
■ ■ ■

For a whole week Ginger Rogers steered clear of looking-glasses. She was afraid of scaring herself to death after her titian hair was brunetted for "Mother Carey's Chickens." One morning she appeared at the studio looking happy again. "I like it," she told the director. "In fact I think I'll just stay brunette now that I've looked at myself in a mirror." The director looked far from happy and finally came out with the reason. The studio had changed its mind about Ginger's next picture and Ginger would have to change her mind about her hair. They had decided to put her in another Fred Astaire celluloider, "Stepping Toes," and Fred prefers blondes.

Jean Parker looks bored and hubby George MacDonald acts self-conscious at a preview.

GOOD NEWS

The Hollywood lowdown



As jolly a family trio as there is in all Hollywood—the Gargans—Bill, Mary and Bill, Jr.

Another blonde who has her troubles is Shirley Temple. She appeared at a preview of one of her pictures the other evening without a curl showing under her beret. There was a great buzzing among the fans gathered at the door. Had Temple gone platinum or red-head? But Shirley hadn't even gone brunette—she was just saving her curls from souvenir seekers.

■ ■ ■

Bob Taylor is a fancier of high-powered automobiles. When Metro gave him his first raise he rushed out and bought a low-slung speedster which startled the Hollywood natives and gave Mr. T. no end of pleasure. His latest purchase, however, has everyone in town fooled. It's a 15-year-old Model T coupe with more rattles than the quints. But underneath the ancient hood is a supercharged motor good for 115 miles an hour. So it's now the pleasure of the country's Number One Box-office smash to go out on the highways and byways making owners of high-priced cars wonder if they're seeing things.

■ ■ ■

Connie Bennett's interest in producer Joe Schenck may have been purely academic, or strictly business, but it took Miss B. considerable time to convince Gilbert Roland that such was the case. Mr. Roland should know, for he and the same Joe Schenck carried on a bit of rivalry back in the days of Norma Talmadge.

■ ■ ■

Eddie Cantor's invitation to the Flashlighters Frolic was short and

A rare snap of Paulette Goddard and Charlie Chaplin who still won't say they're married.

Well, Miss Stanwyck! Holding on to Bob Taylor like that! But we don't blame you, he's that popular.

to the point. "We Want Cantor," the wire said. And they got him and a crowd of other Hollywood celebrities who helped the hard-working bulb squeezers inaugurate their annual charity ball.

■ ■ ■

Here's how movie stars are born: When B. P. Schulberg made a transcontinental flight a few months ago, two women passengers called his attention to one of the pilots. He was so handsome in his uniform, said the gals. Mr. S. offered him a screen test and he took it and passed. So now pilot LaVerne Brown, picked out of the air by Mr. Schulberg, has a new contract and a new name. It's John Trent, and he's hoping he stays grounded for some time.

Harold Lloyd has just put in his application for a block of seats at the Olympic games in Tokyo in 1940. That's Harold for you, always waiting till the last minute. He'll probably invite some friends and get an answer something like this: "Awfully sorry, I'm all tied up for 1940. If you had only called last year!"

■ ■ ■

Saw Katherine DeMille the other day in Beverly Hills wearing a sweat shirt and padded football trousers and carrying a tennis racket. And it wasn't because she had bet on What's-his-name, either. It seems that playing tennis in football garb takes off pounds and pounds in the places a girl feels she doesn't need them.

■ ■ ■

Alison Skipworth couldn't keep that record of being Hollywood's most complacent actress forever. She broke it the other day on the "White Hunter" set after her first look at the stand-in selected for her. A blood-curdling scream escaped the usually composed Miss Skipworth. "I'm not that fat," she cried wildly. "I've never been that fat!" It took the combined efforts of Director Cummings, Warner Baxter, June Lang, the stand-in and a pair of scales to placate her. Alison weighed in forty pounds lighter.

■ ■ ■

Isabel Jewell kept the safety valve on her temperament for three days of exceptional stress. During that time, for scenes in "Career Woman," Isabel was drowned a few times, whipped brutally and generally thrown around in accord with the script. At the end of the third day the director acknowledged all the sequences were okay. "You're sure everything's okay?" inquired Isabel politely. At the director's nod of assent, Isabel let out a whoop that shook the stage, tore her water-soaked dress in shreds and jumped up and down on it. "It's all right," she gasped to the astonished cast and crew. "I've just been dying for three days to go temperamental. And it feels swell!"

■ ■ ■

In their new home, Ann Sothern Pryor was explaining the duties to the butler whom she had just hired. Having read widely on home management for the last couple of months, Ann made an effort to impress him from the beginning with what she required. "And, Parkins," she wound up earnestly, "above all we must have dignity." The butler seemed impressed. "You have very good ideas, Mrs. Pryor," he said, "but you don't want a butler. You want Arthur Treacher."

■ ■ ■

It happened on the "Camille" set. A girl, who had done a bit in "The Painted Veil" with Garbo, was assigned a small part in the Swedish siren's new opus. Recalling Garbo's kindness to her in the former assignment, the gal rushed up to thank her and express her pleasure at working in "Camille." But Garbo cut her short with, "I do not know you. Go away." Maybe she really *does* want to be alone.

■ ■ ■

Mae West is the world's only female "Roaring Lion." The Roaring Lions are a club made up of the football players of Loyola University, and the boys recently made Mae an honorary member. Being an advocate of the water wagon, Mae presented the team with a hand-carved one for next year's games.

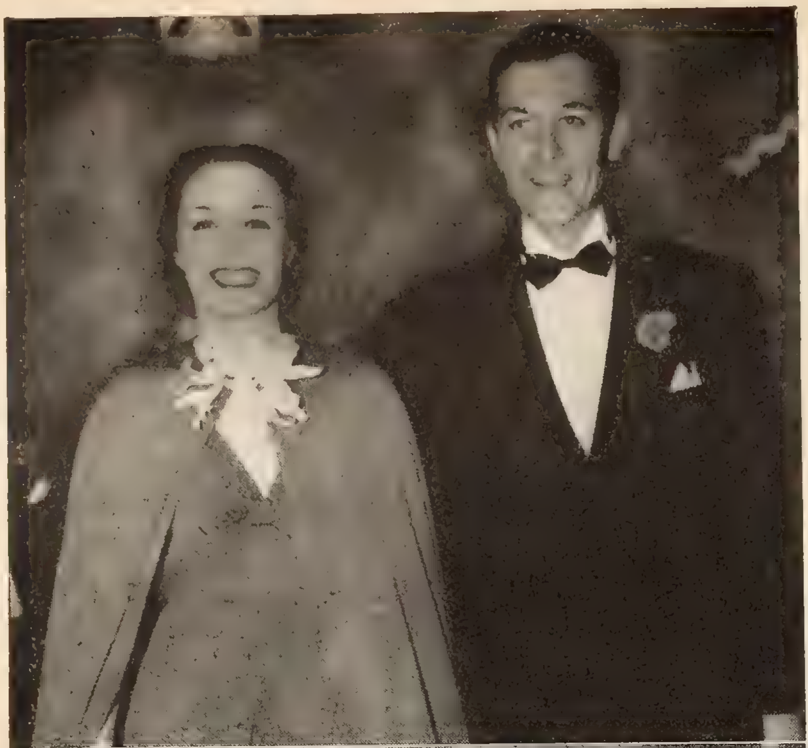
■ ■ ■

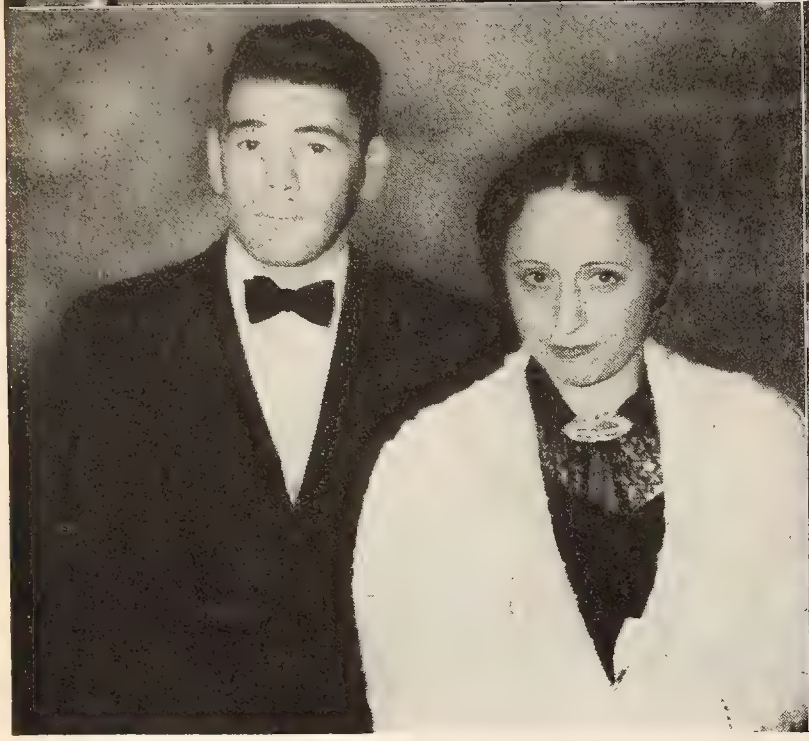
Simone Simon (pronounced Simone Simon) phoned a friend the other day. "I just made my hair more lighter," she announced. "But," said the friend, "won't the studio be angry?" "Oh, no," replied Simone. "They think it's the same darkness."

■ ■ ■

The little French lady's press agents have not worked in vain, for she is evidently here to stay. When her mother was en route from

hot off the wires as scribbled . . . by Leo Townsend


Gail Patrick, squired by John King, flashes a dazzling smile camera-ward at a premiere.


It's rare that the Paul Munis attend a first night, but "Romeo and Juliet" got them out.

Vive la France! The Charles Boyers with Simone Simon at "Ladies in Love" opening.

France, Simone spent her spare moments searching for a home. The choice finally fell on the Arline Judge-Wesley Ruggles abode. Giving up their home makes the Ruggles-Judge parting look permanent. It may even last for weeks, they say.

■ ■ ■

Sonja Henie had been proving for several weeks that the Norwegians can take it. Working on her first picture were Adolphe Menjou, the Ritz Brothers, Ned Sparks and other famous gagsters who devoted themselves to initiating Sonja into some Hollywood practical jokes. One day the skating star excitedly called the cast and director to a corner of the rink. "Look!" she cried in alarm, pointing to long, white worms in the ice, "Ice worms! They'll ruin the rink and cost the studio thousands!" What could they do, asked the assembled crowd. Sonja explained that ice worms work only in the dark, so for the entire day the director had a couple of electricians training lights on the infected ice areas. When two more were hired to keep the lights going all night, Sonja admitted putting strips of excelsior in the water before it was frozen to give the cast the worm scare.

■ ■ ■

Tyrone Power, Jr. was so infatuated with Sonja that he took to skates. Now he's looking for a girl who's idea of a good time is a movie and a loge seat.

■ ■ ■

If Mr. G. Brent has been reading his papers lately, he must have snapped his fingers several times, saying, "Aw, shucks!" There was, for instance, that item about the mysterious loads of orchids sent to Miss Garbo—mysterious in that the M-G-M publicity department (the old smarties) immediately suspected Robert (Armand) Taylor and Bob, it is rumored, suspected the publicity department. Mr. Brent, as you recall, was supposed to have done a pretty good courting job of the Swedish "Camille" about a year ago. But did he send orchids by the van load? No! It must make him kinda mad, now, thinking back over the extra publicity lineage a nice gesture like that would have brought him. Of course, he doesn't care much this year, but a chap has got to watch his billing, even in romantic matters, especially with Bob getting so much news space all the time.

■ ■ ■

As for Miss Garbo, about whose beautiful head always swirls a press-made dither, she has gone right ahead with her plans to take a nice recuperative two months cruise before her next picture, "Beloved." The fact that Charles Boyer is her next leading man and that he is happily married, has sent the press departments into a long silence while they think up something to hurdle that one (romantically speaking). How about dusting off Reuben Mamoulian again, huh?

■ ■ ■

The Eddy-MacDonald "Maytime" opus certainly had script pains before it actually got under way. The early sequences were completely scrapped and the period of the picture revised. Not only that, but house cleaning seemed to be in order all around with the original director and many of the supporting cast being replaced. As far as you fans are concerned though, the major part of "Maytime" was kept intact; that is, the unbeatable duo of Jeanette and Nelson. Probably what you will see after all this re-arranging, will be something as swell or sweller than "Naughty Marietta" and "Rose Marie."

■ ■ ■

A phrase has been coined by the English courts for all little actresses who fight over the back fence with their studios. They're "naughty girls." Bette Davis, the gal termed naughty, found the jolly old British barristers were a pretty cold mutton proposition when she aired her Warner contract woes over there. Oddly, they seemed to think that Bette wasn't being persecuted by having to work at three g's a week at home. What's more they thought her studio had every right to prevent her from augmenting her pittance abroad, while still spatting with the higher-ups at home. It all ended with Bette coming back—and as we go to press—meekly considering Don Byrne's story "The Changeling" as her homecoming plum.

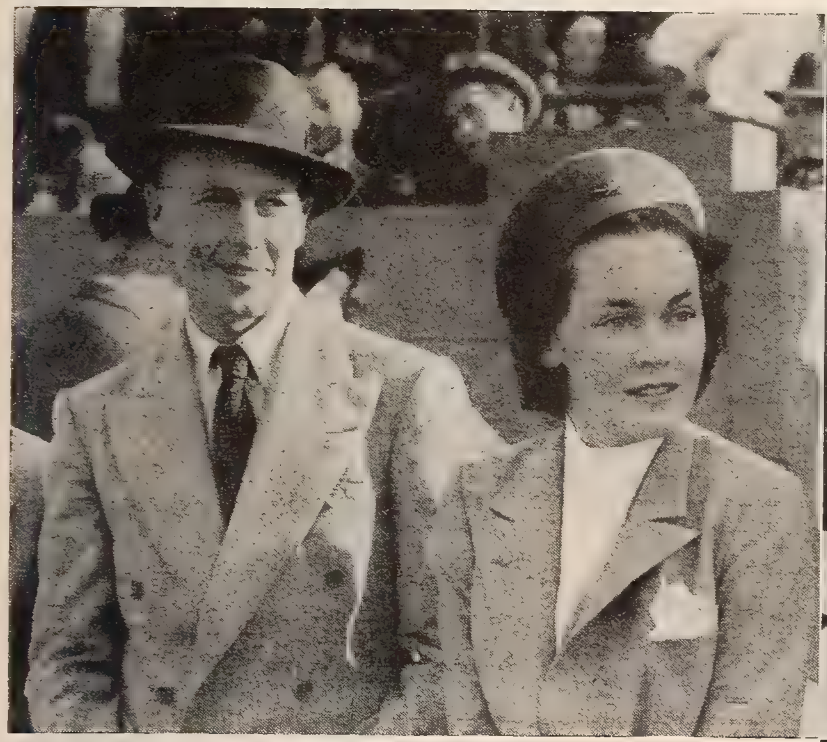
■ ■ ■

The hoss opera boys are going to have to look to their stuff. Clark Gable of the top drawer fillums has gone completely "wahoo" and even wants to rope steers. Mr. G. has always been an outdoor fellow, but has confined his activities to fishing and hunting. However, of late he haunts the rodeos and has wangled himself an invitation for, if not a life on the range, at least a week of it at Harry Carey's ranch. Harry's girl cattle are planning a stampede for Clark's autograph to replace their ranch brandings!

■ ■ ■

Fernand Gravet, the new French star under contract to Warners, must have been a little bewildered by his press reception in New York, en route to Hollywood. The little soiree took place in the setting of the "White Horse Inn," one of the current stage hits. The whole stage is on a gigantic scale and represents a Tyrolian village. The reception took on quite an international feeling what with M. Gravet, a Frenchman, speaking excellent English while yodelers and the press peasants disported themselves in typical native fashion. Incidentally, Fernand Gravet is a great Parisian idol and is reputed to be the richest movie actor in the world. On both counts he stands more than an average chance of being quite a social and cinematic wow over here.

The newly wedded John Farrows (Maureen O'Sullivan) watch a recent football game.



■ ■ ■

The honeymoon, in Hollywood, is over when the bride and groom have to put back on the grease paint. Dick Powell and Joan Blondell returned from their rather studio-guided honeymoon in New York and took a brief rest in the privacy of their own home, before starting back to work. And Irene Hervey, who hasn't made a picture since she married Allan Jones, finally couldn't resist a chance for a meaty part in "Grand Old Woman." As for Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor, they spent their honeymoon working at personal appearances in Chicago—Roger with his orchestra and Ann on the local stages.

■ ■ ■

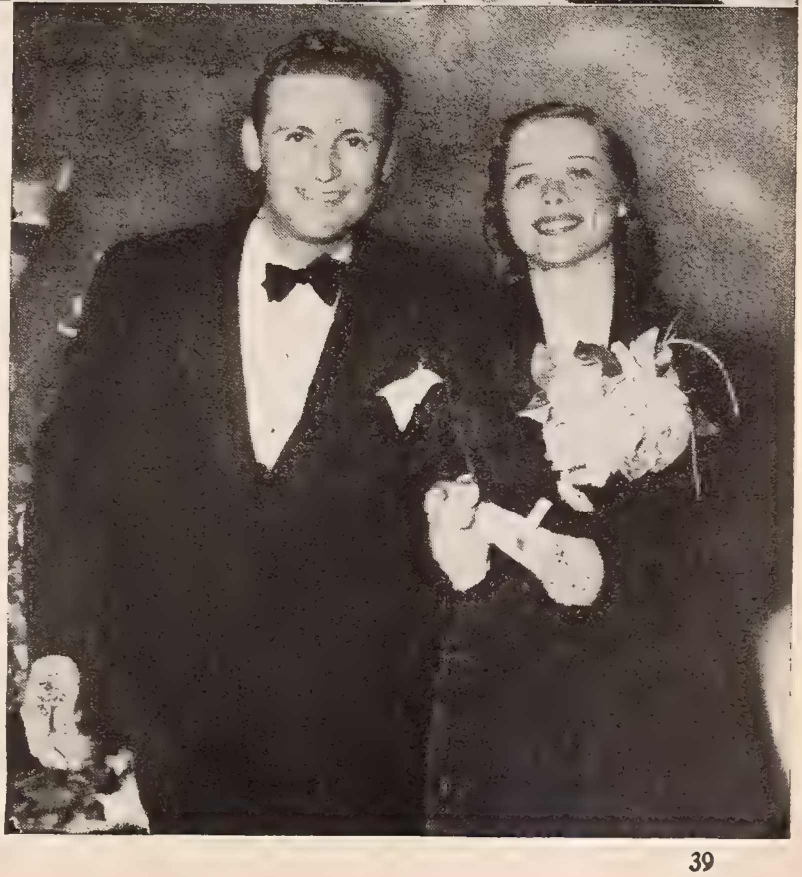
Incidentally, the step-children acquired by the fall crop of cinema second marriages is quite interesting. Dick Powell became a step-papa to Joan Blondell's young son. Allan Jones has legally adopted Irene Hervey's little girl. Henry Fonda now has a four-year-old daughter by his marriage to Frances Brokaw. A little child seems to lead them right to the altar these days.

■ ■ ■

It can't be said that the suspense on the "Gone with the Wind" cast isn't swell publicity. Ever since it was announced that the year's most popular book would be made into a picture, all Hollywood and the public at large have been naming their own casts. One thing is certain, that no matter who is selected to play Scarlett and Rhett Butler, there will be heavy fan controversies. Already, the rumors that Tallulah Bankhead and Ronald Colman might be the leads caused such a to-do that Selznick announced that no decision would be made for some time. So, pick your own leads and fume at the final outcome!

Some fun! Elizabeth Allen and Robert Benchley laugh heartily. One of Bob's own quips?

And right, Irene Hervey with husband, Allan Jones, join the "Romeo and Juliet" attenders.



(Right) It's a rare sight for the camera-snoopers to find Jean Arthur stepping out publicly, and even rarer to photograph her with husband, Frank J. Ross. They are one of the town's devoted couples who shun publicity. Here they are leaving church after a recent wedding.

Only a few seats away from the gal he's been beauing (Arline Judge) sits Tony Martin with Alice Faye. All this at a recent football game.

(Right) That old saw "They look like sisters" certainly applies to Jean Harlow and her mother.

After a preview the other night, Claudette Colbert was stopped by a small boy and his autograph book. Claudette signed "Claudette Colbert Pressman" and gave the book back. The eleven-year-old looked at the signature, then said, "You married? Aw, shucks!"

■ ■ ■

Bob Taylor must be pretty confident about the outcome of his "friendly squabble" with Metro over a little matter of finances. At least he was shopping at the swankiest Hollywood jewelry firm just the other day. And now Barbara Stanwyck is modestly sporting a 10-karat sparkler—on her right hand. It probably takes a few more karats to land it on the lady's left, Bob.

■ ■ ■

Checking through our files, we note that several months back we received a basket of apricots from the ranch of Francis Lederer, along with a printed note saying, "Next time it will be Nuts To You!" Well, we've waited and we've waited, but nothing has happened. One-word memorandum to Francis Lederer: "Nuts!"

■ ■ ■

While we're speaking of ranches, here's a note about the Paul Kellys. In case you didn't know, Mr. K. always goes down to his corral with a hip pocket full of carrots for his prize colt, "Muchacho." One day, unfortunately, Mrs. Kelly entered the corral, and the colt, thinking Kellys were the same the world over, took a tentative nip at what he thought was her hip pocket. It wasn't.

■ ■ ■

When Clark Gable walked into his dressing-room at the Music Box Theatre, the other day, to play George Washington in a radio version of Maxwell Anderson's "Valley Forge" on a cigarette hour, he found himself wading through miniature cherry trees and tiny hatchets. And on his mirror was a sign proclaiming him to be "The Father of His Country." It all bore the unmistakable touch of Carole Lombard, who is said to be going steady with Mr. Gable. As someone may have said, the original G. Washington may have been the father of his country, but never on a national hook-up.

■ ■ ■

Our spies report the romance of Loretta Young and Director Eddie Sutherland is still flourishing. They were seen recently in San Francisco, attending church together. You don't suppose they could have been rehearsing, do you?

■ ■ ■

Dick Arlen, who spent a goodly portion of 1936 abroad and in Canada in the interest of his art, discovered on his return to Hollywood that an extra 26 days residence outside the United States would entitle him to a generous reduction in income tax. P. S.—The Arlens spent a 26-day vacation in Ensenada. And Ensenada, as all good Mexicans know, is not in the United States.

■ ■ ■

There's royal blood on the Metro contract list, now that they've signed the Earl of Warwick to a long-term contract. Warwick, whose blood is as blue as a Frances Lang-

(Left) Little Marie Wilson steps out to the Clover Club opening all done up in the star brand of mink and with her blonde curls piled high on her head. That genial-looking fellow she's clinging to is Nick Grinde. 'Tis said they are to be married soon.

(Left) Another couple who rarely do the public appearance act. Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Tracy at the "Libeled Lady" preview.

More football rooters! Tyrone Power, Jr., gives Sonja Henie some pointers on America's favorite game.

ford ballad, was tested in England very recently, and signed in a hurry by M-G-M. The publicity department breathlessly tells you he is now in Hollywood, with twelve servants, determined to make good. His name, for picture purposes, is to be Michael Brooke. The new Mr. Brooke is 25, handsome, and hopes the job is permanent.

■ ■ ■

And the purveyors of the RKO-Radio press dispatches are anxious to have you know about their new discovery, John Gordon. He just made a test for a lead in a picture with Margo and the test called for him to kiss the young lady. His studio insists that Mr. Gordon kissed, blushed and exclaimed, "Gee, thanks!" The news in this item is that he didn't say "Toots."

■ ■ ■

Questions without Answers: Which of our several first ladies of the screen recently returned a number of gowns to a fashionable department store and asked that her account be credited? The department store refused, due to the rather distressing fact that all of the gowns had been worn.

■ ■ ■

One of the Ritz Brothers tossed himself a birthday party at the Colony Club the other night, for no other reason than because it was his birthday. And all went well until cameramen asked for a picture of the three zanies with Arline Judge. There was no picture, because the wife of the married Ritz (we don't know witz is witz) said no husband of hers would pose with any gal other than his lawfully wedded wife.

■ ■ ■

For the first time in almost six years Buddy Rogers is living in the Beverly Hills home he bought back in the days when he was America's Boy Friend. Buddy, who looks more like Charles now, is making a picture for Columbia and expects to become a Hollywood citizen once more. As for the Pickford-Rogers rumors, they may be married by the time you read this. After all, who but America's Boy Friend should claim the hand of America's Sweetheart?

■ ■ ■

At Columbia Studios there's a standing bonus of fifty dollars to any employee who suggests a picture title which is used. Recently there was a little number called "Safari In Paradise," and the studio wanted a new title. The fifty bucks was carted off by Lionel Stander, who's in the cast. His title is "Help Wanted—Female" and don't ask us why.

■ ■ ■

Scene on the Boulevard: Mickey Rooney looking at pipes (What? No cigars?) in a tobacco shop. He finally selected one, and was dismayed to learn that it cost $1.50, which was more money than he had. So the tobacco shop kept the pipe, and young Mr. R. marched on.

■ ■ ■

The Paramount Studio Club's comedy, "Ladies' Money," turned into a mystery for Cesar Romero during the first-act in-

(*Continued on page 97*)

Brian Aherne looks upon a Hollywood contract as a life sentence, but then—there's that small item of money

By Dorothy Herzog

Mr. A. is a shy fellow who, like many Britishers, treasures freedom above all else. He hates to talk about himself so this is one of the two interviews a year he grants.

Not TOO *Mercenary*

BRIAN AHERNE, British born, American by inclination, but still British in heart, finds himself face to face with a problem far more difficult than the usual problem of a movie and stage hero. Brian is faced with the problem of: Money or freedom.

"Money," admitted Mr. Aherne candidly, "is a good thing to have. Freedom, too, is good." Whereupon, he took short puffs upon the pipe clamped between his teeth and gazed steadily into the open-fire grate of his New York apartment.

This apartment is Brian's pleasure of freedom, for though tucked just around the corner from one of New York's busiest centers—that of the Grand Central Station—it is neatly isolated from the bedlam of the metropolis. It is a narrow little house that rises three stories and enjoys several rooms on each floor. Brian's drawing-room occupies the second floor. At least, it is his drawing-room so long as he remains. He subleases the place, furniture included. But there are sundry books that belong to him lining the shelves—travel books, novels, plays and a few biographies.

The back of the room—though, paradoxically enough, the front, really—overlooks a rectangular stretch of blooming openness which is shared by a number of other houses of the same height as his. Each house has its own little garden, a few trees, and, of all quaint things in New York, birds that enjoy themselves without danger of gasoline fumes. This bit of cultivated Nature is called by those who share it Turtle's Row. Really, a most charming retreat. And across the way, Mr. Aherne will indicate to you, lives Katharine Hepburn when she is in the city.

"Yes," he repeated, "money is a good thing to have and freedom, too, is good."

Brian Aherne likes the stage, so he prefers to go to Hollywood only for good roles such as is his in "Beloved Enemy" opposite the glamorous Merle Oberon.

WHEREIN IS the crux of this popular player's present quite pleasant predicament. Freedom, to him, is making a picture or two in Hollywood and then returning to New York to do a stage play. (*Continued on page 80*)

"Get along with men and you'll get by with the world"—West

By Katharine Hartley

And Mae West's the gal who can talk about men!

fireside to be on your own in the big city. So the new rule is 'Don't give strangers the eye, unless they eye you first.'

"Pick-ups are still looked upon with a raised eyebrow, as they've always been, but picking someone up along the boulevard or in a store is not what I'm talking about. But suppose there's a man working in a far part of your office you sort of have a yen for, but it seems that you don't have any mutual friend to do the honors. You see him every day in the elevator and as he seems to know you're around, I always say, give him a friendly 'Hello' instead of an aloof stare and, who knows what that hello might lead to? Who knows! Or suppose you're waiting in your doctor's or your lawyer's or anyone else's office and, if a man, also waiting, says something original about the weather, is there any reason why you shouldn't join him in the engaging conversation that's sure to follow?

"Of course, you don't have to get chummy and you should think before dashing off to lunch with him. Still that can be done on the up and up if *you* pick the restaurant. An out-of-the-way hole-in-the-wall or a place with private dining-rooms is certainly not the place. An ordinary restaurant, preferably a busy one in the center of the town, is. And then, unless it's love at first bite, you can each go your separate ways afterward, and there's no need for his seeing you home in a taxi.

"It's so silly for a girl always to be suspicious of men. Entirely too many girls are brought up that way, mistaking even kindly ones for villains twirling their mustaches. I made a mistake like that once. It wasn't long after I had left my cradle that I went to see a famous producer for a job. I had to wait in the outer office and there was an equally famous director, though I didn't know who he was at the time, waiting, too. He asked me a dozen questions that I answered with either 'Yes' or 'No.' I was being just as snooty as I could, because I was sure he was out for no good. He finally gave up.

"I found out afterwards that he had been looking for a blonde for his own repertoire (*Continued on page 88*)

Janet Gaynor

Simone Simon

Janet Gaynor, an old-timer on the lot, had to think fast to outwit Simone Simon, the newcomer. But all was serene with the "Ladies in Love"—outwardly.

By Walter Hosting

Polite's the Word!

for the armed neutrality which was rife when these four top stars played together

IT WASN'T until Connie Bennett saw the dressing-room they'd thrown together for her for "Ladies in Love," and then discovered Janet Gaynor's decidedly more scrumptious one nearby, that the fun really began! Up to that moment, the spectators really hadn't gotten their money's worth.

Excuse me, please, if now and then in this story, I lapse into the phraseology of prize-fight reporting. I can't help it. You see, the whole set-up on that "Ladies in Love" set the first day on the production was like the atmosphere in Hollywood's famous Legion Stadium on the Friday night of a big championship fight. The crew and the extras and the others, who managed to crowd onto the set, were as keyed up as the ringside mob at the big fight—only this, they knew, was going to be even better. In a prize fight, you see, there are only two battlers trying to outpunch each other. Here they were going to see four of the screen's craftiest stars try to outstar each other—blonde, battling Constance Bennett, red-haired bantam-weight Janet Gaynor, sultry brown-haired Loretta Young, and Simone Simon, the fiery dark-horse from Paree.

And over on the sidelines, the one person for whom everybody felt a bit sorry—referee—er, beg pardon, I mean Director E. H. Griffith. So, as I pleaded before,

Loretta Young

Constance Bennett

Connie Bennett was a free lance player, but she was used to big star stuff and would have it.

Gentle-appearing Loretta Young had too recently been very ill to worry about her best spot in the starry bout.

forgive me if this gets to be a blow-by-blow report, instead of a story of the doings of four ladies-in-love-with-stardom! BUT—don't look for me to award any decision. I'm no fool; as far as *I'm* concerned, this was a no-decision bout!

I never saw so many workers on one set in my life—somehow, the word had gotten around that this production, with four stars, was going to be dynamite. A record crowd managed to find more or less legitimate reason to be on the stage that first day.

All four combat—er, all four ladies showed up in the pink of condition. Loretta *did* look a bit drawn; insiders reported she'd been ill. Connie looked calm, but determined. Janet was maxbaerish, with smiles for everybody on the sidelines. Simone ignored the spectators, kept her eyes on the other ladies.

They went under the lights looking for a surprise opening feint. Simone uncovered the first action—taking the other three by complete surprise with a brand-new blondined hair-do! They'd been ready for her normal, neither blonde nor brunette color, but overnight, she'd gone brilliant blonde. It was a direct blow at Connie, the only other blonde in the ring. But Connie recovered quickly with a glance into the mirror on the sidelines, that showed her own blonde crown to be still brilliant.

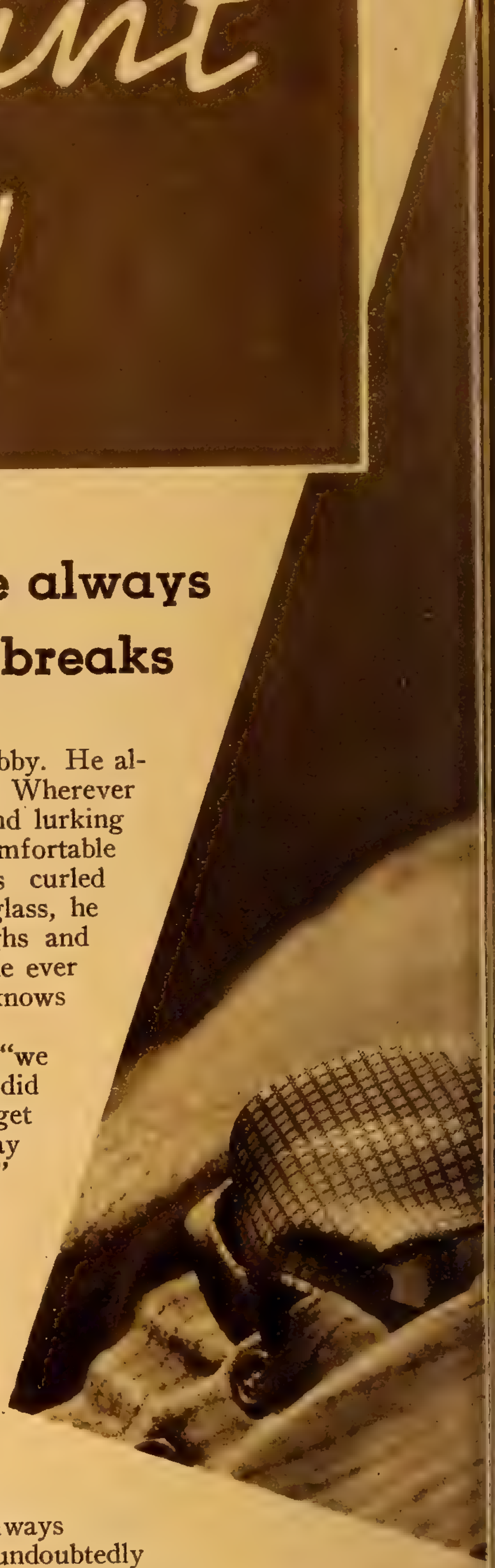
Ringsiders whispered that Simone's revolutionary blondeness was a smart trick by the studio, who's aiming Simone for the Hollywood championship. Simone insisted it was her own idea. But whatever it was, it turned out to be a flop! It revealed that Simone, as a blonde, had lost all the puckish personality which had set the fans to raving in "Girls' Dormitory."

Studio bosses went into a huddle. The first day's rushes were rushed to the incinerator and destroyed. Executive orders went out. When Simone showed up for the next round, her hair was back to its natural color—and they had to re-shoot the entire blonde action. Some spectators insist Connie grinned slyly. She had dodged Simone's feint, and scored the point for herself instead.

Spectators were growing restive. This wasn't real action. They'd come prepared for dynamite and rough-and-tumble, catch-as-catch-can battling. Instead, the first few moments of the affair showed all four ladies actually smiling at each other. Some of the crowd began to leave the stage. Wiser ones stayed; (*Continued on page 67*)

He Just Can't Help It!

Despite Frank Morgan's vague manner, he always manages to blunder somehow into lucky breaks



FROM 1876 until 1916, Frank Morgan had a cauliflower ear. You can see it for yourself, standing out like a wilted sunflower, in his latest picture, "Maytime."

Of course, Frank Morgan wasn't even born in 1876, but the character he is portraying in "Maytime" was. However, the idea of giving this character a cauliflower ear wasn't the brain baby of the scenario writer. It was entirely original with a mosquito that lit on his ear and sat down, hard, the night before Frank was to make a close-up for his first scene in the picture.

The scenes up to that point had been made and the mechanics of the scene prevented his turning around with his good ear to the camera. So what happened? So this happened. Every morning, after the damage done by the mosquito had disappeared, Mr. Morgan had to sit while the make-up man manufactured a mosquito-bitten ear to match the one he wore in his first scene in the picture.

Mr. Morgan didn't like the idea, for in addition to the ear make-up, he had to age forty years in the picture and the intricacies involved in making him look any age from twenty-five to sixty-five took two hours each morning. Two hours, when he could have been sleeping! If there is one thing Frank Morgan likes a lot, it is to sleep late in the morning, and after five years in Hollywood, his principal objection to motion pictures is that studio routine makes him get up early.

When he is not on call for work, it is practically impossible to find him. And I, who waited weeks for the studio to do just that, should know.

"Well, you see," he explained in his drawling voice, "when I'm not working I play all night and sleep all day. It makes it rather—ah—difficult—." The sentence fades away to end itself in your imagination.

Between pictures he likes to go to Palm Springs with his good friend, Charlie Butterworth.

"We'll go down and relax and play a lot of tennis and take sun baths," he plans. "We'll get a real rest."

Down they go to Palm Springs. They plan to go to bed at a reasonable hour, get up at sunrise for a couple of sets of tennis before breakfast and after breakfast to take a sun bath and a swim. But after dinner Mr. Morgan meets a friend in the lobby. He always meets a friend. Wherever he goes, there is a friend lurking about. And so, in a comfortable chair with his fingers curled amiably around a tall glass, he sits and talks and laughs and has the best time anyone ever had. And before he knows it, it is morning.

"Well," he laughs, "we didn't make it today, did we, Charlie? But let's get a little sleep and I'll play you right after lunch."

When you have an appointment with him, take a good book along, for if he makes his appearance at all, he is sure to be late. His intimates have yet to decide whether he is really absent-minded or if it is an act, but they always wait for him, which undoubtedly encourages the habit.

They fume, they fuss, and they pace the floor.

But always, just as they reach the boiling point and are ready and determined to tear him to bits, he makes his appearance. His timing is uncanny and his approach, well that *is* something!

He enters the room cautiously, a look of bland innocence but watchful preparedness on his face and, turning on all the charm of which he is capable (which is plenty) he says, "Am I late? I'm *so* sorry."

He consults his watch. He even holds it to his ear to make sure it is running, all the time looking so embarrassed that his friends by this time are on the verge of apologizing to him. But they (*Continued on page 71*)

By Franc Dillon

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Morgan (below) are one of the most popular couples in Hollywood. In fact, no party is complete without these two.

Because his dancing sequence with Shirley Temple in "Dimples" was such a riot, Frank Morgan trips the light fantastic again in his next picture.

Handsome

By Mary Marshall

Garbo uses the slickest eye make-up of any star.

Eleanor Powell achieves a look of downright prettiness, though she hasn't a beautiful feature to her name. What's her big secret?

Do you know how to make your make-up make you attractive? Movie stars do

is as Make-up does

Katharine Hepburn depends upon make-up to attain an individual, though artificial, appearance.

Irene Dunne retains the original shape of her eyebrows but accents them with a pencil line.

THERE ARE four very distinct types of good looks on these two pages. Maybe you don't belong to any one of these types for, heaven knows, there are dozens more. And then, there are thousands of exceptions to every type rule, too. I haven't the faintest hope of covering in this short article a tenth part of what could be said about make-up. I hope however, to give you some good, plain general advice, a few individual tips, and to tell you about a few stunts which may be new to you. So gather 'round, gals, and let's discuss the topic which, next to clothes and lo-o-o-ve, is dearest to every feminine heart.

First, do you resemble—a lot or a little—Miss Eleanor Powell? Even if you don't, just scan the following paragraphs. You may get a hint.

Eleanor is young, she's fresh-looking, she's wholesome and sweet-looking. And she hasn't one outstandingly beautiful feature to her famous name. Her hair is just plain brown—and naturally straight. Her eyes are okay, but nothing remarkable as to shape, size or adornment of lash and brow. Her nose verges on the snub. Yet the general impression is of youthful prettiness, isn't it? She has a nice skin (hev yuh wrote fer my Skin Routine Number One?) and she has a nice firm chin.

A young girl of this general type should give the illusion of naturalness. She may use every cosmetic on the counter—but a little of everything. This girl can be found by the thousands on our college campuses—and that doesn't mean that she need be lacking in individuality, either. But we know her by that clean, scrubbed look of her skin, by the fact that she appears to be wearing no make-up except lipstick, by a naturalness which has nothing whatsoever to do with dowdiness and which doesn't forget that sex appeal is necessary in this world. And that brings me to a few specific make-up tips for this girl.

1. FOR SCHOOL, for the office, for every day living, use only that make-up which you absolutely require. Lipstick—yes. Bright lipstick, because it's fashionable, even though it ain't natural. Lipstick is the one beauty aid wherein almost every girl out of the sub-deb class may be as gay and mad as she likes. For brownettes generally, a clear, true red is the thing. Names of shades vary with the different brands. Good, bright shades are called, for example, flame, poppy, flamingo, scarlet—or just plain "light." All are good. If your hair is light brown, your eyes brown rather than blue, your skin either pale or olive, choose a lipstick, with a slightly orange cast. If you have naturally rosy cheeks, go easy on the lipstick. Use a medium shade—more rose or pink than red. If your hair has a reddish cast, try to find a lipstick with a rust tone—a brown-red.

Put lipstick on with quick dabs—don't bear down hard and draw a hard line on your mouth. Dab around the outline, then fill in with dabs. Your lips should be dry when you apply lipstick. A touch of cold cream or vaseline, rubbed well into the lips first, is a swell idea now that winter is upon us. See to it that there isn't an ugly dividing line showing when you open your lips. Blend the lipstick a bit toward the inside (*Continued on page 81*)

Romancing was fun, so Joel didn't want to quit; then—

Love Sneaked In

By Ben Maddox

BEING IN love with love was so swell that Joel McCrea didn't think he'd ever want to stop.

Yet he did abandon his precious freedom, which is one reason why you see his picture with the Missus, the lovely Frances Dee, on this page. When you learn *why* he quit, you'll not only discover what Joel is like personally, but you will realize what has given his career its new impetus.

Love can do things to men in Hollywood, as well as to the girls who are caught up in the fairy-tale whirl of the movies. Frequently it tangles up men's lives, too.

I know Joel now. I "knew him when"—when he was Hollywood Catch No. 1, the most sought-after male in the entire picture colony. The most discerning hostesses used to start their exclusive guest lists with his name. You saw him beauing Constance Bennett and Gloria Swanson, and other top-notchers. They gazed adoringly up into his laughing blue eyes and were wholly intrigued by his clean-cut youth.

But while he was blithely speeding ahead, taking romance where he found it and getting by professionally on sheer charm, he remembered his parents and his background. When the inquisitive press cornered him for statements on love, he declared that he was positive he wouldn't ask an actress to be his wife.

Joel's father was a prominent executive for a Los Angeles corporation and the McCreas had a delightful house in fashionable Brentwood. His mother presided over their home with the utmost graciousness. There was no sham, nothing of the tawdry in that atmosphere.

He was strongly drawn to glamor, but it was a tinsel bubble to be chased light-heartedly, gayly. The wholesale feminine flattery didn't fool him. Nor did his suddenly big salary. He was already familiar with the niceties of the world, so he wasn't extravagant. He inherited a keen business head as well as a desire for a sane, respectable success. So, although he was the best man at the swankiest Hollywood parties, he was simultaneously salting away a generous share of his earnings, and sidestepping amorous snares.

Now, after three years of matrimony, Joel is the same and yet he's different. He still is tall and broad-shouldered and he continues to sport the finest tan in town. But the love of beautiful Frances Dee has changed him into a genuine actor, and into a mature person. The de luxe beach boy has grown up.

"I was silly when I presumed love would be a liability to me," he admits unreservedly. "It isn't! If I seem to have made any progress, chalk up all the credit to love.

"I fancied myself an adventurer. Instead of hopping off to darkest Africa I was pitting myself against the modern wiles of Hollywood. I had no hope of ever being more than a 'personality,' though.

WHEN I first took Frances out I had no idea at all what she was to mean to me. I was perfectly satisfied to stay single. But love sneaked up on both of us. I married because I was lucky, and because I felt more than merely romantic about Frances. It had seemed dumb to be tied down in Hollywood. I'd never encountered a woman who was more important to me than myself. However, don't marry until you bump into someone who'll pass that infallible test.

"Certainly, I'm glad I finally stopped playing at romance. Pseudo-love is a lark, but the real thing's better!"

You've often heard it proclaimed that marriage is liable to be a tyrant that will jealously stifle individuality. For Joel, the step was considerably more momentous than it is for the average fellow. Most of the invitations that had swamped him abruptly ceased. And, immediately following the news of his turning benedict, his fan mail dropped from three thousand letters a month to three hundred.

"You bet that alarmed me!" Joel, his hair rumpled as though he had just emerged from a game of handball and a shower, went on being honest. "Fan mail is one indication of how well you're doing. But I had no pangs of regret. It was a new problem to be solved. Eventually, the average jumped up again. (*Continued on page 74*)

New York, London, Paris and, finally, Hollywood have been stepping stones in Beverly Roberts' very young, but exciting career.

Along Came Fate

By Virginia T. Lane

Bette Davis was to have played in "God's Country and the Woman," with George Brent, but her role was finally handed to Beverly.

Beverly Roberts' pre-movie adventures are worthy of an Errol Flynn

THAT MAY not be just a shove-around that Fate is giving you. It may be her way of introducing you to success! Consider, for example, the case of Beverly Roberts.

Many a strange adventure led up to that telephone call which meant stardom for her, after exactly nine months in Hollywood. There was nothing to mark it as a special call. The 'phone went burr-ruptt-BURR the way it always did and Beverly pushed her Washington Cream Pie into the oven and made a dive for it.

"Miss Roberts?" said a pleasant, impersonal voice. "Warner Brothers Studio calling. Be ready to leave at eight tomorrow morning for location up in Washington. We're giving you Bette Davis' part in 'God's Country and the Woman'—"

Bette Davis' part! The part Bette had considered so good she nearly called a halt to her feud with Warner Brothers in order to play it. "It's the only part since 'Of Human Bondage' that I'd give my eye teeth to do," she had said. But she didn't end the feud. And she didn't get the part. Beverly Roberts did—newcomer, half-pint from the Bronx.

She sat there by the 'phone in a glow. Sat there until an acrid awful smoke brought her up sharply. The Washington Cream Pie had become a Washington burnt crisp.

Things just happen to Beverly. It's been that way since she was sixteen. Before that she lived a normal New York school-girl's life with her parents and a brother and a few dreams. Most of the dreams concerned Life and the great things she hoped to do in medical research. (Her family had been active in it for generations. Sir Edward Jenner, discoverer of the vaccine for small-pox, was an ancestor on her mother's side.)

Then along came a friend with news which upset all preconceived plans. Eva Le Gallienne was opening a Civic Repertory Theatre. She would take a limited number of young hopefuls and train them for the stage. "You'd be simply wonderful on the stage, Bev!" said her friend.

A day or so later a plump and rosy girl with honey-colored hair and honey eyes confronted Miss Le Gallienne. "So you can act!" said the lady.

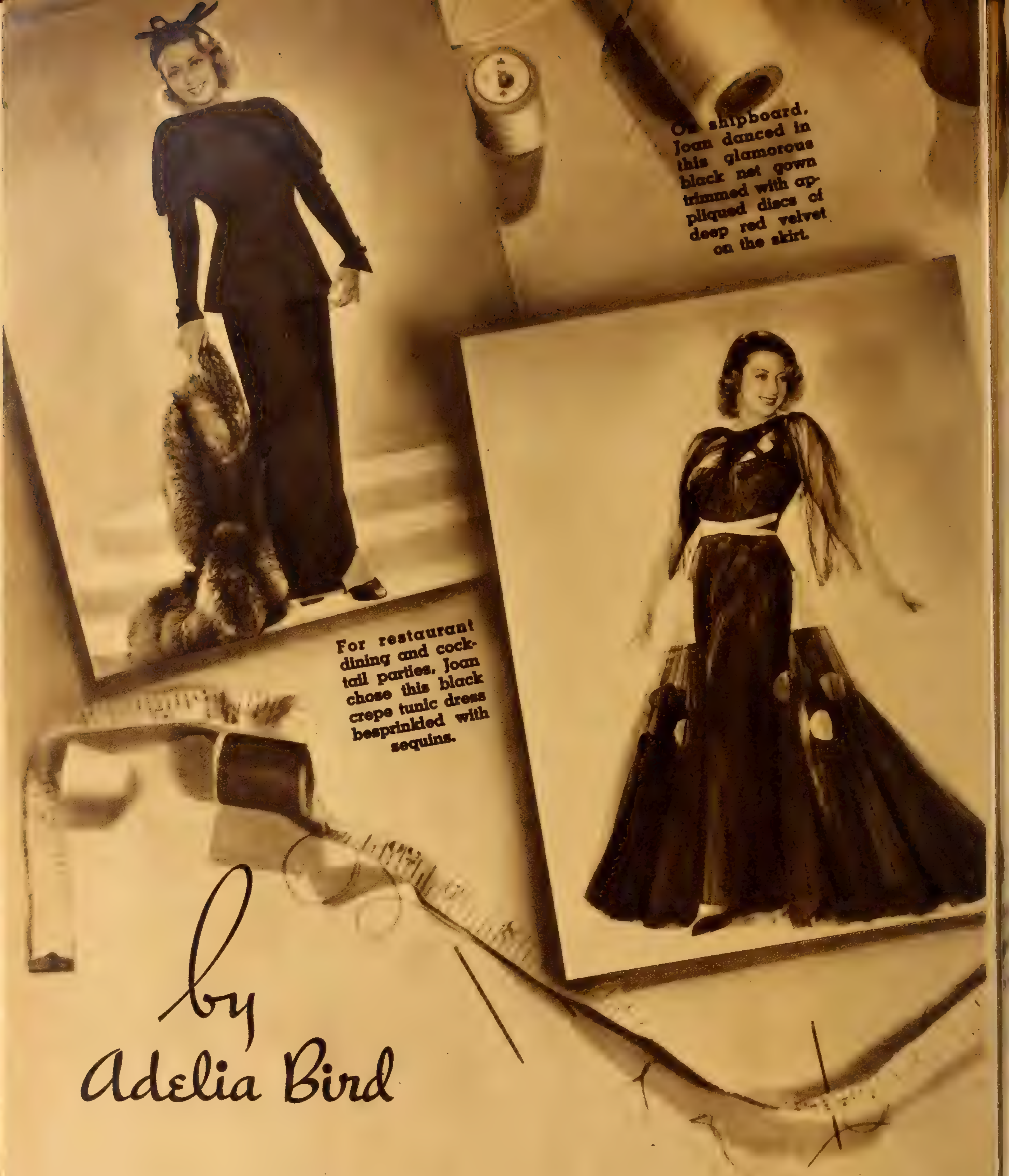
"I don't know. But I'm going to do everything possible to learn how."

Eva liked that. She said, "Come back tomorrow."

That "tomorrow" lengthened into a year of fencing, dancing, vocal exercises, play readings, scene sketching. Then the company closed and, armed with letters of introduction to important producers, Beverly sped over to Broadway. But the depresession had beat her there. By sheer perseverance she wrangled a job in "The Passionate Pilgrim." It lasted four days.

"Girls in Uniform" did a little

(*Continued on page 70*)



On shipboard, Joan danced in this glamorous black net gown trimmed with appliqued discs of deep red velvet on the skirt.

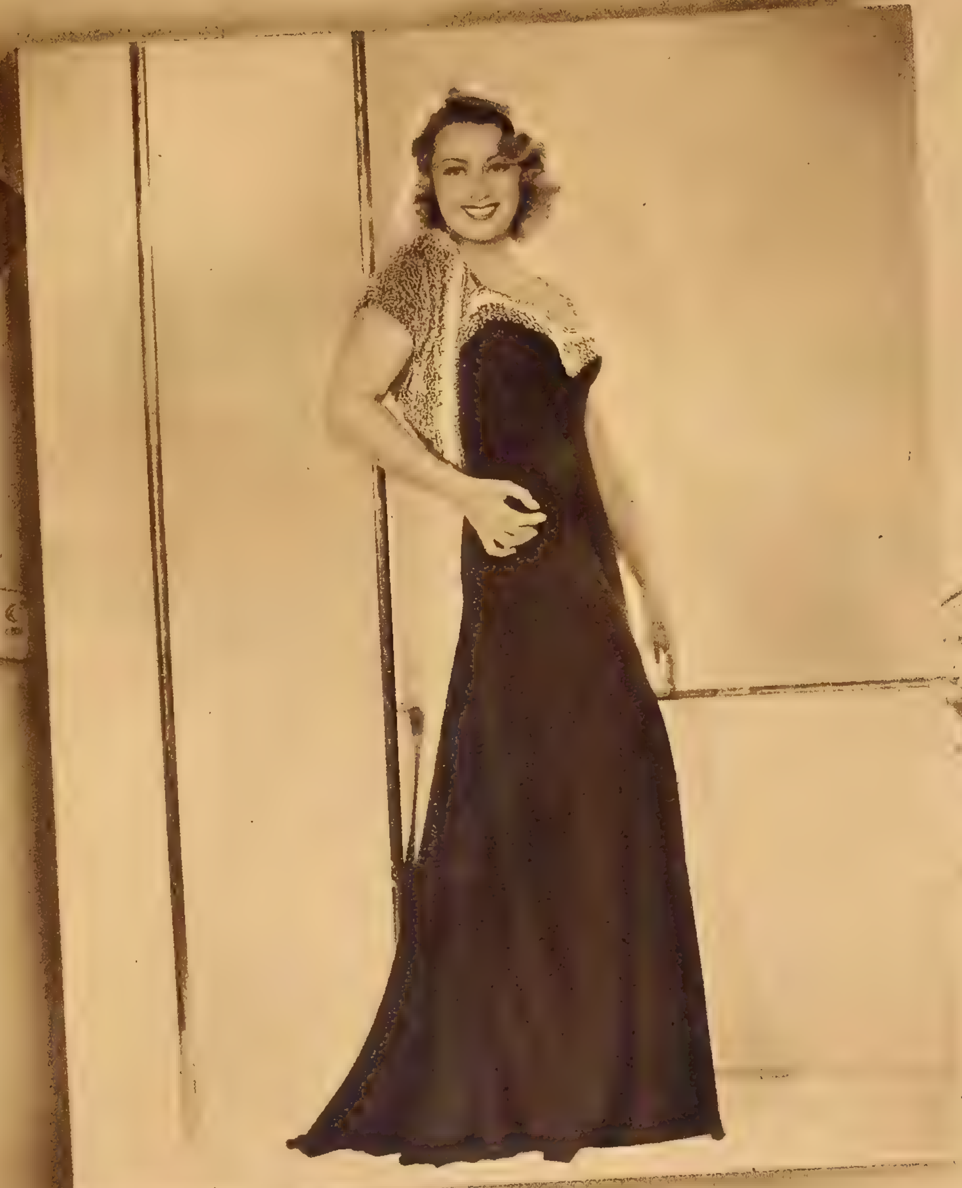
For restaurant dining and cocktail parties, Joan chose this black crepe tunic dress besprinkled with sequins.

by Adelia Bird

EVEN THE scenario writers, whose business it is to think up new plots, could not have conceived a more romantic finale to one of Hollywood's most popular friendships than the engagement and subsequent marriage of Joan Blondell to Dick Powell. For over a year Joan had been beaued by Dick, one of Hollywood's most eligible and cagier bachelors, and all the cinema town, not to mention the countless fans of both, hoped that they would marry.

To anyone with an eye to fashion news, it was interesting to watch the transformation of Joan. When she first separated from her former husband, Joan was too plump and much too careless in her dress. She didn't seem to care a hang whether she looked smart, and cer-

The Trousseau Joan Chose -and it's full of ideas for You!



Black again in a princess gown of black crepe with a brief bolero made of gold sewed on in loops. Beads around the neckline, too.

tainly she spent no greater thought upon her wardrobe. But—shortly after Mr. P. started ringing her doorbell, Joan took a new interest in herself. It wasn't many weeks before everyone sniffed a new romance, for Joan had lost pounds and had acquired a sudden enthusiasm for clothes. It is no surprise then that, when her engagement was formally announced, Joan went on a perfect trousseau-buying binge. From one who cared practically nothing about clothes, she has become one of Hollywood's most fashion-conscious stars.

Although it was hard to corner Joan for more than a few moments at a time prior to her wedding, I was fortunate enough to get her to pose in a number of the attractive costumes which compose her beautiful trous-

seau. As you will notice, there is a preponderance of formal and semi-formal costumes, the reason for this being that Dick and Joan planned a honeymoon that required an abundance of evening and dinner clothes. As you know, by now, they were married aboard the *S. S. Santa Paula* and sailed through the Panama Canal to New York. Joan needed smart evening clothes for the boat, as well as plenty of formal things for the entertaining which was done for them upon their arrival in New York. And it's more than possible, too, that Joan knows she wears evening clothes to perfection!

WITH BOTH Dick and Joan rushed up to the moment of their wedding with pictures to be finished, Joan had to shop hectically and plan her wedding with a minimum of fuss. However, with all the hurry and last-minute excitement, there wasn't a detail of either her trousseau or her wedding costume that was neglected. I had the feeling that Joan was determined that her second marriage was going to have some of the charm and romance that her first one lacked. I don't know whether you recall her first marriage ceremony or not, but it was one of those off-to-Yuma or Phoenix affairs in which Joan tried to avoid publicity by dressing up in a farcical disguise of red wig and ugly dark glasses. Not a very alluring get-up for a bride—and, no doubt, when she thought back upon it, she felt a little cheated of some of the glamor which is a bride's prerogative.

There's no doubt that she caught up on the glamor for her second wedding—she looked perfectly lovely in a dusty rose chiffon gown and a wide-brimmed blue hat faced about the edge of the brim with the same shade of chiffon as her dress. The gown itself was typical of the soft, clinging type of costume Joan likes. The skirt was cut with an uneven hemline in a petal effect, the longer points touching the floor. The bodice had a deep decolletage, softly shirred, and her shoulders were just covered with the chiffon. Her bridal bouquet of orchids and lilies-of-the-valley was tied with blue taffeta to match the color of her hat—all in all, a charming costume for either a second wedding or for anyone who does not want to wear white and a veil.

(Continued on page 75)

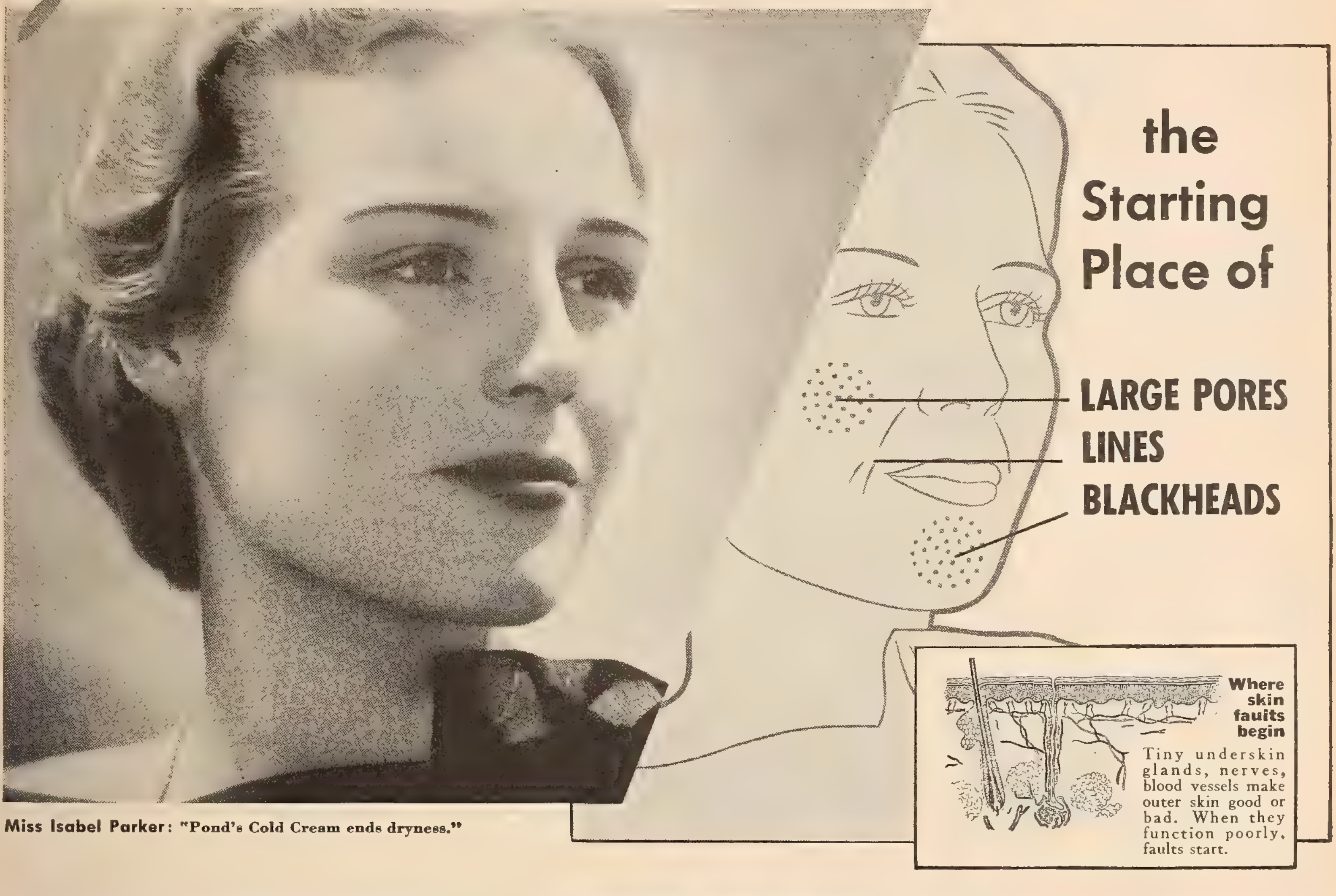
Bright but deep blue velvet forms this charming evening wrap. She carries a chinchilla muff with it.

Soft gray chiffon over Nile green for this bridal negligee. Pink roses cascade from waist to hem.

Right, a dinner ensemble of flowered lacquered satin jacket over a simple black crepe gown.

And below, one of her pet gowns—a soft old blue crepe with flared peplum of fur.

Get at that Faulty Under Skin


the Starting Place of
LARGE PORES
LINES
BLACKHEADS
Where skin faults begin
Tiny underskin glands, nerves, blood vessels make outer skin good or bad. When they function poorly, faults start.

Miss Isabel Parker: "Pond's Cold Cream ends dryness."

And here's the rousing treatment that keeps it vigorous . . .

HORRID skin faults are usually *underskin* faults. Blackheads come when tiny oil glands *underneath* are overworked, give off a thick, clogging oil.

Next thing you know, your pores are looking larger.

Lines around your eyes, mouth are just your outer skin *crinkling*, because your *underskin* is getting soft and flabby.

But you can stop those cloggings! Bring fresh life to that faulty underskin—

Twice a day invigorate your underskin with a rousing Pond's deep-skin treatment.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which go way down deep into your pores. Right away it softens dirt . . . Floats it out . . . and with it the clogging matter from the skin itself. You wipe it all off. Right away your skin *feels* fresher—*looks* brighter.

Now waken glands . . . cells

Now a second application of that same freshening cold cream! You pat it in smartly. Feel the circulation stir. This way little glands and cells awaken. Fibres are strengthened. Your underskin is toned, quickened.

Miss Mary Augusta Biddle

of the distinguished Philadelphia family: "Every time I use Pond's Cold Cream, I know my skin is going to look lovelier. Since using it, I haven't had a single blackhead, my pores seem smaller."

In a short time, your skin is better every way! Color livelier. Pores smaller. Lines softened. And those mean little blackheads and blemishes begin to show up less and less.

Get a jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. Begin the simple treatments described below. In two weeks see your skin growing lovelier—end all that worrying about ugly little skin faults.

Remember this treatment

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. As it brings out the dirt, stale make-up, and skin secretions—wipe it all off. Now pat in more cream—*briskly*. Rouse that failing underskin! Set it to work again—for that clear, smooth, line-free skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin comes softer every time. Feels better, looks better, and now your powder goes on beautifully.

Keep up these Pond's patting treatments faithfully. As blackheads soften, take a clean tissue and press them out. Now blemishes will stop coming. Soon you will find that the very places where pores showed largest will be finer textured.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE

and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. 9MS CA, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name______________________

Street______________________

City______________ State__________

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RIDING HOBBIES

Here's a foursome of stars who pursue definite hobbies in their off-screen leisure moments. At the top of the page, left to right, Bette Davis poses jauntily at the net of her tennis court. Incidentally, it is right in front of the house so that she can get in a good fast set whenever she likes and there's someone to bat a ball against her.

Dick Powell takes a busman's holiday by snapping moving pictures off-the-set. Maybe he likes to turn the tables for a change and let someone else face the camera! Below, left to right, Margaret Lindsay shoots a mean arrow in her odd moments, and Dick Arlen tinkers with a new aerial for his short-wave radio contest with Bing Crosby. The stake is a thousand dollars!

JUST A FUNNY OLD SONG EVERYBODY KNOWS

"WE sing, we sing, we sing of Lydia Pinkham," so go the words of an old song known on every college campus.

Old grads sing it at their class reunions.

The young people sing it when they gather around the piano at home on their college vacations.

And mother, listening, puts her book aside and joins in the chorus.

"How she saved, she saved, she saved the human race—" remember the words of the parody?

From laughing young lips that have never known the twist of pain it comes with gay abandon. Just a funny old school song everybody knows.

But to silver haired mothers who have run life's gauntlet, to women who have lain on the rack in childbirth, known the fiery ordeal of the "change"—these words bring grateful memories. To them it is much more than just a funny song.

Lydia E. Pinkham was a real woman

The song is a parody. But Lydia E. Pinkham was a very real person. In fact hers is one of the best known names in the history of American women.

She began her work in the light of little knowledge. Her laboratory was a kitchen. Her compounding vat an iron kettle on a New England kitchen stove.

But today her work is being carried on under the banner of modern science.

And now her product is made in a great plant occupying six modern factory buildings.

Not a Patent Medicine

You may be surprised to know that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is not a patent medicine.

On the contrary it is a standard proprietary compounded to aid women in facing the three major ordeals of their sex. It is to be found in every reputable drug store.

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts* which must be endured, especially during

The Three Ordeals of Woman

1. *Passing from girlhood into womanhood.*
2. *Preparing for Motherhood.*
3. *Approaching "Middle Age."*

**functional disorders*

We who carry on the work of Lydia Pinkham do not offer this Vegetable Compound as a panacea or a cure-all.

We do know it has been tested and approved by women of three generations. We do know that a million women have written to tell us it has been helpful during the three most difficult ordeals of their sex: adolescence, motherhood and "middle age."

More than a Million Letters of Grateful Testimony

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been advertised these many years. But no advertisement we have ever printed could compare with the word-of-mouth advertising from one grateful woman to another.

In our files are more than one million letters from women in every walk of life—letters on scented notepaper or on torn wrapping paper—letters from women who have known pain and have written to us without solicitation to tell us how helpful Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been to them.

If you are in need of help we can honestly advise you to give it a fair trial.

We know what it has done for others.

We have every reason to believe it will do the same for you. The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Modern Screen

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Abdul the Damned (Columbia)	2½★
Absolute Quiet (M-G-M)	2★
*The Accusing Finger (Paramount)	1★
Adventure in Manhattan (Columbia)	2½★
*Along Came Love (Paramount)	2★
The Amateur Gentleman (United Artists)	2½★
And So They Were Married (Columbia)	2★
And Sudden Death (Paramount)	1½★
Annie Oakley (RKO)	4★
Anthony Adverse (Warners)	4½★
Anything Goes (Paramount)	3★
The Arizona Raiders (Paramount)	1★
August Week-End (Chesterfield)	2★
Below the Deadline (Chesterfield)	1★
The Bengal Tiger (Warners)	2★
The Big Broadcast of 1937 (Paramount)	3½★
Big Brown Eyes (Walter Wanger)	2½★
The Big Game (RKO)	3★
The Big Noise (Warners)	2★
Blackmailer (Columbia)	1★
The Bohemian Girl (M-G-M)	2½★
Border Flight (Paramount)	2★
The Border Patrol (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Boulder Dam (Warners)	1★
Brides Are Like That (First National)	2½★
The Bride Walks Out (RKO)	2½★
Bullets or Ballots (First National)	3★
Bunker Bean (RKO)	2★
Cain and Mabel (Warners)	2★
Captain January (20th Century-Fox)	3★
*The Captain's Kid (Warners)	1★
The Case Against Mrs. Ames (Walter Wanger)	3★
*The Case of the Black Cat (Warners)	2★
The Case of the Velvet Claws (Warners)	2★
Ceiling Zero (Warners)	4★
Champagne Charlie (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
Charge of the Light Brigade (Warners)	3★
Charlie Chan at the Race Track (20th Century-Fox)	2★
China Clipper (First National)	2½★
*Come and Get It (Sam Goldwyn)	3★
Coronado (Paramount)	1★
Counterfeit (Columbia)	2★
The Country Beyond (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Craig's Wife (Columbia)	3★
Crash Donovan (Universal)	1½★
The Crime of Dr. Forbes (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Dancing Feet (Republic)	2★
Dancing Pirate (Pioneer-RKO)	3★
Dangerous Waters (Universal)	2★
Daniel Boone (RKO)	2★
The Devil Doll (M-G-M)	3★
The Devil is a Sissy (M-G-M)	3½★
Devil's Squadron (Columbia)	2½★
Dimples (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Dizzy Dames (Liberty)	2★
Dodsworth (United Artists)	5★
Don't Gamble with Love (Columbia)	1½★
Don't Turn 'Em Loose (RKO)	2½★
Drift Fence (Paramount)	2★
Early to Bed (Paramount)	2½★
Earthworm Tractors (First National)	3★
Easy Money (Invincible)	2★
Educating Father (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Every Saturday Night (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Exclusive Story (M-G-M)	2½★
The Ex-Mrs. Bradford (RKO)	3½★
Fang and Claw (RKO)	2★
The Farmer in the Dell (RKO)	1½★
Fatal Lady (Paramount)	2★
15 Maiden Lane (20th Century-Fox)	1★
The Final Hour (Columbia)	2★
First a Girl (GB)	2½★
The First Baby (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Florida Special (Paramount)	2½★
F-Man (Paramount)	1½★
Follow the Fleet (RKO)	4★
Follow Your Heart (Republic)	2½★
Forgotten Faces (Paramount)	2½★
Freshman Love (Warners)	2★
Fury (M-G-M)	3★
The Garden Murder Case (M-G-M)	2½★
The Gay Desperado (United Artists)	4★
The General Died at Dawn (Paramount)	4★
Gentle Julia (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
*The Girl on the Front Page (Universal)	1★
Girls' Dormitory (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Give Me Your Heart (Warners)	3★
Give Us This Night (Paramount)	1½★
The Golden Arrow (First National)	2½★
The Gorgeous Hussy (M-G-M)	4★
Grand Jury (RKO)	1★
The Great Impersonation (Universal)	2★
The Great Ziegfeld (M-G-M)	4★
The Green Pastures (Warners)	5★
Half Angel (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Harvester (Republic)	2★
Hearts Divided (Warners-Cosmopolitan)	3★
Hearts in Bondage (Republic)	2½★
Hell Ship Morgan (Columbia)	2★
High Tension (20th Century-Fox)	2★
His Brother's Wife (M-G-M)	2½★
Hollywood Boulevard (Paramount)	2★
Hot Money (Warners)	2★
Human Cargo (20th Century-Fox)	2★
I'd Give My Life (Paramount)	2½★
If You Could Only Cook (Columbia)	4★
I Live My Life (M-G-M)	2★
I Married a Doctor (Warners)	3★
In His Steps (Grand National)	2★
The Invisible Ray (Universal)	1½★
I Stand Condemned (London Films)	2★
It Had to Happen (20th Century-Fox)	2★
It's Love Again (GB)	3★
Jailbreak (Warners)	2★
Kelly the Second (Roach-M-G-M)	2★
Killer at Large (Columbia)	1★
King of Burlesque (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
King of the Damned (GB)	1½★
King of the Royal Mounted (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
The King Steps Out (Columbia)	3★
Ladies in Love (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Lady Be Careful (Paramount)	2½★
The Lady Consents (RKO)	2★
Lady of Secrets (Columbia)	1★
The Last Journey (Twickenham)	2★
Last of the Pagans (M-G-M)	2★
The Last of the Mohicans (United Artists)	3½★
The Last Outlaw (RKO)	2½★
Laughing Irish Eyes (Republic)	1½★
The Law in Her Hands (First National)	1½★
The Lawless Nineties (Republic)	2★
The Leathernecks Have Landed (Republic)	3★
The Leavenworth Case (Republic)	2★
Let's Sing Again (RKO)	2★
Libeled Lady (M-G-M)	3★
The Littlest Rebel (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Little Lord Fauntleroy (United Artists)	4★
The Lone Wolf Returns (Columbia)	2★
The Longest Night (M-G-M)	1★
Love Before Breakfast (Universal)	2½★
Love Begins at 20 (First National)	2★
*Love Letters of a Star (Universal)	2★
*Luckiest Girl in the World (Universal)	1★
The Magnificent Brute (Universal)	2★
Man Hunt (Warners)	2★
*The Man I Marry (Universal)	1★
The Man Who Lived Twice (Columbia)	2★
Mary of Scotland (RKO)	3★
Meet Nero Wolfe (Columbia)	2½★
Millions in the Air (Paramount)	1★
The Mine with the Iron Door (Columbia)	2★
Miss Pacific Fleet (Warners)	1½★
Missing Girls (Chesterfield)	1½★
*Mister Cinderella (Hal Roach)	2★
Mr. Deeds Goes to Town (Columbia)	4★
Mister Hobo (GB)	2★
M'Liss (RKO)	3★
Modern Times (United Artists)	4★
Moonlight Murder (M-G-M)	2½★
The Moon's Our Home (Walter Wanger)	3★
The Morals of Marcus (GB)	1★
Murder by an Aristocrat (Warners)	1★
The Murder of Dr. Harrigan (First National)	2★
Murder on the Bridle Path (RKO)	2★
*Murder with Pictures (Paramount)	1★
Muss 'Em Up (RKO)	2★
My American Wife (Paramount)	3★
My Man Godfrey (Universal)	4★
Next Time We Love (Universal)	3★
Nine Days a Queen (GB)	4★
Nobody's Fool (Universal)	2★
Old Hutch (M-G-M)	1★
O'Malley of the Mounted (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
$1000 a Minute (Republic)	2★
One Rainy Afternoon (United Artists)	2★
One Way Ticket (Columbia)	2½★
*Our Relations (Hal Roach)	1★
Paddy O'Day (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
Palm Springs (Paramount)	1★
Panic on the Air (Columbia)	2★
Parole (Universal)	2★
The Passing of the Third Flood Back (GB)	3★
Pepper (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
The Petrified Forest (Warners)	4★
Petticoat Fever (M-G-M)	3★
Piccadilly Jim (M-G-M)	3½★
*Pigskin Parade (20th Century-Fox)	3★
*Polo Joe (Warners)	2★
The Poor Little Rich Girl (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Poppy (Paramount)	4★
Postal Inspector (Universal)	2★
The President's Mystery (Republic)	2½★
The Preview Murder Mystery (Paramount)	3★
Pride of the Marines (Columbia)	1★
The Princess Comes Across (Paramount)	3★
Prisoners of Shark Island (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Private Number (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Professional Soldier (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Public Enemy's Wife (Warners)	2★
Ramona (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Red Wagon (Alliance)	1½★
Revolt of the Zombies (Halperin)	1★
Rhythm on the Range (Paramount)	3★
Road Gang (First National)	2½★
The Road to Glory (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Roaming Lady (Columbia)	2★
Robin Hood of El Dorado (M-G-M)	2½★
Romeo and Juliet (M-G-M)	5★
*Rose Bowl (Paramount)	2★
San Francisco (M-G-M)	4★
Satan Met a Lady (Warners)	1★
Second Wife (RKO)	1½★
Secret Agent (GB)	3★
Seven Sinners (GB)	3★
Shakedown (Columbia)	2★
Show Them No Mercy (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Silly Billies (RKO)	2★
Sing, Baby, Sing (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
*Sing Me a Love Song (First National)	1★
The Singing Kid (Warners)	3★
Sins of Man (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Sitting on the Moon (Republic)	1½★

Movie Scoreboard

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Sky Parade (Paramount)	2★
Small Town Girl (M-G-M)	3★
*The Smartest Girl in Town (RKO)	2★
Snowed Under (First National)	2★
Soak the Rich (Paramount)	2½★
A Son Comes Home (Paramount)	2½★
Song and Dance Man (20th Century-Fox)	1★
*Song of China (Douglas MacLean)	3★
Song of the Saddle (First National)	2★
Sons O'Guns (Warners)	3★
Special Investigator (RKO)	2★
Speed (M-G-M)	1½★
Spendthrift (Paramount)	2★
Stage Struck (First National)	2½★
Star for a Night (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
The Story of Louis Pasteur (Warners)	4★
Sutter's Gold (Universal)	2½★
Suzy (M-G-M)	2★
Swing Time (RKO)	4½★
Sworn Enemy (M-G-M)	2★
Sylvia Scarlett (RKO)	2½★
A Tale of Two Cities (M-G-M)	5★
*Tarzan Escapes (M-G-M)	2★
Thank You, Jeeves (20th Century-Fox)	1★
The Texas Rangers (Paramount)	3★

Picture and Producer	General Rating
These Three (Samuel Goldwyn)	4★
They Met in a Taxi (Columbia)	2★
Things to Come (United Artists)	3★
13 Hours by Air (Paramount)	3★
36 Hours to Kill (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Three Cheers for Love (Paramount)	2★
The Three Godfathers (M-G-M)	2★
Three Live Ghosts (M-G-M)	2★
Three Married Men (Paramount)	1★
*Three Men on a Horse (Warners)	2★
Three on the Trail (Paramount)	2½★
Three Wise Guys (M-G-M)	2½★
Ticket to Paradise (Republic)	1★
Till We Meet Again (Paramount)	3★
Times Square Playboy (Warners)	1★
To Mary—With Love (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Tough Guy (M-G-M)	2½★
Trailin' West (First National)	1★
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine (Paramount)	2½★
Trapped by Television (Columbia)	2★
Trouble Ahead (Pathe)	1½★
Trouble for Two (M-G-M)	2★
Two Against the World (First National)	2★
Two Fisted Gentleman (Columbia)	2★
Two in a Crowd (Universal)	1★

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Two in Revolt (RKO)	2½★
Two in the Dark (RKO)	2½★
Under Two Flags (20th Century-Fox)	3★
The Unguarded Hour (M-G-M)	3★
Valiant is the Word for Carrie (Paramount)	2½★
The Voice of Bugle Ann (M-G-M)	2½★
The Walking Dead (Warners)	2★
Walking on Air (RKO)	2★
Wanted Men (British & Dominion)	½★
*Wedding Present (Paramount)	2★
We're Only Human (RKO)	2★
We Went to College (M-G-M)	2★
*We Who Are About to Die (RKO)	3★
Whipsaw (M-G-M)	2½★
The White Angel (First National)	4★
White Fang (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Widow from Monte Carlo (Warners)	2★
Wife vs. Secretary (M-G-M)	3★
*Wild Brian Kent (Lesser-RKO)	1★
The Witness Chair (RKO)	2★
*Wives Never Know (Paramount)	2★
A Woman Rebels (RKO)	2★
Woman Trap (Paramount)	1½★
Yours for the Asking (Paramount)	2★
Your Uncle Dudley (20th Century-Fox)	2★

You'll find this chart simple to follow and a valuable guide in choosing film entertainment. Instead of giving you the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under General Rating, beside each picture. 5★, extraordinary; 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. Asterisk denotes that only Modern Screen ratings are given on films not reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

and I thought college would be fun!
NOBODY IN THIS WHOLE COLLEGE LIKES ME... SO I'M GOING HOME!
YOU'LL HAVE TO LET THE DEAN KNOW, RUTH
RUTH, BEFORE YOU LEAVE COLLEGE, PLEASE SEE A DENTIST. I'VE NOTICED THAT OFTEN BAD BREATH...
MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS!
THEN...THANKS TO COLGATE'S...
...AND TODAY JIM ASKED ME TO THE PROM!
NO WONDER YOU'VE CHANGED YOUR MIND ABOUT LEAVING COLLEGE!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
Now-NO BAD BREATH behind her SPARKLING SMILE!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Good Housekeeping Bureau
20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢

MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And the same tests prove that most bad breath comes from *improperly cleaned teeth.* Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special *penetrating* foam, removes the *cause*—the decaying food deposits in hidden crevices between teeth which are the source of most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel—makes teeth sparkle!

As Nelson Eddy Sees Himself

(*Continued from page 45*)

He was saying, his voice amused, "I drive about in a modest black coupe. I sport no flashing yellow car with two men dressed in tan on the box *and* a couple of Great Danes to act as town criers. Car salesmen of all kinds besiege me. They urge me, saying, 'You should drive about in a flashy car. You owe it to yourself. It's swell publicity.' But that's just what I don't want—that 'swell publicity.'

"I strive to be inconspicuous. For the most part I succeed, I think. More than one well-wisher, who has only seen me on the screen, meets me for the first time, takes a good look at me, horn-rimmed glasses and all and says, with engaging frankness, 'Oh, I didn't recognize you, Mister Eddy. Well, you certainly are better looking on the screen. Wonderful what they can do, isn't it?'" (But he isn't better looking on the screen.)

"I can't see myself as any exalted figure," Nelson went on, lighting with cherishing care one of his allotted seven cigarettes a day, "because I have so little of intrinsic value to feel exalted about. My real friends think no more of me now than they did when I was working on a newspaper in Philadelphia. My mother doesn't think any more of me than she did when I sang in the church choir back home. No, when I take a good look at myself, I see myself as—a distinct disappointment to myself.

"I feel less important now than I did four years ago. Because, a few years ago, I stood for something in Art. I fancied myself, then, as a fine, upstanding young man who had a mission in life. I believed in my mission. And it was to sing the best music in the world to my public and I meant never to compromise with the best there was in me—and in music.

"I had a career in opera and in concert. Now I have, also, careers in pictures and on the air. I have compromised. I haven't sung and I am not singing now only the best music in the world. I enjoy making pictures, I enjoy broadcasting, but I have no conceit because I feel, within myself, that I am less than I was—not more.

I AM increasing my capacity, that's all. I can only hope to do what I am doing better than I did it last year. I do no more concerts than I ever did. I sing to larger audiences because my various careers have what is known as cumulative value. I can only do one picture a year and so I hope to make that a good picture. My main idea this year is to do as good a job as possible in 'Maytime.' (Incidentally, Metro is just as serious as he is about this business of making "Maytime" the best Nelson Eddy-Jeanette MacDonald picture to date. Several weeks' shooting was scrapped. A new director engaged, the original musical scores completely revised; in fact, neither trouble nor money has been spared to keep up the high standard set by this team's previous films.)

"I see myself," said Nelson, and now he didn't laugh, instead he sat forward on his chair, his hands clasped between his knees, his blue eyes on some remote horizon above and beyond my attentive head, "as an old fiddle. I hope quite a good old fiddle, really, a Stradivarius, perhaps. Not one of the kind you can pick up in a second-hand shop for ten dollars.

"I'm not a creative artist. I create nothing, really. I sing the songs the poets have written, dressed in musical clothes by gifted composers. I sing them to the best of my ability, but I, as every other singer, am a teller of tales. I try to be a good story teller. I hope that those who hear me will be touched as I am touched. It's not just a matter of 'Hear how pretty my voice is!'

"Mostly, I hope that they will get the story. I don't want people to come to hear an accomplished vocalist in a dress suit. I don't want them to think that I am thinking: 'Get that trill, isn't it a pip?' I don't want them to say, 'He has taken lessons for fifteen years, his technique should be perfect.' I want them to forget me, forget technique, hear only what I tell.

"When I sing a song, on screen or air, about, 'Oh, do not go, come home to me' I tear my heart out to make that guy come home. It doesn't much matter what voice I'm in so long as my heart is in it— and your heart, too.

"When I sing a song about a young soldier being led away to die for some minor infraction of discipline, led away by a firing squad comprised of his own buddies whose feet lag on the dreadful way . . .

SAY MARGE— WHAT'S
— A PIMPLY SKIN ALMOST PUT A STOP TO MARGE'S "DATES"
I ALMOST FELL OVER WHEN DICK TURNED UP AT THE DANCE WITH LOUISE INSTEAD OF YOU. MARGE, HAVE YOU TWO HAD A BUST-UP?
OF COURSE NOT, SILLY! DICK DOESN'T HAVE TO ASK ME TO EVERYTHING, DOES HE?
REMEMBER NOW-YOU'VE GOT TO EAT THESE YEAST CAKES EVERY DAY. THEY'RE GRAND PIMPLE CHASERS - I KNOW - I'VE TRIED THEM
OH TRUDY - DO YOU REALLY MEAN IT - I'VE BEEN SO MISERABLE GOING AROUND LOOKING LIKE THIS ...
GROCERIES
LATER
TRUDY - IT'S MARGE LISTEN DARLING - DICK'S ASKED ME TO THE DANCE NEXT WEEK - UH - HUH - JUST LIKE YOU SAID HE WOULD - ISN'T IT WONDERFUL?
I TOLD YOU THOSE YEAST CAKES WOULD FIX THINGS UP

when I sing, 'Come on, keep step!' in the words of the doomed boy urging his faltering comrades on, gallant at the mouth of the grave—well, if you don't choke up and forget to consider whether my voice is trained or not, then I have failed completely.

"I'd rather tell the story of the Prodigal Son come home and make people care that that boy had come home, than I would to sing a Donizetti aria with all of the music-conscious people checking my technique, their pulses regular, their blood unstirred.

MANY singers have sung the Lord's Prayer far better, far more perfectly than I have ever sung it. But I forget that I am giving a performance on the air or in concert when I sing it. I am conscious only of the mighty, magnificent words. I am humbly and thrillingly conscious that this prayer has been said, not on platforms, but by millions of people on their knees, since the dawn of Christianity.

"I am an instrument. Honestly, from my heart, this is as I see myself. And seeing myself so, how can I be anything but humble in my own esteem?"

And suddenly, as Nelson talked, I knew why he is great despite his modest self-appraisal. It is because of his honest humility. It is not, really, because of his voice, nor because he is a movie idol. It is not because he is young and somehow Olympian. It is because he is all these things—and doesn't care. Or rather because he still cares so much more for the shadow than for the substance, for the spirit than for the letter.

He is great *and* beloved because his sense of values is sound and because he knows that greatness and glamor have nothing to do, the one with the other. The limelight, he says, is not a halo. Audiences do not always applaud the hero. Glamor is a synthetic greatness, a man-made article.

"No," said Nelson, "glamor is not greatness, nor the reverse. I have always found true greatness in very humble and unheralded people and things.

"Greatness is a relative matter, after all. It doesn't depend on an audience. The Queen who raises her sovereign hand to bestow largess on 20,000 persons is no greater than some dear little old lady who hands out a piece of pie to a tramp. It is all in ratio to our capacities and not to the number of people who applaud our capacities—and pay for the privilege.

There's a strong family resemblance here, what? Nelson Eddy at the Troc with his genial mother.

"I recently spent two hours flat on my stomach wriggling about after a little ant who was carrying an egg to its home. That little speck carried that egg, once again as big as itself, over stubble and concrete, around tree trunks and through brambles, up hillocks that were, comparatively, what the unscalable Alp would be to a man. It went on such a journey as I have never made in my life and never could make. I wouldn't have the courage nor the stamina. It hits you between the eyes, this sort of thing. Makes you feel pretty stupid, pretty humble and unimportant. It deflates the gassy balloon of the ego. It 'places' a fellow in the scheme of things.

"I would rather have some little kid riding along on his bike yell 'hullo' at me because he liked my face, than to have the adulation of fans the world over as much as I value and appreciate fan favor. And I do. I'd rather have the kind of a face that kids say hullo to than the kind of a face girls frame for their boudoirs. Because you have to approach a kid with sincerity and the kids know whether the sincerity is a specious thing or whether it is really there. I really feel inflated and swell out my chest when I yell hullo at some youngster and his face brightens and he yells back at me. I feel kind of great, then.

"And so," said Nelson, lighting his second cigarette of the allotted daily seven, relaxing and laughing again, "I see myself as a humble enough fellow, not to be compared, heroically, with the adventurous ant—but with the kind of a face kids take to, *and,*" he said, emphatically, as I rose to go, "as a very good old fiddle, mind you—if not a Stradivarius, at least an Amati."

HAPPENED TO THE BOY FRIEND LATELY
LOOK - THERE'S DICK NOW! MAYBE HE'S COMING IN! NOPE - DIDN'T EVEN LOOK THIS WAY_MARGE YOU OUGHT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS-
BUT, TRUDY - HOW CAN I? YOU KNOW HOW PRETTY LOUISE IS - AND JUST LOOK AT ME WITH ALL THESE AWFUL PIMPLES
MARGE - I BET THAT'S THE WHOLE TROUBLE. IF YOU GET RID OF THOSE PIMPLES EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT - LISTEN, FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST IS WHAT YOU NEED - C'MON, LET'S GET SOME NOW!

GOSH MARGE - YOU SURE DO LOOK PRETTY - SAY, HOW ABOUT MAKING A DATE RIGHT NOW FOR THE MOVIES TOMORROW?
I'D ADORE TO, DICK

DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES KEEP **YOUR** BOY FRIENDS FROM MAKING DATES

PIMPLES often call a halt to good times for many girls and boys after the start of adolescence.

At this time, between 13 to 25, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The entire body is disturbed. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples pop out.

If you are bothered by adolescent pimples, do as thousands of others—eat Fleischmann's fresh Yeast. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. And then—pimples vanish!

Eat 3 cakes *daily*—one before each meal—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear again. Start today!

—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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Stars' Studio Addresses

ABEL, WALTER: RKO Radio.
ACUFF, EDDIE: Warner Bros.
AHERNE, BRIAN: United Artists.
ALBERNI, LUIS: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
ALBERTSON, FRANK: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
ALBRIGHT, HARDIE: Free lance. Write him at United Artists.
ALEXANDER, KATHARINE: Free lance. Write her at M-G-M.
ALEXANDER, ROSS: Warner Bros.
ALLAN, ELIZABETH: M-G-M.
ALLEN, GRACIE: Paramount.
ALLEN, JIMMIE: Paramount.
ALLEN, JUDITH: Paramount.
ALLEN, ROBERT: Columbia.
ALLWYN, ASTRID: 20th Century-Fox.
AMECHET, DON: 20th Century-Fox.
AMES, ADRIENNE: Free lance. Write her at Paramount.
ANDRE, LONA: M-G-M.
ANGEL, HEATHER: RKO-Radio.
ARLEDGE, JOHN: RKO-Radio.
ARLEN, RICHARD: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
ARLISS, GEORGE: Gaumont-British.
ARMETTA, HENRY: Universal.
ARMSTRONG, ROBERT: RKO-Radio.
ARNOLD, EDWARD: Universal.
ARTHUR, JEAN: Columbia.
ASTAIRE, FRED: RKO-Radio.
ASTOR, MARY: Columbia.
ATWILL, LIONEL: M-G-M.
AUTRY, GENE: Republic.
AYRES, LEW: Paramount.
BAKER, BENNY: Paramount.
BALL, LUCILLE: RKO-Radio.
BALLEW, SMITH: RKO-Radio.
BANCROFT, GEORGE: Columbia.
BARBIER, GEORGE: Paramount.
BARKER, PHILLIP: United Artists.
BARNES, BINNIE: Universal.
BARNETT, VINCE: Universal.
BARRAT, ROBERT: Warner Bros.
BARRIE, MONA: 20th Century-Fox.
BARRIE, WENDY: 20th Century-Fox.
BARRYMORE, DOLORES COSTELLO: Paramount.
BARRYMORE, JOHN: M-G-M.
BARRYMORE, LIONEL: M-G-M.
BARTHELMESS, RICHARD: Warner Bros.
BARTHOLOMEW, FREDDIE: M-G-M.
BARTLETT, MICHAEL: Republic.
BAXTER, ALAN: United Artists.
BAXTER, WARNER: 20th Century-Fox.
BEAL, JOHN: RKO-Radio.
BECK, THOMAS: 20th Century-Fox.
BEECHER, JANET: Paramount.
BEERY, NOAH, JR.: Universal.
BEERY, WALLACE: M-G-M.
BELLAMY, MADGE: 20th Century-Fox.
BELLAMY, RALPH: Columbia.
BENCHLEY, ROBERT: M-G-M.
BENEDICT, WILLIAM: 20th Century-Fox.
BENNETT, CONSTANCE: 20th Century-Fox.
BENNETT, JOAN: United Artists.
BENNY, JACK: Paramount.
BERGNER, ELISABETH: 20th Century-Fox.
BEST, WILLIE: RKO-Radio.
BICKFORD, CHARLES: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
BLACKMER, SIDNEY: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
BLAKELEY, JAMES: Columbia.
BLANE, SALLY: Columbia.
BLONDELL, JOAN: Warner Bros.
BLORE, ERIC: RKO-Radio.
BOGART, HUMPHREY: Warner Bros.
BOLAND, MARY: Paramount.
BOLES, GLEN: Warner Bros.
BOLES, JOHN: Universal.
BOND, WARD: Columbia.
BOYD, WILLIAM: Paramount.
BOYER, CHARLES: United Artists.
BRADLEY, GRACE: Paramount.
BRADNA, OLYMPE: Paramount.
BRADY, ALICE: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
BREAKSTON, GEORGE: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
BREEN, BOBBY: RKO-Radio.
BRENDEL, EL: 20th Century-Fox.
BRENT, GEORGE: Warner Bros.
BREWSTER, JUNE: RKO-Radio.
BRIAN, MARY: Free lance. Write her at Columbia.
BRISSON, CARL: Paramount.
BRODERICK, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
BROOK, CLIVE: Gaumont-British.
BROWN, JOE E.: RKO-Radio.
BROWN, JOHN MACK: Republic.
BROWN, TOM: Paramount.
BRUCE, NIGEL: 20th Century-Fox.
BRUCE, VIRGINIA: M-G-M.
BUCK, FRANK: RKO-Radio.
BUCKLER, JOHN: M-G-M.
BURGESS, DOROTHY: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
BURKE, BILLIE: M-G-M.
BURKE, KATHLEEN: Paramount.
BURNS, GEORGE: Paramount.
BURRUD, BILLY: Universal.
BUTLER, JIMMY: Paramount.
BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES: M-G-M.
BYINGTON, SPRING: 20th Century-Fox.
CABOT, BRUCE: M-G-M.
CAGNEY, BILL: Republic.
CAGNEY, JAMES: Grand National. 1270 6th Ave., New York, N. Y.
CALLAHAN, MARGARET: RKO-Radio.
CALLEIA, JOSEPH: M-G-M.
CANSINO, RITA: 20th Century-Fox.
CANTOR, EDDIE: 20th Century-Fox.
CAREY, HARRY: RKO-Radio.
CARLISLE, KITTY: Free lance. Write her at M-G-M.
CARLISLE, MARY: Paramount.
CARMINATI, TULLIO: RKO-Radio.
CARRADINE, JOHN: 20th Century-Fox.
CARRILLO, LEO: Columbia.
CARROLL, MADELEINE: United Artists.
CAVANAGH, PAUL: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
CHANDLER, CHICK: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
CHAPLIN, CHARLES: United Artists.
CHASE, CHARLES: Hal Roach-M-G-M.
CHATTERTON, RUTH: United Artists.

Columbia Studios, 1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.
Gaumont-British, Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush, London, W. 12, England.
Grand National Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Washington Blvd., Culver City, Calif.
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif.
Republic Studios, 4024 Radford Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.
RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City Calif.
Samuel Goldwyn Studios, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
20th Century-Fox Studios, Box 900, Beverly Hills, Calif.
United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.
Warner Bros.-First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

CHEVALIER, MAURICE: M-G-M.
CHURCHILL, MAE: Grand National.
CLARKE, MAE: Grand National.
CLIVE, COLIN: Universal.
COBB, IRVIN S.: 20th Century-Fox.
COLBERT, CLAUDETTE: Paramount.
COLBY, ANITA: RKO-Radio.
COLLIER, CONSTANCE: M-G-M.
COLLINS, CORA SUE: M-G-M.
COLMAN, RONALD: United Artists.
CONKLIN, PEGGY: United Artists.
CONNOLLY, WALTER: Columbia.
COOK, DONALD: 20th Century-Fox.
COOPER, GARY: Paramount.
COOPER, JACKIE: M-G-M.
CORTEZ, RICARDO: Universal.
COURTNEY, INEZ: 6615 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
CRABBE, LARRY: Paramount.
CRAWFORD, JOAN: M-G-M.
CROMWELL, RICHARD: Paramount.
CROSBY, BING: Paramount.
CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE: Gaumont-British.
CUMMINGS, ROBERT: Paramount.
DANTE, JEAN: Universal.
DA PRON, LOUIS: Paramount.
DARRO, FRANKIE: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
DARWELL, JANE: 20th Century-Fox.
DAVIES, MARION: Warner Bros.
DAVIS, BETTE: Warner Bros.
DAVIS, OWEN, JR.: RKO-Radio.
DEANE, SHIRLEY: 20th Century-Fox.
DEE, FRANCES: 20th Century-Fox.
DE HAVILLAND, OLIVIA: Warner Bros.
DEL RIO, DOLORES: Columbia.
DE MILLE, KATHERINE: 20th Century-Fox.
DEVINE, ANDY: Universal.
DIETRICH, MARLENE: Paramount.
DINEHART, ALAN: 20th Century-Fox.
DIX, RICHARD: Columbia.
DIXON, JEAN: Universal.
DODD, CLAIRE: Warner Bros.
DONAT, ROBERT: United Artists.
DONLEVY, BRIAN: 20th Century-Fox.
DONNELLY, RUTH: Warner Bros.
DOUGLAS, MELVYN: M-G-M.
DOWNS, JOHNNY: Paramount.
DOYLE, MAXINE: Warner Bros.
DRAKE, FRANCES: 20th Century-Fox.
DRAPER, PAUL: Warner Bros.
DUMBRILLE, DOUGLAS: Columbia.
DUNA, STEFFI: RKO-Radio.
DUNBAR, DIXIE: 20th Century-Fox.
DUNN, JAMES: Columbia.
DUNNE, IRENE: Universal.
DURANT, JACK: 20th Century-Fox.
DURANTE, JIMMY: Gaumont-British.
DVORAK, ANN: RKO-Radio.
ERNEST, GEORGE: 20th Century-Fox.
EBSEN, BUDDY: M-G-M.
EDDY, NELSON: M-G-M.
EILERS, SALLY: RKO-Radio.
ELDREDGE, JOHN: Warner Bros.
ELLIS, MARY: Paramount.
ELLIS, PATRICIA: Warner Bros.
ELLISON, JAMES: Paramount.
ERIKSON, LIEF: Paramount.
ERROL, LEON: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
ERWIN, STUART: M-G-M.
EVANS, MADGE: M-G-M.
EVANS, MURIEL: Republic.
FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.: United Artists.
FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR.: United Artists.
FARMER, FRANCES: Paramount.
FARRELL, CHARLES: Republic.
FARRELL, GLENDA: Warner Bros.
FAYE, ALICE: 20th Century-Fox.
FAZENDA, LOUISE: Warner Bros.
FELLOWS, EDITH: Columbia.
FETCHIT, STEPIN: 20th Century-Fox.
FIELDS, W. C.: Paramount.
FLYNN, ERROL: Warner Bros.
FONDA, HENRY: United Artists.
FORAN, DICK: Warner Bros.
FORBES, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at RKO Radio.
FORD, WALLACE: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
FOSTER, NORMAN: Paramount.
FOSTER, PRESTON: 9101 Hazen Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.
FRANCIS, KAY: Warner Bros.
FRAWLEY, WILLIAM: Paramount.
FROMAN, JANE: Warner Bros.
FURNESS, BETTY: M-G-M.
GABLE, CLARK: M-G-M.
GAHAGAN, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
GALLAGHER, SKEETS: RKO-Radio.
GALLIAN, KETTI: Paramount.
GARBO, GRETA: M-G-M.
GARGAN, WILLIAM: Columbia.
GAYNOR, JANET: 20th Century-Fox.
GEORGE, GLADYS: Paramount.
GIBSON, HOOT: RKO-Radio.
GIBSON, WYNNE: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
GLEASON, JAMES: RKO-Radio.
GODDARD, PAULETTE: United Artists.
GOMBELL, MINNA: Free lance. Write her at 20th Century-Fox.
GORDON, C. HENRY: M-G-M.
GORDON, GAVIN: Republic.
GORIN, IGOR: M-G-M.
GRABLE, BETTY: RKO-Radio.
GRAHAME, MARGOT: RKO-Radio.
GRANT, CARY: Paramount.
GRANVILLE, BONITA: United Artists.
GRAY, NAN: Universal.
GWENN, EDMUND: M-G-M.
HADEN, SARA: 20th Century-Fox.
HAINES, WILLIAM: Republic.
HALE, ALAN: RKO-Radio.
HALEY, JACK: 20th Century-Fox.
HALL, WILLIAM: Universal.
HALLIDAY, JOHN: Paramount.
HAMILTON, NEIL: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
HARDIE, RUSSELL: M-G-M.
HARDING, ANN: RKO-Radio.
HARDWICKE, SIR CEDRIC: Gaumont-British.
HARDY, OLIVER: Hal Roach.
HARGRAVE, ROY: United Artists.
HARLOW, JEAN: M-G-M.
HAYDON, JULIE: M-G-M.
HAYES, HELEN. M-G-M.
HAYWARD, LOUIS: Universal.
HEALY, TED: M-G-M.
HENIE, SONJA: 20th Century-Fox.
HENRY, CHARLOTTE: Republic.
HENRY, WILLIAM: M-G-M.
HEPBURN, KATHARINE: RKO-Radio.
HERBERT, HUGH: Warner Bros.
HERSHOLT, JEAN: M-G-M.
HERVEY, IRENE: M-G-M.
HILLIARD, HARRIET: RKO-Radio.
HOBSON, VALERIE: 20th Century-Fox.
HOLDEN, GLORIA: Universal.
HOLLOWAY, STERLING: 20th Century-Fox.
HOLMES, PHILLIPS: Free lance. Write him at Republic.
HOLT, DAVID: Paramount.
HOLT, BETTY: Paramount.
HOLT, JACK: Universal.
HOPKINS, MIRIAM: Samuel Goldwyn.
HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT: Paramount.
HOWARD, JOHN: Paramount.
HOWARD, LESLIE: Warner Bros.
HUDSON, ROCHELLE: 20th Century-Fox.
HUGHES, CAROL: Warner Bros.
HULL, WARREN: Warner Bros.
HUME, BENITA: M-G-M.
HUNT, MARSHA: Paramount:
HUNTER, IAN: Warner Bros.
HUNTLEY, G.P., JR.: Universal.
HUSTON, PHILIP: RKO-Radio.
HUSTON, WALTER: Free lance. Write him at United Artists.
HUTCHINSON, JOSEPHINE: Warner Bros.
HYAMS, LEILA: RKO-Radio.
JANNEY, WILLIAM: Republic.
JARRATT, JANICE: Universal.
JASON, SYBIL: Warner Bros.
JENKINS, ALLEN: Warner Bros.
JENNINGS, MAXINE: RKO-Radio.
JEWELL, ISABEL: M-G-M.
JOHNSON, KAY: RKO-Radio.
JOLSON, AL: Warner Bros.
JONES, ALLAN: M-G-M.
JONES, BUCK: Universal.
JONES, GORDON: RKO-Radio.
JORY, VICTOR: Columbia.
JUDGE, ARLINE: 20th Century-Fox.
KARLOFF, BORIS: Universal.
KARNS, ROSCOE: Paramount.
KEATING, FRED: Columbia.
KEELER, RUBY: Warner Bros.
KEENE, TOM: Free lance. Write him at Paramount
KEITH, IAN: RKO-Radio.
KEITH, ROSALIND: Columbia.
KELLY, PATSY: Hal Roach-M-G-M.
KELLY, PAUL: Paramount.
KELLY, WALTER: C.: Republic.
KELTON, PERT: M-G-M.
KENNEDY, EDGAR: Universal.
KENT, ROBERT: 20th Century-Fox.
KIBBEE, GUY: Warner Bros.
KIEPURA JAN: Paramount.
KING, JOHN: Universal.
KNAPP, EVALYN: Republic.
KNIGHT, JUNE: M-G-M.
KRUGER, OTTO: Universal.
LAHR, BERT: Universal.
LAMONT, MOLLY: RKO-Radio.
LANDI, ELISSA: M-G-M.
LANE, LOLA: Free lance. Write her at Universal
LANG, JUNE: 20th Century-Fox.
LANGDON, HARRY: Columbia.
LANGFORD, FRANCES: United Artists.
LA RUE, JACK: Free lance. Write him at United Artists.
LATIMER, LOUISE: RKO-Radio.
LAUGHTON, CHARLES: M-G-M.
LAUREL, STAN: Hal Roach.
LAWRENCE, ROSINA: Hal Roach.
LAWTON, FRANK: Universal.
LAYE, EVELYN: M-G-M.
LEDERER, FRANCIS: Columbia.
LEE, BILLY: Paramount.
LEE, DIXIE, 20th Century-Fox.
LEE, DOROTHY: RKO-Radio.
LEYTON, DRUE: 20th Century-Fox.
LIGHT, ROBERT: Warner Bros.
LINAKER, KAY: Warner Bros.
LINDEN, ERIC: M-G-M.
LINDSAY, MARGARET: Warner Bros.
LLOYD, HAROLD: Paramount.
LODGE, JOHN: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
LOMBARD, CAROLE: Paramount.

(*Continued on page* 92)

Polite's the Word

(*Continued from page 49*)

they sat back and said: "Just wait till somebody gets really hurt; *then* you'll see action!"

And then, Connie, as I started to tell you at the outset, discovered the dressing-room set-up! She discovered that Janet, old-timer on the lot, had a lovely dressing-room with most of the finer fittings, while for Connie herself, there was just one of those four-canvas-walls affairs around a dressing table and a couple of rickety chairs.

From that moment, there was action! It became a free-for-all. They continued to smile at each other, but Lucrezia Borgia must have smiled just like that when she flavored her rival's tea with aconite.

FIRST development was that picture production became secondary, for the moment, to the production of fancy dressing-rooms. Connie pointed out that as a star herself, she'd always been used to and certainly had the right to, at least, as nifty a dressing-room as anybody else on the picture, no matter *who*. Even Janet Gaynor. What's more, Connie decided she wanted her dressing-room equipped with an electric plate, so she could brew tea when, and if, she felt like it.

They hunted all over the lot for a dressing-room with kitchenette. Nearest they could find was Warner Baxter's, with a refrigerator. You can't make tea on a refrigerator. Anyway, Warner wanted his own dressing-room.

Finally, they borrowed a dressing-room for Connie from M-G-M, where she knew they had a fine one. It had an electric plate. They trundled it all the way from Culver City to Westwood Hills, and installed it for Connie. She scored that point.

Janet came back strong, though. One of her seconds found a tape measure, and reported back that Connie's borrowed dressing-room, with range, measured two feet longer and one foot, ten inches wider, than Janet's. Janet went into action. "Who," she demanded, in effect, if not in those exact words, "has top billing on this production, under contract?"

They looked it up and found that the billing was to be: Janet Gaynor, Constance Bennett, and Loretta Young, with Simone Simon, in "Ladies in Love."

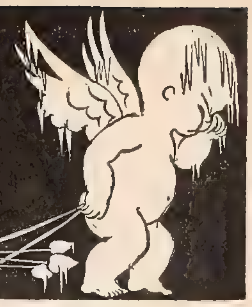
"All right, then," continued the Janet barrage, "top billing rates at least as *big* a dressing-room as second billing!"

When Janet goes into action, she's a whirlwind. She's been in battles; she knows her stuff. Connie retreated under the barrage. Hammers banged, saws snarled—and before you could say "Ladies in Love" there was a new dressing-room for Janet, near Connie's but with a safe distance between. Its measurements tallied exactly with those of the borrowed affair. Janet had evened the round.

Meantime, Loretta and Simone had been in action, too. Not only Janet got a new big dressing-room, but hastily, similarly luxurious ones were provided for these other two. Over at one side of the set, it began to look like an auto-trailer display lot with Loretta's, Janet's, Simone's and Connie's portable, but big, dressing-rooms all lined up.

From that time on, the picture began to be called "The Parade of the Dressing-Rooms." The sixty-odd sets, called for in the action, had to be built on different stages. When the company moved from one stage to another, all traffic on the studio lot had to be re-routed while the

It wasn't the Cold that froze him
'twas the sight of
her Rough Chapped Hands



I NEARLY CRIED when Dave complained about my hands. I hated them myself—all harsh and red. They stayed rough all winter, no matter what I put on them . .

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but Jergens brought about an early Thaw!

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ponderous dressing-rooms, mounted or hauled behind ten-ton trucks, rolled to the new location.

Also in the parade were the stars' cars. Connie took the lead there—because she had *two* cars for herself. Studios, you know, are required to furnish, at stars' demands, what are called "stand-by" autos—a limousine, with chauffeur, to stand by the set throughout the working day, to be ready at instant's notice to transport the star from stage to restaurant, or main dressing-room building, or wherever she may want to go.

ON the very first day, Connie exercised her prerogative, and had a studio stand-by car at the corner of the stage at all times. It didn't matter at all that Connie's own car—that expensive foreign town car with the wickerwork-side effect, and her own chauffeur at the wheel, also stood by throughout the working day, at the corner of the stage. The chauffeurs—Connie's and the studio's—spent hours staring at each other. Now and then, they varied that by wondering what they were there for—because almost invariably, Connie ignored both cars when she left the stage for the main dressing-room building. After all, it wasn't more than 35 yards from the stage exit to the other! ! !

Incidentally, most of the action of the picture was shot on what is called the Will Rogers Memorial Stage—the new one on the lot, dedicated to the memory of the great comedian. If, as many insist, Will's ghost still hangs around the stage, he must have had a swell Rogers time watching Janet, Connie, Loretta and Simone. . . . . ! It would have been Will's meat!

Now, in the midst of the dressing-room free-for-all, and all the other things that happened, there was always the most punctiliously-maintained outward air of wholehearted friendship you could ever wish for. Let no one imagine, for a moment, that Connie ever glared at Janet, that Loretta ever scowled at Simone, that Simone ever stuck her tongue out at Connie, that Janet ever made a moué at Loretta. Ah, me, no! A thousand times, no!

"Those girls," said one big-shot worker on the set to me, afterward, "were so perfectly sweet to each other all day long that I used to have to drink a tumblerful of vinegar, neat, for an antidote every night!"

Honestly (don't laugh, I tell you!) the gals were the acme of courtesy to each other. They were so courteous that it produced the biggest laugh of the production during an early stage of the shooting.

It seemed that on this day, all four of them were smitten with the same idea at more or less the same time. Each decided that she'd show the world that there weren't any jealousies or hard feelings or anything like that—why, just to prove that she liked and loved the other girls, she'd have them to tea that very afternoon!

So, during the day, orders arrived at the Cafe de Paris, the studio restaurant. Came an order from Connie: "Serve tea, for four, on the set at four this afternoon."

Soon came a similar order from Janet. In quick succession, identical orders came from Loretta, from Simone.

Nick, the crafty gentleman who runs the studio restaurant, never cracked a smile. Nick has a sense of humor all his own. He must have known that all four of them intended to ask the other three to tea, in her dressing-room, at four. So what did Nick do? Why, Nick obeyed all orders implicitly, as any first-rate functionary in his position would! And at four in the afternoon, a parade of waitresses and bus-boys wound its way from the glittering Cafe de Paris to the "Ladies in Love" set—and four steaming services of tea-for-four, with cakes, cookies and all the other trimmings, were set up.

Of course, it was a howl. Even Connie, Loretta, Janet and Simone saw the joke. They pooled resources—and had a tea-party on the set with a lot of others being invited in to use up the excess tea-age.

But from that day on, they worked out a system of their own. Never again did they all try to serve tea to the others. Instead, Janet would order coffee in midmorning, one day; Simone would send out for ice-cream cones later on; maybe it'd be Loretta's turn to preside at four o'clock tea. They took turns.

And it's a gross untruth that any one of them ever bribed a scene-shifter to taste the coffee or tea first.

TOUGHEST job on the whole production was not Director Griffith's, as you might suspect. It was Cameraman Hal Mohr's. Hal Mohr, veteran of the studios, knows his stars. When he got the "Ladies in Love" assignment, he groaned—but vowed to do his best. He knew, you see, that he had perhaps the four most difficult camera stars in Hollywood. They all take, for best screening, different lighting and different camera-angles.

Because of the shape of her face, a camera has to "shoot up" at Connie to get the best picture of her. It's the same with Simone, so when Simone and Connie were in scenes together, it was easy camera work. But—you have to shoot down on Loretta, and with Gaynor, you shoot on a level with her face.

"My camera did more nip-ups on that picture than in all the rest of my experience in Hollywood put together," said Hal, afterward. But at the same time, he insists, he probably did the best work of his career on the film.

"I had to," he grins. "I was up on my toes every moment. I'm a big man (he stands well over six feet, and is built in proportion), but I was in a spot. If I'd given one of those four girls a better camera break than the others, the other three would have been off me for life. And I'm their friend—*all* of 'em!"

He insists he never shot Bennett better. He swears you'll see a more photographically lovely Gaynor than ever before. Loretta, whether or not she's been ill, never appeared more beautiful. And Simone—a camera problem if ever there was one, with that funny little face of hers—comes out of the screen even more challenging than in "Girls' Dormitory."

"Which is best?" I was fool enough to ask Mohr. He threw an ashtray at me.

The lighting, too, was Mohr's job. What made it tough was the fact that each of the girls—with the possible exception of Simone—is herself an expert on camera angles and set lighting. Each girl knows how she appears best, and since the requirements for all four were different, both as to lights and camera angles, each of them was on the lookout, with fire in her eyes, for any break that might give a photographic advantage to any of the others.

"When those four girls began to move into position for a 'take,'" I was told afterward, "it looked like a football squad in training. They'd shift and move positions around each other until Griffith and Mohr got dizzy trying to locate them. Each was after her best spot—for the lights and the cameras."

Mohr and the electricians huddled long, long hours. In scenes where there was no "cross-over"—that is, where Bennett stayed on one side of the set, for example, while Gaynor stayed on the other, it was easy enough. They simply lighted Bennett's side in the Bennett way, and Gaynor's side in hers. But there were many scenes where they did have to cross and re-cross. Then they had to rig up two completely different lighting sets on each side of the stage and had to hook them up with a series of trick gadgets, so that an expert electrician played the lights like an organist at his keyboard, as Bennett and Gaynor and the others crossed and moved.

And the question of "good side" and "bad side" . . . ! ! ! You fans all know that there isn't an actress whose face doesn't photograph better from one side than from the other. And you know, too, that even in a picture wherein she stars alone, no actress who's wise is going to let the camera catch her bad side if she can help it. Then imagine the situation on "Ladies in Love!" I don't mean to reveal any stage secrets, *but* the tricks that were done with mirrors!

INEVITABLY, there were scenes where no tricks could be used—two of the stars had to face each other for close-ups. It happened that in several of these spots, it was inescapable that one of the two had to present her good side to the camera, while the other had to turn her bad side.

"What," I asked my informant, "did you do?"

"We did our damnedest, and trusted to God," he said.

Hal Mohr's job wasn't any tougher, though, than Anthony Ugrin's. He's the still photographer on the picture. He's the one who takes the pictures that you see in theatre lobbies. He's used to working with Shirley Temple. But it was no child's play when they suddenly dumped Connie, Janet, Loretta and Simone on him and expected him to take stills that would satisfy all of them in the same shot!

You see, stars' contracts give them the right to reject any stills that don't please them.

When the stills were brought around to the set during production, Connie usually seemed to get first crack at them. Well, naturally, Connie or anyone else for that matter would okay the stills that presented her in the best light, regardless of the others. And equally naturally, if you were in her place, you'd tear the corner off (that's the customary way to reject a still) any shot that made you look like a frump in comparison with one of the other girls, eh?

So, when Janet got done with what Connie'd not torn the corners off, and Loretta got done with what Janet had left, and Simone got done with what Loretta had left, poor Anthony Ugrin hardly ever had any stills left to turn in to the publicity department. I don't know, to this day, what the publicity head of the studio's press department did for "Ladies in Love" stills. He is a genius. He had to be, this time! Maybe Ugrin was just a blind; maybe the publicity department had another still man shooting from concealment somewhere.

One factor about the picture has astounded Hollywood. Before production began, everybody predicted that if the picture was ever finished, it would be months behind schedule. They couldn't imagine four stars of that calibre going through a picture without the schedule being completely wrecked by temperament. But they were wrong—the delay that did happen to bring the picture in a few days late was due, not to explosions between the four, but to illness—with one exception.

THE one blow-up came when Connie learned that a certain scene was being rewritten to give the breaks to Simone.

You see, the studio is building Simone toward top stardom. Connie is not on contract there. It's good business to build up one's own star at the expense of a free-lance player—if one can get away with it. They tried it on Connie.

They rewrote a scene where Simone pops up from behind a divan, right in the midst of a love scene between Connie and Paul Lukas. It was, originally, pretty much Connie's scene. The new script made it completely Simone's.

Connie hit the ceiling.

"It isn't because of *me,*" she announced, "but it's because of the story!" This new script, she insisted, stopped the story just to give Simone a chance to parade her stuff. It was like slipping a vaudeville act into the middle of "Romeo and Juliet." Connie stood pat.

Director Griffith and others sided with her. And at last, they decided to resort to the original script.

Well, the picture's over, now. Loretta, as I said, went to Honolulu to recover. Connie is going back to England to make more movies there, starring alone. Simone is being plastered across billboards as the "Greatest Coming Star of the Screen." Janet has a new dressing-room, two feet longer and one foot, ten inches, wider than her old one. M-G-M has its dressing room back. Director E. H. Griffith is resting. Cinematographer Hal Mohr is sipping refreshing drinks in his hilltop home and telling his own movie-star wife, Evelyn Venable, "Don't ever, honey, play in any four-star pictures except the kind that gets four stars from the critics."

And, despite the federal statutes prohibiting interstate shipments of prizefight films, "Ladies in Love" will be on your own neighborhood screens by the time you read this. Then you can go to see for yourself and award the decision to Connie, or Loretta, or Simone, or Janet—if any—because the camera never lies. Or does it?

Simone Simon and William Wyler have been seeing a lot of each other lately. Here they are at the tennis matches.

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Along Came Fate

(*Continued from page 55*)

better. It lasted a week. Long enough for Frank Gregory, the director, to become interested in Beverly's work. He was, it seemed, going to do a production in London. If she went over he'd give her a role.

But how to get to London? You must, perforce, take a boat. And boats cost money.

"We can't let a small thing like that stop you!" protested Wanda Lydwell. Wanda was like that, a grand pal. Beverly grinned because they were pretty much two of a kind. Only Wanda had the price of a boat ticket and ten dollars a week spending money from her family. And Bev didn't. Suddenly the honey eyes flickered. "I have it! We'll give a benefit performance!"

Two girls, barely eighteen, launched on a mad lark. They went to the management of the Hotel Sutton and explained that they wanted a room in which to give a charity performance (but they neglected to say for *what* charity). They hired a two-piece orchestra, made five gallons of very terrible punch and invited everybody in New York, including the English consul. At five A. M. they sent the crowd home. Beverly was richer by $130, most of which was spent for a third-class passage. Then, with Wanda, she sailed with thirty dollars in her pocket.

Like two slim little ghosts they ploughed through London to find Frank Gregory. He was most cordial, most encouraging about the part but, of course, the play was not going to be produced until fall! In the meantime they had five months to live through somehow.

"I might make a good milk maid," said Beverly hopefully.

"Have pity on the cows!" chuckled Wanda. So they settled in a mews, one of those converted stables that can be had for a song, off Marble Arch. And soon famous people began to gather at that mews. Epstein, the sculptor. Emma Goldman, the anarchist. Dynamic, brilliant Paul Robeson, whose glorious voice rang out on many an evening so that the tenants tip-toed through the halls to listen ecstatically.

IT was a gay inspired life, but they were still jobless. Even the small rent became too much for the girls. "If we could only stretch this ten dollars a week that I get!" Wanda mourned. It was Emma Goldman who offered a solution. They could come to live in her apartment in Paris until fall. An excellent idea with one drawback—their two months' lease on the mews. English leases are hard to break, but not when a couple of ingenious American girls put their heads together. They gave a party. They gave a party that practically raised the roof off the old place because the girls had asked their friends to be as noisy as possible and the friends were most obliging. Needless to say, the landlord came the next day.

"We're so glad you're here!" they assured him to his complete bewilderment. Within five minutes he was so overcome he forgot he intended to put them out. He asked them to tea. For once charm had proved a boomerang. They explained the situation and he graciously tore up the lease, and they left for France.

There are times when Paris can be a wanton witch. This was one of them. Emma Goldman not only failed to meet their boat train but she wasn't even in town. She had, it appeared, gone to the south of France to help Paul Robeson write his book, quite forgetting her offer.

It was an inky black night, they had fifty francs between them and no place to go. Beverly began to whistle. She always whistles when she is frightened. She was to do a great deal of it in Paris.

"Where next?" shivered Wanda.

"A hotel that costs next to nothing," said Beverly firmly. They found it in the Montmartre district. There were cabbage roses on the wall and the man in the room below beat his wife at six every morning. Lovely atmosphere. And yet, this was the spot where Necessity (some call it Fate) opened a new door to Beverly. She had never done much singing, never knew she had a voice. But somewhere she had picked up a few cute French songs. One evening, driven by hunger, she sang them for the "patron" of the Noctambules Cafe nearby. She put on an act. It was a good act. Thereafter she sang at the Noctambules for five francs a night and two meals. The same people came time after time. French shopkeepers and artisans. Often they sang along with her.

After Beverly had finished work one night, the two of them walked across to the Seine. It had been hatefully stuffy in the cafe. The cool night air felt soft and bracing. Paris at night—there was something fascinating about it even when seen from the seamy side.

Under the shadow of the great Notre Dame Cathedral, they saw a man bending low over the river. Both girls raced for the bank. But apparently he had no thought of committing suicide; he was washing his shirt. A tramp. But a tremendously intelligent "tramp" who had been an engineer in Marseilles before the depression caught up with him. Other "tramps" came from under the bridge. An ace flyer, an artist, a chap who spoke seven languages and knew New York like a book. They were all sitting there talking rapidly when the great bell tolled midnight and two gendarmes wandered down to investigate. There was a sharp word, a command. One of the pompous little French officers was brutal, ugly. He knocked down the engineer. Afterwards they never could tell who actually did it, but one of the girls struck the officer.

"Insulting the law and disturbing the peace" were the charges brought against them when the girls were hustled into night court. The whole thing was preposterous but, when you know only about a hundred and fifty words of a foreign language, it's not easy to explain. Beverly and Wanda found themselves looking through the bars of the Place Vendome jail!

INSIDE the bars they saw dope fiends, thieves, murderers. One old hag tried to teach them her trade of picking pockets. Gendarmes came by, pretending to offer them drinks of cold water, spilling it before they could take it. Their trial was postponed and they were transferred to the women's prison of La Roquette. You could, thought Beverly, rot in a French jail before anyone found out. She lost six pounds and grew six years in experience during those nine days in jail. And then Wanda got word to a business associate of her father's and her family went into action. Mr. Lydwell was a respresentative of the Shepherd Hotels in Egypt. He had considerable influence. It ended with the French government apologizing to the girls, and they returned to England.

No more mews. No more cabbage roses on the walls. This time the Lydwells had arrived and taken things in hand. Beverly was ensconced in a suite at the Hotel Savoy!

"Now," she told Wanda expressively, "I know how Cinderella felt! From prunes to princes—that's us!" And it was. Quite literally.

Instead of going into the Frank Gregory production she maneuvered a part in "Service" with Percy Marmont. Shortly after it closed the Lydwells decided to fly to Paris. Beverly went to see them off and at the last minute flew with them. She is probably the only woman in existence who ever stayed four days at the fashionable St. Meurice without so much as an overnight bag. And it was during those four days that she met the Prince. The gentleman now known as King Edward VIII.

It was at the Crillon Bar. Wanda's people had known him for years because he kept his favorite dog at their kennels at Biarritz. Beverly saw a rather tired young man sitting there and then Mr. Lydwell was introducing her to him. They talked. They went for a ride with the Prince himself driving. And as they passed the Place Vendome jail she thought, "Life is certainly queerish!"

BUT the queerest twist of all was yet to come. Back in New York again she attended a cocktail party at which Maurice Chalone, noted decorator of night clubs, was also a guest. He was just opening a new one, Boeuf Sur le Toit. During the evening Beverly sang the French songs she'd sung at the Noctambules. Sang them with the flair she'd learned to put in them there. She did it only for a laugh, but at the end Chalone was saying, "I'll give you a contract. I'll give you $150 a week to sing those songs that way at 'Le Toit.'"

She sang there for six months. Then moved on to the Town Casino. That was where Mildred Webber, talent scout for Warner Brothers, saw her. Within a week Beverly Roberts was on her way to Hollywood.

She never has been married. Never been in love, except once. That was with a famous neurologist who had a daughter four years older than herself. "That couldn't work out," said Beverly to Beverly. "I shan't see him again." And she hasn't.

"You know the character of Conway in 'Lost Horizon'?" she asks. "That's my man!" So far she has found him only in a book.

Once in Hollywood she went directly into "The Singing Kid" with Al Jolson. In nine months she has made five pictures, her most recent one was "China Clipper." The part in "God's Country and the Woman" came almost as an anticlimax. She'd been so sure she wouldn't get it.

Beverly has her parents, brother and even the little family cat with her now. "It's grand to be together again. But I wouldn't give up my experiences during the last four years—and some of them have been pretty terrible—for anything in the world. Everything that's happened to me has been part of a definite pattern leading here."

He Just Can't Help It

(Continued from page 51)

laugh instead because they can't help it and Frank, looking as relieved as a small boy who has just escaped a spanking, laughs harder than anyone.

The majority of ineffectual people never accomplish anything, but Frank Morgan, by virtue of being ineffectual, has accomplished just about everything he set out to do in his whole life, and with a minimum of apparent effort.

He didn't reach the top of his profession until he used this natural characteristic professionally, and then he became a sensation. Of course, he was a Broadway star, but out in Hollywood success is figured by the bank balance. It was when Mr. Morgan went almost totally ineffectual in "The Affairs of Cellini," that his cinema business began to pick up and his salary, multiplied by ten, has been rising steadily ever since.

He could give lessons on how to relax and make it pay but he wouldn't. His particular brand of taking it easy is art in a big way. If you asked him about it, he would probably say, "Ah, er' — why —," give you that big smile and you would have forgotten by that time what it was you had asked.

If you stop and think, I believe you will agree that you laugh at him on the screen because he never ceases to struggle and never quite accomplishes what he starts out to do. That is, that's what *you* think, but you are wrong, because his intention was to amuse you and he succeeds by his stumbling, stuttering methods.

Certainly, he doesn't look funny. On the contrary, he is quite handsome, as you can see for yourself, and when he drives about town in his smart open roadster, wearing a beret and the latest word in sports clothes, he is quite the beau of the village. But the minute he pokes his head in the door, you laugh. He never makes wise-cracks, as do some of his contemporaries. In fact, his general conversation is usually quite serious in tone. He doesn't juggle (can you imagine him trying to juggle?) and he never, apparently, tries to be funny. But the result is a riot and he is one of the leading comedians on the screen.

It was quite by accident that he became a comedian on the stage. Always he had been the handsome, romantic hero until one night he forgot his lines. He stuttered and stammered until he could catch his cue and the audience shrieked with glee. The manager said it was inspirational and he has stuttered through his roles ever since.

Remember in "Dimples" that you laughed so hard when he danced because he didn't succeed in dancing very well? He's dancing again in "Maytime."

"But if they'd seen me in the other picture, they wouldn't have had me dance in 'Maytime,'" he declares.

"Before that picture I had never done any dancing, except for my own amusement, but I learned to tap—after a fashion—and it was something to write home about. It looked simple when Bill Robinson did it, but when I tried to take the steps I found myself trying to do the whole thing with my hands and face."

I went out to the set to watch him rehearse his dance for "Maytime," but long before I reached the stage I heard screams of laughter. Jessie Ralph was on the sidelines, laughing until the tears rolled down her cheeks.

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"To think I talked all the way from Poughkeepsie to New York, advising him not to go on the stage!" she exclaimed. "And look at him now! I'll never give advice again."

That was when he was a very young man, and had gone to Poughkeepsie to see his brother, Ralph, open in "Broadway Jones." Jessie Ralph was in the show and on the way home he had confided to her his ambition to become an actor.

However, advice from any source never seemed to stop or even discourage him when he had a particular objective in mind.

Faced with the opposition of her parents, he won the girl of his choice, married her and for twenty years they have been happy.

Over the objections of his father and the advice of friends, he became an actor and rose to stardom on the New York stage. Before that he had been told by his father that he was no business man; that he was just a playboy.

Following this slight argument with his father, Frank decided to go out in the world and prove his ability along business lines. He tried out several jobs. It isn't impossible that one day when you answered your doorbell and found "that brush man there again," that it was Frank Morgan himself, for he did ring doorbells for a time in the interests of a new toothbrush he was selling from door to door.

Eventually he got a job in the advertising department of the *Boston Traveler* and, in spite of a salary that was decidedly insufficient, he stuck it out for a few months. When the Christmas holidays came around he resigned just because he thought Boston was too far away from his girl. To his amazement his boss asked him to stay and offered to raise his salary to the munificent sum of $35 a week.

"I can't stay," Frank told him, "but please put that offer in writing so I can show it to my father."

Reinforced with this evidence of his business ability, Frank returned to work for his father, but his mind was on the theatre. His brother, Ralph, had become well known on the New York stage and had discarded the family name of Wupperman for Morgan, which Frank also took later for his stage name.

He knew Edgar Allan Wolfe, the author and producer of a vaudeville sketch, slightly—well enough to ask him for the job but not so well that Mr. Wolfe knew he was inexperienced. He got the job, after reciting a list of his successes with various stock companies, "All of them so far West that he couldn't check up," Mr. Morgan explained.

After the opening night his salary was raised to $75 a week. When he confessed that it was his first time on the stage, Mr. Wolfe said, "You were all right, just the same." and kept him on.

He had met his sweetheart on a "blind date" and that's one time he wasn't late. Their romance was interrupted by every obstacle her parents could devise. When they learned that Frank aspired to be an actor, they rushed their daughter off to Europe. And even when he began to meet with considerable success, they didn't relent, so the young couple eloped.

They are one of the most popular married couples in Hollywood. No party is complete without them and, as one of his friends told me, "If you really want to laugh, you should see Frank at a party."

When Frank and his brothers were growing up and getting married, his father offered $5,000 to the son who had the first baby boy. Frank, the baby of the family, yelled his objections to this offer for his brothers were getting married, one by one, and he was only eighteen years old. The offer stood, however, and for the next several years Frank's most worried moments were when one of his brothers' families was "blessed eventing." Always he suffered more than the expectant father, but each time, to his great relief, the stork left a girl. It was probably his most triumphant moment when, years later, his wife presented him with a son—the first grandson—and he won the $5,000.

Another incident, which gave him the greatest personal satisfaction, was his election to a vice-presidency in the business left by his father.

Having made a name for himself as a comedian on Broadway, he confesses he came to Hollywood hoping to repeat some of his stage successes in pictures. But Hollywood, in characteristic fashion, decided he should represent the serious side of life; uphold the dignity of the community and, in other words, be a pillar of society.

"And there's nothing more depressing than to be a pillar," Frank groaned. "I always was cast as a banker, who went around muttering about money, or a father who worried over his wayward children."

His contract held him in Hollywood for two years or more before his great opportunity came in "The Affairs of Cellini," which he romped through with all the zest he had been forced to keep under cover. Since then he hasn't been in a bank—in a picture—and at the moment he is in such constant demand that he can't get a holiday. He would like to do an occasional play but having reached that four-figure salary stage, declares he can't afford to.

"It's not only the difference in salary that I would lose," he explained, "but the time off the screen."

The two Morgans are constantly confused, even in the minds of their friends, "but the only time I object," Frank says, "is when I read in the paper that I've gone to Europe, where I want to go, and it's really Ralph who has gone."

"I'll Never Dance with Astaire!" Says Eleanor Powell

(*Continued from page 27*)

you're good, but not so hot,' I'd love it. I want even that much admiration from him. It would mean more coming from him than from anyone else, for I know he is doing the thing he loves, and that it's the biggest thing in his life. But I'm just as sure we'll never share it. You can say for me to all the people who've wanted to know about it that we'll never dance together."

YOU can be pretty safe in calling that modesty. Nothing else could have prompted a decision affecting the two greatest dancers in the world.

"In a rehearsal hall we could talk our stuff, but that's all," she surmised. "Fred wouldn't dance with me. He'd know we could never be a team because we're utterly different. You see," leaping up, "this is Astaire." Suddenly the air was full of legs that seemed to hit the ceiling. "And this is me." Her feet tapped the floor like drumsticks.

What I did see, aside from a free show, was that Eleanor Powell could be both herself and Fred Astaire.

"But," she chirped, lighting like a bird, "we have one thing in common, and that's our ballet training. You can see it in Fred's poses. But tap is just as difficult as ballet, and the competition is far keener. There are only four well-known tap dancers, Astaire, Bill Robinson, Ruby Keeler and Ginger Rogers"—she was leaving out herself—"while there are twenty or thirty premier ballet dancers."

GETTING in the tap class is like being among champion fighters. And it calls for the same strict training. A girl's tap dancing all depends on the life she leads. She must do no drinking, no smoking, and be early to bed. That gives her a tight figure and keeps her eternally young. All the fun I have is going across the street to see a picture. I like dramatic pictures. It's the same with plays. All the time I was in New York I didn't go to a single musical show. As for night clubs, I hate them. I don't drink or smoke, so why should I sit around and put on the Ritz? That's what makes it so hard for me to find a boy friend. With them it's nothing but let's go, let's go! They're all so modern that they don't think of anything else. I should have lived in the time when lordly gentlemen put down their cloaks for dainty ladies to cross a mud puddle."

She hopped up and demonstrated romance in the spacious days of back-bending gallantry.

"But I never even get any mash notes," she confessed. "That's all right with me, because I couldn't do anything about them. I have no time for love. People ask me why I don't go out on Saturday nights. The answer is, I go to bed and stay there through Sunday. The rest of the time I'm working. But it's worth it, for today tap dancing is put on the level of art. That's why I'm now proud to say I am Eleanor Powell, tap dancer. I'm prouder still of being able to do twenty-two pirouettes, more than Nijinsky ever did. That is the one thing that makes me different from anyone else in the world."

"BUT both Astaire and I have the same peculiarity," she was happy to say. "Fred dreams his dances, Irving Berlin told me, and so do I. At other times I dream I can't dance a step, and wake up in cold terror. But the funny part of it is that when I am dancing, I don't know what I'm doing. My feet think ahead of my mind. All my dancing is a matter of feeling. Of course, I have to think out things before I get going, and I always try to think out something new. In 'Born to Dance' I do a high-kick waltz among a lot of trees."

"Would you trade one of the trees for Astaire?"

"*One?*" she cried. "I'd trade 'em all!"

"Life Ends at Forty!"

(*Continued from page 29*)

break in pictures. I'm grateful to Hollywood for all that it has given me. I'd do it all over again, if I had the chance. What would I have been, if I hadn't found a place on the stage or screen? A truck driver, maybe. Or an oil driller. I worked at that once, you know. I have no illusions about my abilities and capabilities. I know I'm just a lucky fool. Life dealt me all the aces. But, I'll confess, the future worries me.

"I know I'm good for only so many years. Then I'm through. And what happens next? For the last year or two I've been doing all the things which I should be looking forward to doing in the next ten or fifteen years. I've had freedom from financial worries, a comfortable home, enough leisure to hunt and fish when the spirit moved me and to do some travelling. If my life were like that of the normal, average man, all that would be before me, instead of behind me, when they put the forty candles on my birthday cake.

I'M not a business man and I have no profession or training except for the stage and screen. So I don't know what kind of work I can do when I'm washed up in the only line I know. In this age of specialization it's the experienced men, not the rank amateurs, who are in demand. And it's hard to begin something new after forty.

"I'll tell you a little secret. Each year the old, simple country life, the very kind of living from which I once ran away to escape, becomes more and more attractive to me. I guess I'm still a farm boy at heart. As I grow older, it seems to be taking hold of me. When I look around at all the hectic worry and work of Hollywood, I long for the time when I can get away from it all and go back to peace and quiet, where no one knows or cares about movie stars and pictures and contracts and options.

"However, I'm wondering whether, when that time finally comes, I'll still be so crazy about it. The grass on the other side of the fence is always greener, you know. Maybe if I go back to the farm, it will turn out to be as monotonous as it was before and I'll want to break away again."

His years of Hollywood success have done a great deal for Clark and he is honestly and sincerely grateful. He tries to prove his gratitude by doing his best possible work in every picture and by registering no complaints when he is assigned roles which he does not like. Other actors, not so wise as Clark, have protested violently against pictures and parts which they did not wish to play. Many of them have fallen by the wayside, while Clark has plodded steadily and surely onward and upward.

"I'm paid to work in pictures, not to run the studio," Clark told me once, speaking with the sane, sturdy wisdom of his Pennsylvania and Ohio ancestors.

Clark is one of the fortunate few who has kept his head and managed to be in Hollywood without becoming a part of it. He has taken only the best from the town and has wisely discarded the empty glitter. Hollywood has given him success and money, a smoothly polished exterior, an easy inward poise, which he never could have gained elsewhere. But it has not turned his head or made him forget that

Capture romance

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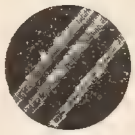
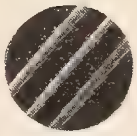


Soap Shampoo

2. Microphoto after Fitch Shampoo and hair rinsed twice. Note Fitch Shampoo removes all dandruff and undissolved deposit, and brings out the natural luster of the hair



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his day of glory is tragically short.

He has many acquaintances but very few intimate friends in the picture colony. He has never had any desire for social success. He has always enjoyed the simpler things like small groups of congenial spirits around a blazing fire, hunting and fishing trips, long week-ends in the mountains or on the desert. He has established a well-balanced plan of living, work and play, occasional gay parties, frequent quiet week-ends, away from Hollywood where he doesn't have to shave or wear a collar from Friday night to Monday morning.

Before his separation from Ria Gable, they entertained frequently in their lovely, dignified Brentwood home and they were entertained by people whom they liked and enjoyed. Since the separation Clark has been living quietly in a Beverly Hills hotel, but his way of living has not been greatly changed. He still goes places now and then, usually escorting the blonde and gay Carole Lombard, and he still slips away alone for his long week-ends of hunting, fishing or camping.

ONE rainy Saturday night a short time ago one of the men from Clark's studio was driving to his mountain cabin. He stopped in a forlorn little restaurant in an even more forlorn little village along the way. There, to his surprise, he found Clark Gable, sitting with the shirt-sleeved proprietor, talking and drinking coffee. No one in Hollywood knew where Clark was. He said that he intended to drive on through the rain until he was tired and then find a place to sleep.

Down in Hollywood, on the other side of that curtain of rain, there were a dozen gay and sparkling parties, where Clark would have been more than welcome. But Clark was sitting at an oilcloth-covered table, drinking hot, strong coffee from a thick cup and swapping yarns with a middle-aged man, who didn't know or care that the tall, dark man in the rough gray sweater and the cap was one of the world's greatest screen idols.

But, when Clark doesn't have to come back to Hollywood on Sunday night or Monday morning, when he has unlimited time to hunt and fish and explore strange places, will he enjoy them as much as he does now, when he is stealing them from the busy excitement of his working life?

That's what Clark is wondering, too. His present contract will be ended when he is thirty-eight. He never wants to sign another like it. He hopes to make one or two pictures a year, good pictures, for two or three years. Then he believes that his day will be done. And before him will stretch the long, golden, empty years.

"All I hope is that I shall be able to find some enjoyable and profitable way to fill them," Clark said. "I don't want, and I can't afford, to be just an idler."

Love Sneaked In

(*Continued from page 54*)

"I don't miss the round of entertainment because after awhile you tire of partying. Frances and I go out as much as we wish, but spare hours on our ranch are more appealing than you might suspect. Responsibilities are more exhilarating than the lack of them, another truth I have stumbled on!

"When you're playing at romance you pretend to be concerned with the current girl-friend's problems, but you aren't seriously interested. You can't be, unless her fate's intertwined with your own. If it is, you can heed her opinions and suggestions and trust her judgment completely."

Joel and his Frances have preserved their individuality by going on, publicly, as two separate stars. They don't mention each other except when it's necessary. They don't grant interviews on their colossal passion. They don't believe in that old Hollywood custom of romancing publicly.

LOVE has inspired me to buckle down in earnest," Joel maintains. "I'm not much of an actor yet, but I think I've shown some evidence of becoming one at last. The thanks belong to Frances. She is a sincere artist and always has attempted to do everything in her power with each role assigned to her. I figured I couldn't acquire any technique, that I could register sufficiently by 'being myself.' When I didn't relish a role, I would not strain myself. Love's made me far more conscientious. Now I try to be the character I'm portraying.

"Moderation is a splendid principle, even in love. Frances and I were offered a lot of money to do a picture together. We declined. It would have been capitalizing on our affection. If the roles had been marvelous, and we'd been qualified for them by our talent, that would have made a difference. But we visualized the publicity that would have been sent out. We'd be sold to the theatres to lure curiosity-seekers. If we hit as a team, they would have requested more and more films of us together. Then the more sensible fans would have commenced groaning, 'Oh, there are those two again! Can't they keep their love to themselves?' No, not for us.

"As time goes on, I'm more convinced it wouldn't be so smart for us to work together. Frances hasn't made a picture in some time—her last one was 'The Gay Deception.' But when both of us are working, we're anxious to get home, to recount what's happened on our respective jobs, and to relax in each other's company.

"Frances hasn't been in the Goldwyn Studios in the two years I've been under contract to Goldwyn, not even to visit. I've called for her on her set only occasionally. Then I've waited in her dressing-room. It's not professional to be hanging around, and if she were making a romantic scene it'd probably embarrass both her leading man and me. No wife would run down to her husband's oil station and sit there all day, watching him pump gas. No wife wants her husband underfoot when she's attending to her business."

Although Joel did select a successful actress when he picked his bride, Frances Dee isn't the superficial type. She manages to provide Joel with as pleasant a home as that to which his mother accustomed him. And there's no furious pace about their menage, either.

The producers have an altered attitude towards him since he has married, Joel disclosed. "They size me up as more stable, which I am. Rather than branding me a boy, with a degree of personality, they're regarding me as an actor of sorts, with signs of ability!" (In fact, Mr. Goldwyn has loaned Joel out twice in recent months—to Columbia for "Adventure in Manhattan", opposite Jean Arthur, and to 20th Century-Fox for "Banjo on My Knee," with Barbara Stanwyck.)

Joel's new wish to excel in his chosen line is decidedly obvious. He raves over such a performer as Paul Muni, for instance, and describes himself, in comparison, as "nothing." He doesn't assume that his future is to be stupendous, but he's bound to make it as noteworthy as he can.

"My bringing-up was advantageous in endowing me with business insight. But I was handicapped for the actual acting. I'd been doused in manners, taught to suppress my reactions. It's no cinch to let yourself go before the cameras and a flock of people!"

While he's wondering how he can tear open his soul, as he swears Muni does, Joel's no longer coddling himself with the notion that he can be a cowboy if his boots are in Hollywood. That was in the back of his head until love brought him the perspective of an adult.

"I could never be a cowboy now," he chuckles. "The McCoy cowboys would never forget that McCrea was in pictures. Anyway, I don't want to switch trades. I'm more intrigued with the movies than ever, and it's taken me seven years to reach the point where acting begins!"

Love, you funny thing! Take a bow for one more very successful transformation.

Harold and Mildred Lloyd step out for an evening's fun. Mildred looks pretty enough to make a screen come-back, doesn't she?

The Trousseau Joan Chose

(*Continued from page 58*)

Joan indulged all her pet fashion fancies in the things she chose for her trousseau. She loves soft, feminine clothes that achieve their effect from color and line rather than from surplus material, draperies, fripperies and such. For evening she prefers long sweeping lines, with frocks that cling through the bodice and waistline, outlining her figure. Just such a gown is the black crepe princess model with the deep square decolletage outlined in the same gold looped beading as that which composes the brief bolero jacket. The beaded border, to both the jacket and the dress, is set with turquoise stones

Another form-fitting and very feminine model is the long-sleeved black crepe restaurant dress which has a scattered patterning of sequins on the slender skirt and hip-length tunic. Although the neckline is high at front, the back is cut out in a deep square. The sleeves have slight fullness above the elbow in a semi-leg o' mutton effect but are tightly fitted to the wrist below. With this, Joan wears a velvet turban with a dashing bow at front. Her fur cape is cross fox.

Joan's favorite color is blue, all shades of it. She chose the charming crepe dinner gown with short sleeves, square neckline and flaring fur peplum because it combined a soft dusty blue with her pet fur, mink. Again you will notice the snug fitting to the bodice and waist with the skirt slightly flared toward the hemline.

SPEAKING of the colors she likes, Joan said, "Brunettes can be as vivid as they like, but when blondes go in for red or vivid green, or other bright, sharp colors, they only succeed in looking hard and cheap. For them, colors must be softened and toned down in order not to give them that glittering look that is most unattractive." Besides blue, she likes the aforementioned dusty rose, golden browns, black or white for evening and occasionally green in the softer tones.

While she wears tailored suits often during the day, she always introduces a frilly blouse or vivid scarf to obtain a feminine effect.

"Though I try to keep tailored things in my daytime wardrobe," she told me, "I revel in the most feminine things at home. My negligees are all of velvet, satin or chiffon."

One of her trousseau negligees, pictured, is of gray chiffon over Nile green. The whole gown is made on graceful, sweeping lines, with full, cape-like sleeves and a train to the skirt. Pink roses cascade from the bodice to the hem in front. Certainly the most bride-like of negligees, isn't it? Another one, not pictured, is a two-piece affair. A white satin robe with a pleated, full-length cape of chiffon.

A favorite daytime ensemble consists of a black wool coat over a mustard yellow silk crepe dress. The coat is cut with classic simplicity, collarless with a flare to the hem which is bordered in cross fox. The silk dress is very simple, too, with a high draped neckline and fitted long sleeves. A high-crowned, brimless black felt hat with a quill placed at a sharp angle makes a perfect topper for this costume. Joan wears a corsage of orchids right at the waist-high closing of her coat. This is not pictured.

Like so many of the Hollywood stars this season, Joan likes the tunic silhouette

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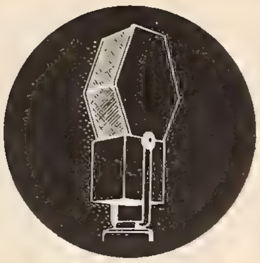

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and has repeated it throughout her trousseau, both in evening and daytime costumes.

"This year, the tunic and peplum lines that are so important happen to be most becoming to me, so I've been able to have them in evening frocks, afternoon clothes and even in tailored suits," she explained.

While she and Dick sailed in a leisurely manner by the canal route, she loved to dance on warm evenings in the romantic black net gown which she had selected for just such purpose. The tremendous fullness of the skirt is achieved by the ingenious use of twelve set in gores, each of which is topped by an appliqued disc of red velvet. The same red velvet is used in crossed bands to define the waistline and the crossed detail is repeated again in the bodice where the net gives the effect. Her shoulders are covered by short, looped sleeves.

A chinchilla muff is the only decoration used to accent Joan's long and quite Victorian looking evening wrap. This wrap is in a beautiful shade of Coronation blue and is doubly stunning when worn over a black crepe dinner gown with shoulder capelets and deep flounce of the same shade of velvet. The flounce is outlined in tiny, hand-embroidered flowers, the same motif repeated on the cape sleeves, where they join the bodice of the dress.

A flower patterning is used again in Joan's trousseau, this time for a gay, puffed sleeved lacquered satin jacket which tops a dull black crepe gown. The pattern is a small flower motif printed in an allover effect.

THIS is only a sample of the lavish trousseau, but it gives you a small idea of what a completely feminine person Joan is. Also it proves that even a busy, popular actress can be as romantic and sentimental about her trousseau as any girl, the country over.

One thing that Joan said, as we parted, that I think is especially worth passing on:

"One of the most important things in being well-dressed, to my way of thinking, is to watch your hose. No matter how expensive the rest of your costume, if your hosiery is not sheer and clear and in the right shade, the entire effect can be ruined. Therefore, I am careful about the shade of hose I wear with each frock, and always, always have hose that are sheer and utterly ringless.

"Also one of the costume rules that I always follow," she continued, "is to have my shoes and bag of the same material and shade, whenever possible and to have my gloves match either my hat or some trimming on the hat, in the latter case the hat itself will match my frock. I do not like gloves and bag to match as I consider the contrast of the glove against the bag most effective."

The same month that Joan and Dick were married, three other prominent Hollywood couples joined the altarward procession—and in each instance the brides wore costumes that were well worth keeping in mind for future reference in case any of you step off between now and June.

Henry Fonda's bride, Mrs. Frances Seymour Brokaw, wore a bouffant taffeta gown with inset circular stripings of tulle. And her hat was an off-the-face model of the same taffeta with a bow as its only trimming. She, like Joan, chose a most appropriate and correct costume for a second marriage.

However, both Maureen O'Sullivan and Ann Sothern had all the fun of a first wedding with veil and the trimmings. Maureen, for her church wedding at high noon to John Farrow, wore the traditional white satin with voluminous tulle veil. Her gown was made with a fitted bodice and flared skirt—she carried gardenias and white orchids.

It took Ann to strike the most unique note of all the brides. Her wedding was most unique, in fact, as the ceremony took place at one minute past midnight. Ann had not planned it that way but both she and Roger Pryor forgot about California's three-day license law and had to postpone the original day and hour until the license could be made legal. Ann's costume was charming—she wore a blue metal cloth gown with fitted bodice, square neckline and short sleeves, the skirt of which was full and floor length. From a tiny Juliet cap of the metal cloth, floated a brief but full tulle veil. You can't imagine a more effective foil for Ann's blonde beauty. She carried huge branched orchids, the stems of which were tightly wrapped in satin ribbon. A stunning costume for you who like to be different and arresting.

With all this bridal chat, I must not forget to urge you to fill in the coupon below which will bring you my January Shopping Bulletin. It's chock full of fashion hints and is yours for the asking.

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2nd prize—Lydia Klodzinski, 43 Cliffmor St., Rochester, N. Y.

3rd prize—Helen Cora Purdy, 61 Diamond St., San Francisco, California.

4th prize—Halpin Abbott, 311 Oak Cliff Blvd., Dallas, Texas.

5th prize—Doris G. Frazer, Wainwright Hall, Kew Gardens, L. I.

6th prize—Loretta McGann, 182 Academy Ave., Providence, Rhode Island.

7th prize—Eleanor Dean, 2623 Barron St., Memphis, Tenn.

8th prize—Ruth Thomas, 2019 Binney St., Omaha, Nebraska.

9th prize—Thelma Kem, 1206 Mill St., Eugene, Oregon.

Hit Hollywood Early

(*Continued from page 35*)

whenever she was fortunate enough to rate a call from a casting office. It was director Edmund Goulding who noticed her in a crowd. He was struck by her budding sweetness and foresaw the spark of personality which was to lift her from the rank-and-file. Furthermore, he took the trouble to send her out to the Pathe studio, where they were building up a stock company. Marian's test was satisfactory and she was put under contract.

"By this time I was crazy to act," she recalled. She was smart, besides, for she realized that talkies demanded more than mere prettiness. With rare acumen she went to Nance O'Neil, famous stage star, and arranged to be coached. Miss O'Neil was persuaded to tutor her in how to stand, how to walk and in voice placement. They enacted Shakespearian and modern dramas. Marian was inspired to think of what she could make of herself if she exerted her energy.

By no means has Hollywood been a snap for this astonishingly optimistic girl, however. She's had to fight, not only for recognition, but against bad breaks that would have floored a less spirited person. For instance, Pathe let her go. (They dismissed Carole Lombard and Lew Ayres simultaneously. Only then it was no joke to any one of them!)

Undaunted, Marian scurried about and landed a six-months' contract with Samuel Goldwyn. Of course, she was ready to exercise the technical knowledge which she'd been acquiring by sacrificing luxuries. But she was only asked to deliver a few lines in Eddie Cantor's "Whoopee." Meanwhile, she was still enrolled in public school. Marian blithely studied under the teachers provided on the sets, when she was unable to attend classes. A hectic, dual adolescence, but she thrived on it.

One of the chief things about films Marian has stumbled upon is that there's nothing more deceiving than apparent security. If you tackle Hollywood, don't expect to rest on your laurels because you win a contract. Goldwyn didn't take up her option. But she wasn't sleeping at the switch.

She had engaged a business agent by now. Four days after she was out in the cold, she was at another studio for a test. It was so promising that she was immediately signed on a long-term deal.

"Then for six months I was forgotten. I kept up my coaching with Nance O'Neil; I delved into dancing. Then, finally, I met Edward MacGregor, a stage director. I'd heard he was putting on 'Young Sinners' for a West Coast run and securing the feminine lead would let me show I was worth being cast in a picture. 'How old are you?' Mr. MacGregor demanded when I walked into his office. I countered with 'How old do you suppose!' I sounded surprised at his imagining I could be too young to essay a wild flapper."

THIS youthful confidence captured the part for Marian. Talent, polished by her resolute concentration, emerged to make her a hit in both Los Angeles and San Francisco theatres. She was sixteen, but she had nerve enough to hold her own with veteran performers. And as soon as she finished with the play, Warners assigned her the coveted character of Trilby in John Barrymore's "Svengali."

Everything was grand. She emoted with William Powell and Edward G. Robinson and other greats. Then, at eighteen, she was rewarded with official stardom.

Shortly, there ensued one of those peculiar bad breaks that is apt to ruin you in Hollywood. Through no fault of her own, Marian was bewilderingly disregarded. It seems she had a terribly strenuous program, one lead skimming upon the heels of another. A threat of illness made it necessary for her to go to a hospital and, while she was there, her agent secretly informed her employers that she'd not return to the lot until her small salary was tripled.

This audacity was so infuriating that, when Marian was well again, none of the executives cared to speak to her. When her option came up for renewal it was allowed to lapse. Not until months afterwards did she fathom the riddle.

Gradually the prejudice against her "temperament" faded as she evidenced her natural amiability. But when you once lose momentum it's no cinch to re-arouse Hollywood. She eventually won some leads, and then she accepted foreign offers. She heroined in England and in Germany, mastering sufficient German to speak her dialogue herself. That little feat was accomplished in three weeks,

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933,
of MODERN SCREEN, published monthly at Dunellen; New Jersey, for October 1, 1936.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of the MODERN SCREEN and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Regina Cannon, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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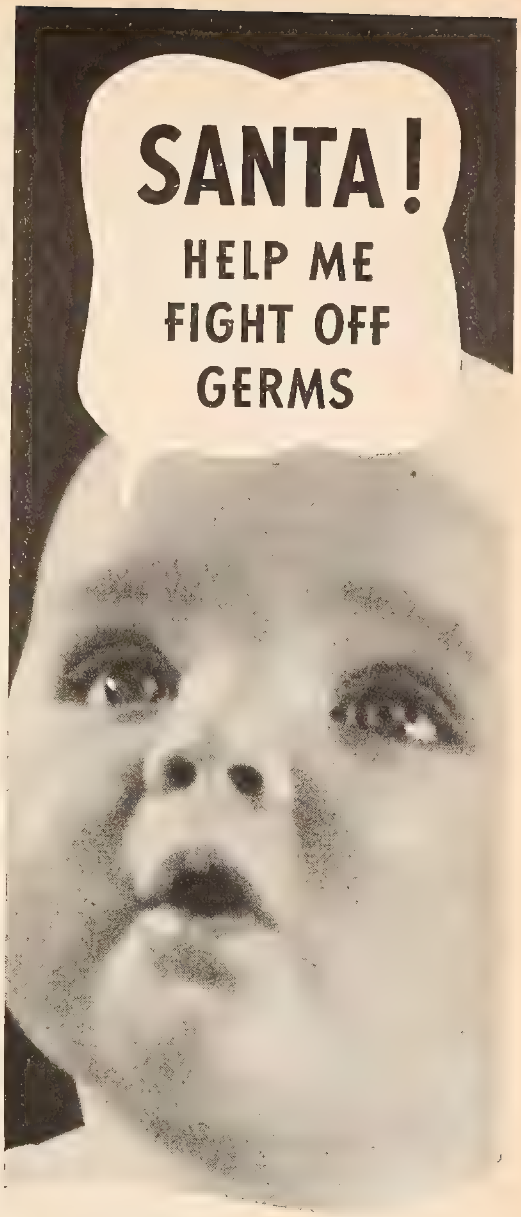
3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

HELEN MEYER, Business Manager.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1936.
ALFREDA R. COLE.
Notary Public, Nassau Co. 1849.
Certificate filed in New York County.
New York County Clerk's No. 858, Reg. No. 8C518.
(My commission expires March 30, 1938.)



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incidentally.

But Marian wanted to regain her place in America. So she came back. Columbia put her under contract and Josef von Sternberg selected her to portray the dramatic Sonya in "Crime and Punishment." She was admirable with Ruth Chatterton in "Lady of Secrets," and "Counterfeit" has helped to make her more of a favorite.

WITH all these troubled episodes behind her, she still isn't the least cynical. "You have to be strong enough to stand the gaff anywhere," she contends, philosophically. "I don't say that I'm grateful for hard knocks. I'm not that noble! But when you get a slam, the alternative that occurs to me is to keep on trying until you have another chance."

When she compares her life with what it would have been if she hadn't become a movie actress, she rejoices at the way fate guided her.

"I certainly wouldn't have travelled, or have been playing leads in Hollywood, London and Berlin when I was twenty—if I hadn't begun when I was young. I'd never have had the opportunity to meet so many noted people. Your interests can't help but broaden here, when you're in contact with visiting celebrities along with local ones."

You can do a little checking on Marian as I have, if you wish. You must concede that she's profited mightily by passing up the ordinary routine for a screen career. Aside from the obvious advantages she has obtained, she's unquestionably enriched herself as a person.

She knows about clothes. Association with smartly dressed women has endowed her with excellent taste. The subtle tricks of charm, which mean so much, are hers. She's habitually attended the outstanding concerts—the Philharmonic Auditorium automatically reserves seats for Marian for every program and she always has a box at the Hollywood Bowl. So her appreciation of music is definitely above average.

"Experience isn't detrimental to a girl," she vows. "It's a tremendous asset. You must encounter unanticipated things and be strong enough to conquer the dilemmas—to gain real poise. And if you handle your personal conduct rightly you won't have to fret about a career's temptations. Men judge you as you wish to be judged.

"I've never had any 'puppy-love' affairs. You'll be thrown with older men if you head for Hollywood. But they're not ogres. Indeed, they're more exciting because they've been places and are doers as well as dreamers.

"Your dates will be for dining and dancing at glamorous spots. Perfect orchestras, attentive beaux, and the feel of being in the midst of a gala week-end party that never ends. What could be more fun?

"Since I haven't been to college I can merely draw conclusions as to what I've missed. I don't want to sound presumptuous, but the only loss I can think of is that I've worked too steadily to have time for many girl friends. They're nice to have, I'm sure.

"Actual acting is far more valuable than theoretical study of the drama; chumming with those who are constantly accomplishing is more beneficial than reading about the prominent."

You can click in Hollywood if you have as much ability, astuteness and spunk as this girl. I suggest that you induce your family to come with you, however. Marian has always had her home to return to at the end of her adventuring out into the movie world. And she appreciates it. What wisdom there is in this extraordinary young lady!

He Plays in B-Flats

(*Continued from page 34*)

to another company, Bob returned to M-G-M with fresh honors under his belt, or on his lapel or wherever an actor wears fresh honors.

Now the acting business, in case you don't know, is a business in which the participants are never satisfied. If the story is all right, the director is terrible. And if the director is all right, the actor's role is impossible. If an actor gets a contract, which he has been pining for, he no more than signs it than he wishes he were free-lancing. Nothing is ever perfect in this profession. It seems to be a part of the game for an actor to spend about half his energy complaining about the hardness of his lot.

Here was Bob, with just cause for complaint, it would seem, never saying a word. He just plugged along. And then he was sent to England to make a picture with Jessie Matthews. He was so good in that picture—"It's Love Again"—that they wanted him for another and promised to send Miss Matthews to Hollywood to make a picture in exchange if he would only make "Secret Agent" with Madeleine Carroll. He made the extra picture, to the delight of audiences, his stock soared and he returned to his home studio. And what do you think happened then? You'd never guess, but he was put right into another B-picture. In fact, a couple of them.

Then something happened to make Bob the envy of every young actor in Hollywood. He was given his choice between working with Lily Pons in her current picture, or playing the male lead in "Stowaway" with Shirley Temple.

Now put yourself in Bob's place. What would you do if you had to choose between Lily and Shirley? It is likely you would be in as much of a quandary as Bob was.

"Here I was, in a position I'd wanted to be in all my life," Bob confessed to me, "and I almost collapsed. I read both scripts and the role in 'Stowaway' seemed to offer me more than the other one. However, there were other considerations that made the Lily Pons picture very inviting. I couldn't sleep nights. I paced the floor. I couldn't make up my mind. And then I said to myself: 'Look here, you've got to decide sometime. You'll either be right or wrong.' So I decided on 'Stowaway.' Everyone tells me I decided on the wrong picture, so I think it must be the right one. Anyway I'm very pleased about the whole thing.

"There's one thing about a Shirley Temple picture," he added, "and that is that everybody sees it."

Robert Young is often spoken of as being "normal," a description that fits few actors, for, as one said to me recently, "no one expects or wants an actor to be normal." But applied to Bob, the speaker usually means that he has kept his balance. It wouldn't have surprised me if Bob had said it was all nonsense not to be normal in Hollywood, but he didn't.

"I used to think that," he said seriously. "Before I was married and even for a while afterward I thought that Hollywood was just a place like any other place; that it was up to the individual to keep his balance, but now I don't think it is so easy.

"In the first place," he continued, "before I got my job in pictures, I worked for a stock broker for $100 a month. My first job in pictures paid me $100 a week. Immediately everything was on a different basis. I don't mean that I changed or forgot my old friends or anything like that, but naturally you do things a little differently, live a little better, have more and better clothes and do more things when your salary is increased to four times its former amount.

"I haven't changed my friends, however. I have kept all my old school pals. I do that for two reasons. One is that I like them and the other is that associating with people who do live normal lives helps me to keep my balance."

Then he told of an evening recently when he and his wife took a young married couple out to celebrate the wife's birthday.

"WE went to a night club," Bob continued, "where all the actors meet and talk about themselves. I was prepared for a typical night at a cafe, but these friends of ours were so thrilled to be there, to see the stars and noted people that I found myself sharing their enthusiasm. I began to see the place through their eyes instead of these bored eyes of mine.

"Another thing that makes it easier for my wife and me to remain normal and avoid a lot of pitfalls that get in front of some of our friends, is that we have known each other for such a long time. We were friends for years and sweethearts all through school. But this business does offer a lot of handicaps that working in a bank doesn't. However, it is more or less up to the individual, and with all its drawbacks the picture business offers a lot of compensations.

"I'm grateful for all the opportunities it has given me—for my home, the comforts, the good times and the knowledge that I will be able to give my child a good education. And there's one I'll be eternally grateful for, the opportunity of meeting and knowing Lewis Stone. His friendship has meant a lot to me.

"You know, a fellow can be a great actor and an awful heel at the same time," Bob expounded. "Lewis Stone is a great actor and a fine gentleman. No matter what happens, he ignores it all. He refuses to let anything upset him. All the petty annoyances and even the big problems go over his head like water over a duck's back. And when his work is done and he can get out on his yacht, he is king of all he surveys. He puts the studio entirely out of his mind and is just Lew Stone. I've learned a lot from my association with him."

Choosing for a pal a man old enough to be his father, isn't the routine generally followed by the aspiring young actor. But that is just one of Hollywood's set rules that Bob makes a habit of breaking. In a town where "you must entertain the right people—the ones who can help you along—"; where "you must be seen at this or that popular cafe or night club," Bob goes merrily on his way doing what he thinks best. One of the items on the "must" list for an actor is to have a business manager to handle his money in addition to an agent who gets him jobs.

"But why should I have a business manager?" Bob demanded. "I think it's silly. I can't save money, so I put a certain amount of my salary in the bank every week and when that's gone, that's all there is. If I overdraw, the bank gives me hell and I have to make it up the next week. The rest of my salary I put into insurance and annuities. It doesn't require any master mind to do that."

IT sounds almost too good to be true, but Bob has retained his perspective in a town where perspectives are all out of step. He is even eager to work more than he does—even in B-pictures—because he figures that every role he plays teaches him something about his work and prepares him for a future regarding which he has a plan.

"You see," he said earnestly, in discussing his plan, "I'm almost twenty-nine years old. In five years I'll be close to thirty-five which, if you stop and think, is the age of most of the really important male stars in pictures. Outside of Bob Taylor and a few others, of course," he added.

"I've been in pictures about ten years and I hope I've been learning all that time, but I'm not ready to be a star yet. If I keep on going as I am now; if I work hard and get to be a really good actor, a competent, versatile actor, why, when that big part that every actor hopes for, comes, I'll be ready for it. I'm studying music now. Not because I'm a musician crying to express myself or because I think I have any great voice, but because that will be one more tool for me to use in my business.

"I'm grateful that my career has gone along in a smooth, steady way; that I haven't been pushed into stardom before I was ready for it. Sometimes those meteoric rises to stardom have a fall that is just as rapid and spectacular.

"I've been very lucky," he confessed. "I haven't had to suffer for my art. I didn't even struggle to get into this business. I was pushed into it."

And then he told me how he had a job with a stock broker and a friend suggested he join the Pasadena Community Players.

"Well, that was fun," he declared enthusiastically. "I enjoyed it. Of course, I learned a lot over there, but it was fun doing it. I would have been out dancing or going to the movies if I hadn't been rehearsing every night. A fellow has to go some place. But I wasn't suffering or making any sacrifices."

If Bob only knew what he was missing by not suffering for his art, suffering being one of the most satisfactory compensations derived from the business of acting. But even without suffering, someone with vision saw this handsome boy playing minor roles on the stage and he was given an M-G-M contract and has been with that company ever since.

Of course, no one is perfect and Bob has one bad fault. He is an inveterate knocker. On one subject he has nothing much good to say and, strangely enough, the object of his vigorous attacks is Bob Young!

"I'm a 'putter-offer,'" he declared solemnly. "Honestly, no matter how badly I want to do a thing, I never get around to it."

Despite my arguments in his behalf, he went ahead, determined to convince me that he is dilatory; that he doesn't take advantage of opportunities and that *mañana* is his favorite word.

I NEVER would have applied for a job in pictures. I might have wanted to ever so much, but I never would have gotten around to it. I plan things to do, all right, but I don't seem to get to them.

"Here's one example," he continued. "We wanted a dog to raise with the baby. Our friends offered us dogs of various breeds, sizes and ages, but we never accepted one simply because I couldn't decide which one to accept. Six months went by and then one day our cook returned from a vacation with a little mutt dog under her arm.

"The vet I took him to told me that there was a dog that could look almost any dog in the eye and call him 'brother' without being wrong more than once out of ten times, and the only strain in him that he could positively recognize was Maltese Terrier. Being twice the size a Maltese Terrier should be, the assumption is that his parents 'got around' some. But he is cute and we kept him and now are as attached to him as we could be to the finest dog in the land. But you see, if the cook hadn't taken matters into her own hands, we probably wouldn't have a dog yet.

"I get twelve weeks off every year," he went on. "Often between pictures I'm off for a few days or a week. And twelve weeks of vacation is more than a bank clerk gets. I have loads of time to do things—like studying languages, reading good books, doing things to improve myself—but I don't do them. Everyone should have a hobby, but I haven't. I play tennis and play with the baby and fool around, reading whatever is at hand instead of choosing good books, and the first thing I know I have to get started on a picture."

He may not choose good books, but one thing he does read is the criticisms of his work. And when I caught him nodding his head and muttering: "That's right. I *did* do that," I supposed it must be a very flattering review. On the contrary, this particular reviewer had gone after Bob hammer and tongs.

"He's right, too," Bob declared. "I see what he means, and I won't make that mistake again."

Sometimes Bob is late for an appointment and it is invariably because he has become engrossed in a book or magazine. And often, as he starts out his front door he will stop, stoop over and read an entire issue of some advertising publication that has been thrown onto his front porch. Can you imagine the handsome young actor, his head almost touching the floor, his posterior in an exalted position, reading avidly the bargains offered by Hollywood merchants?

"I guess there's just one way to break me of that habit," he said with an engaging grin, "and that is for someone to sneak up and pin a sign on my back—a sign that reads: 'Kick me.'"

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girl
says Jane Heath

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Not Too Mercenary

(*Continued from page 42*)

He heretofore has been quite successful in living this freedom. Now, success enters to play the role of heavy. Following "The Song of Songs" with Marlene Dietrich, "The Constant Nymph," "What Every Woman Knows" with Helen Hayes, and "Glitter" with Joan Crawford, Brian found himself a prime favorite with the fans.

There was one producer in Hollywood who knew he was a prime favorite and wanted to star him in pictures. That was Irving Thalberg. BUT—Mr. Thalberg didn't want to cast Brian in big productions unless he was willing to stick close to Hollywood, sign a 52-week a year contract, and devote *all* his time to the movies. Mr. Thalberg, being happily married to Norma Shearer, and also knowing the zest that romance puts in life—real or reel—had a solution to Brian's dilemma but that young man merely chuckled over it and let it go for a chuckle. But this is the idea and this is the way it developed.

One day on the M-G-M lot, Brian was in Irving Thalberg's office, talking career and pictures. Mr. Thalberg interrupted the conference to pick up the telephone and call his home. Mrs. Thalberg, otherwise the beauteous Norma Shearer, answered the call.

"Norma," Irving began, "I've got Brian in my office."

Norma waited.

"I still can't induce him to devote all his time to pictures," Irving continued.

Still Norma waited.

"But I've got an idea," Irving came to the point. "What Brian needs is to fall in love, get married, and settle down in Hollywood."

Norma considered the idea box-office—domestically and professionally.

"We'll have to find the girl for him," Irving ended.

Norma was diplomatic. Finding the girl was something else again. It still is, for Mr. Aherne doesn't discuss his personal affairs other than to say, under cross-examination, that he is not married; he never has been married; he never has wanted to marry; and it doesn't appear at the moment that he is going to think differently, being as free from the thought as ever before in his thirty odd years.

"There's the difficulty," he admitted. "If I don't sign up on a yearly basis to make pictures, it appears I shan't get the parts that I really enjoy playing. On the other hand," perplexedly, "I love the theatre. I've been in it all my life, but now there seems to be a difficulty with that, too—and also because of pictures."

"For instance?" I encouraged.

"Well, there was my part as the English lord in Katherine Cornell's play, 'St. Joan.' It was a beautiful role and I was very enthusiastic about it. But while we were on the road with the play, I received a number of letters from people who saw it saying they didn't care for me at all in such a disagreeable part."

AND it was a decidedly disagreeable part that Mr. Aherne enacted. He was the dastardly Britisher who, for reasons of political gain, sent the heroic Joan of Arc to the stake to be burned. Furthermore, he wore costume and a bit of a beard. And those who have seen him act pleasant roles in pictures, didn't share his pleasure in such a disguised, despicable stage role, no matter what he may think or feel about it. These same frank dissenters were the people who, liking his work in the talkies, have brought him to the threshold of stardom—provided he will yield to the way the producers want him to live, and work.

"What do you think you'll do?" I asked.

He shook his head indecisively and puffed at the pipe which, having gone out, he re-lit, flipping the match into the fireplace. "I don't know. I don't take to the idea at all of settling down in one place."

Apparently, he never has settled. He has played on the stage in London and he has made pictures in England. He has a charming little cottage down in the English countryside, which is the nearest thing to being settled he has ever managed. He has played in Australia and spent enough time on a sheep ranch there to get a taste of Australia in the rough.

"I enjoyed it," he commented. "The ranch was miles from the railroad station and there were no neighbors for miles about. I did a little riding around the place with the men—most interesting. We took a supply of tea and sugar and then started out to see that the fences were intact and the sheep safe. The trip takes days, for the ranches in that country are simply enormous. When it was time to eat, the chap took a bit of tea, put it in a pot of water, dug a hole in the ground, built a fire over the pot. Then he caught a sheep, skinned it, and roasted it over the fire. Tea and mutton got done together. Then we dined. It's a quiet life and a sane sort of life, but it grows on you as does the country."

"It sounds like a place to stretch," I remarked.

He half-smiled, nodding. "It is—with plenty of sky and stars to help."

"But there's still Hollywood," I returned to the main issue. "Do you agree with the producers that you should give up your life to pictures?"

"I'm afraid I see their side of it pretty strongly," he admitted. "After all, you know, they do put a great deal of money into their pictures and, if they build a player to stardom, they're entitled to get their investment in the player back in his stardom."

"Then if you agree with them you'll sign up for a year?"

"I don't know," he said.

"Do you like Hollywood? Because if you don't—"

"I do like it," he interposed quickly. "I can't say I altogether understand it, but I like it. I was told the first time I went out I wouldn't be able to wait to get back to New York. The second time, I'd think of coming back to see the shows. And the third time," he smiled, "well, the third time I'd close up my New York apartment and move out bag and baggage. But I don't know that I've reached the third stage yet."

"Couldn't you still have the freedom you enjoy and live in Hollywood?"

"I've never been tied down," he moved restively. "I've done what plays I've wanted to do. I've traveled when I've wanted. And I've made pictures when I've liked the parts."

"Then why not make the producers come around to your way of thinking," I suggested brashly.

"They apparently won't," he deplored, and added, amused at his own predicament,

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"I really don't know how to make up my mind. Money is good to have. One has obligations, you know. But so is freedom."

"And Mr. Thalberg's idea—romance?"

"I'm not in love," he answered briefly.

WHICH, in a way, if one be romantically inclined, seems a pity. For Brian Aherne is a most attractive young Englishman. He is rather a shy young man who, in appearance, reminds me vaguely of a youthful edition of Percy Marmont. He is six feet three, leanly built, with light brown hair and blue eyes. He feels most uncomfortable talking of himself and, as a matter of fact, is decidedly wary of granting interviews. There is a clause in his contract saying that he has to see only two interviewers a year, so my being one of the two is perhaps in the nature of a feat. He has an older brother named Patrick, who was a star in the silent days of pictures in England. Patrick is very happily married and has several children. He has a sister, Elena, who was on the stage but gave it up to open an antique shop in London.

Brian has no pet ambition, other than to act parts that he enjoys and avoiding, when possible, playing just so-so hero roles opposite well-known women stars. He considers himself a decidedly hopeless subject to be interviewed. That he enjoys golf, swimming, and motoring; that he has a valet who travels with him and takes care of him and whatever his home happens to be—house, apartment, or hotel suite; that he imbibes tea at four o'clock regularly; that he doesn't care for large parties or slews of people or night clubs and such obvious glitter seems of no consequence to him and, being so very personal, he can't see how it would interest anyone. He is interested in travel films, though the idea of making any himself doesn't stir him to any other than casual interest. He is very fond of his country place in England and cheerfully proud of it. He has traveled much in England, on the Continent, and in this country.

He is neither happy nor unhappy but has a decided capacity to be either. He is very much the bachelor type, which combines a liking for and an impatience with the loneliness of that state and the idea of ever giving it up. He dreams a good deal, but has the fortunate—or unfortunate—knack of so clearly seeing another person's viewpoint that on occasion it interferes with his own decisiveness.

Which is where we met Brian Aherne and his problem—money or freedom. With freedom he will have money, to be sure, but not the potfuls of gold that Hollywood showers on its favorites. And being acutely aware of the value of money in these days of not so much of it, he hesitates to decide his problem lest haste make for repentance and difficulties. He doesn't usually hesitate in making decisions, and the fact he is doing so now contributes to his unrest. Life has suddenly been transformed for him into a big question-mark and a question-mark isn't the simplest of obstacles. Particularly when one answer brings the pot of gold and the other—well, the life of the free-lance can be champagne or soda-water. And champagne is much cozier than soda-water.

As you read this story, Mr. Aherne is again back in Hollywood, having just finished "Beloved Enemy" with lovely Merle Oberon and this trip may tell the tale: money or freedom.

Handsome Is As Make-up Does

(*Continued from page 53*)

of your mouth. If you use an indelible stick, don't apply fresh lipstick over old. Remove the old first.

WE hear a great deal about following the natural shape of the mouth. Generally speaking, this is excellent advice. But if you have a very bad mouth, there's no law against experimenting with a few alterations. A liquid powder—very, very carefully used—can blot out to a great extent the natural outline of your mouth, and then you can draw on your own lips, following as much as possible the natural shape and just fixing things up a little where you feel it's necessary. I say you must experiment with this, and once you discover a trick that works, stick to it. If you wish to enlarge a thin mouth a little, do it at the outer curve of the upper lip—not at the bow. Just a tiny bit. Again generally speaking, I'd say it's okay to make a too-small mouth look a little bigger, but a bad idea to try to make a big mouth look smaller. Big mouths are nice and generous and they happen to be fashionable.

The above two paragraphs go for all types. I can't talk about lipstick all day, so . . .

2. I have said, for daytime, the young, natural, wholesome type should do with a minimum of make-up, and often lipstick will fill the bill. But not always. The next most important accent to the face, after the mouth, is the eye. If your lashes are light and dopey looking, use mascara. Brown, not black, for daytime, even though your general coloring is more brunette than otherwise. Just tip the lashes with the brush, very lightly, and then after the goo dries, brush your lashes out with a fresh dry brush. The same advice goes for eyebrows. Don't draw the brows out beyond their natural length, either. Instead of mascara, you may find that a soft brown pencil, feathered across your lashes and brows, will give the desired effect. Or perhaps one of the good eyelash growers, which are brown in color. Kill two birds with one stone, you see—doll up your eyes and "grow" your lashes at the same time. I've been asked if one can really and truly make lashes grow. M. M. will tell you the truth: they will grow a smitch—maybe a sixteenth of an inch in length—with long, faithful application of lash-grower or vaseline. They will grow materially thicker, however, if you keep after them. And that ain't all: the application of grower or vaseline gives them body and life and sometimes a tendency to curl upward, which makes 'em look longer and thicker than they really are. Now are you satisfied?

Don't use any other eye make-up tricks in the daytime except the above.

I guess I don't need to tell you that if your face shines like a beacon without powder, use powder. A very slightly darker shade than your own skin. Get after that excessive shine with a mild astringent tonic and cut out fats and sweets from your diet for a spell. You should, of course, use rouge if you look terrible without it. Cream rouge for normal and dry skins. Cake rouge for oily skins. Very little.

3. Here are some stunts that this type of girl may do for gala occasions—for evening.

After powdering, dash a towel, wrung out in cold water, against your face. Don't

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BEAUTY ADVICE?
Turn to Page 52

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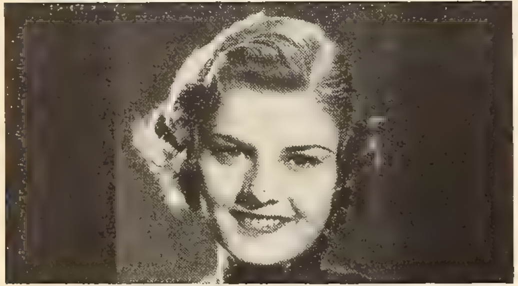

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rub. There's something about this trick which kind of "sets" the powder for the evening. You should experiment, first, of course.

Try using two different shades of powder—in other words, highlight your face with powder. You might use a darker shade on your nose, if you consider it a little too prominent. If your face has a tendency to hollow in, like Dietrich's, at the sides—which is werry, werry fascinating—blend a darker shade of powder into these hollows. Under soft lights, the two shades won't be obvious.

Do some one thing—just one—that will make you look entirely different from your daytime appearance. If you go without mascara most of the time, use it for a party. I know a blonde whose lashes are thick but light. She darkened them quite a lot for one party and wondered why she had suddenly become so popular. Blue mascara for blue-eyed misses is swell. But stay away from the more exotic shades of eyeshadow, you young people; such goings-on are for older girls.

A change of hair-do can make a striking change in a girl for a party. Do the opposite of what you do in the daytime: wear it rather slick and severe, if your customary coiffeur is soft and loose, or vice versa. Refrain, though, you young people, from complicated, "fixy" hair-does, and these ultra-sophisticated hair-ornaments which are the rage just now.

AND now a word to really pretty girls, which brings up Loretta Young as a case in point. Loretta isn't a strict, authentic beauty, because of her big mouth, but she's close to it. She's not striking—like Kay Francis, for example—nor unusual, like Garbo, say. She's just unusually pretty. There's a softness, a passiveness, an ultra-femininity about her. There are thousands of attractive girls in this country, just as pretty in their way as Loretta is in hers. I wish they'd be content to let well enough alone. I wish they'd be content to stay pretty, and not try to be sophisticated types, exotic types, what-have-you types. I wish they'd keep their skins nice, by sensible diet and regular care, and let their make-up go at a touch of powder on the nose and a touch of soft-colored lipstick, perhaps. I wish they'd leave their eyebrows the natural shape, with only the merest bit of grooming for tidiness' sake. I wish the pretty girls with the soft brown hair—like Loretta's—would let it remain soft brown and not go bleaching and henna-ing it. Being pretty to start with, so many young kids think they can turn themselves into all-time wows by using a whole lot of make-up and going in for hair-dye. They end up looking tough and hard-boiled.

For this type, soft colors are the thing. Off-shades of rose and blue. Warm, not hard, bright, shades of red. Grey-green, golden-brown, violet-blue—the more feminine, alluring shades. Soft, feminine lines, too. Not too strictly tailored. Not too clinging to hip and buzzoom. Suggesting, rather than revealing all the lines of the figure.

Irene Dunne may use every kind of make-up on the market. I don't happen to know just what Miss Dunne uses, but she *could* give her face the works, if she desired. Whatever this screen favorite puts on her face, she puts on with the best of taste and the greatest of care. That's one object lesson we'll draw from Irene: good taste, a ladylike appearance under all circumstances. The word ladylike has sort of gone out of fashion, but M.M. thinks it's still a pretty fine word. The other object lesson we'll draw from Irene is this: being a more or less average type (with all due respect to her) and having advanced beyond the young-girl age, she can do what she pleases to her face and hair, how she pleases and when she pleases. Betcha I could take any number of girls in the late twenties and early thirties who are kind of drab—neither good-looking nor bad-looking—and make them as attractive and smart as Irene Dunne. Here's how I'd go about it:

Pinning the hair firmly back from the face and binding a towel around the locks, I'd thoroughly cold-cream said face—remove every trace of make-up from it—and see what Nature had given us to start with. Let's say the eyebrows are too close together. All right—we'll cheat on Nature a little by plucking them an eighth to a quarter of an inch away from the nose. That sets the eyes wider apart, right off. Then we'll shadow the lids, at the outer corners—out and up, toward the temples. This will be done before any powder or anything else is applied, for it's going to be our daytime make-up and we don't want the shadow to be obvious. A brown cream shadow is the best choice.

Let's say the face is too narrow. We'll put the rouge far out on the cheeks. If the face is too wide, it will go closer to the nose. If it's too heavy in the lower part, we'll put shadows of rouge low down to make the face look thinner. We'll use a medium shade of cream rouge and blend it in like crazy so that no line of demarcation shows.

LET'S try one of the liquid powder foundations over this and see what the effect is. These foundations give a mat-like, dull finish to the friendly old face. Or let's try that semi-liquid make-up that so many of the girls are using instead of powder when they want their faces to stay made-up from seven a.m. to five p.m. It takes a little practice to get these liquids and semi-liquids on without blotching. Don't forget your neck when you're applying powder, liquid or ordinary. But to get on with our work . . .

Let's say we want to use regular powder—the powder that comes in the bottle gives a "too made-up look" for daytime. It would be fine for evening. *Press* powder on, don't rub it into your skin. Press on an excess quantity and then remove the excess with a bit of clean cotton or a powder brush. You'll have to write me about shades—I can't go into all of that here.

Well, there we are with our eyes shadowed and whatever rouge is necessary and a careful workman-like coat of powder on. Then we'll take a little cream or oil and remove the powder from the eyebrows and eyelashes, brushing them afterwards with a tiny brush kept just for this purpose. How do we look? Do we still need mascara? Or are the results good enough for daytime, plus a dash of good, bright lipstick? Remember, our aim is good taste, we don't want to look too theatrical. If possible, save the mascara for evening, when you may use as much of it as you like. Also for evening, there are shades of eyeshadow like you never heard tell about—gold, bronze, green-gold. Very sophisticated, but the girl we're talking about can get away with them, if she'll keep on exercising the all important good taste. In other words, she may use whatever she likes in the way of cosmetics—the maddest shades of eyeshadow, the wildest reds for her lipstick. But she uses a little—she blends everything in carefully. There are no blobs of color, no hard lines where rouge leaves off and pale skin begins.

Well, and now there's Katie Hepburn, who is no beauty in any language, but who has turned her plain, angular face into a distinguished, interesting face. She's an inspiration to plain women—to downright ugly women. *If you can't be* *pretty, be different.* How? Well, there, my children, you'll have to write me for personal information and send me your "pitcher" if possible. One of Hepburn's tricks of individuality is her mouth make-up, which I happen not to like, but it *is* different. She has little shape to her upper lip and she makes it up straight across, and gives it shape by a trick of lifting it when she talks. Her eyebrows are short, rather thick and blunt, and she leaves them so, refusing to draw them out to the usual exotic Hollywood length.

The exquisite modelling of Garbo's face comes under the head of authentic beauty, but there's many a plain woman who might give her face arresting distinction by adapting Garbo's eye make-up to every-day living. A line is drawn, with a black or brown pencil, far up on the eyelids, Close your eyes and run your finger over your lid, way up into the eyesocket. That's where the line goes. When your eyes are open, the effect of this line is evident, more than the line itself. For off-screen purposes, of course, this line should be blended and blurred a little. It gives that heavy-lidded look. It wouldn't suit everybody, naturally, but it's worth experimenting with. At the outer corner of Garbos' eyes, a tiny triangle of black is placed, to give that mournful, droopy look. Again, blend and blur. Such goings-on plus a touch of mascara and perhaps a little artificial shaping and lengthening of the brows, can add glamor and interest to even a plain face.

Well, girls, upon reading this article over, I'm scared to death. I tremble to think of the results, when, as and if some of you put one or two of the screwier stunts detailed herein into effect. But, on second thought, I really don't tremble so much after all. I'm sure you'll take the general advice here for every-day use, and leave the more high-falutin' things for special occasions. Be sensible about make-up and use your judgment about it. Moderation in all things is still a good rule. Your friend, M.M., is eager to answer personal questions from any of you. I don't answer questions in the magazine—your letters to me are treated as "poissonal" and private correspondence. Be patient if the answer seems a long time in coming—I try to give you a thorough answer, even though tardy. The address is Mary Marshall, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Please don't forget the stamped, addressed envelope. Thenk yez!

Making the Grade

(*Continued from page 43*)

Now, how can you resist such unabridged candidness as that?

"We have to be at it until midnight," she declared as we settled at our table. "And it's so warm there on the set I'm not hungry." She glanced at the menu and continued, "Says she, ordering a steak!" (Only she chose a vegetable plate and coffee.)

I BEGGED her to go into her story—she did. And here 'tis, in her own words. I think you'll agree it's a pip.

"I was born in Bridgeport, Connecticut, where my father edited the Bridgeport Herald. We moved to New York City, but it didn't make much difference because I was attending convents. I went to three, and at last to New Rochelle College.

"I'm crazy about dancing. Week-ends, when I was home, I had all the Saturday night dates I could. Saturday, day-times, I took dancing lessons from Jack Donohue. That was a bright idea! You see, this whole Hollywood wind-up's probably the result. I remember I was seventeen when I got my first job.

"It seems one of my best boy-friends was at Washington and Lee University, in Virginia, and I decided to go down there for their final dance of the year. So I departed from my campus quite unceremoniously. I wired my mother—after I was on the train.

"Well, that was fun. When I got back to New York, mother met me at the Pennsylvania station with fresh clothes. She said, 'If you're ever planning to get through college you'll have to hurry to New Rochelle for your eyes.' So we dashed to the Grand Central station and with a kiss and a skip I headed for my train.

"Only I had another brilliant brainstorm a second before I got to the gate. My very best boy-friend was graduating from West Point that week and I'd certainly promised to be on hand for all the excitement. You know all the fuss there is, all the grand parading. I was dying to go to that ball, too. Besides, we were in love!

"Fortunately, I had a round-trip ticket to West Point in my purse. I had my evening gown that I'd taken South, and the fresh outfit in which to arrive in a blaze of glory. Also, twenty-five cents in cash in case of emergency. So naturally I switched destinations.

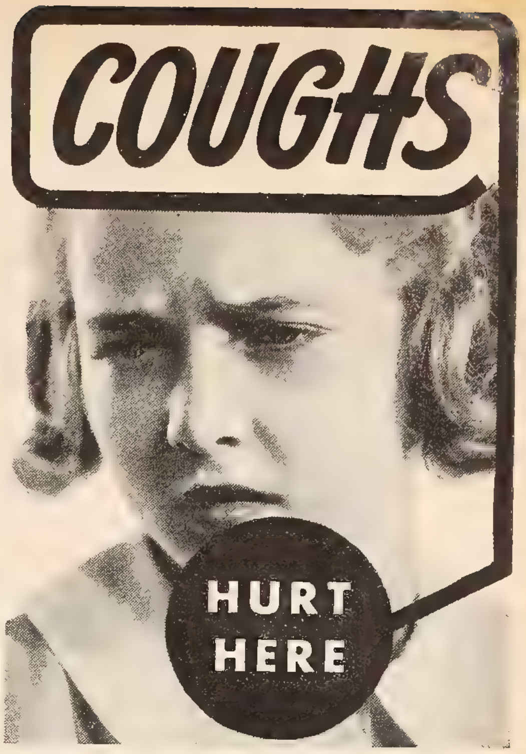
"It was a marvelous week! Of course, we were to have eloped. But we quarreled—got dramatic. Anyway, he was so much older—twenty-seven.

"I arrived home on a Sunday evening and Monday morning I went shopping. Who should I bump into but Jack Donohue's business manager? When he found I was out of school he said, 'Too bad we didn't know that before. Jack's sending a troupe to a leather fair in Boston at five o'clock this afternoon. We could have used you.' I scooted to Mr. Donohue's studio as fast as I could scoot and insisted I could learn the chair-dance tap routine then and there. I did, in a couple of hours. I phoned mother what I was up to, and she stated that she supposed it would be all right—evidently my mind was made up!

"She sent the maid down with some clothes for me and I took the night boat. Our dancing was on for three days, but Jack Donohue thought we were good enough to become a vaudeville act. We lasted at that three weeks, closing in Freeport, on Long Island.

I WASN'T home long until I was invited to a party. Who should be at it but Jimmy Durante and his partners, Clayton and Jackson. Young Mr. Clayton, who was nineteen and so more my type, was positive I had talent. The three of them were opening in a week at Les Ambassadeurs, an exclusive night club. Mr. Clayton told me to call him as he was sure I could acquire the hang of some of the routines. I never did have all those steps pat, but I got by somehow.

"That was swell. But I soon was fired. And here's a queer twist of fate, too. Al Seagal, who's the assistant dance director on this picture I'm doing now, was the man whose duty it was to give me the air! What for? Well, there was



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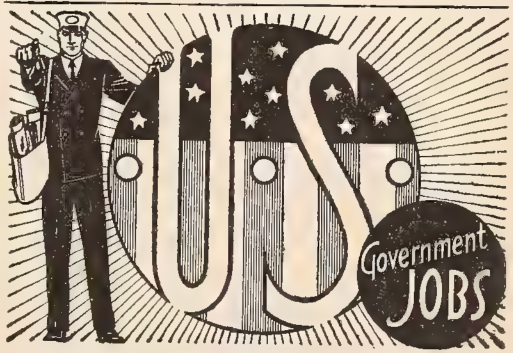

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Believe it or not, Roz Russell wore this "boots and saddles" get-up to the tennis matches! Looks kinda swell, doesn't she?

a Yale-Dartmouth football game and I went to it with a particularly handsome Dartmouth grad. The trouble was that we were having such a fine time I didn't bother to get to the club until two A.M.

"I wasn't any loss to them. But Jimmy Durante felt sorry for me. Shows what pull will do—he knew the Silver Slipper was opening a new revue in a few nights and he got me in there. At the dress rehearsal they were instructing us about the finale and I was so green I didn't even understand such a technical term. I stepped out of line and inquired blandly, 'What the heck's a finale?' Everyone screamed, seeing I was perfectly serious. It struck them so funny they introduced that crack as my speech in the performance!

"Harry Carroll was at the club one evening and he asked me if I wanted to do a buck-and-wing specialty in Ruth Selwyn's '9:15 Revue.' That meant doubling in two places. But the strain didn't hurt me, for the Selwyn production folded in six weeks. After the fourth, when we were in Chicago, I left because I had an offer to join the second 'Little Show.'

"Mr. William LeBaron caught the revue and offered me a film test. I wasn't interested. By then I had the hunch that I was a genuine smarty. And I was satisfied with what I was doing. When the show closed, however, Mr. LeBaron wired his New York office to try me again. I decided I might as well take the test, so I did. That was on December 22nd. They informed me I registered and was to leave three days after Christmas. I landed here in Hollywood on New Year's Eve.

"I didn't know a soul and I was scared stiff. But I'd been fairly popular in the East, so I was ready to climb on the local bandwagon.

"My first week in Hollywood I was entertained continuously. Then I was assigned a role. But, since I wasn't to start for another week, I went to the beach every day to acquire a modish tan. I did such a keen job that after the first day's shooting I was out of the film. I was too dark. When I faded out I was prepared to try once more."

There Arline Judge hesitated for breath. You've read most of the rest in brief news dispatches from Hollywood. She began with leads and her beguiling pertness has caused her to be in constant demand. At present pert Arline is considered one of our ablest comediennes.

But screen success isn't all Hollywood has given her.

DURING the making of "Are These Our Children?" Wesley Ruggles, who was directing, fell madly in love with her. He sensed her splendid acting possibilities, also, and encouraged her when she wondered if she could deliver in the complex business in which she discovered herself. She realized that she loved Wes far more than she'd fancied she had adored those adolescent heroes back East.

So, within a year after jumping into the greatest adventure a modern girl can experience—going into pictures—Arline had a thriving career and a husband who was ace-high. She moved into a huge house, and shortly she had a son. Because she is so social minded she's become a popular hostess and her good humor makes her an ideal guest.

Perhaps all this luck tempted the gods. At any rate, last spring Arline and Wes separated. It was an excellent opportunity for the gossips to swing into action.

"I like people," Arline was telling me over her second cup of coffee, "and I like them to like me. When Wes and I disagreed I stayed home alone for three weeks. I knew that whomever I'd be seen with would be blamed for breaking up our marriage. Then I—well, you recall the song 'Painting the Town with a Broken Heart'? That was my impulse. I took ill and was in the hospital for a month. I phoned Wes from there and asked him if he'd go home and watch over the baby. He's stayed on.

"I've been swamped with writers' requests for 'the inside' on my personal problem. I haven't given a single interview about it, and I shan't."

"Has this made you more serious?" I interposed.

"Certainly," she replied. "When you have a child you stop being so impetuous. When you've a home to supervise you have responsibility thrust upon you. When you find that you actually have a spot with the movie public you're grateful for it, and want to hang onto it. Because I choose to go out when I'm blue is no indication that I'm taking things casually. That's what the gossips say. They don't know that there have been times when I'd have broken into tears in the middle of the Trocadero if anyone had cried, 'Boo!'"

The director left the restaurant and that was a sign Arline's free hour was up. I helped James assist her into her limousine. "I hope you got a story," she remarked, suddenly and surprisingly wistful.

Between You 'n' Me

(*Continued from page 8*)

14. Rudy Vallee as a prizefighter.
15. The Marx Brothers as the Rover Boys.—Joe Campagna, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Season Tickets for Movies?

Why not a season ticket for movie audiences? I think this would be a great inducement to those who are not frequent attendants and so do not know which picture they would care to see, and so often end up by not going at all.

Season tickets could be sold for a month or more, and, with a slight saving on the "strip," the "regulars" could revel in seeing a favorite show twice, while the uninitiated, who were doubtful about the kind of show to visit, would feel they might risk a ticket. On the assumption that we all love a bargain, I feel sure that season tickets would be a great success, and bring many a new fan to the flickers.—Connie Cowell, Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

We're interested to know how you will vote on these fifteen questions. The results of this questionnaire will be published in a forthcoming issue of MODERN SCREEN. Fill in the coupon (please print) and send it to: Between You and Me, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

1. Best actor on the screen is..
2. Best actress on the screen is..
3. Most handsome man on the screen is..
4. Most beautiful girl on the screen is..
5. Best singing star (male) on the screen is..
6. Best singing star (female) on the screen is..
7. Best musical for 1936 is..
8. Best child actor on the screen is..
9. Best child actress on the screen is..
10. Best dancer (male) on the screen is..
11. Best dancer (female) on the screen is..
12. Most promising newcomer (male) on the screen is..
13. Most promising newcomer (female) on the screen is..
14. My choice for a Modern Screen life story is..
15. My picture choice for the Academy Award for 1936 is..

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Johnny Farrow, without bride, Maureen O'Sullivan, joins up with Lili Damita and husband, Errol Flynn, at the tennis matches.

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Christmas at the Lloyds

(*Continued from page 13*)

with a plunge in the outdoor swimming pool! Quite a California finale, is it not?

But within the house itself, Christmas is observed along more traditional lines in an atmosphere that is essentially friendly, simple and homey despite the grandeur of the surroundings. That can be explained, doubtless, by the fact that the Lloyds are really "family people" with a keen liking for gay and informal entertaining at their own fireside and with a firm determination to make their place a real home for their children.

"We make the greatest fuss possible over every single holiday, even the less important ones," said Mrs. Lloyd, seated opposite me in the lovely French-style music room with its white baby grand piano and delicate flower-painted ceiling. The three children, Gloria who is 12, Peggy, 11, and Harold Jr., 5, sprawled out comfortably on the pale rose rug, seemed fully as interested in their Mother's remarks as I. And why not? Weren't we going to talk about Christmas? So they were all ears as she continued.

FIRST, of course, we decorate every single room with holly and mistletoe—while the children's playhouse comes in for special attention. We have a simply huge tree in the living-room with smaller trees in several of the other rooms. The last mentioned are for decorative purposes only, since all the gifts are placed under the big tree. We collect all our relatives and some of our closest friends and make it a gala occasion. On Christmas Eve we all hang up our stockings in front of the fireplace—papa, mamma and visitors as well as the children.

"Then, in the morning, after Santa Claus has paid us a visit, we explore the contents of the stockings and open our presents," she went on with an affectionate glance at young Harold whose eyes were fairly popping with excitement. "We sing carols and play games and after dinner spend the day in quiet recreations around the house and in the gardens. It is strictly a family day with us, you see. On New Year's day we keep open house with guests beyond number dropping in casually; but Christmas day is devoted to the children, with their happiness and enjoyment uppermost in our minds.

"And now for Christmas dinner and holiday refreshments in general," Mildred Lloyd continued, warming to her subject as she noted with what keen interest and obvious pleasure I was taking down notes of all the things she was telling me.

"Our dinner table decorations provide us with a touch of the 'white Christmas' idea which is so popularly accepted as the thing to have. In the center of the table we have a long mirror—that's supposed to be ice, you know, and it's surface is dotted with little dolls in fancy skating outfits. Skiers slide perilously down imitation snow hills at either end. At each place there is a small Santa Claus standing with a chocolate reindeer on a mound of sparkling snow.

"The dinner menu is pretty much the same, I imagine, as in most homes—turkey with all the trimmings, vegetables, potatoes, a light salad. This always is followed by a blazing plum pudding, fruit cake and mince pie. By the way, we make our own fruit cake and we've already put several away to 'ripen'.

"Well, so much for the dinner. But those foods I already have mentioned play but a small part in our holiday culinary program. Candies, for instance, get star billing since this is the one time of the year when we have lots of it around—all sorts of candy, chocolates, hard candies, and peppermint sticks on the tree. But most popular of all with the children are home-made candies such as Butterscotch Caramels and special date, raisin and cocoanut confections that we have named Fruit Nuggets. And how they do enjoy having a hand in making these sweets and in cutting out fancy cookies! All three love to cook, anyway, and often are given a chance to try their hand at it. So when I announce a candy and cooky-making afternoon, you should see their smiling faces!

"Yes, we have the time of our life in the kitchen," the children's mother assured me, "with pots and spoons and candy thermometer, fancy cooky cutters and a rolling pin. And don't you believe for a minute, either, that 'too many cooks' bring about failure rather than success. Why we always have the most marvelous results, don't we?" she inquired of her fascinated listeners and a chorus of childish voices came back with an emphatic "Yes!"

Then Mildred Lloyd went on to describe the simple sugar cookies that she approves of both because of their simplicity and because they are the kind that can be cut easily into amusing and seasonal shapes. A rich Fudge Loaf also came in for mention, principally because of Peggy Lloyd's great liking for chocolate cake and fudge icing. The Lloyds' White Fruit Cake was described by Mildred also as "just the sort of thing to have on hand for Christmas parties and casual guests," although she does not approve of anything quite as rich for the children.

YOU will want to have candied fruits on hand, too, to nibble on. And, of course, you ought to have a variety of sandwich spreads for teas and buffet suppers and all forms of informal entertaining," my hostess suggested, "so let's go out to the kitchen and let the cook help us out in that respect. That is if you'd care to?" she went on inquiringly.

Would I care to? Why that was the sort of invitation I was waiting for and was just about to hint for, so I arose hastily and off we went. With the children leading the procession and with MODERN SCREEN's own photographer we descended upon the kitchen department in force.

And such a kitchen! Two of 'em, in fact. Each about the size of the Grand Central Station, I thought, as I hastily took in the mammoth refrigerator which covers the wall between the two rooms and opens into both; the center work tables in each room; the huge electric ranges, the miles of cupboards and the square miles of tiling No hotel could boast of finer equipment—nor of a better cook or a more obliging one. Far from complaining about this sudden raid she entered into the spirit of the occasion and rushed around getting out mixing bowls, spoons and ingredients. I was soon able to observe that Mrs. Lloyd's cooking abilities were not merely an idle boast and that the kids were almost as good at helping as they were at sampling.

You'll love all the recipes I jotted down. The unusual sandwiches and the Candied

Hey, Shirley Temple! You can't get away with that—where's your beard? Miss T. looks very serious about this Santa Claus business —probably her favorite role!

Fruits that I'm giving you here in a few seconds . . . the Peggy Lloyd Fudge Loaf with its rich chocolaty frosting . . . the sugar cookies for fancy cut-outs such as trees, birds, rabbits, Santa Clauses and even Mickey and Minnie Mouse! (The last named are new and, with raisins for eyes and nose, they're sure to be a sensation among the younger set!)

Then there's the White Fruit Cake—richly tempting and not too hard to make, and last, but perhaps best of all, the two candy recipes, the Fruit Nuggets and the Butterscotch Caramels.

Then, as if all that were not enough, I also am going to send to the first couple of thousand, who write in, an unusually fine candy leaflet which contains recipes for all those tempting-looking confections shown in the picture at the beginning of this article. You'll find both chocolate and Divinity Fudge in this leaflet, Penuchi, Fondant and Peppermint Wafers. Both these and the Lloyd recipes are absolutely free.

If ever you had a golden opportunity to serve the most delicious of sweets and party refreshments — at a season when they would be most appropriate and appreciated—this, my dears, is it! So don't forget and don't delay. "Mail at once for a Merry Christmas," is my advice, while the Lloyds join me in wishing you success with their sweets and in extending to you all the season's greetings.

The Lloyds' favorite sandwiches:

EGG CREOLE

For each sandwich allow a half, chopped hard-cooked egg, a half tablespoon chow-chow and enough mayonnaise to blend. Add shredded boneless sardines, well drained. Spread between thin slices of buttered, wholewheat toast.

CALIFORNIA AVOCADO

Trim crusts from thin slices of rye bread. Spread with ripe avocadoes mashed with a small amount of boiled dressing. Season with salt and pepper.

MYSTERY SANDWICH

One-fourth pound sharp store cheese, one-fourth pound dried beef, 1 egg slightly beaten, 1 cup canned tomatoes, a dash of cayenne. Put cheese and dried beef through the food grinder. Add egg, tomatoes and cayenne. Cook in top of double boiler until cheese has melted and mixture is smooth. Cool thoroughly before spreading between thin slices of wholewheat bread.

I DON'T FEEL MUCH LIKE WORK TODAY. MY STOMACH'S ALL UP-SET.
A GLASS OF ALKA-SELTZER IS JUST WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO GET.
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WHEN IT COMES TO DODGING COLDS, YOU SURELY TAKE THE PRIZE
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SLICED CUCUMBER

Spread buttered rye bread with mayonnaise. Add thin slices of cucumber and sprinkle with a very little scraped onion and salt. Top with second slice of bread.

CANDIED FRUITS

Syrup for Candied Fruits: Boil together 2 cups sugar, 1 cup water and ⅓ cup light corn syrup until the syrup spins a thread when dropped from the tip of a spoon.

For Pears, Peaches, Plums, Cherries: Pare, core and slice fruit. Drain all juice Add fruits to boiling syrup, being careful not to have them crowded. Simmer until fruits are clear. Skim from syrup, drain and spread on a screen to dry. Pack between sheets of waxed paper and place in tin box or glass jar.

For Quinces, Pineapple, and Figs: Wash, pare and slice fruit. Simmer in clear water until tender. Drain and use the water in which fruits were cooked in making the syrup. Proceed as in recipe.

The Modern Hostess
Modern Screen
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a free leaflet containing Harold Lloyd's favorite Christmas recipes. Also the special candy recipes.

Name ....
Street ....
City ....
State ....

Men, Men, Men!

(*Continued from page 47*)

company. He liked my looks at first, but after a sample of my smugness, he *didn't* like my type. How do I know? Because years later we became friends and he told me. My silly stiffness had robbed me of a job. Because he had asked me so many personal questions, I just knew he was out to do me wrong. I have since found out that out-to-do-wrongers ask no questions at all. They are too busy telling you about themselves.

"Girls can't afford to be high-hat and smug in these days, especially about jobs. Good sportsmanship is the thing that counts. The girl who is always pleasant and friendly and who doesn't fret about working late hours always has an edge over the girl who is constantly kicking up a fuss. Maybe it isn't glamorous to be known as a good sport, but glamor doesn't belong in a business world." Mae stopped her constant motion, stared straight at the wall thoughtfully, for a moment, then snapped her fingers.

"Yes, even though it does shatter some illusions, let me say right here and now that glamor doesn't belong any place but in the movies. Oh, I know a lot of people think differently. Look at the hundreds of interviews that movie people give every year on 'How to Get Glamor.' Well, I don't believe in it. Not for ordinary, every-day people in an ordinary, every-day world. Glamor, like a train, gets in a girl's way and keeps her from having fun.

"What man, for example, is going to ask a glamorous creature to a happy-go-lucky picnic in the woods? Nor can he picture glamor riding in a rattletrap car or going to an amusement park. If a man is planning a Sunday trip to the shore, he's taking the girl who will be cheerful even in the face of punctures, hamburgers and rain. That's why I say glamor girls miss out on a lot of fun.

ANOTHER erroneous belief about men is the one that they always like to do all the chasing. If that were the truth, hundreds of girls wouldn't have a man or home today. How often have you sat around and waited for the 'current' apple of your eye to ask for a date? And how often have you discovered, after it was too late, that he had wanted to ask you, but hadn't dared because you had always treated him as though he were just your little brother's scooter? Yes, some men, like some horses, just have to be led. You can usually recognize the kind by his complete indifference. And if you can't let yourself take a too-friendly initiative, then tease him. At least do something to let him know you know he's alive.

"Another phoney belief is that men always prefer girls who are modest. Well, modesty is all right in some respects. But not about the things which, in your Aunt Effie's day, were 'unmentionables'—make-up, girdles, ladies' room and such. Frankness about these things not only puts you at ease, but your escort as well.

"Still there are exceptions. Modesty where evening clothes are concerned is something else again. Your beau may say, 'Boy! Ain't that somethin'!' on beholding a girl's decollete on the dance floor. But he'd probably have a fit if you turned out in the same outfit—backless, shoulderless and next to nothing underneath. Maybe he's goofy in this respect, but it's a goofiness that should be appreciated, because if he doesn't object to you in just one yard of satin, then there's something wrong somewhere, and you'll probably never have the chance of hitting your best friend in the face with a bridal bouquet. Most men feel that a too revealing gown, is just brazen!

"Another thing, my Grandmother may have found that the way to Grandfather's heart was through his tummy but that was in the days before chain restaurants. There is nothing that gets results today like 'appeal' and I don't mean just sex appeal either. No matter how efficient a business woman you are, it's smart to sometimes be deep in a quandary and to seek the advice of your boss or your beau. Don't go the whole extreme, however. Don't be too helpless and frilly. Don't just throw your whole problem in the lap of your god. Explain it sensibly, be it finances or family. Then ask him for his expert help. Remember, whether they own up to it or not, the paternal instinct is strong in men. And, give a man a chance to advise and guide you and you'll get a raise or a date—maybe both.

"As for my advice on what to do about the men you feel that you don't want to have anything to do with . . . my advice is do nothing. Nothing at all. Neither sneer nor tilt your nose. Just act as though he didn't darken your door. If he asks for a date, say, 'Sure, I'll meet you at eight,' and then let him try and find you at eight. Yes, I mean it literally. Be completely absentminded about the man you want to ignore. Don't stop speaking to him or laughing at him . . . and don't sneak around corners or you'll run into him for sure. And then won't you look silly—and won't he know right then and there that he has a power over you? And true, there are some men," Mae laughed, "who delight in such power. Like cats, they dote on trapping their mouse.

"No, because I'm naturally a peaceful soul and because I personally believe it's bad ever to make an enemy, my rules on men are trusting. I think if I *were* originating a course, the rules would go something like this: Always give the man the benefit of the doubt. Fraternize, don't glamorize. If he can take it, let him have it, and pick up the check yourself once in awhile."

Mae stretched and yawned. "That's all for today. If you don't mind, I'm tired and I'm hoarse . . . and the soap box is yours."

HERE ARE THE LUCKY "NEW MOVIE TYPES" CONTEST WINNERS

Congratulations to the two, out of thousands, who won the honors

Miss Liliane Kerekes of Detroit, Michigan, and Mr. F. John M. Beattie of Deerfield, Massachusetts, are the lucky winners in Modern Screen's "New Movie Types" Contest. On November 4th, jubilant and excited, they left on the promised trip to England aboard the S. S. Queen Mary, bound for thrilling entertainment in London and the unusual opportunity of a real screen test at the Gaumont-British Studios.

Miss Kerekes and Mr. Beattie were selected by Modern Screen from thousands of entries because they possess qualities which make them true new movie types as well as remarkably appealing.

In a forthcoming issue of Modern Screen we are going to let these two personally tell you about all the wonderful occurrences of their thrilling trip. They want YOU to "travel" with them and they'll take you to all the gay spots and glamorous settings they enjoyed. Best of all they will give you all the details of their screen tests at Gaumont-British Studios.

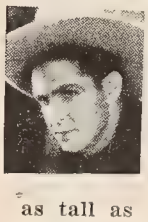
Don't fail to read what Liliane and John have to say about experiencing this once-in-a-lifetime adventure in an atmosphere of "stardom" luxury.

Information Desk

(*Continued from page 11*)

SARAH McGAFFERTY, Boonton, Pennsylvania—Yes, Dolores del Rio is the second cousin of Ramon Novarro. It might interest you to know that this much related young lady is also Gary Cooper's aunt by marriage. I wonder what relationship that makes Ramon to Gary?

DON AMECHE (First printing; total number of requests 193.) To be heard and not seen was the fate of Don Ameche for six long years. Doubtless you were one of the entranced listeners to his starring radio vehicle, "First Nighters." You and Darryl Zanuck! And when Zanuck discovered that Don was quite as seeable as he is hearable, he made him a movie actor, in fact two movie actors. With the aid of a blonde wig, Don played the roles of both Karl Freyman and Mario Singarelli in "Sins of Man," his first picture. Ameche was born in Kenosha, Wisconsin, in 1908, of Italian-English parentage. In his youth Don took to law and slaved away at the law schools of Georgetown, Marquette and Wisconsin, sort of a strolling student. Maybe this wandering college career gave him a taste for the road. At any rate, after a short stay at Wisconsin, he abandoned the law career and joined a traveling stock company. Shortly afterwards, Don passed through the ordeal of a radio audition with flying colors. There can be no doubt that radio made Don the actor he is today. Over the air your looks can't help you. Neither can gestures. It's voice that counts and you've got to put everything into your voice, or else. Don learned the trick, and that's one excellent reason why, at the end of a very few months, you fans are besieging this desk with questions about this pleasing young signor. Don is married to a childhood sweetheart, a natural blonde, and very blonde at that. In contrast is Don's Latin coloring, all except the eyes which are hazel. The Ameches have two heirs, Donnie and Ronnie, no foolin'. Don's current film for 20th Century-Fox is "One in a Million."



BOB STEELE (Last printed November, 1934. Total number of requests since then, 386.) Robert Bradbury is what his intimates call him, and he was born in Portland, Oregon, January 23, 1906, which makes him almost 31 years old. He isn't as tall as you might think, measuring 5 feet 10 inches in his stocking feet. Nice and slim at 158 pounds, he has blue eyes of the twinkling type and brown hair. His two current pictures are "Brand of the Outlaws" and "The Law Rides."

ENID PETERSEN, Butte, Montana—No, I wouldn't exactly call Joan Crawford superstitious, but she suffers from all sorts of complexes. Claustrophobia is one of the worst and that means that she is deathly afraid of shut-in places like subways and elevators. She once walked up eight flights of stairs to see her doctor. You can just bet that she needed medical attention after a long climb like that. Maybe some day Joan will clamber up eight flights to see a psychoanalyst . . . and then ride down in the elevator.

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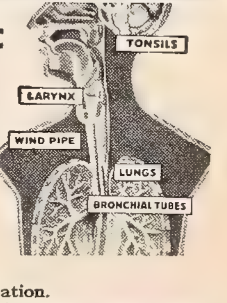

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For Holidays and every day—you'll find these better-looking, stronger, handier Deubener Bags not only save on your shopping but serve for knitting and many other uses. At YOUR FAVORITE STORE!

DEUBENER'S SHOPPING BAGS
GARFIELD PARK, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

These Charming Children

(*Continued from page 31*)

their riotous games, pinning the tail on the donkey, carrying peas on a knife, racing across the lawn, as hilariously as the youngest of the young. Watching her, it was almost impossible to believe that only the day before, dressed in the forlorn tatters of the Chinese wife, she had enacted one of the most dramatically tragic scenes of "The Good Earth."

Simone Simon is a French runner-up for the Viennese Luise. Her emotions, too, are volatile, child-like and unrestrained. Simone arrived in Hollywood many months ago, armed with a long-term contract. She had been brought to this country after a brilliant success in European pictures. But the studio could find no roles to fit her individual charm. So she waited and waited. Everyone was against her, she believed. She had no friends in this strange country. With the hurt feelings of disappointed childhood, she pouted and refused to mingle with other people, preferring to be alone and lonely. She was the dramatic and colorful picture of a broken-hearted, little girl, staring into the window of a forbidden sweet shop.

Then came her big opportunity in "Girls' Dormitory." The little Simone literally put that picture in her pocket and walked away with it. She became a star overnight. And, like the happy child, who is finally given the biggest plum in the biggest pie in the shop window, she fairly radiated exuberant joy. She made friends with her fellow men. She played laughing, vigorous tennis at one of the popular clubs. But that doesn't mean that Simone is a changed person. Tomorrow something may happen and she will return to her red-lipped loneliness and silent pouting. Hollywood expects that. It would be disappointed if its Luises and Simones failed to change their moods with their frocks.

Loretta Young goes to see herself in "Ladies in Love." You don't have to be told her escort is Eddie Sutherland—he's that devoted to the lady.

THAT changeableness is a quality shared by all the Hollywood children. Today they are down in the deepest dumps. Tomorrow they are on the highest heights. One morning I met Isabel Jewell on the stairway leading to the executive offices of her studio. She was crying bitter tears. She knew that she was all washed-up in Hollywood. She wanted to take the first plane out of town. Her disappointment and grief were pathetic. She had just learned that the powers-that-be had left on the cutting room floor her biggest scenes from her last picture. The reason was easily understood. Isabel's artistry threatened to steal the dramatic honors from the picture's expensive feminine star.

Late that same day I met her again. The tiny Jewell was bubbling with joy. Entirely forgotten was the sorrow of the morning. She had been given a really big role, one of the coveted parts of the year, in a really big picture. She was walking on clouds. Everything was bright and rose-colored. She loved Hollywood.

Don't think for one moment that Isabel Jewell is a child in intelligence. She is one of the smartest, most brilliant young women in pictures. But, like all the successful Hollywood players, she is a child in her emotions. That is the reason for her being an actress. If she had not possessed that quality of enduring youth, she probably would have continued in her career as a school teacher, which she gave up to follow the lure of the stage.

Myrna Loy, the poised and elegant Wife Number One of the screen, knows how to play a game of hide-and-seek which would bring joy to the heart of any imaginative youngster. She manages to keep her studio, her friends and Hollywood in a continuous state of excitement and wonder. Before she became a real-life wife, the bride of Arthur Hornblow, Jr., Myrna changed her houses as often as other children change their favorite games. All the Loy homes were located as far off the beaten path as possible. When Myrna entered their doors she went into a mysterious silence and seclusion. To talk to her by phone it was necessary to play a telephone game which consisted of calling a succession of unknown and unlisted numbers. Finally, after a half dozen calls, you heard the low Loy voice.

One of Myrna's greatest joys was her ability to keep secret the places of her vacations. Her secretary, alone, knew where to reach her. Several times, when Myrna had hinted that she was departing for the desert or the mountains, she remained quietly in her own home, sleeping and reading and entertaining the few friends whom she could trust to keep the secret of her whereabouts. She was as proud as a triumphant youngster when she returned to the studio and announced that she had been no farther away from Hollywood than Beverly Hills. It was a part of that glorious game of childhood which Myrna, like the others, persists in playing.

The men are as adept at the game as are the women. Imagine a full-grown and successful doctor or lawyer racketing around his home town in a dilapidated white roadster, sending young women corsages of vegetables and spending long, valuable hours in the arrangement of gags for a surprise birthday party for a fellow doctor or lawyer. It's impossible even to imagine it. The entire community would immediately brand him as balmy, touched in the head, too flighty to be trusted. Yet Clark Gable did those very same things and, instead of censuring him, Hollywood vociferously applauded him. For months he drove the broken-down car which was sent to him by Carole Lombard, one of Hollywood's most madcap youngsters. In return he sent Carole elaborate bouquets of garden vegetables. Also the busy, hard-working Clark devoted one entire day to the rigging up of an intricate loud speaker system on a sound stage. Through the concealed horns loud and ridiculous birthday messages were shouted at regular intervals to Wallace Beery.

FRED ASTAIRE, like Clark, is one of the hardest-working men in Hollywood. Dancing is the breath of life to him. He is as serious about it as every successful man is about his profession. The shooting of the dancing scenes in his pictures is a long and tiresome process. He and Ginger Rogers rehearse for long, weary hours. They serve as their own stand-ins, dancing the routine of their steps while the cameramen and electricians adjust the lights and lenses so that every movement of their swaying bodies is in perfectly illuminated focus. It is during that stand-in service that Fred and Ginger entertain the company and crew with insane, impromptu steps and contortions which the public never sees. Weary as they may be, Fred and Ginger, like two irrepressible children, make play of what, otherwise, would be drudgery.

Their parties are another way of expressing their youthful craving and capacity for laughter and fun. There was Carole Lombard's fun-house affair, when she engaged an amusement park for an evening and turned her guests loose to slide and shriek and tumble with the hilarity of youthful hoodlums. The nervous-breakdown party, given in honor of Mrs. Donald Ogden Stewart, where the grown-up children arrived at high noon garbed in the tails and high hats, the chiffons and low-cut velvets of the evening hours. Roller skating fests where they throw their dignities and their equilibriums to the four winds. The barn dance where the guests rode miles in hay wagons and danced in a rough-floored stable. The "kiddie" parties, where they rig themselves in Boy Scout suits and French doll frocks and play the well remembered games of their childhood.

Their zest for fun seems unquenchable. Their imaginations run riot tirelessly. They indulge in the unrestrained antics which belong to a youth that cannot and will not die. There are several scenes which no one, who saw them, will ever forget. Lawrence Tibbett, lying flat on his back on a living-room floor, singing grand opera melodies while he kept time with his feet and grinned at the circle of applauding listeners. Jean Harlow, gowned in white satin and ermine, lighting matches under the canvas seat of the chair in which Clark Gable was sitting. Johnny Weissmuller suddenly interrupting his lunch to throw Lupe Velez over one shoulder and carry her, screaming and kicking and laughing, from the studio commissary. Leslie Howard, a scarlet bathrobe covering the blue of his Romeo costume, climbing up on a wobbly ladder to make his own motion pictures of a scene from "Romeo and Juliet," played by Norma Shearer and John Barrymore. Bob Montgomery doing a spring dance on the top of a row of files in the studio's publicity office. Mae West screaming in her excitement at the Friday night fights. Jeanette MacDonald arriving on the stage in a huge dog house after she had been scolded for her tardiness by Director W. S. Van Dyke.

Their griefs, their enthusiasms and their dislikes are as violent as their play. Like irresponsible children, they quarrel violently one day and make peace the next. They race from one game to another, from Truth to Monopoly to Handies to Knock-Knock. Each game holds the center of interest for a short time. The children play it with all their vim and vigor. Then they tire of it and discard it in favor of some new diversion.

Their very speech reflects their intensity. It is studded with superlatives and embroidered with a childish demonstrativeness. They shower "Dears" and "Darlings" upon each other. Today they are "mad about" one thing. Tomorrow they think something else is "absolutely wonderful." Everything is either the best or the worst. There is no happy and uninteresting medium for them. They have the ability of endowing the most commonplace happening with a bright warmth and color.

There is little wonder, being as they are, that their romances are so many and so turbulent. They bring to each new love affair the romantic glamor which high-school boys and girls give to their first heart throbs.

They refuse to grow old and blasé. They are proud of their zest for living, their youthful freshness of emotion. They strive to keep that young enthusiasm because they know that, when they lose it, when they grow up into adult seriousness and staidness and boredom, their day of

Glenda Farrell changes escorts so fast Hollywood can't keep track. Here she is at "Flashlighters Frolic" with Drew Eberson. Both beam gaily.

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Stars' Studio Addresses

(*Continued from page 66*)

LORD, PAULINE: Columbia.
LORING, ANN: M-G-M.
LORING, MICHAEL: Universal.
LORRE, PETER: Columbia.
LOSCH, TILLIE: United Artists.
LOUISE, ANITA: Warner Bros.
LOWE, EDMUND: M-G-M.
LOY, MYRNA: M-G-M.
LUGOSI, BELLA: Universal.
LUKAS, PAUL: 20th Century-Fox.
LUKE, KEYE: 20th Century-Fox.
LUPINO, IDA: Paramount.
LYON, BEN: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
MacDONALD, JEANETTE: M-G-M.
MACK, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
MacLANE, BARTON: Warner Bros.
MacMAHON, ALINE: M-G-M.
MacMURRAY, FRED: Paramount.
MALA: M-G-M.
MANNERS, DAVID: Free lance. Write him at Republic.
MANNORS, SHEILA: Columbia.
MARCH, FREDRIC: 20th Century-Fox.
MARGO: RKO-Radio.
MARSH, JOAN: RKO-Radio.
MARSH, MARIAN: Columbia.
MARSHALL, HERBERT: RKO-Radio
MARTINI, NINO: United Artists.
MARX BROTHERS: M-G-M.
MATTHEWS, JESSIE: Gaumont-British.
MAYNARD, KEN: Columbia.
McCOY, COL. TIM: Columbia.
McCREA, JOEL: Samuel Goldwyn.
McFARLAND, SPANKY: M-G-M.
McGUIRE, JOHN: 20th Century-Fox.
McHUGH, FRANK: Warner Bros.
McKINNEY, FLORINE: Republic.
McLAGLEN, VICTOR: 20th Century-Fox.
MELTON, FRANK: 20th Century-Fox.
MELTON, JAMES: Warner Bros.
MENJOU, ADOLPHE: Paramount.
MERCER, BERYL: Free lance. Write her at Republic.
MEREDITH, BURGESS: RKO-Radio.
MERKEL, UNA: M-G-M.
MERMAN, ETHEL: Samuel Goldwyn.
MICHAEL, GERTRUDE: RKO-Radio.
MILJAN, JOHN: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
MILLAND, RAY: Paramount.
MITCHELL, GENEVA: Columbia.
MONTENEGRO, CONCHITA: 20th Century-Fox.
MONTGOMERY, DOUGLASS: Gaumont-British.
MONTGOMERY, ROBERT: M-G-M.
MOORE, DICKIE: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
MOORE, GRACE: Columbia.
MOORE, VICTOR: RKO-Radio.
MORAN, POLLY: M-G-M.
MORENO, ANTONIO: 20th Century-Fox.
MORGAN, FRANK: M-G-M.
MORGAN, HELEN: Universal.
MORGAN, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
MORLEY, KAREN: Warner Bros.
MORRIS, CHESTER: Columbia.
MORRISON, JOE: Paramount.
MOWBRAY, ALAN: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
MUIR, JEAN: Warner Bros.
MULHALL, JACK: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
MUNDIN, HERBERT: 20th Century-Fox.
MUNI, PAUL: Warner Bros.
MURPHY, GEORGE: Paramount.
MURPHY, MAURICE: 20th Century-Fox.
NAGEL, CONRAD: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
NIESEN, GERTRUDE: Universal.
NIXON, MARIAN: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
NOLAN, DORIS: Universal.
NOLAN, LLOYD: Paramount.
NORTON, BARRY: M-G-M.
NUGENT, EDWARD: Free lance. Write him at Republic.
OAKIE, JACK: Paramount.
OBERON, MERLE: Samuel Goldwyn.
O'BRIEN, GEORGE: 20th Century-Fox.
O'BRIEN-MOORE, ERIN: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
O'BRIEN, PAT: Warner Bros.
OLAND, WARNER: 20th Century-Fox.
OLIVER, EDNA MAY: M-G-M.
OLSEN, MORONI: RKO-Radio.
O'NEILL, HENRY: Warner Bros.
O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN: M-G-M.
OVERMAN, LYNNE: Paramount.
OWEN, REGINALD: M-G-M.
PALEY, NATALIE: RKO-Radio.
PALLETTE, EUGENE: Free lance. Write him at Warner Bros.
PARKER, CECILIA: M-G-M.
PARKER, JEAN: M-G-M.
PARRISH, GIGI: Republic.
PATERSON, PAT: Paramount.
PATRICK, GAIL: Paramount.
PENDLETON, NAT: M-G-M.
PENNER, JOE: RKO-Radio.
PEPPER, BARBARA: RKO-Radio.
PERRY, JOAN: Columbia.
PICKFORD, MARY: United Artists.
PIDGEON, WALTER: Universal.
PITTS, ZASU: Paramount.
PONS, LILY: RKO-Radio.
POWELL, DICK: Warner Bros.
POWELL, ELEANOR: M-G-M.
POWELL, WILLIAM: M-G-M.
PRESTON, ANN: RKO-Radio.
PRYOR, ROGER: Republic.
QUALEN, JOHN: 20th Century-Fox.
QUIGLEY, JUANITA: M-G-M.
QUILLAN, EDDIE: Free lance. Write him at Republic.
RAFT, GEORGE: Paramount.
RAINER, LUISE: M-G-M.
RAINS, CLAUDE: Warner Bros.
RALPH, JESSIE: M-G-M.
RALSTON, ESTHER: Paramount.
RATHBONE, BASIL: M-G-M.
RATOFF, GREGORY: 20th Century-Fox.
RAY, LEAH: 20th Century-Fox.
RAYMOND, GENE: RKO-Radio.
REED, PHILIP: United Artists.
REGAN, PHIL: Republic.
REYNOLDS, CRAIG: Warner Bros.
RHODES, ERIK: RKO-Radio.
RICE, FLORENCE: M-G-M.
RICHMAN, HARRY: Columbia.
ROBERTI, LYDA: M-G-M.
ROBERTS, BEVERLY: Warner Bros.
ROBERTSON, GUY: Republic.
ROBINSON, BILL: 20th Century-Fox.
ROBINSON, EDWARD G.: Warner Bros.
ROBSON, MAY: M-G-M.
ROGERS, CHARLES: RKO-Radio.
ROGERS, GINGER: RKO-Radio.
ROGERS, JEAN: Universal.
ROLAND, GILBERT: 20th Century-Fox.
ROMERO, CESAR: Universal.
ROONEY, MICKEY: M-G-M.
ROSS, SHIRLEY: M-G-M.
ROWLES, POLLY: Universal.
RUGGLES, CHARLES: Paramount.
RUSSELL, ROSALIND: M-G-M.
RUTHERFORD, TOM: United Artists.
RUTHERFORD, ANN: Republic.
SCHILDKRAUT, JOSEPH: Columbia.
SCHUBERT, MARINA: Paramount.
SCHUMANN-HEINK, MME. ERNESTINE: M-G-M
SCOTT, RANDOLPH: Paramount.
SEARL, JACKIE: 20th Century-Fox.
SELLON, CHARLES: 20th Century-Fox.
SELWYN, RUTH: M-G-M.
SEWARD, BILLIE: Columbia.
SHANNON, PEGGY: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
SHAW, WINIFRED: Warner Bros.
SHEA, GLORIA: Columbia.
SHEARER, NORMA: M-G-M.
SHERIDAN, ANN: Warner Bros.
SHIRLEY, ANNE: RKO-Radio.
SIDNEY, SYLVIA: United Artists.
SILVERS, SID: M-G-M.
SIMON, SIMONE: 20th Century-Fox.
SKIPWORTH, ALISON: Paramount.
SLEEPER, MARTHA: Universal.
SMITH, C. AUBREY: United Artists.
SMITH, QUEENIE: Universal.
SOTHERN, ANN: RKO-Radio.
SPARKS, NED: Warner Bros.
STANDER, LIONEL: Columbia.
STANDING, SIR GUY: Paramount.
STANWYCK, BARBARA: RKO-Radio.
STARRETT, CHARLES: Columbia.
STELLING, WILLIAM: 20th Century-Fox.
STEN, ANNA: United Artists.
STEPHENS, HARVEY: M-G-M.
STEPHENSON, HENRY: M-G-M.
STEVENS, ONSLOW: Universal.
STEWART, JAMES: M-G-M.
STONE, FRED: RKO-Radio.
STONE, GEORGE E.: Warner Bros.
STONE, LEWIS: M-G-M.
STONE, PAULA: Warner Bros.
STUART, GLORIA: 20th Century-Fox.
SULLAVAN, MARGARET: Universal.
SUMMERVILLE, SLIM: 20th Century-Fox.
SWARTHOUT, GLADYS: Paramount.
TALBOT, LYLE: Columbia.
TAMIROFF, AKIM: Paramount.
TAYLOR, KENT: Paramount.
TAYLOR, ROBERT: M-G-M.
TEASDALE, VERREE: Paramount.
TEMPLE, SHIRLEY: 20th Century-Fox.
THOMAS, FRANK M.: RKO-Radio.
THOMAS, JAMESON: Republic.
TIBBETT, LAWRENCE: 20th Century-Fox.
TIBBETTS, MARTHA: Columbia.
TOBIN, GENEVIEVE: Warner Bros.
TOMLIN, PINKY: Universal.
TONE, FRANCHOT: M-G-M.
TRACY, LEE: Universal.
TRACY, SPENCER: M-G-M.
TRAVIS, JUNE: Warner Bros.
TREACHER, ARTHUR: 20th Century-Fox.
TREE, DOROTHY: Warner Bros.
TREEN, MARY: Warner Bros.
TREVOR, CLAIRE: 20th Century-Fox.
TWELVETREES, HELEN: 20th Century-Fox.
VALLEE, RUDY: Warner Bros.
VELEZ, LUPE: M-G-M.
VENABLE, EVELYN: 20th Century-Fox.
VINSON, HELEN: Gaumont-British.
WADSWORTH, HENRY: M-G-M.
WALBURN, RAYMOND: Columbia.
WALKER, JUNE: 20th Century-Fox.
WALKER, RAY: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
WALTON, DOUGLAS: RKO-Radio.
WARE, IRENE: 20th Century-Fox.
WAYNE, JOHN: Universal.
WEIDLER, VIRGINIA: Paramount.
WEISSMULLER, JOHNNY: M-G-M.
WELLS, JACQUELINE: Free lance. Write her at Republic.
WEST, MAE: Paramount.
WESTLEY, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
WHALEN, MICHAEL: 20th Century-Fox.
WHEELER, BERT: RKO-Radio.
WHITE, ALICE: Gaumont-British.
WHITNEY, ELEANORE: Paramount.
WILCOXON, HENRY: United Artists.
WILLIAM, WARREN: Warner Bros.
WILLIAMS, CLARK: Universal.
WILLIAMS, HUGH: 20th Century-Fox.
WILSON, DOROTHY: Paramount.
WILSON, LOIS: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
WILSON, MARIE: Warner Bros.
WING, PAT: Paramount.
WING, TOBY: M-G-M.
WINNINGER, CHARLES: Universal.
WITHERS, GRANT: Paramount.
WITHERS, JANE: 20th Century-Fox.
WOOD, HELEN: 20th Century-Fox.
WOODS, DONALD: Warner Bros.
WOOLSEY, BOB: RKO-Radio.
WRAY, FAY: Columbia.
WYATT, CHARLENE: Paramount.
WYATT, JANE: Universal.
YOUNG, LORETTA: 20th Century-Fox.
YOUNG, POLLY ANN: Free lance. Write her at 20th Century-Fox.
YOUNG, ROBERT: M-G-M.
YOUNG, ROLAND: United Artists.
ZEHNER, LILI: United Artists.

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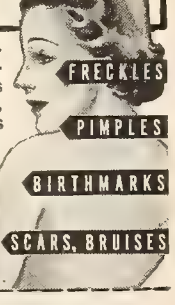

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Reviews

(*Continued from page 17*)

★★ Adventure in Manhattan

(Columbia)

Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea and Reginald Owen do their best—which is always good—to make something of this assignment. But the plot flattens this picture in spite of their efforts. It is one of those mystery tales where not only the audience is kept in the dark, but the main characters seem a bit bewildered. Joel McCrea has the role of an amazing young man who has psychic powers when it comes to crime. He becomes so obnoxious to his fellow reporters after successfully foretelling a series of thefts and murders that they decide to take him down a notch. Jean Arthur, an actress, is hired to help them since McCrea has boasted that no woman can ever interfere with his brainwork. Jean manages to interfere considerably, but in the end helps him solve the biggest crime of the day. Reginald Owen is at the bottom of this crime. He plays the jewel thief who has been at large for more years than the police departments of several countries would like to remember. This kind of picture may serve to get some people's minds off their troubles, but it is doubtful diversion for the majority.

★★ Along Came Love

(Paramount)

Here we have the perpetual Hollywood Cinderella story in different guise and a right amusing little film it turns out to be. Nothing great, but full of infectious gaiety that communicates itself to the audience. Leaping directly into the cock-eyed plot, Cinderella (alias Irene Hervey) is an ash-can saleslady in the basement of a huge Manhattan store. Given to hero-worship and astronomy, she falls in love with the constellation Orion, of all things. When she meets one John Patrick O'Ryan, Park Avenue medical student, Cinderella switches her fixation from a celestial body to one more embraceable, but just as remote to her. Irene Franklin, playing Cinderella's mother, sings lustily, taps and rolls up a major portion of the laughs for herself. If your heart warms to film old-timers, you will welcome the sight of H. B. Warner and Doris Kenyon. Irene Hervey, Charles Starrett, Bernadene Hayes, Ferdinand Gottschalk and Charles Judels contribute greatly to the general sprightliness.

★ The Man I Marry

(Universal)

This comedy won't have you in stitches, but you can't miss a couple of good laughs anyway. Besides, it is worth seeing in order to get acquainted with Doris Nolan, who makes her promising celluloid debut here. She plays the role of Nigel Bruce's and Marjorie Gateson's niece. Nigel's chief interest in life is producing plays while his wife's is scaling the social ladder. For her cause she manages to get Doris Nolan affianced to Gerald Oliver-Smith, an Englishman on the stuffy side. When Doris beats a retreat to a deserted house she runs smack into Michael Whalen, a playwright on the genius side. All should be clear sailing from then on, but they manage to string along for several reels before realizing it's Love. In the meantime, Doris swipes Michael's play and gives it to her uncle, thereby saving him from bankruptcy and paving the way to fame for Mr. Whalen, who is so against this sort of thing that they have to lock him up in jail to keep him under control. An obviously padded plot is lightened by some good dialogue and comedy by Chic Sale. Skeets Gallagher and Cliff Edwards do some cutting up as a couple of drunks, but they fall pretty flat.

★★ The President's Mystery

(Republic)

This picture was taken from the Franklin D. Roosevelt opus recently published in a national weekly. Though a political tale, involving economic conditions chiefly, it is packed with suspense from the first reel, when a successful attorney, Henry Wilcoxon, decides to disappear from the world and his wife, both having wearied him for some years. He establishes his death by purchasing a corpse and running it over a bridge in his car. Having liquidated his fortune, he then starts out by bus for his new life, only to read in the next day's paper that his wife has been murdered and that he is the guilty party, his own suicide proving his guilt. From then on the story becomes involved

H. B. Warner and Irene Hervey in a scene from "Along Came Love."

"The Gay Desperado" boasts singing Nino Martini and blonde Ida Lupino.

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Nat Pendleton and James Melton in "Sing Me a Love Song."

Joan Blondell and Frank McHugh in the comedy, "Three Men on a Horse."

with a coöperative cannery which Wilcoxon becomes interested in. Strikes and communism add dramatic interest, while Betty Furness provides the romantic element. All goes well until Sidney Blackmer, an unscrupulous attorney, who knew Wilcoxon before his disappearance, begins tightening the net about him. Wilcoxon is outstanding, while Betty Furness and Evelyn Brent contribute good work. The comedy scenes are carried off with a flourish by Barnett Parker, as the seemingly stupid butler whose brainwork finally saves the day.

★★ Rose Bowl

(Paramount)

If you are college age or collegiate by nature, you'll get a lot of fun out of this picture. It winds up, of course, with football in the Rose Bowl, and the hero, Tom Brown, crashing through for his alma mammy. But football is not the only thing in the picture. Benny Baker introduces a glass-breaking gag that is the funniest thing he's done in celluloid. Then there is Eleanore Whitney who hasn't a single tap to do in this one, but shows definite proof of dramatic ability and looks pretty enough to inspire any team on to victory. Larry Crabbe does a nice job as the handsome football hero for whom Eleanore has been pining only to learn that Larry isn't at all interested, while it's Tom Brown in whom beats the heart of gold. Nydia Westman, as Eleanore's sister and partner in a college town candy shop, gives a good account of herself as does William Frawley in the role of football coach. Good gags, good football and good-looking girls make this film diverting entertainment.

★ Sing Me a Love Song

(First-National)

The scene is the employees' lunch room at Haines' department store. At the table are Patricia Ellis and ZaSu Pitts of the sheet music department, Allen Jenkins, an elevator operator, and James Melton, a newcomer to the music department. When Jenkins complains of the food, Miss Ellis reminds him that Mr. Haines, Jr., who has just taken over the management of the store, will no doubt make many improvements. The employees' lunch room soon looks like a nightclub and Mr. Melton, between songs, finds time to see that the charms of Patricia Ellis are more numerous than those of Ann Sheridan, his wealthy fiancée. Most of the picture's amusing moments are furnished by Hugh Herbert, a rich guy, who is also a kleptomaniac. James Melton's voice is splendid, but his acting still leaves something to be desired.

★★ The Smartest Girl In Town

(RKO-Radio)

There isn't much to this picture, but everyone seemed to have a fine time—not only the cast but the audience. It is another of those Gene Raymond-Ann Sothern comedies, with both of them at their gayest. And if you like the way Gene and Ann go gay, this picture is for you. If you don't, Helen Broderick and Eric Blore will make you feel your ticket was a safe investment. Erik Rhodes supplies some laughs with his characterization of the bewildered baron who is courting Ann with the enthusiastic coöperation of Ann's sister, Helen Broderick, who thinks a girl should marry strictly for money, she having married for no other reason than love. Believing that clothes may not make the man but certainly help a woman make a man, Helen starts Ann on a career of modelling the smartest apparel in town. When the company hires Gene Raymond's yacht for an advertising background, she proves her point. Though, of course, Gene would have adored Ann in last year's kitchen number. Gene thinks up a really cute idea of pretending to be the male model hired for the picture, and you can imagine Ann's surprise after several reels to find that she's fallen in love with a multimillionaire! It's that kind of story, well padded with snappy dialogue and a few genuinely comic sequences.

★★ Three Men on a Horse

(Warner Bros.)

Though the laughs fall short of those garnered by the stage version, "Three Men on a Horse" is still good screen fare. Teddy Hart and Sam Levene are the only ones rounded up of the original New York stage company. Others in the cast are Frank McHugh, Guy Kibbee, Allen Jenkins, Carol Hughes and Joan Blondell—to give you an idea of the comedy offered for your money. Frank McHugh is the hero, though on the Caspar Milquetoast type. His life work is writing greeting card ditties, until he discovers, quite by chance, that he is equally talented at picking horses. So good is he that a gang of toughies, headed by Sam Levene, kidnap McHugh, much to the joy of Joan Blondell who is Sam's girl friend and always has had a poetic side to her nature, too. Follows a tale that race-track addicts will lap up, but that still is humorous enough to provide entertainment for the rest of the audience. McHugh goes through gruelling and hilarious experiences before he is

A tense moment from "We Who Are About to Die," with John Beal and Ann Dvorak.

finally returned to his wife, Carol Hughes, whose nagging had turned poor Frank to the bottle in the first place. And Guy Kibbee, his boss, forgives him even if Frank did slip up on his annual Mother's Day verses.

★★ Tarzan Escapes

(M-G-M)

Another Tarzan tale on the screen is always good news to the Burroughs' fans. But this should be the best news yet, since it tops all previous Tarzan thrillers. Johnny Weissmuller has never had himself a better time in all his years of Tarzanning, in spite of suffering dirty work at the hands of John Buckler, an animal collector who decides to take him back to England as Exhibit A. As if that weren't hectic enough, there's in-law trouble for Tarzan. The relatives of his mate, Maureen O'Sullivan, suddenly drop into their honeymoon cottage in the tree tops and lure the bride back to civilization. But you can't keep a Weissmuller down for more than a few reels, so he gets matters straightened out eventually with help from a herd of elephants. There are grand shots of animal life throughout this celluloider, to say nothing of the jungle background photography, which should make the picture enjoyable for those less active by nature than the majority of Tarzan fans. In the supporting cast, Maureen O'Sullivan gives a sincere and likeable performance. Benita Hume and William Henry, as her cousins, are good. E. E. Clive, Herbert Mundin and John Buckler contribute satisfactory characterizations — and Cheetah almost steals the picture with his histrionics.

★ A Woman Rebels

(RKO-Radio)

This is old-fashioned melodrama, a costume play lacking in pace and dramatic force, despite good performances by most of the cast. It tells the story of Pamela Thistlewaite and her rebellion against the straight-laced standards of mid-Victorian England. Lonely and unhappy because of her tyrannical father and the marriage of her only sister, she succumbs to the charms of a gay blade from London. Her baby arrives at the time of her sister's death, so Pamela's child, as far as the world knows, is her niece. From then on she crusades for women's rights and hides her secret and her love for Sir Thomas Lane (Herbert Marshall) until the truth is finally revealed in a divorce suit. You can recognize the ancient plot in spite of its fancy dress disguise as the picture moves slowly to its inevitable ending.

★★★ Come and Get It

(Samuel Goldwyn)

Here's as lusty and loud a screen drama as you could wish to see. Adapted from Edna Ferber's novel, it bristles with life and shouts its way through an hour and a half of good, vigorous entertainment. Starting out as a story of the northern Wisconsin lumber camps in the 80's, it becomes, in the end, a dramatic and powerful love triangle. It is the story of Barney Glasgow (Edward Arnold), whose unquenchable thirst for wealth and prominence leaves the forests devastated and the dance hall gal who loves him heart-broken. He wants to marry the boss' daughter to promote his future, but she (Frances Farmer) weds his lumberjack pal (Walter Brennan). Years later, rich and respectable, he returns to his old haunts, meets his former sweetheart's daughter (also played by Frances Farmer) and falls in love with her. He brings her home with him and at this point his power to get what he wants, is broken, for the gal falls in love with his son (Joel McCrea). Edward Arnold's performance is excellent, and Walter Brennan is swell as the lumberjack. You fans will agree that Frances Farmer has a definite screen future.

★ Wild Brian Kent

(Sol Lesser-RKO)

This picture is almost as flat as the Kansas prairies which serve as its background. Ralph Bellamy is the supposedly wild young man of the title role, who after a few years of reckless dissipation in the big city turns to the corn country and the good life. Here he meets Mae Clarke, who lives in mortal fear that the farm owned by her aunt and uncle is going to be foreclosed by the city slicker. However, Ralph has thrown his money away with a lavish hand by this time. But he hies himself to town and talks the would-be forecloser into loaning him enough money to ship Mae's sheep to market. Mae gets the money all right, but she also gets some of the infected sheep belonging to the big meanie mixed up in her shipment. Things look pretty dark again, but Ralph saves that day, too. The next problem is to get the wheat crop in. Excitement mounts steadily because you have a feeling that the villain will surely put a monkey-wrench in the threshing machine or something. But he foils everyone by just setting a match to the ripe field of grain. Our hero arrives on the field just in the nick of time, and Ralph Bellamy beating out fifty acres of flaming farina is undoubtedly the high point of this picture.

★ 15 Maiden Lane

(20th Century-Fox)

This offers enough thrills to be pleasantly diverting to fans of an adventurous turn of mind. Those with a skeptical viewpoint may find it hard to take in spots. Concerning the jewel trade, which centers around Maiden Lane in New York City, the plot thickens in the first reel with the discovery that a diamond of fabulous price has been stolen from a merchant in the building. Robert McWade is owner of the insurance company which must stand the price, if it is not recovered and Claire Trevor is his niece who sets about saving him the dough by locating the gang of jewel thieves. Miss Trevor's celluloid courage is a thing to marvel at—the more dangerous the crook or the situation, the more she is intrigued. Cesar Romero is the suave and supposedly clever thief, who falls into the blonde's trap, without even so much as bothering to find out her connections—a little matter that would have

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saved his life in the last reel. However, there are some believable and really exciting sequences which build suspense to the final clean-up of the gang. Romero's role does not give him opportunity for his undeniable gifts. Claire Trevor is attractive to look at and gets the most from the part assigned her. Douglas Fowley is good as the go-between, while Lloyd Nolan and Robert McWade pass muster.

★ Luckiest Girl in the World
(Universal)

As the "Luckiest Girl in the World" Jane Wyatt does not make too favorable an impression. In the first place, the story is too weak in spots to carry conviction and, in the second place, players cast with her don't help matters along much. Miss Wyatt is attractive to look at, but lacks picture personality—at least at this stage of the game. Of the entire cast Eugene Pallette and Viola Callahan are the only outstanding players. The others, including Louis Hayward, Catherine Doucet, Nat Pendleton and Philip Reed are merely satisfactory. Pallette plays the millionaire whose daughter, Jane Wyatt, is madly in love with Philip Reed. Phil's a young man whose outstanding qualification for marriage is that he plays a fine game of tennis.

Papa says Jane can marry him, if she can manage to live on $150 for one month in New York City. This wouldn't be too tough for most gals, but Jane has *such* a struggle. Louis Hayward, a young man renting a room in the same boardinghouse, practically has to feed her, and love blooms over the burnt hamburger. Nat Pendleton, as the bodyguard hired to watch over Jane, provides most of the laughs, but it's too much the same type of Pendleton gagging. Hayward and Miss Wyatt fall pretty flat in their attempts at light comedy. Viola Callahan, in a short bit, as the boarding-house keeper, is at least believable.

★★★ The Garden of Allah
(United Artists)

With the industry's knowledge of the intricacies of technicolor advancing with each color film, "The Garden of Allah" takes advantage of previous experiments and emerges as the most beautiful series of photographs thus far brought to the screen.

If you think Marlene Dietrich was beautiful in black and white, wait until you see her in color! She is, as the French have it, the nuts. So with Dietrich looking radiant, beautiful moonlight shots of the desert and superb acting by Charles Boyer, one forgets that the story is hardly modern and that at times the picture's pace is a decidedly lethargic one. The story is about a Trappist monk who renounces his sacred vows and flees from the monastery, whereupon he falls in love with a woman who, like himself, is searching for happiness. They marry, but their idyll is ended when, his secret discovered, the former monk returns to his life of celibacy.

Although acting honors go to Charles Boyer, Marlene Dietrich acquits herself surprisingly well in a role eminently suited to her special talents. In a beautiful dance sequence, Tilly Losch proves herself an exotic screen personality.

There are also capable performances by Joseph Schildkraut, John Carradine, Basil Rathbone and C. Aubrey Smith.

★★ Under Your Spell
(20th Century-Fox)

Here's Lawrence Tibbett again, in finest singing form, to prove he is the screen's premiere baritone. Also, that he can go through dramatic paces with the greatest of ease. It's too bad that the story is superficial and does not match up to the depth and beauty of his rich tones. But as long as Tibbett sings frequently and stirringly, the plot is of small matter. In addition to the exquisite music (there's an excerpt from "Faust" that will make your blood tingle, the two typical Tibbett numbers—"Under Your Spell" and "My Little Mule Wagon") is the custom-built story of the concert artist, who is a martyr to the demands of fame. Between cigarette-endorsing and back-patting audition winners, life is pretty vapid for the baritone—until *the* girl comes along. Patterned after the zany type popularized by Carole Lombard in "My Man Godfrey," Cynthia Drexel (Wendy Barrie) is rich, pampered and given to breaking dishes in moments of stress. To spite a social rival, she engages the baritone to sing at a party. When the singer jumps all contracts in an effort to "get away from it all" the willful miss pursues him to his mountain cabin to force him to fulfill her commitment. Failing, she will have to marry a man she doesn't love, because she made a bet that way. You know the rest.

Jane Wyatt and Louis Hayward in "Luckiest Girl in the World."

A scene from "A Woman Rebels," co-starring Hepburn and Marshall.

More Good News

(*Continued from page 41*)

termission. The mystery, according to Cesar, is: which of his so-called friends handed him an exploding cigarette?

* * *

More fun on the "After the Thin Man" set. In one scene, Bill Powell was to enter a prison cell with several young ladies. After getting the party locked up in the jug, Director Van Dyke and crew calmly left for lunch. But they returned to find Powell having a swell time—and a swell lunch—with the gals. Seems he had yelled out an order to the studio commissary, and they had shoved their fanciest five-course luncheon through the bars. Since guys in jail have no money, Van Dyke is still wondering whether his gag was worth the price of the stiff lunch check he had to pay.

* * *

Now that winter has hit Hollywood—the thermometer has dropped to 70°—everyone heads for Palm Springs and the desert every week-end. There the glamor girls and boys can get away from work and the cruel cold for a few days while they grow radiant under the southern sun and the pleasant publicity. The desert resorts are more popular than ever this season and tourists wanting to rub sun-tans with their favorites should come armed with ample check-books. At one of the spas, for instance, you can purchase the regular luncheon for $2.00, and if you wish the added distinction of having plunged into the same pool with a $5,000-a-week cutie, another $2.00 takes care of that. And why not? After all, what can they raise on the desert but prices?

* * *

On a clear day, as the saying goes, you can see Bob Taylor's dressing-gown from San Francisco. He startled the waitresses at the studio commissary with it the first few days, but they're getting used to it. Personally, we think it's a trick to hide his identity, because the robe is so startling you hardly notice who's in it.

* * *

On the "After the Thin Man" set at M-G-M, Director W. S. Van Dyke was preparing to shoot a scene. Jessie Ralph was to say a few words to Sam ("Three Men on a Horse") Levene. Levene is from Broadway and Van Dyke had been giving him the ribbing most newcomers get. After the first rehearsal Van Dyke asked Levene to show more of his profile. Levene complied, and they went over it once more. Van Dyke asked for still more profile, and he got it and they shot the scene. "How was I?" asked Levene. "I don't know," replied Van Dyke. "You aren't in this scene."

* * *

Before you send one of those "from a friend" notes to Arthur Hornblow, Jr., we assure you that Bill Powell is stepping out with Myrna Loy Hornblow in the name of art only! They're Nora and Nick up to their debonair best in "After the Thin Man," the sequel to that all-time cinematic wow "The Thin Man."

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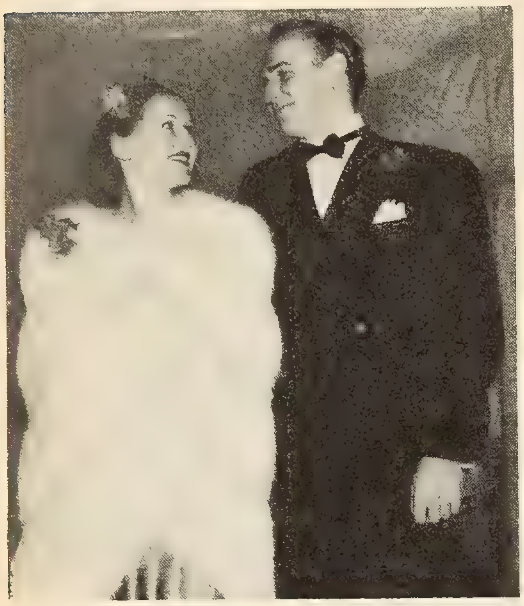
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Astaire who don't care for cameramen much.



Betty Grable and Jackie Coogan prove it's still romance!

When two burglars parked themselves in the garage of the Ravenswood Apartments, one evening recently, they lined up the tenants as they arrived and relieved them of their cash and jewelry. They were really marking time waiting for Mae West, who owns the building and lives in it. But Mae was at the fights and the thieves decided to come up and see her some other time, much to the relief of the other tenants who knew that Mae would be accompanied by her two bodyguards, which might have meant considerable gun-play.

■ ■ ■

Jean Harlow's so crazy about badminton that she's torn up a bedroom in her home and made a badminton court of it. Badminton courts should be outside, but Jean shouldn't because the sun doesn't agree with her. Hence the inside court for Harlow. Or is it because Bill Powell had to spend most of his days in darkened rooms for a spell on account of a bad case of looking too often at studio lights?

■ ■ ■

Jeanette MacDonald is back in town after visiting in New York and Philadelphia with her mother and sisters. In the meantime, Gene Raymond has been making daily trips to San Fernando Valley, where the MacDonald-Raymond home is being nailed together. According to their understanding, there'll be no wedding until the house is completed. And there's talk around that Mr. R. is trying to convince Jeanette that she really ought to see Yuma at this time of the year.

■ ■ ■

Susan Carrie Saunders is the reason you're not seeing Fay Wray in celluloid these days. Susan Carrie's taken all of Fay's time since her arrival a couple of months ago. What's more, there's talk of Fay giving up her movie career and devoting herself exclusively to home, husband and daughter. They may make their home in England, where John Monk Saunders is writing for British films.

■ ■ ■

Bing Crosby thought up the idea of mid-ocean previews. There have been pre-showings of pictures on planes, trains and busses, but never on the briny. When Bing left on his trip to Hawaii, he had Columbia book passage for a print of "Pennies from Heaven," his new picture, which he hadn't seen. But he'll never do it again, for he had to see the film every night for the five nights of the trip. Passengers in every class demanded to see the preview and asked that Bing be present to lend a bit of atmosphere. You can't turn down a boat load of customers, which is why Bing was so glad to see land and the last of "Pennies from Heaven."

■ ■ ■

Mickey Rooney's face was several shades of red the other day, instead of the even freckled sun-tan it usually is. Because he was due back to the studio immediately after a broadcast, Mickey didn't have any spare time to change into the tuxedo which he was supposed to wear for his next scene. So he decided to change in the car while en route. Imagine his chagrin when his chauffeur stopped at a traffic signal right outside Hollywood high school and he found himself with an audience of admiring co-eds.

■ ■ ■

It takes time, but gradually Greta gets around to things. Make-up boxes, for instance, took her ten years to appreciate. The Silent One's make-up has always been carried around in a shoe box on the set until a few weeks ago when she suddenly appeared on the "Camille" set carrying a swanky purple leather one under her arm, and smiling fondly at the crew and Robert Taylor. Taylor, it turned out, just happened to be in the way, for the smiles were all for the crew. And particularly for Harry Edwards, prop man on the picture, who was the donor of the gift to Garbo.

Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March on a recent New York City jaunt.

Party-goers! Patty May, "Buck-Wheat" Thomas and Porky Lee.

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For Your Dream of Romance—

HOLD HIM *TONIGHT*—
with HOLLYWOOD'S thrilling NEW BEAUTY SECRETS

True it is that beauty's business is to charm! Then be what he wants you to be—be what *you* want to be—lovely—fresh—young—vibrant! Let Hollywood Mask Matched Make-up work its glorious magic, as no other make-up can — because Hollywood Mask is matched make-up keyed to your most important complexion factor—your natural skin type.

Listen, Blonde head, Brownette, Brunette, Redhead—beauty experts and America's most discriminating women agree on these make-up rules:—

1—Powder, rouge and lipstick should be color keyed to the most important complexion feature—the skin.

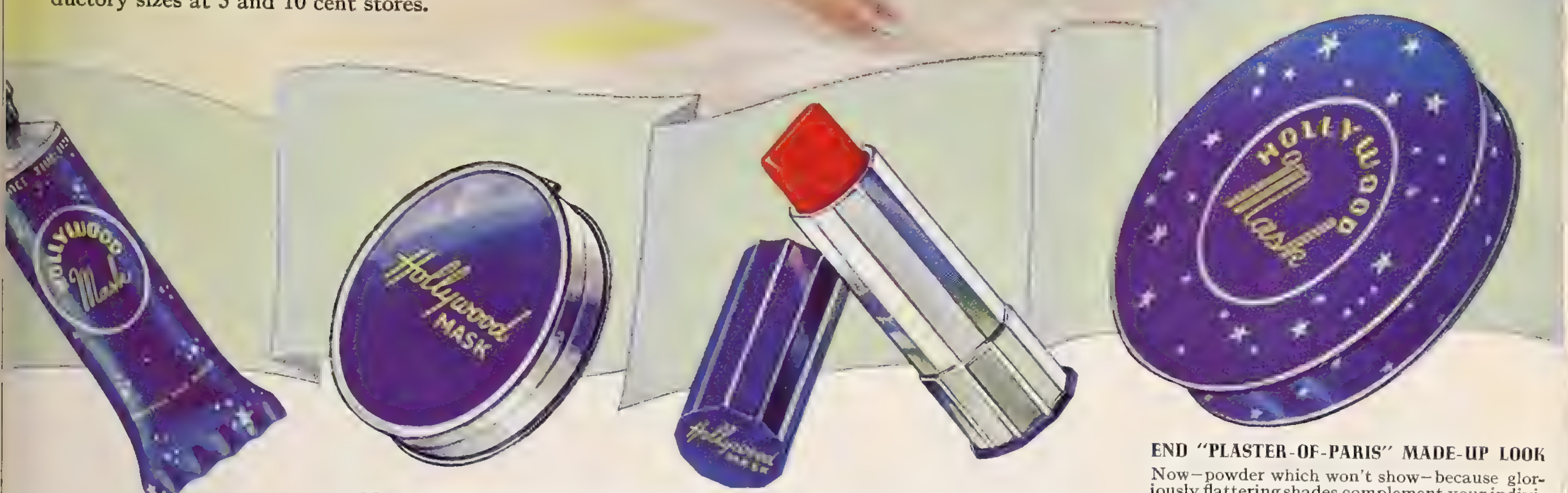
2—Powder, rouge and lipstick should *accent* your natural type of beauty.

3—Powder, rouge and lipstick color shades must not clash—must harmonize for natural appearance.

4—A facial such as the exciting new Hollywood Mask is vital to intelligent skin care.

All over America women have turned to Hollywood Mask's new blending secrets, new balanced color ingredients. Here is *matched* make-up for gloriously natural-appearing loveliness.

Try Hollywood Mask make-up TODAY! Obtainable at drug and department stores. Introductory sizes at 5 and 10 cent stores.



YE WRINKLES, LARGE PORES

ust be healthy to be lovely. Don't
yourself to wrinkles, blackheads,
ores. Let Hollywood Mask Facial
ate underskin tissues. Purge pores
, rancid oils. Spread it on. Rinse it
d behold! Skin looks fresh, clear,
g. Large tube $1. Trial 10c.

FOR NATURAL COLOR HARMONY— THIS NEW CLINGING ROUGE

So important—that your rouge accent your individual type. Blends evenly. Glows through powder to give youthful effect of natural healthy color. Try Hollywood Mask Rouge.

Peachbloom, Poppy, Raspberry, Orange. Large size 50c, Purse size 10c.

LIPSTICK MUST MATCH ROUGE—FOR TRUE NATURAL HARMONY

Transform lips into a luscious tantalizing red with Hollywood Mask Lipstick. Flatters you most because matched to your special rouge. Indelible. Keeps lips soft — prevents chapping. Lasts out many more kisses.

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END "PLASTER-OF-PARIS" MADE-UP LOOK

Now—powder which won't show—because gloriously flattering shades complement your individual color skin type. Stays and *stays* and *STAYS* on — hours longer. "Twice-a-day" powder.

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★

Check below a list of your favorite matching shades of powder, rouge, lipstick. Try the refreshing new facial. See how much more Hollywood Mask matched make-up can do for you! Mail NOW.

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105 W. Monroe St., Dept. 117. Chicago.

Send purse size cosmetics I have checked. I enclose 10c for each as checked to cover packaging and mailing

Name ....

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City.......................*State*......

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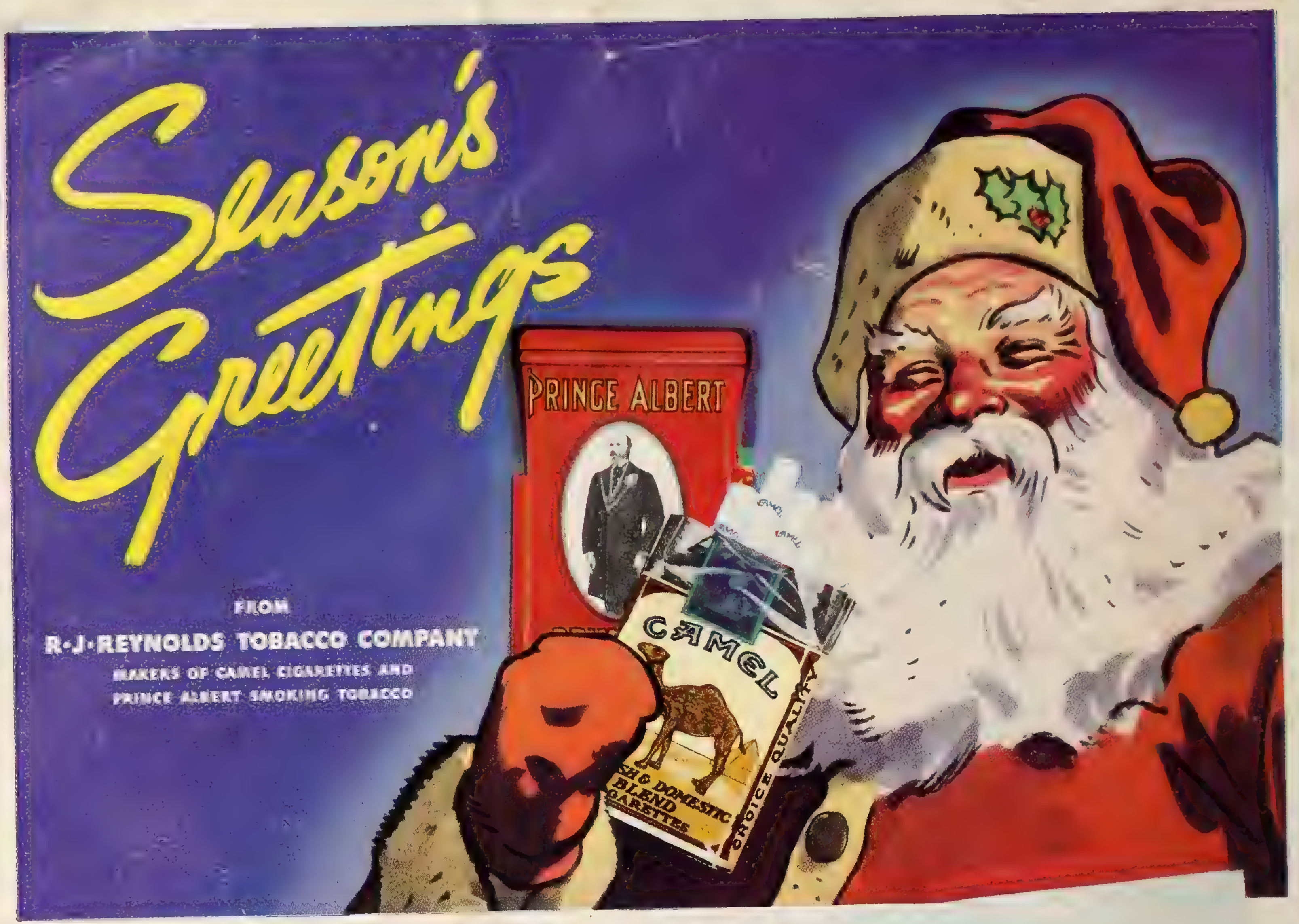
☐Creole
☐Brunette
☐Peach
☐Natural
☐Blanche
☐Suntan

☐Hollywood Mask

Lipstick
☐Light
☐Medium
☐Dark
☐Orange
☐Raspberry

Rouge
☐Orange
☐Poppy
☐Raspberry
☐Peachbloom


Season's Greetings
PRINCE ALBERT
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

FROM
R·J·REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES AND
PRINCE ALBERT SMOKING TOBACCO

Camels

There's no more acceptable gift in Santa's whole bag than a carton of Camel Cigarettes. Here's the happy solution to *your* gift problems. Camels are sure to be appreciated. And *enjoyed!* With mild, fine-tasting Camels, you keep in tune with the cheery spirit of Christmas. Enjoy Camels at mealtime—between courses and after eating—for their aid to digestion. Get an invigorating "lift" with a Camel. Camels set you right! They're made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

CAMELS
Season's Greetings
CAMELS
CAMELS
CAMEL CIGARETTES

At your dealer's you'll fina this Christmas package—the Camel carton—200cigarettes.

Another Christmas special—4 boxes of Camels in "flat fifties"—wrapped in gay holiday dress. {right, above}

Prince Albert

It's easy to please all the pipe-smokers on your list. Just give them the same mellow, fragrant tobacco they choose for *themselves*—Prince Albert—the National Joy Smoke. "P. A." is the largest-selling smoking tobacco in the world—as mild and tasty a tobacco as ever delighted a man. And Prince Albert does not "bite" the tongue. Have bright red-and-green Christmas packages of Prince Albert waiting there early Christmas morning . . . to wish *your* friends and relatives the merriest Christmas ever.

PRINCE ALBERT
Season's Greetings
PRINCE ALBERT
PRINCE ALBERT
Merry Christmas

One full pound of mild, mellow Prince Albert—the "biteless" tobacco—packed in the cheerful red tin and placed in an attractive Christmas gift package. {far left}

Here's a full pound of Prince Albert, packed in a real glass humidor that keeps the tobacco in perfect condition and becomes a welcome possession. Gift wrap. {near left}

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OVER 132 PAGES IN THIS ISSUE

Modern Screen

EBRUARY

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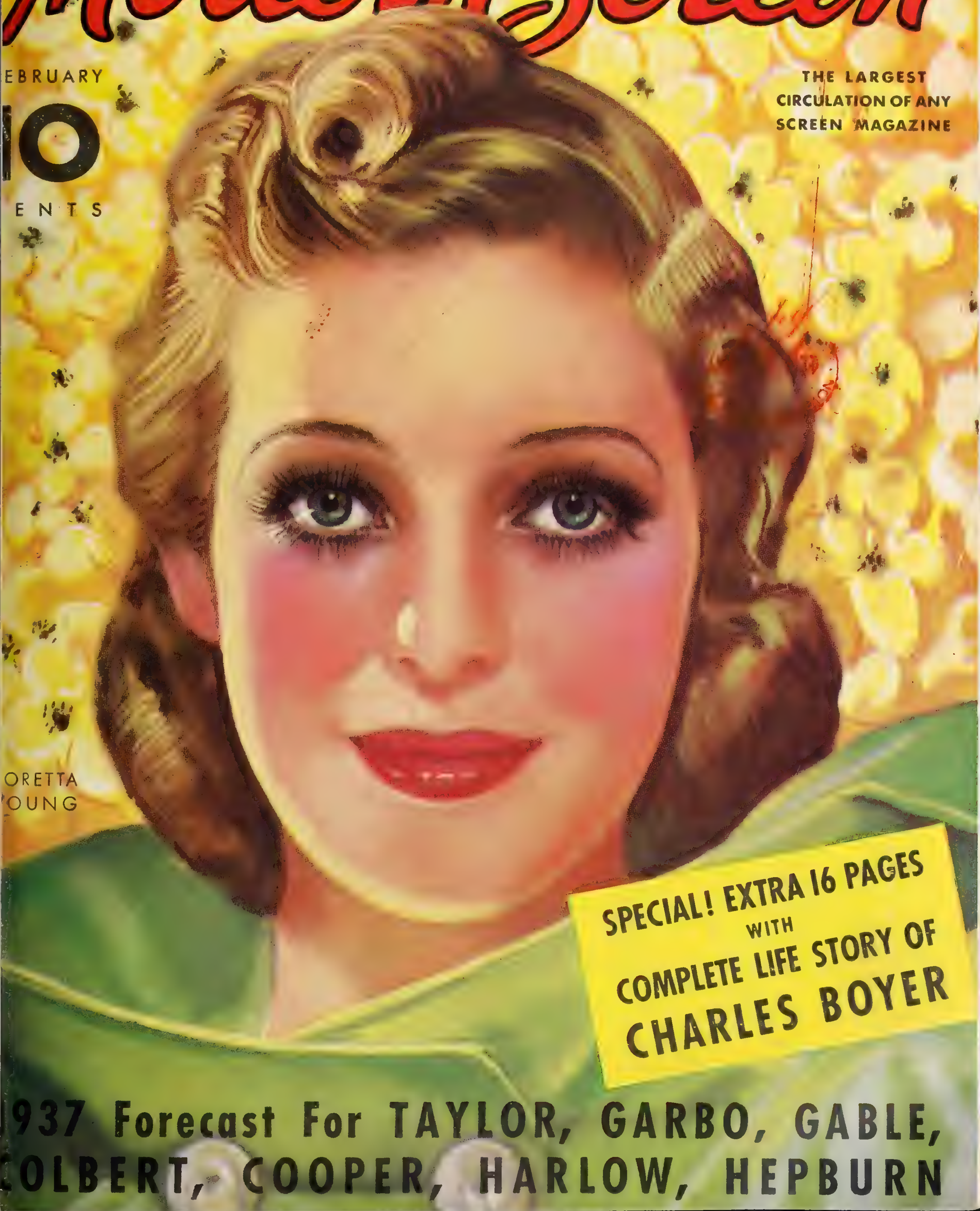
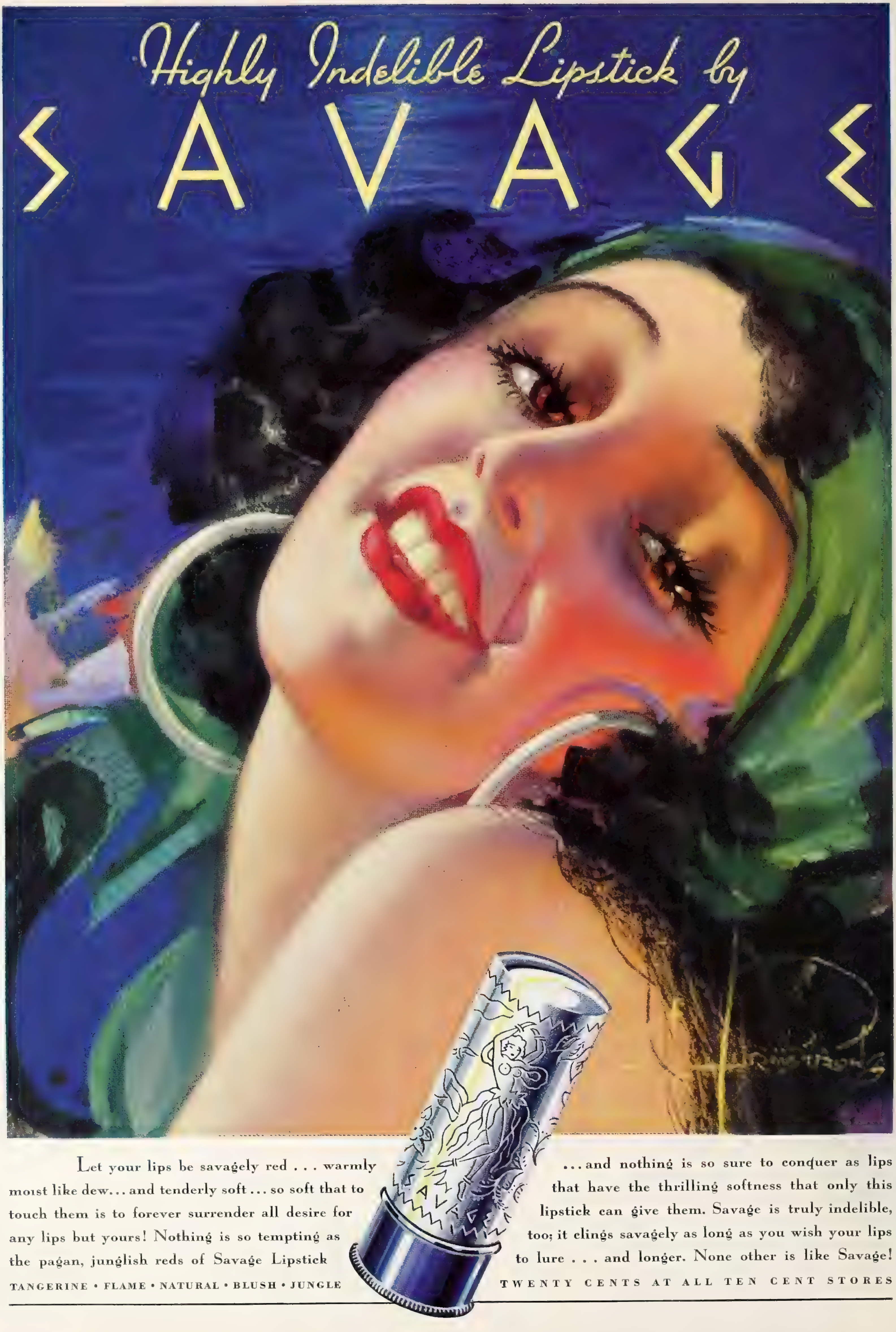
THE LARGEST
CIRCULATION OF ANY
SCREEN MAGAZINE



ORETTA
OUNG

SPECIAL! EXTRA 16 PAGES
WITH
COMPLETE LIFE STORY OF
CHARLES BOYER

937 Forecast For TAYLOR, GARBO, GABLE,
OLBERT, COOPER, HARLOW, HEPBURN



Let your lips be savagely red . . . warmly moist like dew... and tenderly soft ... so soft that to touch them is to forever surrender all desire for any lips but yours! Nothing is so tempting as the pagan, junglish reds of Savage Lipstick ...and nothing is so sure to conquer as lips that have the thrilling softness that only this lipstick can give them. Savage is truly indelible, too; it clings savagely as long as you wish your lips to lure . . . and longer. None other is like Savage!

TANGERINE • FLAME • NATURAL • BLUSH • JUNGLE

TWENTY CENTS AT ALL TEN CENT STORES

A Clean Face

is the secret of radiant beauty!

● How *clean* is your skin? That's your most important beauty problem. For only when pores are thoroughly, deeply cleansed can one hope for a radiant, exquisitely fine complexion.

Starting today, you can be *sure* of a truly clean skin—and all the loveliness it brings. Because today Daggett & Ramsdell offers you the new *Golden Cleansing Cream*—a more efficient skin cleanser could not be obtained!

A New Kind of Cleansing

Golden Cleansing Cream is entirely different from other creams and lotions. It contains *Colloidal Gold,* a remarkable ingredient well known to the medical profession but new in the world of beauty. This colloidal gold has an amazing power to rid the skin pores of clogging dirt, make-up, dead tissue and other impurities that destroy complexion beauty. The action of colloidal gold is so effective that it continues to cleanse your skin even after the cream has been wiped away. What's more it tones and invigorates skin cells while it cleanses.

Contains Colloidal Gold

Daggett & Ramsdell Golden Cleansing Cream is the only cream that brings you the deep-pore cleansing of colloidal gold. You can't see or feel this gold because it is not a metal—any more than the iron in spinach is a metal. In fact, many of the health-giving minerals in fruits and vegetables exist in a colloidal form, similar to that of the gold in Golden Cleansing Cream. What you *do* see is a smooth, non-liquefying cream, rose-pink in color, suitable for cleansing every type of skin.

Costs No More

Daggett & Ramsdell's new Golden Cleansing Cream is within the reach of every one of you. You'll soon say you never made a more economical investment than the $1.00 which the cream costs. It is obtainable at leading drug and department stores—ask for it today!

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
dr
Golden Cleansing Cream
(CONTAINING COLLOIDAL GOLD)
DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
dr
Golden Cleansing Cream
(CONTAINING COLLOIDAL GOLD)

Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau Conducted by Good Housekeeping Magazine

Make This Simple Test!

● Apply your usual skin cleanser. Wipe it off with tissue. Your face seems clean—but is it? Does any dirt remain to clog and blemish your skin?

● Now, cleanse with Daggett & Ramsdell Golden Cleansing Cream. Your tissue shows *more* dirt—brought from pore depths by this more effective cleansing.

Daggett & Ramsdell Dept. MM-2
Room 1980, 2 Park Avenue,
New York City

Enclosed find 10¢ in stamps for which please send me my trial size jar of Golden Cleansing Cream.
(This offer is good in United States only.)

Name............................

Street............................

City..................*State*.........

Dealer's Name....................

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL GOLDEN CLEANSING CREAM

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WHAT AN AWFUL HEADACHE!

● Splitting headaches made me feel miserable. I can't tell you how I was suffering! I knew the trouble all too well—constipation, a clogged-up condition. I'd heard FEEN-A-MINT well spoken of. So I stopped at the drug store on the way home, got a box of FEEN-A-MINT, and chewed a tablet before going to bed.

THE 3 MINUTE WAY! Three minutes of chewing make the difference

● FEEN-A-MINT is the modern laxative that comes in delicious mint-flavored chewing gum. Chew a tablet for 3 minutes, or longer, for its pleasant taste. The chewing, according to scientific research, helps make FEEN-A-MINT more thorough—more dependable and reliable.

● Next morning—headache gone—full of life and pep again! All accomplished so easily too. No griping or nausea. Try FEEN-A-MINT the next time you have a headache caused by constipation. Learn why this laxative is a favorite with 16 million people—young and old.

FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN
Feen-a-mint
THE CHEWING GUM
LAXATIVE
NO TASTE BUT THE MINT

Family-sized boxes only 15c & 25c

Slightly higher in Canada.

Modern Screen

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Now Showing

OUR TRIP ABROAD 6
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HIS JUBILEE DAYS .... Martha Kerr 14
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The fragrance of her camelias intoxicated his senses . . .

"Crush me in your arms until the breath is gone from my body!"

She had known many kinds of love, but *his* kisses filled her with longings she had never felt before . . . The glamorous Garbo — handsome Robert Taylor — together in a love story that will awaken your innermost emotions with its soul-stabbing drama!

Greta **GARBO**
LOVES
Robert **TAYLOR**

IN

CAMILLE

with **LIONEL BARRYMORE**
ELIZABETH ALLAN • JESSIE RALPH
HENRY DANIELL • LENORE ULRIC
LAURA HOPE CREWS

A Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer Picture, based on play and novel "La Dame aux Camelias" (Lady of the Camelias) by Alexandre Dumas. Directed by George Cukor

Our Trip Abroad

Lilliane and John take off for an air view of England.

Gaumont-British make-up artists get Lilliane Kerekes and John Beattie ready for tests.

THEY'RE BACK! And what fascinating experiences those two lucky winners of our "New Movie Types" Contest had to relate.

Even while their baggage was going through Customs, Lilliane Kerekes and John Beattie talked enthusiastically about what they did from the moment they sailed for England on the *Queen Mary* until their last few minutes on board the *Berengaria,* coming home.

Going over, both Lilliane and John got a great kick out of meeting and mingling with famous people. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. was on board and they met him. One night a party was given in honor of Lilliane. And every day there was the constant round of shipboard activities—all a new scene for the two.

We asked John what he thought was the highlight of the trip as far as he was concerned. He answered quickly that he got the biggest thrill out of their trip through the House of Commons and the (*Continued on page* 88)

Our lucky "New Movie Types" Contest Winners tell all!

Sonnie Hale directs Lilliane and John.

THE NEW HIGH POLISH
Pepsodent
SPECIAL FILM-REMOVING TOOTH PASTE
IRIUM

NATURE IS STINGY WITH TOOTH ENAMEL

THIS BEAUTIFUL ENAMEL . . ONCE WORN AWAY . .
NEVER GROWS BACK—NEVER!

be
safe

Protect precious ename
Once lost, it's gone fo
ever. Be safe and wi
flashing new luster wit
absolute security!

Nature restores skin, hair, nails—but ne
tooth enamel. Those precious surfac
once worn away, are gone forever. Bea
goes with them . . . decay attacks teeth
the days of enchanting young teeth are ov

Guard those precious surfaces! N
science brings you the *utterly safe* to
paste. One that cleans by an entirely n
principle. That uses no chalk or grit
harsh abrasive.

Pepsodent alone contains IRIUM

Pepsodent containing IRIUM brings flash
luster to teeth—cleans them immaculate
freshens mouth—stimulates gums and free fl
ing saliva—yet does so with the *safest action*
known in tooth pastes.

Because IRIUM—the thrilling new den
ingredient—removes film without scouring
scraping. It *lifts* the clinging plaque off te
and washes it gently away. It leaves the ena
surfaces *spotlessly clean*—then polishes them t
brilliant luster you never even *saw* before!

It's an *amazing* advance in tooth beauty a
safety. In just a few days your teeth sparkle w
alluring brilliance that everyone *notices.* Bu
tube of Pepsodent containing IRIUM. Begin
to use this new method that brings flash
luster to your teeth with *absolute safety.*

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . .
Pepsodent contains NO GRIT NO PUMICE. *Utterly Safe!*

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . .
Pepsodent contains NO SOAP. . NO CHALK. Gently floats film away, instead of scrubbing it off. *Utterly Thorough!*

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . .
Pepsodent tones up gums and promotes free-flowing saliva. *Utterly Refreshing!*

Pepsodent alone among Tooth Pastes contains IRIUM

be safe—

Change to **PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE**
IT ALONE CONTAINS IRIUM

(Left to right) Annette, Marie, Yvonne, Emilie and Cecile "between scenes" on the "Reunion" set, just outside their door up Callander way. World Copyright, 1937, NEA Service, Inc.

Five-Star Capers

The unpredictable Quintuplets go Hollywood again

By Henry Phillips

SPEAKING of the Quintuplets as "The Five Most Famous Screen Stars" may seem like a haphazard statement. Nevertheless, there are many astounding facts to support the contention that the Dionnettes might have a slight edge on even Shirley Temple if a showdown were possible. No one desires a poll, however, and there probably never will be one. Setting aside all facts and figures, the five little Canadians still command first place in the human interest headlines throughout the universe. All without a press-agent!

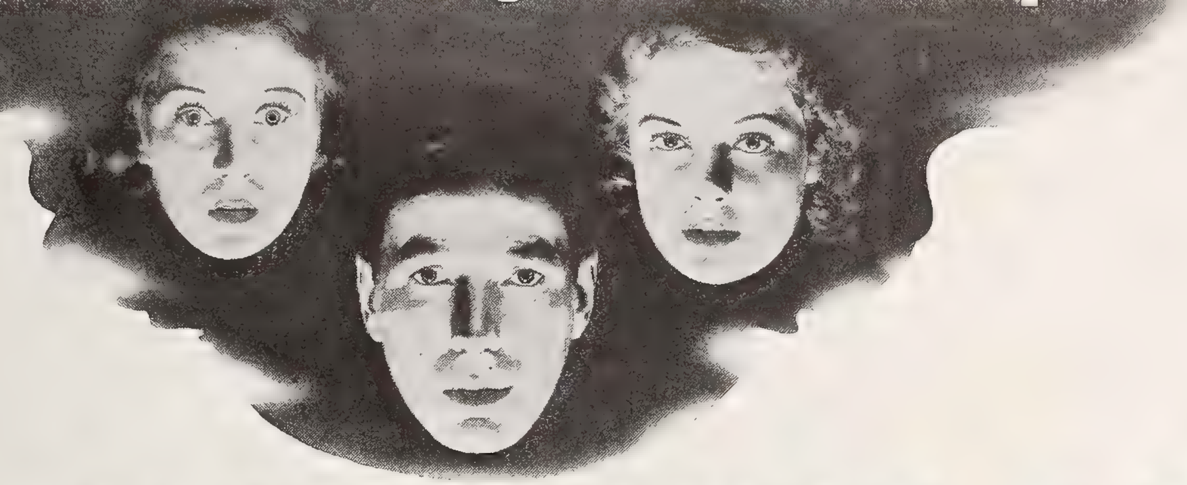
And no wonder! The youngsters put on a show twice daily on their "lot" in far-off Callander, Ontario, "if the weather permits." The performance goes on throughout spring, summer and autumn and during a great part of the winter. At the last showing we witnessed, the "house" numbered ten thousand persons, and according to the records, we were in the neighborhood of the two-millionth onlooker. Automobiles from nearly every State in the Union and all the Provinces of Canada were parked by the hundreds on the hill and stretched for miles down the road. This was the second show; three thousand more had been there in the morning and departed for their distant homes—Texas, California, Georgia. . . .

The show is unique because there are no precedents, the performers have no prototypes. The little stars don't even know that a show is going on, or that they have an audience!

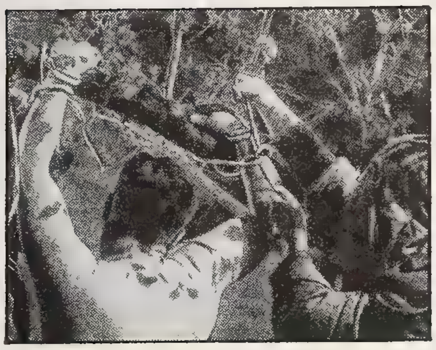
Just how to preserve all the sweet naturalness that is the essence of the Dionne Quintuplets was the hardest job that ever confronted a moving picture director. When Norman Taurog directed their first picture a year ago, "The Country Doctor," the task had been comparatively simple. The budding stars had just passed their first birthday. They were just sweet babies, barely able to creep about and do all the cunning things that most all babies do—multiplied by five. However, in making the newest movie, "Reunion," they found five husky, mischievous young ladies, each with a mind of her own and a pair of sturdy legs ever ready to carry her in the direction her strong will had predetermined she was going to go. For a whole year the youngsters had been driving along extreme, "natural" lines of non-restraint in their bringing up. Though they were born at the same time and looked exactly alike to the stranger, externally, they were as utterly different in their ideas as though they had been members of an infantile (*Continued on page 96*)

The Screen Brings America's

INVISIBLE TERROR Right Out Into the Open!



"BLACK LEGION"



DEATH TO SQUEALERS!

That's the law of this devil cult—the body and soul pledge made by every man who *for thirty pieces of silver* buys the privilege of killing his neighbor!

Leave it to Warner Bros. to be the first to bring to the screen the *whole* savage, terrible behind-the-scenes story of these Midnight Marauders of the Midwest! All of it—every bullet-riddled paragraph—hurled across the screen with the dramatic fury of another "G-Men" or "I Am A Fugitive".

To producers, to director and to a great cast—brilliantly headed by Humphrey Bogart in a role even more intensely dynamic than his "Killer" of "Petrified Forest"—alike are due the plaudits of a million fans for making this thrilling indictment of the *world below the underworld* this month's tops in cinema excitement!

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Warner Bros.

BLACK LEGION OATH

In the name of heaven and hell, by the powers of light and darkness. ¶ I pledge my heart, my brain, my body and my limbs to executing the orders of my superiors. ¶ I will show no mercy and will submit to all the tortures man can inflict and suffer the most horrible death rather than reveal a single word of this, my oath...

HUMPHREY BOGART

DICK FORAN · ERIN O'BRIEN-MOORE

ANN SHERIDAN · Helen Flint · Joseph Sawyer · Addison Richards · Eddie Acuff

Directed by ARCHIE MAYO

"Green Light" is the winner this month of Modern Screen's Award of Merit.

Here are the leads, Anita Louise and Errol Flynn, receiving the placque from our Hollywood Editor, Leo Townsend.

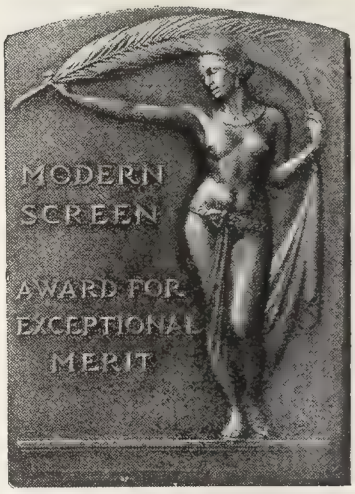
The entire cast was delighted with the honor conferred upon their picture.

We Salute "Green Light"

Our congratulations, this month, are tendered to those capable people who have made possible such a splendid picturization of the Lloyd C. Douglas best seller, "Green Light."

These monthly awards by Modern Screen are your guides to the cream of the year's picture crop. Only those pictures rate the medal which offer the finest in entertainment value for you. These are the about-to-be-released pictures which you will want to put on your "must" list. Watch for our next month's Award of Merit—it means another evening's assured entertainment for you!

Director Frank Borzage, a master hand at turning out fine pictures, gets the most out of the original novel, dramatizing it with a nicety that spells big box-office appeal. And he gets the most out of his talented cast. Errol Flynn and Anita Louise both reach new acting heights in their characterizations. Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Margaret Lindsay, Spring Byington and Walter Abel share honors.



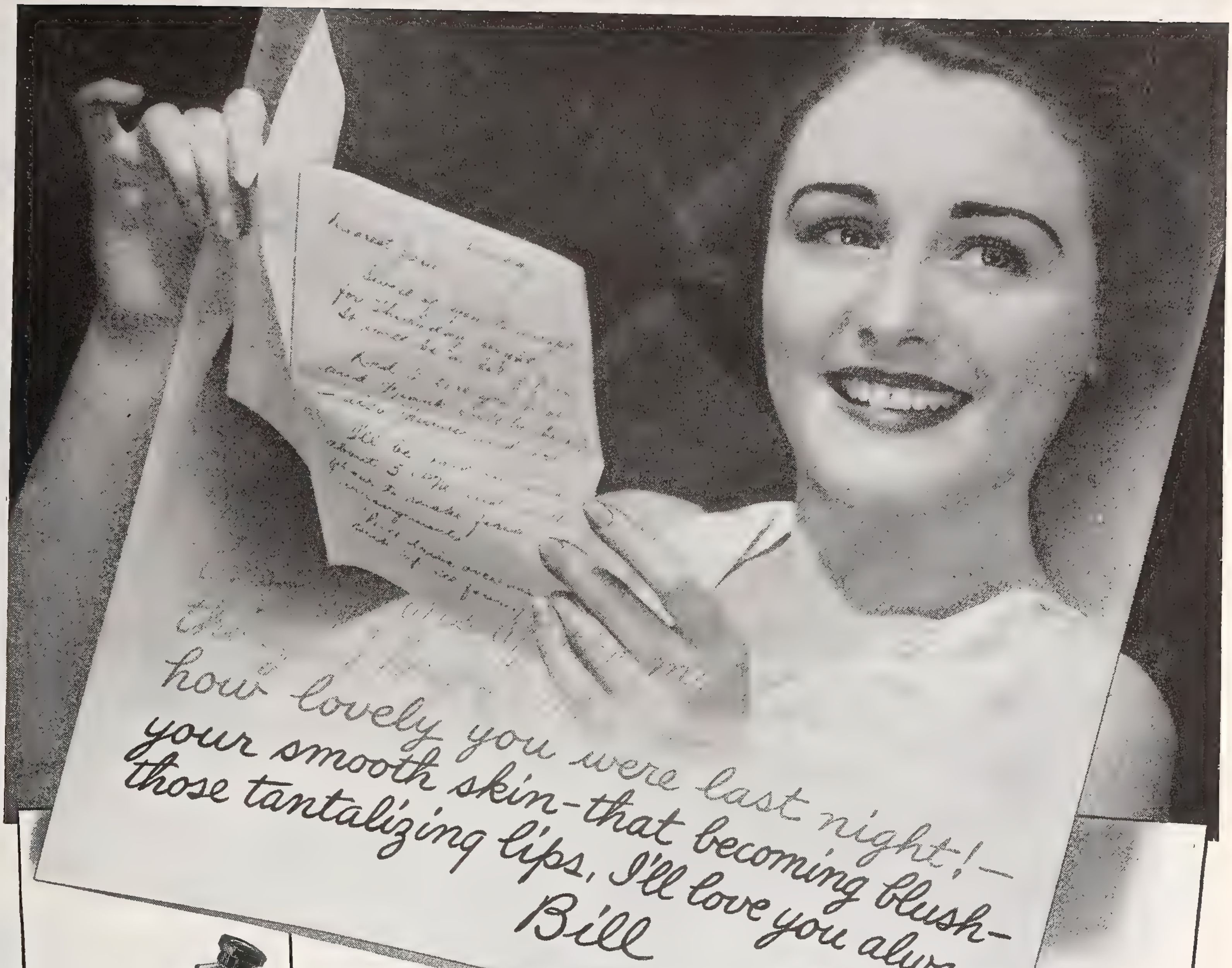
Modern Screen's Medal Award Picture, "Green Light," a First National-Cosmopolitan production, reviewed by Leo Townsend

Author Lloyd C. Douglas owes a deep bow to the picture industry. In his novels, his inspirational themes and his "Glory, Hallelujah!" shouting are often overdone and are certainly not regarded with enthusiasm by critical or sophisticated readers. "Magnificent Obsession," for instance, was hardly a literary triumph, yet its picture version was one of last year's biggest box-office attractions.

As a novel, "Green Light" parallels the earlier Douglas work, while as a picture it offers strong audience appeal which will undoubtedly place it among the most popular films of 1937. It excels "Magnificent Obsession" in construction and execution, for it is much more plausible than its predecessor. Its greatest asset is that it offers Errol Flynn in his first non-costume role, and for that it deserves considerable applause, for young Mr. Flynn proves beyond all doubt that he is one of the most interesting new players to come to the screen in several years. In this, his third picture, he establishes himself as Robert Taylor's leading rival for the hearts—and also the patronage—of the country's feminine theatre-goers.

Briefly, the story concerns a young surgeon (Flynn) in a metropolitan hospital. Dr. Endicott (Henry O'Neill), head surgeon of the hospital, has allowed himself to become more interested in Wall Street than in his own institution. When Mrs. Dexter (Spring Byington), one of the hospital's wealthy patronesses, needs an emergency operation, Dr. Endicott is busy at his broker's office. Flynn orders the operation begun immediately. In the middle of proceedings, Dr. Endicott bustles into the operating room, nervous after just losing a fortune in Wall Street, and commits an error which leads to Mrs. Dexter's death. Dr. Endicott allows the blame to fall on Flynn, who resigns from the hospital, embittered and sour on life. A chance meeting with Dean Harcourt (Sir Cedric Hardwicke), whose radio sermons had been an inspiration to Mrs. Dexter, also leads him to meet Phyllis Dexter (Anita Louise), who believes him responsible for her mother's death. It is the Dean's problem to adjust his two young friends to themselves and to the world.

In the role of the young surgeon, Errol Flynn offers a vital and moving study of a man to whom life has lost its meaning. The handsome young Irishman has virility, charm and—in case you didn't notice it in his costume pictures—considerable acting ability. As Phyllis Dexter, Anita Louise gets her best screen opportunity to date. Perhaps the loveliest of the younger screen stars, she is definitely advancing as an actress. Next to Flynn's performance in excellence is that of Sir Cedric Hardwicke in the role of Dean Harcourt. Long a favorite of London stage and screen audiences, he establishes himself here as one of the finest of character players. Spring Byington is entirely believable as Mrs. Dexter, and there are good performances by Margaret Lindsay, as a nurse in love with Flynn, and Walter Abel, a fellow surgeon at the hospital.

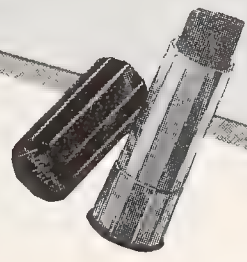

how lovely you were last night!—
your smooth skin—that becoming blush—
those tantalizing lips, I'll love you always
Bill

Avoid Wrinkles, Large Pores

Skin must be healthy to be lovely. Stimulate skin tissues with Hollywood Mask Facial. Purge pores of blackheads, rancid oils. Marvelously simple to use. Large tube **$1.** Trial size **10c.**

Natural Color Harmony . . . New Clinging Rouge

Rouge must give youthful effect by accenting your natural individual color skin type. Try Hollywood Mask Rouge in Peachbloom, Poppy, Raspberry, Orange. Large size **50c.** Purse size **10c.**



Lipstick to Match Rouge . . . for True Harmony

Luscious tantalizing reds that flatter most because matched with rouge. Keeps lips soft — prevents chapping — lasts out many more kisses. Light, Medium, Dark, Orange, Raspberry. Extra size **55c.** Trial size **10c.**

End "Plaster-of-Paris" Made-Up Look

Now—powder that won't show—because subtle, flattering shades *complement* your own color skin type. Stays, *stays*, STAYS on—hours longer. Rachelle, Creole, Brunette, Peach, Natural, Blanche, Suntan. Large size **75c.** Purse size **10c.**

Lovely girl!—she knew what to do to hold him! No hit-or-miss cosmetics for her. You, too, can follow her simple plan—just as thousands of modern women all over America are doing. Turn to Hollywood Mask matched make-up—make-up *keyed* to your most important make-up feature—your natural skin color. Choose Hollywood Mask's new blending secrets, new balanced color ingredients—for gloriously natural-appearing loveliness! It's the *natural* thing to do!

Obtainable at drug and department stores. Introductory sizes at 10 cent stores. Use the coupon to list your favorite matching shades of powder, rouge and lipstick. Try the refreshing new facial. See how much more Hollywood Mask matched make-up can do for you! Send now for purse sizes.

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HOLLYWOOD MASK, Inc.,
105 W. Monroe St., Dept. 127, Chicago.

Send purse size cosmetics checked. I enclose 10c for each as checked to cover packaging and mailing.

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[ ] **HOLLYWOOD MASK**

Powder
- [ ]Rachelle Brunette
- [ ]Dark Rachelle
- [ ]Creole
- [ ]Peach
- [ ]Natural
- [ ]Blanche
- [ ]Suntan

Lipstick
- [ ]Light
- [ ]Medium
- [ ]Dark
- [ ]Orange
- [ ]Raspberry

Rouge
- [ ]Orange
- [ ]Poppy
- [ ]Raspberry
- [ ]Peachbloom

Hollywood
HOLLYWOOD AND CHICAGO
MASK

A Culinary Cruise WITH ERROL FLYNN

By Marjorie Deen

Errol Flynn has a "quick lunch" in the studio commissary after finishing "Green Light."

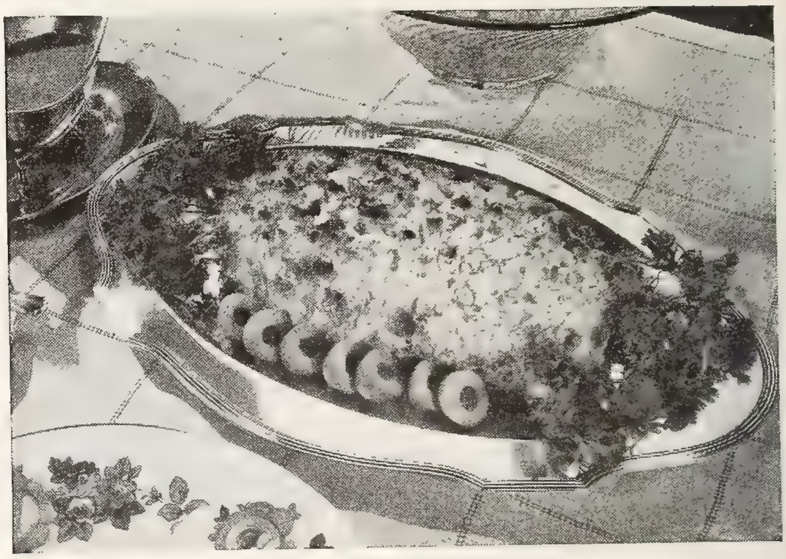
I'VE JUST been around the world with Errol Flynn! What if our magic carpet was only a tablecloth in the studio commissary; what if our voyage did take but one fleeting hour—the trip was a gay and memorable one just the same. And I came away convinced that life is full of pleasant surprises—even for a cooking editor!

For, much as I looked forward to meeting this dashing and adventurous young man, I certainly never expected to find him at all helpful for an article on foods, of all things. "Here was a man," I had thought, "who has sailed the seven seas and traveled on every continent—a man for whom life has been a continuous series of adventures. Why, if I question him about anything as commonplace as the the things he likes to eat, he'll just shut up like a clam."

But to my complete amazement he did nothing of the kind. For, as it happens, Errol has "eaten his way around the world," so to speak, loves to talk about the strange and delicious foods he has sampled on his travels and even admits he can cook. "Admits," did I say? Well, that's too mild a word, since he actually boasts of his culinary knowledge and ability. And judging from one of the menus he outlined for me—and which I shall give you later on—when it comes to eating he is quite the connoisseur.

Hard for you to imagine the swashbuckling pirate of "Captain Blood," the dashing, handsome officer of "Charge of the Light Brigade," as a food enthusiast, isn't it? And, I imagine, practically impossible for you to think of him as actually knowing how to cook. But you must remember that before his arrival in Hollywood, Errol's life was one of adventure and exploration in most of the known and some of the unknown spots on this globe of ours. Not only has he sampled many novel and appetizing dishes on his travels, but there have been times when he himself had to take a turn at the cook stove in the galley; or fix up a South Sea equivalent of an Irish stew over an open fire in the depths of the jungle. All of which, added to a naturally keen appetite, has made the debonair hero of this story unusually food-conscious. As a result, the ideas on foods that he has to offer are well worth knowing about.

Solve the "What shall I cook today?" problem by serving this delicious Mexican Tamale Loaf with Spanish Sauce. The Modern Hostess will send you the recipe for the asking.



But if you are perfectly satisfied to serve the usual things, cooked in the usual manner for days and years on

This traveled Irishman suggests some "different" foods to

end, you will find little to interest you here; for, even on the food subject, this enterprising young Irishman refuses to keep to the beaten track of familiar mediocrity. If you like novelty—foods that are different—flavors and combinations that are unusual; if your family is the kind to welcome a change with appreciative cheers, then here is a golden opportunity to add something new in the line of recipes to your collection.

However, at the very outset, I think I should assure you that none of these dishes described to me in detail by Mr. Flynn will require a trip to the many countries he has visited in order to lay in your own supplies. Though each dish Errol recommended, originated in some foreign land, the ingredients that go into their making can be purchased at a point no more distant than your own corner grocery.

Let's see, then, what "different" foods he has to suggest. Foods that will take us on a cruise around the world and land us finally in Hollywood, where we'll end up by ordering—at Mr. Flynn's suggestion—a Mexican Tamale Loaf with a tasty Spanish Sauce as a final salute to the chefs of other nations.

The recipe for this last-named dish will be found in this month's recipe leaflet, together with other recipes for many (*Continued on page 90*)

pep up your menus

TRAGEDY
WITH A HAPPY ENDING!
FEW WEEKS LATER

Ha! Ha! My proud beauty! Now I have you in my power . . .

Mr. W.—Clap hands, Margie—what's the matter with you?

Mrs. W.—Oh, look! The curtains—one of those sheets is mine.

Mr. W.—Gosh! Is the gray one yours? It looks sick beside that nice white one.

Mrs. W.—Oh, Russ! Did you really hear all the mothers who helped put up the curtain say those things about me?

Russ W.—Yep! They said your clothes have tattle-tale gray 'cause your soap doesn't wash clean. And they wished you'd use Fels-Naptha 'cause it's got *heaps* of *naptha* in the *golden soap* and that chases out every speck of dirt.

Mr. W.—Great Scott! Have you still got that moustache?

Mrs. W.—Take it off—you're no villain! You saved my reputation with that tip about Fels-Naptha Soap. It's made my washes look so gorgeous, I'm going to take you to town to a *real* show!

COPR. FELS & CO., 1937

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

Carole Lombard had tried her luck vainly in a number of bathing beauty comedies before Zukor discovered her. He made her the dazzling star she is today. "Swing High, Swing Low" is her next picture, Fred MacMurray, her leading man.

Gary Cooper, from Montana, might still have been just a cowboy or maybe a cartoonist, if fame hadn't caught up with him! Gary is making "Souls at Sea" as his new opus.

His Jubilee Days

Adolph Zukor looks back proudly upon twenty-five years

FOR TWENTY-FIVE years a quiet little man, almost taciturn, in his laconic brevity, has been in the glamorous business of making stars. A quarter of a century ago he rescued a little girl named Mary Pickford from the ignominy of two-reelers, and established the full-length feature productions as we know them today. He paid the little girl $10,000 a week and made her world-famous. He has been at it ever since.

His name is Adolph Zukor, the founder, organizer, and still the chief and guiding spirit in Paramount Pictures. This same Mr. Zukor, once a master furrier, can't remember when he saw his first motion picture, but he became interested in the new type of entertainment when it was little more than a glorified peep show in the penny arcades and rescued it from the somewhat cheap and tawdry nickelodeon then in vogue.

He haunted the sets of D. W. Griffith, then ensconsed in a brownstone house at 11 East 14th Street, where the little girl named Mary Pickford was working, and decided himself to become a producer. He fetched from Paris a staggering opus in four reels called "Queen Elizabeth" with Sarah Bernhardt. The "divine Sarah" was Zukor's first star. "My one chance for immortality," exclaimed Bernhardt. "Visionary and fanatic," squeaked Broadway.

SINCE THEN he has inspired the rise of more film personalities than any one man in the industry now world-wide. He persuaded Minnie Maddern Fiske, James K. Hackett, James O'Neill, father of the famous playwright, Eugene O'Neill, to join the band of thespian pioneers in celluloid. During the years which followed he has been an inveterate first-nighter, keeping an eye on new talent, ferreting out beginners and developing new actors and actresses

It took "The Barker," a stage play, to put the producer on the heels of Claudette Colbert. She signed a contract and was rushed to fame by a series of successful pictures. "Maid of Salem" is her latest picture.

By Martha Kerr

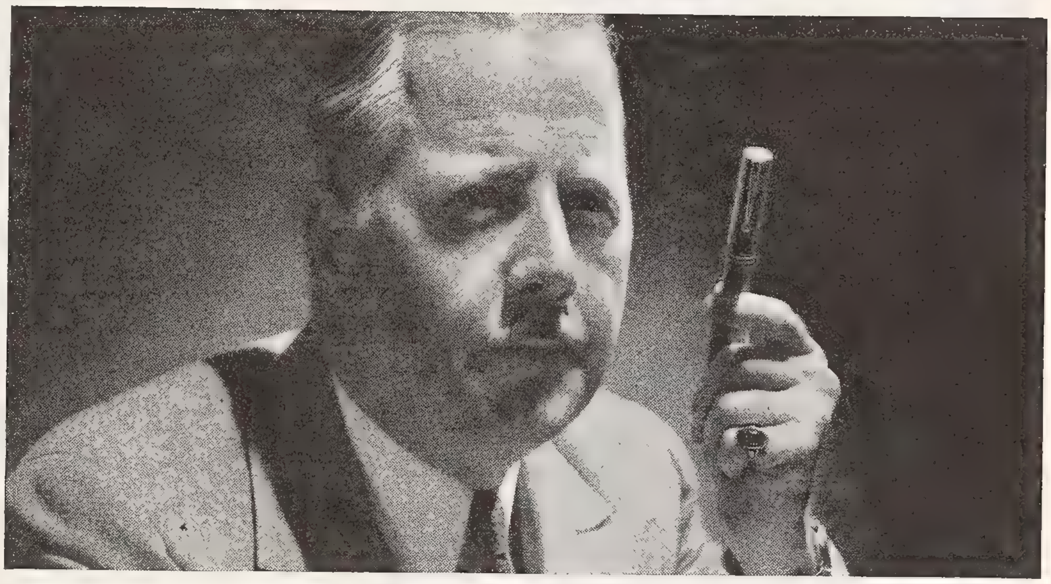
of picture-making

from every field. In recent years he's gone so far as to establish his own school right on the Paramount lot from which emerged such talented newcomers as Frances Farmer, who has been put through her paces by Paramount scholastics and developed in no time into a full-fledged star, and Fred MacMurray, now at the top of the heap.

In the early days Zukor sought names. Geraldine Farrar was summoned from the opera to make "Carmen" on the screen. John Barrymore, a matinee idol on Broadway, was transferred to the funny little studio in (*Continued on page* 118)

"A COLD"

Be *doubly careful* about the laxative you take!



WHAT is one of the most frequent questions the doctor asks when you have a cold? It is this—"Are your bowels regular?"

Doctors know how important a laxative is in the treatment of colds. They know, also, the importance of choosing the *right* laxative at this time. Before they will give any laxative their approval, they make *doubly sure* that it measures up to their own strict specifications.

Read these specifications. They are very important—not only during the "cold season," but all year 'round.

THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A LAXATIVE:

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proven by test of time.
It should *not* form a habit.
It should *not* over-act.
It should *not* cause stomach pains.
It should *not* nauseate or upset digestion.

EX-LAX MEETS EVERY DEMAND

Ex-Lax checks on every single one of these 8 specifications . . . meets every demand so fairly that many doctors use Ex-Lax in their own homes for their own families.

For more than 30 years, mothers have recommended Ex-Lax to other mothers. And Ex-Lax has given complete satisfaction, not merely to thousands of families—but to millions. It has grown, slowly but surely, to the point where today it is used by more people than any other laxative in the whole wide world.

DISCOVER THE TRUTH FOR YOURSELF

Anyone who has ever used Ex-Lax can explain in a moment why Ex-Lax is so universally popular. It is thorough. But it is gentle. . . . It is effective. But it is mild. . . . It gives you the most effective relief you could ask for. But it spares you all discomfort. No nausea. No stomach pains. No weakness. That's why it is such a favorite not only of the grown-ups, but of the youngsters, as well.

EVERYONE LIKES THE TASTE OF EX-LAX

Perhaps you have been taking bitter "druggy" mixtures. . . . Then change to Ex-Lax, and find out how really pleasant a good laxative can be. For Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. It pleases the children as well as the older folks.

All drug stores have Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. If you prefer, you may try it at *our* expense by simply mailing the coupon below for a free sample.

When Nature forgets — remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!
(Paste this on a penny postcard)

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170 MM-27
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

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Address.....

City.............................. Age ....
(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)

SYLVIA SIDNEY
in her most dramatic role!
The HIDDEN POWER

. . . . A great story by JOSEPH CONRAD . . . masterly direction by ALFRED HITCHCOCK of "39 Steps" fame . . . a brilliant cast with SYLVIA SIDNEY OSCAR HOMOLKA JOHN LODER and DESMOND TESTER

A REMARKABLE PICTURE THAT NO ONE CAN AFFORD TO MISS

Coming to your favorite theatre

A GB *Production*

* Sylvia Sidney through the courtesy of Walter Wanger Productions, Inc.

Modern Screen

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Abdul the Damned (Columbia)	2½★
Absolute Quiet (M-G-M)	2★
The Accusing Finger (Paramount)	1½★
Adventure in Manhattan (Columbia)	2½★
*Along Came Love (Paramount)	2★
And So They Were Married (Columbia)	2★
And Sudden Death (Paramount)	1½★
Anything Goes (Paramount)	3★
The Arizona Raiders (Paramount)	1★
As You Like It (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Below the Deadline (Chesterfield)	1★
The Bengal Tiger (Warners)	2★
The Big Broadcast of 1937 (Paramount)	3½★
Big Brown Eyes (Walter Wanger)	2½★
The Big Game (RKO)	3★
The Big Noise (Warners)	2★
Blackmailer (Columbia)	1★
Border Flight (Paramount)	2★
The Border Patrol (20th Century-Fox)	2★
*Born to Dance (M-G-M)	3★
Boulder Dam (Warners)	1★
Brides Are Like That (First National)	2½★
The Bride Walks Out (RKO)	2½★
Bullets or Ballots (First National)	3★
Cain and Mabel (Warners)	2★
Call of the Prairie (Paramount)	2½★
Can This Be Dixie? (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
Captain January (20th Century-Fox)	3★
*The Captain's Kid (Warners)	1★
The Case Against Mrs. Ames (Walter Wanger)	3★
The Case of the Black Cat (Warners)	2★
*The Case of the Velvet Claws (Warners)	2★
Champagne Charlie (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
Charge of the Light Brigade (Warners)	4★
*Charlie Chan at the Opera (20th Century-Fox)	2★
China Clipper (First National)	2½★
Come and Get It (Sam Goldwyn)	3★
Come Closer, Folks (Columbia)	1½★
Coronado (Paramount)	1★
Counterfeit (Columbia)	2★
The Country Beyond (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Craig's Wife (Columbia)	3★
Crash Donovan (Universal)	1½★
The Crime of Dr. Forbes (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Dancing Feet (Republic)	2★
Dancing Pirate (Pioneer-RKO)	3★
Dangerous Waters (Universal)	2★
Daniel Boone (RKO)	2★
The Devil is a Sissy (M-G-M)	3½★
Devil's Squadron (Columbia)	2½★
Dimples (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Dodsworth (United Artists)	5★
Don't Gamble with Love (Columbia)	1½★
Don't Turn 'Em Loose (RKO)	2½★
Down the Stretch (First National)	2★
Drift Fence (Paramount)	2★
Early to Bed (Paramount)	2½★
Earthworm Tractors (First National)	3★
East Meets West (GB)	2★
Easy Money (Invincible)	2★
Educating Father (20th Century-Fox)	2★
End of the Trail (Columbia)	2★
Every Saturday Night (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Everything is Thunder (GB)	2½★
Exclusive Story (M-G-M)	2½★
The Ex-Mrs. Bradford (RKO)	3½★
Fang and Claw (RKO)	2★
The Farmer in the Dell (RKO)	1½★
15 Maiden Lane (20th Century-Fox)	1★
The Final Hour (Columbia)	2★
The First Baby (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Follow the Fleet (RKO)	4★
Follow Your Heart (Republic)	2½★
Forgotten Faces (Paramount)	2½★
Freshman Love (Warners)	2★
The Garden Murder Case (M-G-M)	2½★
The Garden of Allah (Selznick-International)	3★
The Gay Desperado (United Artists)	4★
The General Died at Dawn (Paramount)	4★
Gentle Julia (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
The Girl on the Front Page (Universal)	1★
Girls' Dormitory (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Give Me Your Heart (Warner)	3★
Give Us This Night (Paramount)	1½★
The Golden Arrow (First National)	2½★
The Georgeous Hussy (M-G-M)	4★
Go West, Young Man (Paramount)	2½★
Grand Jury (RKO)	1★
The Great Impersonation (Universal)	2★
The Great Ziegfeld (M-G-M)	4★
The Green Pastures (Warners)	5★
Half Angel (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Harvester (Republic)	2★
Hearts Divided (Warners-Cosmopolitan)	3★
Hearts in Bondage (Republic)	2½★
Hell Ship Morgan (Columbia)	2★
Here Comes Carter (First National)	1½★
Hide Away Girl (Paramount)	1★
High Tension (20th Century-Fox)	2★
His Brother's Wife (M-G-M)	2½★
Hollywood Boulevard (Paramount)	2★
Hot Money (Warners)	2★
Human Cargo (20th Century-Fox)	2★
I'd Give My Life (Paramount)	2½★
If You Could Only Cook (Columbia)	4★
In His Steps (Grand National)	2★
I Stand Condemned (London Films)	2★
It Had to Happen (20th Century-Fox)	2★
It's Love Again (GB)	3★
Jailbreak (Warners)	2★
*The Jungle Princess (Paramount)	1★
Kelly the Second (Roach-M-G-M)	2★
Killer at Large (Columbia)	1★
King of Burlesque (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
King of the Damned (GB)	1½★
King of the Royal Mounted (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Ladies in Love (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Lady Be Careful (Paramount)	2½★
The Lady Consents (RKO)	2★
Lady of Secrets (Columbia)	1★
The Last Journey (Twickenham)	2★
Last of the Pagans (M-G-M)	2★
The Last of the Mohicans (United Artists)	3½★
The Last Outlaw (RKO)	2½★
Laughing Irish Eyes (Republic)	1½★
The Law in Her Hands (First National)	1½★
The Lawless Nineties (Republic)	2★
The Leavenworth Case (Republic)	2★
Legion of Terror (Columbia)	1½★
Let's Sing Again (RKO)	2★
Libeled Lady (M-G-M)	3★
The Littlest Rebel (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Little Lord Fauntleroy (United Artists)	4★
Lloyds of London (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
The Lone Wolf Returns (Columbia)	2★
The Longest Night (M-G-M)	1★
Love Begins at 20 (First National)	2★
Love Letters of a Star (Universal)	2★
Love on the Run (M-G-M)	3★
*Luckiest Girl in the World (Universal)	1★
Mad Holiday (M-G-M)	2★
The Magnificent Brute (Universal)	2★
Man Hunt (Warners)	2★
The Man I Marry (Universal)	2★
The Man Who Lived Twice (Columbia)	2★
Mary of Scotland (RKO)	3★
Meet Nero Wolfe (Columbia)	2½★
Millions in the Air (Paramount)	1★
The Mine with the Iron Door (Columbia)	2★
Miss Pacific Fleet (Warners)	1½★
Missing Girl (Chesterfield)	1½★
*Mister Cinderella (Hal Roach)	2★
Mr. Deeds Goes to Town (Columbia)	4★
Mister Hobo (GB)	2★
M'Liss (RKO)	3★
Modern Times (United Artists)	4★
Moonlight Murder (M-G-M)	2½★
The Morals of Marcus (GB)	1★
Murder by an Aristocrat (Warners)	1★
The Murder of Dr. Harrigan (First National)	2★
Murder on the Bridle Path (RKO)	2★
Murder with Pictures (Paramount)	1★
Muss' Em Up (RKO)	2★
My American Wife (Paramount)	3★
My Man Godfrey (Universal)	4★
Nine Days a Queen (GB)	4★
Nobody's Fool (Universal)	2★
Old Hutch (M-G-M)	1★
O'Malley of the Mounted (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
1000 a Minute (Republic)	2★
One Rainy Afternoon (United Artists)	2★
One Way Ticket (Columbia)	2½★
Our Relations (Hal Roach)	2★
Palm Springs (Paramount)	1★
Panic on the Air (Columbia)	2★
Parole (Universal)	2★
*Pennies From Heaven (Columbia)	2★
Pepper (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
The Petrified Forest (Warners)	4★
Petticoat Fever (M-G-M)	3★
Piccadilly Jim (M-G-M)	3½★
Pigskin Parade (20th Century-Fox)	3★
*The Plot Thickens (RKO-Radio)	1★
Polo Joe (Warners)	2★
The Poor Little Rich Girl (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Poppy (Paramount)	4★
Postal Inspector (Universal)	2★
The President's Mystery (Republic)	2½★
The Preview Murder Mystery (Paramount)	3★
Pride of the Marines (Columbia)	1★
The Princess Comes Across (Paramount)	3★
Prisoners of Shark Island (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Private Number (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Professional Soldier (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Public Enemy's Wife (Warners)	2★
Ramona (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Red Wagon (Alliance)	1½★
Reunion (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Revolt of the Zombies (Halperin)	1★
Rhythm on the Range (Paramount)	3★
Road Gang (First National)	2½★
The Road to Glory (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Roaming Lady (Columbia)	2★
Robin Hood of El Dorado (M-G-M)	2½★
Romeo and Juliet (M-G-M)	5★
*Rose Bowl (Paramount)	2★
San Francisco (M-G-M)	4★
Satan Met a Lady (Warners)	1★
Second Wife (RKO)	1½★
Secret Agent (GB)	3★
Seven Sinners (GB)	3★
Shakedown (Columbia)	2★

Movie Scoreboard . . .

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Show Them No Mercy (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Silly Billies (RKO)	2★
Sing, Baby, Sing (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
*Sing Me a Love Song (First National)	1★
The Singing Kid (Warners)	3★
Sins of Man (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Sitting on the Moon (Republic)	1½★
Sky Parade (Paramount)	2★
Small Town Girl (M-G-M)	3★
*Smart Blonde (Warners)	1★
The Smartest Girl in Town (RKO)	2★
Snowed Under (First National)	2★
Soak the Rich (Paramount)	2½★
A Son Comes Home (Paramount)	2½★
Song and Dance Man (20th Century-Fox)	1★
*Song of China (Douglas MacLean)	3★
Song of the Saddle (First National)	2★
Sons O'Guns (Warners)	3★
Special Investigator (RKO)	2★
Speed (M-G-M)	1½★
Spendthrift (Paramount)	2★
Stage Struck (First National)	2½★
Star for a Night (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
The Story of Louis Pasteur (Warners)	4★
Sutter's Gold (Universal)	2½★
Suzy (M-G-M)	2★
Swing Time (RKO)	4½★
Sworn Enemy (M-G-M)	2★
Sylvia Scarlett (RKO)	2½★
A Tale of Two Cities (M-G-M)	5★
Tarzan Escapes (M-G-M)	3★
Thank You, Jeeves (20th Century-Fox)	1★
The Texas Rangers (Paramount)	3★
Theodora Goes Wild (Columbia)	3★
These Three (Samuel Goldwyn)	4★
They Met in a Taxi (Columbia)	2★
Things to Come (United Artists)	3★
13 Hours by Air (Paramount)	3★
36 Hours to Kill (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Three Cheers for Love (Paramount)	2★
The Three Godfathers (M-G-M)	2★
Three Live Ghosts (M-G-M)	2★
Three Married Men (Paramount)	1★
Three Men on a Horse (Warners)	3★
Three on the Trail (Paramount)	2½★
Three Wise Guys (M-G-M)	2½★
Ticket to Paradise (Republic)	1★
Till We Meet Again (Paramount)	3★
Times Square Playboy (Warners)	1★
To Mary—With Love (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Tough Guy (M-G-M)	2½★
Trailin' West (First National)	1★
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine (Paramount)	2½★
Trapped by Television (Columbia)	2★
Trouble Ahead (Pathe)	1½★
Trouble for Two (M-G-M)	2★
Two Against the World (First National)	2★
Two Fisted Gentleman (Columbia)	2★
Two in a Crowd (Universal)	1★
Two in Revolt (RKO)	2½★
Two in the Dark (RKO)	2½★
Under Two Flags (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Under Your Spell (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Unguarded Hour (M-G-M)	3★
Valiant is the Word for Carrie (Paramount)	2½★
The Voice of Bugle Ann (M-G-M)	2½★
The Walking Dead (Warners)	2★
Walking on Air (RKO)	2★
Wanted: Jane Turner (RKO)	2★
Wanted Men (British & Dominion)	½★
Wedding Present (Paramount)	2★
We're Only Human (RKO)	2★
We Went to College (M-G-M)	2★
*We Who Are About to Die (RKO)	3★
Whipsaw (M-G-M)	2½★
The White Angel (First National)	4★
White Fang (20th Century-Fox)	2★
White Hunter (20th Century-Fox)	1★
The Widow from Monte Carlo (Warners)	2★
Wife vs. Secretary (M-G-M)	3★
*Wild Brian Kent (Lesser-RKO)	1★
*Winterset (RKO-Radio)	4★
Without Orders (RKO-Radio)	2★
The Witness Chair (RKO)	2★
Wives Never Know (Paramount)	2★
A Woman Rebels (RKO)	2★
Woman Trap (Paramount)	1½★
Yours for the Asking (Paramount)	2★
Your Uncle Dudley (20th Century-Fox)	2★

You'll find this chart simple to follow and a valuable guide in choosing film entertainment. Instead of giving you the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under General Rating, beside each picture. 5★, extraordinary; 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. Asterisk denotes that only Modern Screen ratings are given on films not reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

POND'S FACE POWDER

"My test of a powder ...it just must not show up in strong light"

COMING out into the bright midday sun—what's the worst way a powder can fail you? *By showing too much!* That's the answer a surprising number out of 1,067 girls gave!

The powder that stood first with them for *not* giving "that powdered look" is—Pond's.

"Glare-proof" colors never embarrass you. Pond's colors are "glare-proof." Blended to catch only the softer rays of light. They give your skin a soft look in strongest glare. Special ingredients give Pond's its clinging texture.

Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

Pond's never looks powdery —It clings
voted the 2 most important points in a powder

FREE *5 "Glare-Proof" Shades* (This offer expires April 1, 1937)

POND'S, Dept. 9MS-PB, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

Name__________

Address__________

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company

THINK A MOMENT!
Has more than one day gone by?

Keep tabs on yourself. Establish regular habits of elimination. Most doctors agree this is for your own wellbeing.

If more than one day goes by, take an Olive Tablet just as an aid to Nature.

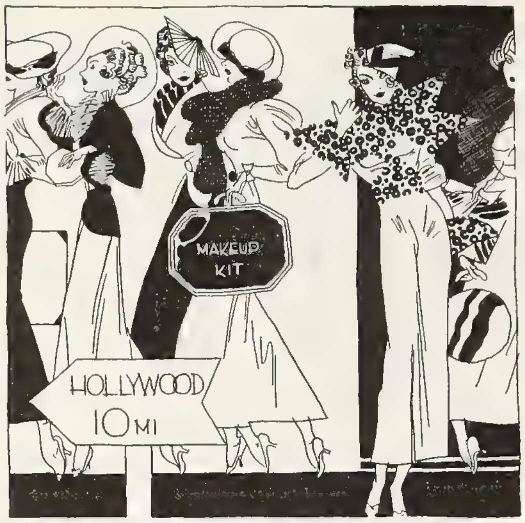
You'll find Olive Tablets excellent for this purpose. Mild, gentle, the formula of an eminent Ohio physician, they are used in thousands of homes as a standard proprietary.

Keep them always on your bathroom shelf and caution the whole family to use them on the evening before the second day. Three sizes—15¢—30¢—60¢. All druggists.

DR. EDWARDS' Olive Tablets
THE LAXATIVE OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Between You

Movie fans, win cash prizes for your



The movie industry demands "new faces" all the time, but does it do them justice in the long run? queries a reader.

$5.00 Prize Letter

But Do They Want "New Faces"?

The movie industry is the one industry whose doors are kept constantly open to newcomers; "new faces" are even demanded! Many times a young person wins his way to fame from absolute obscurity. The skyrocketing plane which Robert Taylor used as his passage to fame should certainly be ready for the use of some other young enthusiast.

During the past year there have been many newcomers on the screen, among them: Carol Hughes, Marsha Hunt, Robert Cummings, Owen Davis, Jr., Anne Nagel, Eleanore Whitney, etc. Although their first roles consisted only of the so-called "bits," they are gaining the notice of many movie fans. They received their opportunity through their ambition to work; they used the opportunity which has been given them to the best of their ability, then waited for the approval or disapproval of those patrons for whose commendation they have struggled so valiantly.

Here, however, lies the one factor which producers have overlooked; after the first appearances of their prodigies in minor parts of important pictures, they are given roles which are unimportant and unsuitable vehicles in which to star players who deserve more opportune roles to insure their futures. Certainly, this isn't the ultimate success to which their perseverance has guided them. Their careers are at a standstill; and those patrons who seemed so enthused about their appearances in first performances have evidently been unsatisfied with them in leading roles of "drab" pictures. I do not think producers should risk a great loss by financing their appearance in expensive films but there could be a more careful choice of roles to suit their personalities.—Ardith Rayevich, Wisner, Neb.

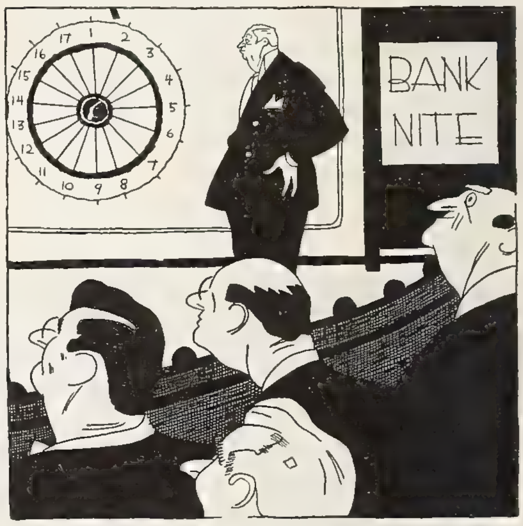
$1.00 Prize Letter

Do You Agree?

A theatre is no longer a theatre when it takes on "Bank Nights." Pictures were once considered a source of education and entertainment that proved profitable for fan and producer alike. Today, despite much public protest, they are rapidly becoming lottery houses.

This is the result: a constant buzz and hum of voices throughout the showing of the film, "Wonder if I'll win," "How much dough is in it," "Wish the darn picture was over—wanta see if I'm lucky," etc.

I, personally, much prefer paying my admission and seeing but one feature picture than seeing a double bill and having to contend with the noise and confusion that accompanies "Bank Nights." I say, put the picture first, forgetting the lottery scheme, and keep the confidence of the theatre patrons who appreciate good pictures.—Bernice Meehan, Indianapolis, Indiana.



Lottery schemes, such as "Bank Nights," have no place in theatres, argues an Indiana gal.

$1.00 Prize Letter

She Likes 'Em on the Air

If you can't see your favorite on the screen, the next best thing is to hear him or her. I have listened to Robert Taylor's thrilling voice come drifting right into my room and I felt that he was speaking only to me. I have heard Gable, Harlow, Bill Powell, Myrna Loy, Franchot Tone, and—well the list could go on and on. Why, I even like to hear people dance over the radio—Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, and Bill Robinson. With my imagination, I can see them strutting their stuff right in my living-room. Give me more stars on the air and the better I will like it. I'll sit back now quietly awaiting television.—Dontine Sligh, Darlington, S. C.

'n' Me

movie thoughts

CASH PRIZES FOR LETTERS

There's no reason why YOU can't win one of the cash prizes. Every month lucky ladies and gents receive checks for their observations on matters pertaining to the movies. All you do is this: Write us a letter. If you've been following this column—or even if you're just becoming acquainted with us—you know that anyone who has anything worth while to say, is given space here—and what's more, he gets a cash prize to boot. Send as many letters as you like. Ten dollars in prizes are awarded each month for the six most interesting letters submitted—1st prize, $5; five 2nd prizes of $1 each. Address: Between You and Me, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York City.

$1.00 Prize Letter

An Acute Attack of Tayloritis

You are my "Magnificent Obsession." But who am I? I am not a "Small Town Girl," I am not a "Gorgeous Hussy" and least of all I am not a "Times Square Lady" with the "Broadway Melody of 1936" at my heels. Then who am I? I am just one of several million young girls who walk this earth.

In my dreams I visualize you as a "Society Doctor," not as a sort of "Handy Andy" at a "Murder in the Fleet." Strange, but it is not only young girls who dream of you and admire you, but also young married women. Take, for instance, a friend of mine, "His Brother's Wife," who idolizes and praises you to the point where I'm afraid her husband is becoming jealous. I can continue for hours on end giving other cases quite similar to this.

I would love to have you as my "Private Number," (*Continued on page 117*)

A South Carolina Miss is all for hearing her favorites in bigger and better radio programs.

"DIRT POCKETS" IN YOUR SKIN!

When Pores Become Clogged They Become Little "Dirt Pockets" and Produce Blackheads, Enlarged Pores, Muddy Skin and Other Blemishes!

By Lady Esther

When you do not cleanse your skin properly, every pore becomes a tiny "dirt pocket." The dirt keeps on accumulating and the pore becomes larger and larger and blackheads and muddy skin and other blemishes follow.

"But," you say, "it is impossible for 'dirt pockets' to form in my skin. I clean my skin every morning and every night." But, are you sure you *really* cleanse your skin, or do you only go through the motions?

Surface Cleansing Not Enough

Some methods, as much faith as you have in them, only give your skin a "lick-and-a-promise." They don't "houseclean" your skin, which is what is necessary.

What you want is *deep* cleansing! Many methods only "clean off" the skin. They do not clean it *out!* Any good housekeeper knows the difference.

What you want is a cream that does more than "grease" the surface of your skin. You want a cream that *penetrates the pores!* Such a cream, distinctly, is Lady Esther Face Cream. It is a cream that gets below the surface—into the pores.

Dissolves the Waxy Dirt

Gently and soothingly, it penetrates the tiny openings. There, it goes to work on the accumulated waxy dirt. It breaks up this grimy dirt—dissolves it—and makes it easily removable. *All* the dirt comes out, not just part of it!

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it *also* lubricates it. It resupplies the skin with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and scaly patches and keeps the skin soft and smooth. So smooth, in fact, does it make the skin, that the skin takes powder perfectly without any preliminary "greasing."

Definite Results!

Lady Esther Face Cream will be found to be definitely efficient in the care of your skin. It will solve many of the complexion problems you now have.

But let a free trial prove this to you. Just send me your name and address and by return mail I'll send you a 7-days' tube. Then, see for yourself the difference it makes in your skin.

With the tube of cream, I'll also send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder. Clip the coupon now.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (30) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your 7-days' supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

*Name*__________

*Address*__________

*City*__________ *State*__________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

"I kept on losing weight . . . what did I do?"

"I found an easy, grand way to get back those precious pounds"

TO regain lost weight is a simple matter when certain bodily functions are restored to normal.

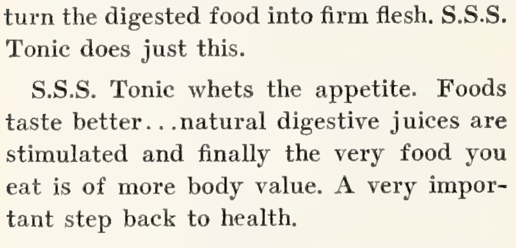
Of foremost importance is the stimulation of digestive juices in the stomach to make better use of the food you eat...and restoration of lowered red-blood-cells to turn the digested food into firm flesh. S.S.S. Tonic does just this.

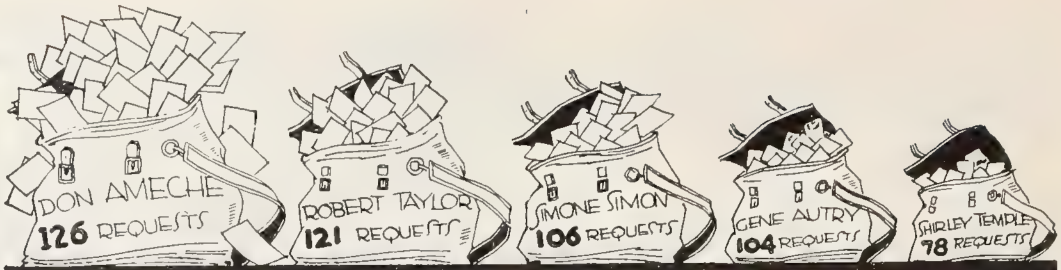
S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite. Foods taste better...natural digestive juices are stimulated and finally the very food you eat is of more body value. A very important step back to health.

Forget about underweight worries if you are deficient in stomach digestive juices and red-blood-cells . . . just take S.S.S. Tonic immediately before each meal. Shortly you will be delighted with the way you will feel ...your friends will compliment you on the way you will look.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health...its remarkable value is time tried and scientifically proven...that's why it makes you feel like yourself again.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good." © S.S.S. Co.




DON AMECHE 126 REQUESTS
ROBERT TAYLOR 121 REQUESTS
SIMONE SIMON 106 REQUESTS
GENE AUTRY 104 REQUESTS
SHIRLEY TEMPLE 78 REQUESTS

Here's last month's mail-bag rating of your stars!

Information Desk

HERE ARE the biographies you have been clamoring for. Whether one is printed or not depends on the number of requests recorded for it. REMEMBER . . . every request counts . . . and mailing the little coupon on this page isn't just another way of satisfying idle curiosity. It's your way of telling Hollywood who's who on the screen. You're the public and you give the orders! So don't keep your flicker interests a deep dark secret.

SIMONE SIMON (First printing; total number of requests 239.) Those scholarly people, the biographers, will tell you that Simone Simon was born in very ordinary fashion some twenty-two years ago in the French seaport of Marseilles. Those of us of a more romantic twist will cling steadfastly to the theory that this capricious, impish, ageless Ariel is a changeling, abandoned by the fairy folk of Southern France to be brought up by human parents. And surely the girl's magical career, unfettered by space or time, dependent on chance and whim, rather than plan and effort, strengthens the belief. An education that started in Madagascar, whirled through Budapest, Turin, Berlin, terminating in Paris was supposedly the prelude for a career as a sculptress. But because she studied earnestly to be a sculptress, she turned out to be an artist at charcoal sketching, and because she could sketch, she became an actress. That's been life for Simone . . . a series of non sequiturs. It was Tourjansky, Russian refugee and eminent screen director, who captured the roving gamin for the screen. The story goes that he got slapped in the face for his pains. But only with the effect of confirming his opinion that Simone was the girl to play the role of Pierrette in "Chanteur Inconnu." The first hurdle to threaten Simone's spritely stride was Hollywood. A social hurdle. The smart set refused to accept her, put her down for an arrant poseur. Simone wanted to leave. But her success in "Girl's Dormitory" has changed the attitude of movietown's fickle great. They've taken her up now. They idolize the cute face with the funny little nose and the freckles galore, the moods that alternately becloud and lavish it with sunshine. So far, Simone remains among the list of screenland's eligible maidens. Maybe not so eligible. Perchance she abides the time when Oberon will come swooping out of his midsummer night's dream to snatch her back to the spirit realm. The next Simone Simon picture is a revival of "Seventh Heaven," in which Simone will play the Gaynor role. Jimmy Stewart will be her Charlie Farrell.

MAUREEN FINNEGAN, Salt Lake City, Utah: Gene Autry's steadily increasing popularity is dependent to a large extent on his fine voice. Statistics show that last year, for every Bing Crosby record that was sold, *three* Autry records were disposed of.

CARMELE RICCO, Cape May, New Jersey—Yes, Shirley Temple did learn some Chinese for her role in "Stowaway." Four hundred words, to be exact. She not only learned it but taught it . . . to the extras who spoke nothing but the Cantonese dialect. Shirley, you see, speaks pure Mandarin, the language of the court.

If you would like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, fill in and send us the coupon on this page. And look—how about saving yourself 2c by pasting your request on one of Uncle Sam's penny postcards? General questions, of course, will also be answered here. If your question is not taken care of here, look for it in your mail box. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

SPENCER TRACY (First printing; total number of requests 249.) You expect of the life story of Spencer Tracy a smash bang account of what happens when a dynamite temperament clashes with the hard-boiled world. Lotsa fireworks. And your guess is all cockeyed . . . because Spencer finished sowing his wild Irish oats when he was a kid. Adolescence past, his temperament began to mean stage and screen dividends . . . no more shenanigans. No more exploits like being A. W. O. L. days on end so's he could play with his pals, "Mousie" and "Rattie," spawn of the local saloon keeper. Or trying to join the Marines at seventeen during the War. Of course, they rejected him. So he joined the Navy instead . . . and fought the war at Norfolk, Virginia. Retired a while later on a pension of thirty dollars a month, he rounded off his much neglected education with two years at Ripon College in Wisconsin. He might have stayed longer, only a sudden attack of stage fever carried him off to a New York dramatic school. For a time he lived on his pension . . . like a lord . . . acting, acting, and regaling himself three times a day on bread and water, with an occasional cup of coffee on Sundays. The luxury palled, and Spencer landed a job with the Theater Guild . . . acting job, by the way, even though some snobbish critic claimed that he "looked like he had been picked up by the property man." Stock in Cincinnati, White Plains, Grand Rapids, and Brooklyn groomed Tracy for a second Broadway experience, this time without the grapefruit oblation from the critics. Hollywood's first "come hither" followed his smash success as Killer Mears in "The Last Mile."

(Continued on page 113)

**INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.**

Please print a brief life story of

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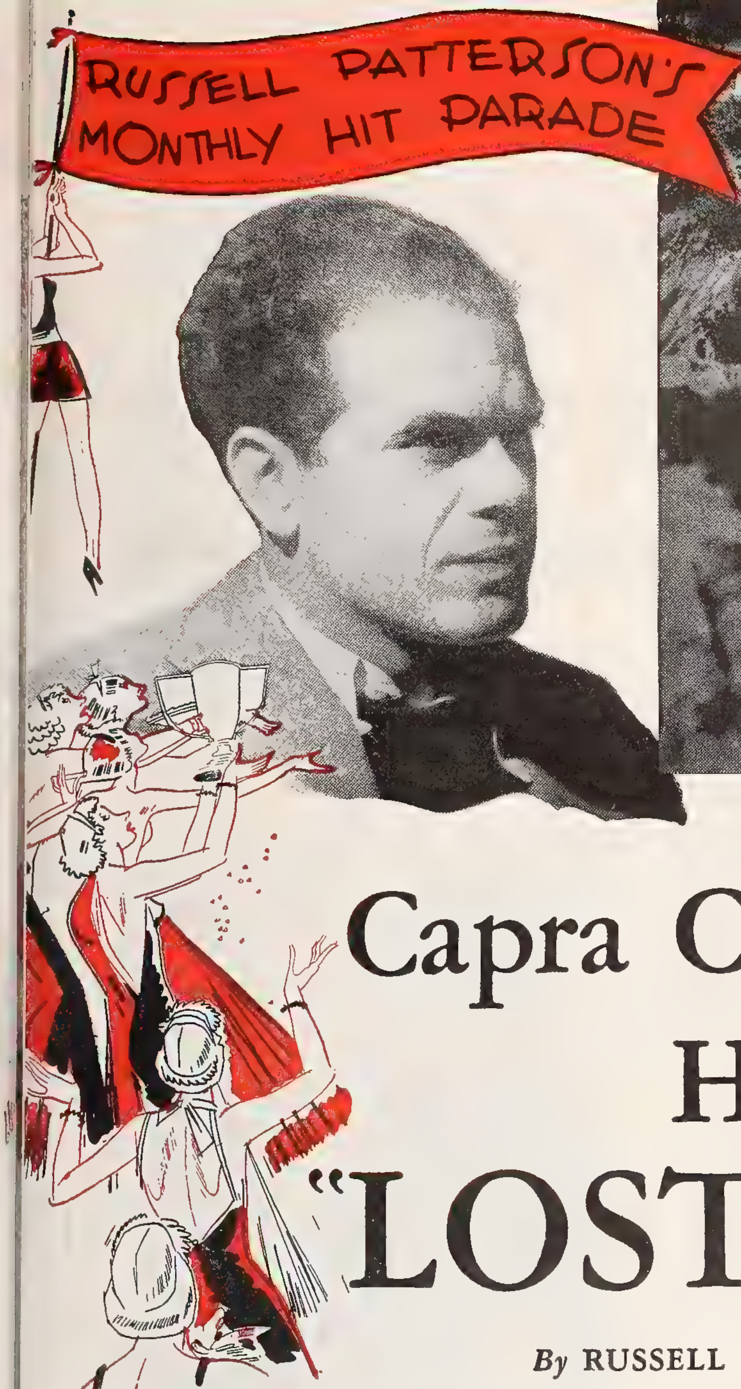
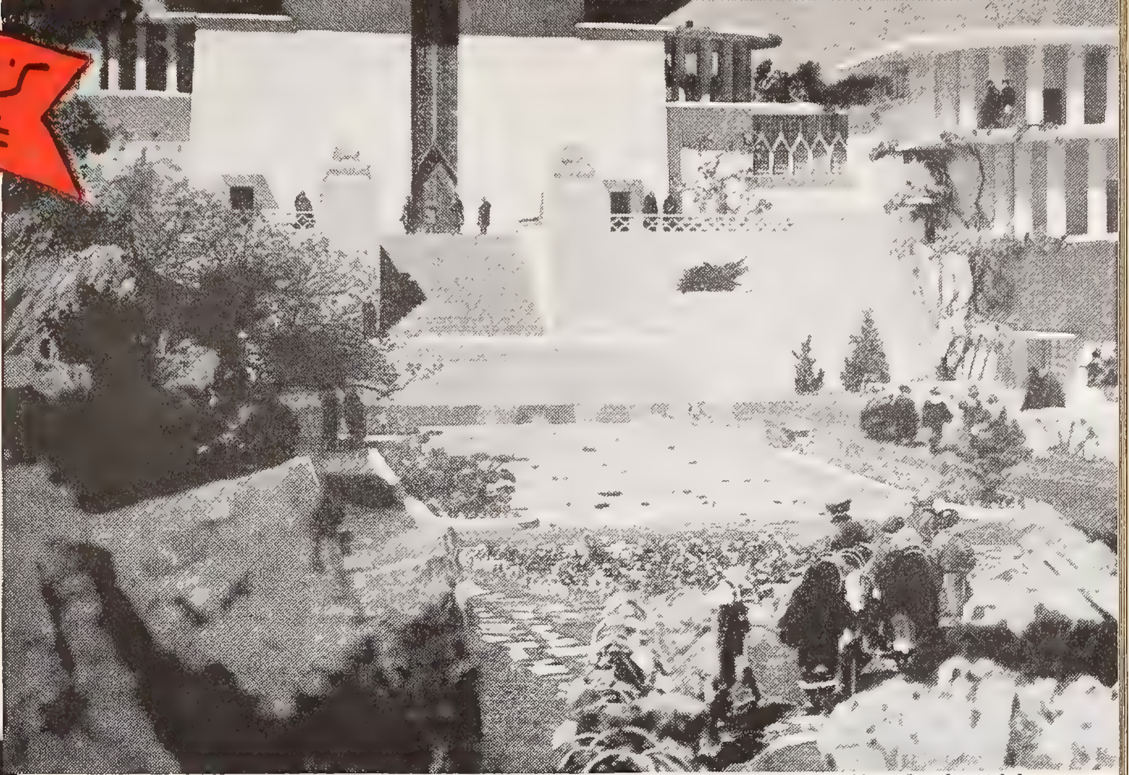
in your department.

Name.....................................

City.......................State.........



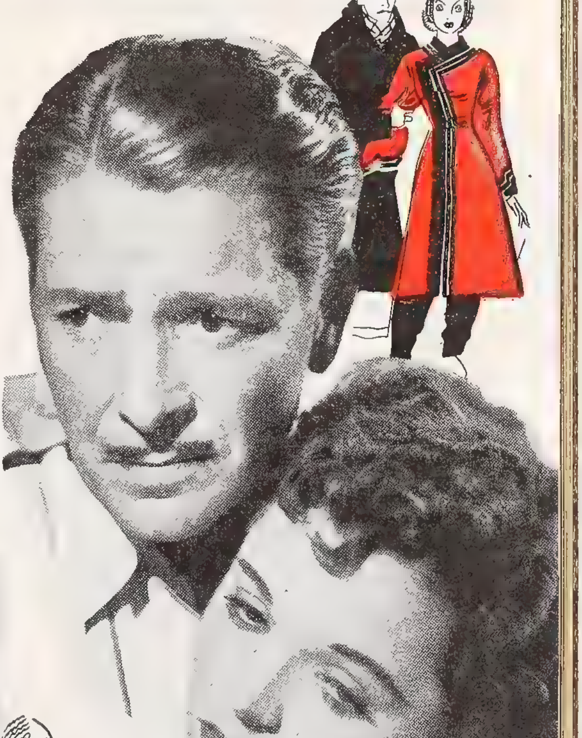


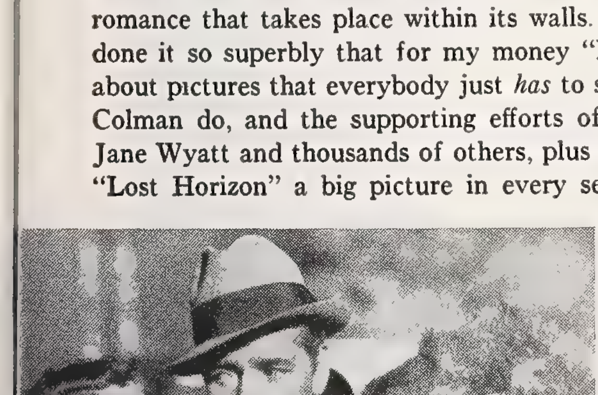
$2,000,000 *is the rumored sum Columbia spent to film the fanciful magnificence of this world-famous book. This gorgeous reproduction of the lamasery of Shangri-La (above) seems to confirm this estimate.*

Capra Captures Top Screen Honors With "LOST HORIZON"

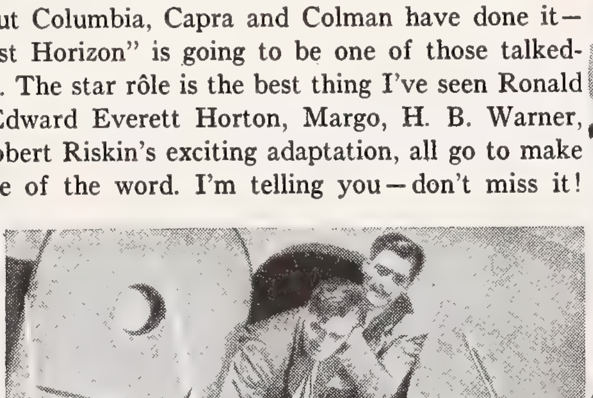
By RUSSELL PATTERSON

THAT man Capra has done it again! And when I say "again" I don't mean that his new Columbia picture is just as good as "Mr Deeds", "It Happened One Night", etc. I mean it's better! "Lost Horizon" is so magnificent artistically and so gripping dramatically that it stands practically alone on my private and unofficial recommended list for the month. I know you've heard about this famous James Hilton best-seller and its unique story of a secret romantic paradise on the roof of the world So I don't have to tell you what a stupendous job it was to reproduce this fabulous Oriental "hideout" on the screen, and to portray the amazing romance that takes place within its walls. But Columbia, Capra and Colman have done it—done it so superbly that for my money "Lost Horizon" is going to be one of those talked-about pictures that everybody just *has* to see. The star rôle is the best thing I've seen Ronald Colman do, and the supporting efforts of Edward Everett Horton, Margo, H. B. Warner, Jane Wyatt and thousands of others, plus Robert Riskin's exciting adaptation, all go to make "Lost Horizon" a big picture in every sense of the word. I'm telling you—don't miss it!





PRISONER *in a barbaric paradise, Conway is torn between the bonds of civilization and love of his fascinating captor.*



DEATH *waits outside the mystery plane grounded in a secret corner of the earth from which no man has ever escaped.*

FASCINATING FACTS ABOUT "LOST HORIZON"

- It was two years in the making
- The cast numbers 1150
- Two complete towns were erected for the production
- One set alone took 150 men two months to build
- Book translated in 14 languages

KIDNAPING *an unknown lover (Ronald Colman) from the other side of the earth, Sondra (Jane Wyatt) imprisons him in her fabulous Oriental "hideout" on the roof of the world.*

Why I Require my Fashion Mannequins to wear Woodbury's Facial Powder!

BY
MAGGY ROUFF

The lovely Anne Lecler, one of the mannequins in Maggy Rouff's Paris fashion salon.

"A FASHION MODEL must have a lovely complexion as well as a lithe and beautiful figure. So I take the precaution to have all my mannequins use only Woodbury's Facial Powder.

"This powder has *la qualité de soie* . . . it is like silk, and clings to the skin even in the warmth and glare of the spotlight. The shades wed the healthy undertones of the skin, giving the complexion both chic and allure.

"But it is equally important that Woodbury's Powder is germ-free*. For one of my mannequins to appear at a Fashion Opening with a blemish on her face . . . that would be *affaire fatale*. No blemish-germs can be transferred to the skin from this famous powder."

. . .

All 6 Woodbury shades are divinely flattering. If you're fair, "Light Rachel" is your shade. "Radiant" is the favorite of medium blondes. "Brunette" is stunning for the darker skin. $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

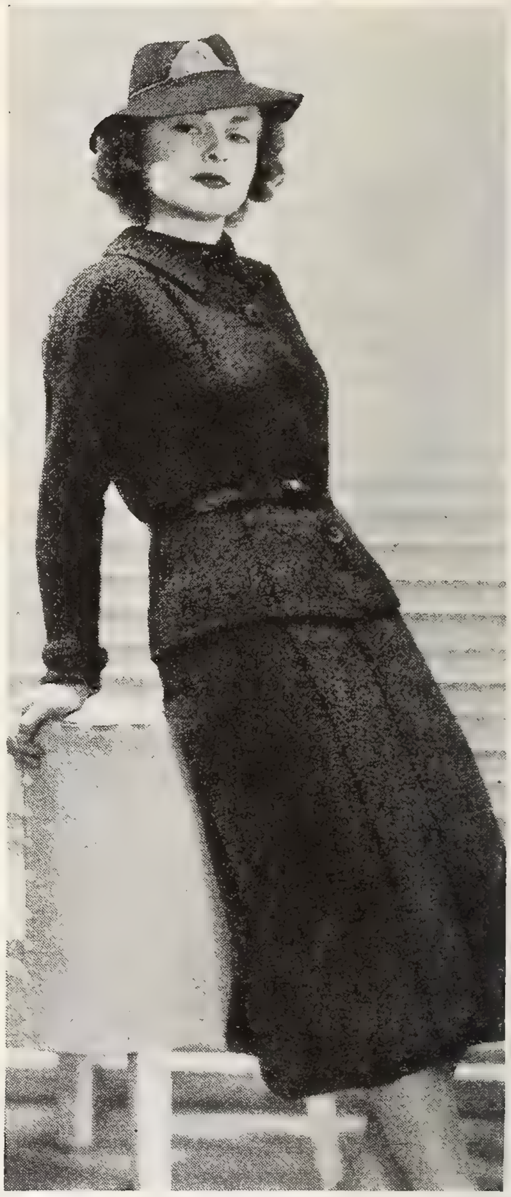
***Tested with 19 other leading brands, Woodbury's Facial Powder, alone, was germ-free both before and after use.**

WOODBURY'S
FACIAL POWDER
GERM-FREE

Here's a New Knitting

Now you can knit your dress by a pattern, exactly as you would sew a cloth one! Improves your skill, too

5689—This smart two-piece knit model is exclusive to MODERN SCREEN'S readers. It is an ideal type of costume for wear as a first spring suit. Note the raised panel detail.



5689

ALL YOU ardent knitters are going to bless us for introducing to you this new knitting service which takes all the errors out of home knitting. A famous yarn company has had the brilliant idea of giving an actual *knitting pattern* with its designs. By using it not only for the knitting of the garment but for the blocking, too, you achieve a hand-knit costume that has the finish and smartness of the most expensive hand-knit garment you could buy in a store or shop.

This pattern is printed on a sturdy paper that will not tear. It looks exactly like the average dress pattern with separate divisions for each part of the garment. Every cast-on, increase, decrease, bind-off, pocket and buttonhole, in fact, any style point, is clearly defined and the instructions given at the point of the garment it should be, in order that the garment when

Adelia Bird, MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me Style 5689 in size....... 6031 in size....... I am enclosing:
☐ Fifty cents each (in coin or stamps) for the knitting *pattern or patterns.*
☐ A stamped, self-addressed envelope for only the regular knitting *directions* which are free of charge.
Name.............................. Street..........................
City .... State....................
Check which you want. No Canadian or foreign stamps accepted.

Service

finished will be the perfectly styled and fitting one you want. Every minute detail of the knitting instructions are printed right on the pattern for you to follow step by step.

Here are a few of the features of this splendid pattern: Guesswork is eliminated. It is possible for the knitter to get more style detail. Blocking is made simple and certain. Trips to an instructress or knitting shop for instructions are unnecessary. A custom-made fit is procured. Every stitch is indicated. And it guards against loss of time through unsuccessful garments.

THE blocking stretch allowance has been carefully figured so that each garment, when it is finished and blocked to fit your pattern, will fit you as a custom-made garment.

Suit number 5689, so smartly designed in two-piece style, is made in a special sports type of Shetland yarn. It is just the right weight for wear under a coat while it is still cold and later as a spring suit. The top can be used with other skirts as an attractive sweater topper. This pattern comes in standard sizes from 12-20.

6031—Another exclusive knit style in a combination of two beautiful yarns. Novel check design in the knit.

ANOTHER two-piece model is number 6031. This is knitted in Spanish yarn combined with De Lustra Crepe. The skirt, knitted in a check design of knit and purl, is of solid color—while the blouse combines the two yarns, using the color of the skirt in combination with a blending shade of the De Lustra Crepe.

The style is youthful, especially with the high neckline and button front detail similar to the popular cardigan sweater. This pattern also comes in standard sizes from 12-20.

And here's another point. If any of you feel that you do not want the pattern and would prefer to have the direction sheets you have had heretofore, you may have the privilege of sending for them instead. Merely check on the coupon shown on page 22 which you prefer. And remember that you enclose fifty cents if you want the *pattern*—one dollar if you want both patterns—but only a stamped, self-addressed envelope if you want the *directions*. Don't forget the difference in the two—and it is a big difference since one is an actual dress pattern and the other only the sheets of typed knitting directions you have been used to receiving.

"HONEY-I DON'T MEAN TO STEAL YOUR MEN"
HELEN WAS JEALOUS OF HER ROOMMATE UNTIL—
BUT YOU DO TAKE MY MEN — THEY DATE ME ONCE. THEN NEXT TIME GO OUT WITH YOU
HELEN, IT'S NOT MY FAULT. SEE HERE, DON'T GET MAD IF I SAY SOMETHING PERSONAL...
I'M GLAD RUTH WAS FRANK AND I'LL NEVER TAKE CHANCES WITH PERSPIRATION ODOR FROM UNDERTHINGS AGAIN. SHE SAYS LUX TAKES IT ALL AWAY, SAVES COLOR, TOO
SOON HELEN HAD DATES GALORE!
OH, SAY— CAN'T I SEE YOU BEFORE NEXT WEEK?
SORRY, JIM. I'VE PROMISED BOB AND DAVE AND STEVE ALL MY DATES TILL THEN
LUX

ONCE you get the Lux habit yo need *never* worry about O FENDING. Lux takes away persp ration odor completely—withou cake-soap rubbing or the harmf alkali found in many ordinary soaps. Safe in water, safe in Lux.

Removes perspiration odor—saves colors

At The Grove

Whee! Anita Louise reaches up to catch one of the many colorful balloons that were used for decoration The interested chap is none other than Ramon Novarro, looking as handsome as ever. He's seen about the town more these days.

Top of page, left, Hollywood's most romantic pair are snapped in an intimate moment during Dolores Del Rio's Charity Party at the Cocoanut Grove. Barbara Stanwyck adjusts Bob Taylor's dinner jacket, much to his apparent delight. Who said they'd ever fallen out of love, huh?

Left, Myrna Loy and Clark Gable appear to be absorbed completely by either Cameraman Muto or an offside guest at the party. Mr. Gable seems to be proving something with his rather unconventional get-up for such a gala event. Myrna, on the other hand, is the "nth" in smartness.

Above, just by way of a different entrance onto the Grove dance floor, Binnie Barnes lets two willing swains whisk her over the balustrade! And some fun, too, according to the English star's wide smile.

"Dishing up the dirt" in a big way are Virginia Bruce and Joan Bennett. Let's hope it isn't a panning for some of the other gals at the party. After all, you two, it was a charity affair, remember? Maybe it's a new joke, judging by the mischievous Bennett expression.

Say, Ruby Keeler, three's a crowd, you know, when you're out with newlyweds! Dick Powell, sans his moustache, enters the party with wife, Joan Blondell, on one arm and Ruby Keeler Jolson on the other. Al Jolson made it a quartette, but he must have been checking his hat.

THE GIRL IN A MILLION GLORIFYING THE SHOW IN A MILLION!

A revelation in entertainment!

Scene upon scene of beauty and splendor!

Glittering with luminaries from five show-worlds!

Romance and fun! Melody and drama!

AND SOMETHING EXHILARATINGLY NEW AND EXCITING TO THRILL YOU!...

100 glamorous girls dancing on skates in dazzling ice-revels of breath-taking beauty!

'One in a Million'

introducing to the screen
the lovely queen of the silvery skates!

SONJA HENIE

with

ADOLPHE MENJOU
JEAN HERSHOLT
NED SPARKS
DON AMECHE
RITZ BROTHERS
ARLINE JUDGE
BORRAH MINEVITCH
and his gang
DIXIE DUNBAR
LEAH RAY
SHIRLEY DEANE

Directed by Sidney Lanfield
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith

1937'S SPECTACULAR MUSICAL SMASH... SONGS YOU'LL REMEMBER AS THE HITS OF THE YEAR!... "One in a Million" "Who's Afraid of Love?" "The Moonlit Waltz" "We're Back in Circulation Again" "Lovely Lady in White"

You've never seen anything like it before! And if you live to be a million . . . you'll never see anything like it again!

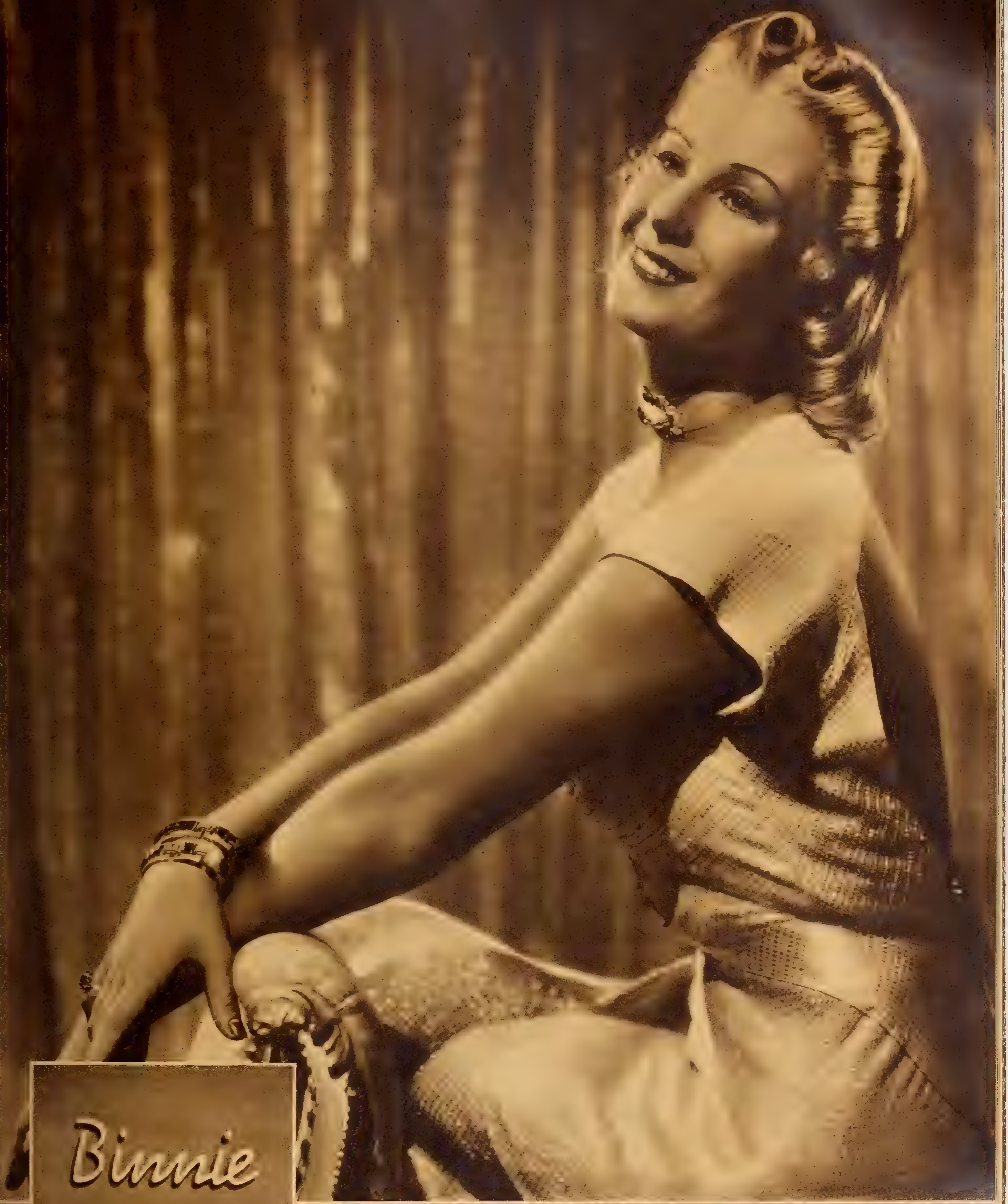
20th Century Fox
DARRYL F ZANUCK
in charge of production

Shirley Temple

Dressed fetchingly in her Sunday best velvet and lace, Shirley poses for a New Year's portrait. A little taller but not a whit more grown-up the screen's favorite child holds fast to all her baby charm of curls and dimples. After "Stowaway," the next two Temple pictures will deal with characters beloved of childhood. One is "Wee Willie Winkie" and the other "Heidi," that delightful story of the little Swiss girl who lived high in the Alps. You'll adore her in these.

Jimmy Ellison

Meet a chap that you fans had a hand in raising to unexpected popularity. Jimmy had hardly put his feet in the stirrups of the "Hopalong Cassidy" Westerns before his studio began to get requests for more of that good-looking Ellison boy. And so fast has he ridden along that after making "The Plainsman" with Gary Cooper, he was presented with a fat seven years' contract from the producer of the "Hopalong" pictures. He has the lead in the seventh one, called "Trail Dust."

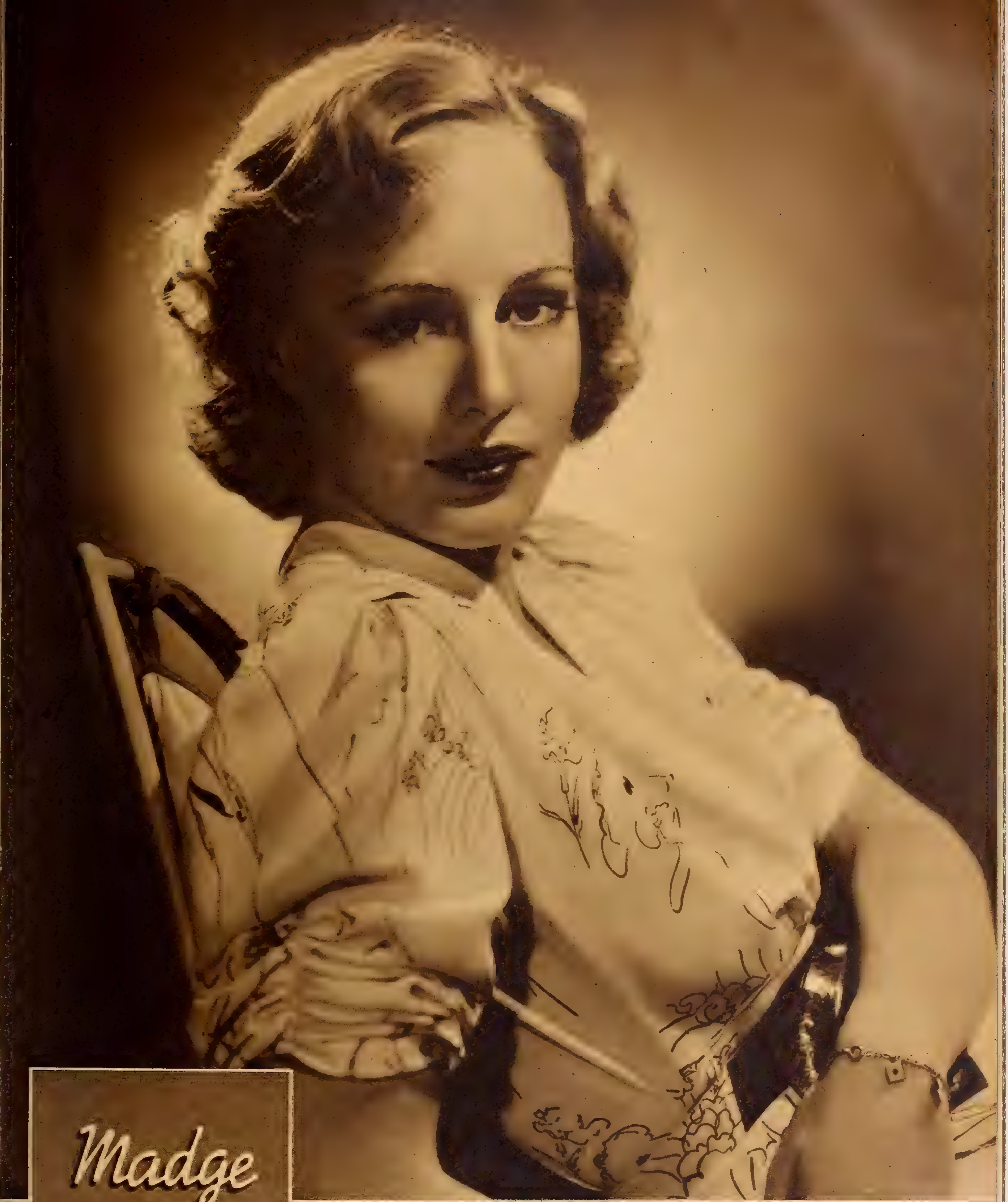


Binnie Barnes

Binnie, a forthright English lass if there ever was one, seems to be edging in on the glamor girls—what with the fascinating new hair-do and all. A great favorite in England, she has won a big following over here and seems to be a permanent addition to the Hollywood English colony and our screen. You recently have seen her in "Three Smart Girls" and now she is busy with "Delay in the Sun" for Universal in which she has Alice Brady and Cesar Romero as acting partners.

James Stewart

Young Mr. Stewart has every reason to look so contented, for he's just about the busiest fellow in town. He's a runner-up on the Taylor big-time popularity and off-screen he's just about Hollywood's Beau No. 1! Finishing "Born to Dance" with Eleanor Powell, James hurried into the Myrna Loy-Bill Powell return engagement of "After the Thin Man." And with hardly more than a few hours frivolity at the Troc, he plunged into "The Foundry," Jean Harlow's newest M-G-M picture.



Madge Evans

Here's a New Year's toast to Madge and a wish that she may have the breaks she so rightfully deserves on the screen in 1937! An able comedienne and a skillful actress, she isn't seen half often enough to suit her many devoted fans. Maybe Madge should go a bit temperamental and insist upon more roles like the one in "Piccadilly Jim" and the more recent "Pennies from Heaven," in which she is Bing Crosby's important heart interest. Tom Gallery is her real romance.

Olivia de Havilland

There's little time in the de Havilland life for such reposing as this! Even a brief holiday in New York for the opening of "Charge of the Light Brigade" turned out to be a duty, for poor Olivia was besieged by press and fans every minute. On the other hand, it must give her a lot of satisfaction to think how quickly success has come. "Call It a Day," the popular stage play, will be her next—Ian Hunter her co-star.

DANGER
SNOW DRIFTS
AHEAD

(*above*) **"SKIN LIKE SANDPAPER** after this snowy trip!" Hinds soaks chapped skin smooth again. Its Vitamin D is *absorbed*—actually seems to fill out skin. Creamy, not watery—Hinds works better!

PRETTY GIRL, pretty dress. "But with this chapped skin, I'll look a sight!" Smooth your skin with Hinds, the vitamin lotion. Its Vitamin D is actually *absorbed* by skin. Now, more than ever, Hinds creamy softeners soak scuffed, chapped skin soft again. Face and hands bloom out truly smooth—not just slick.

CHAPPED HANDS FEEL GOOD, LOOK GRAND

Sooner!

Hinds now has Vitamin D in it!

SHE NEEDS HELP! Her skin will, too—so chapped! That's when Hinds, with its Vitamin D, feels so good. It comforts chapped skin *faster*.

SCRUB THE TUB... but save your hands with Hinds. Skin stays smooth—regardless of gritty cleansers, drying soaps. Hinds is creamy...not watery. And now contains Vitamin D that skin actually *absorbs!*

HINDS
CREAM

FREE!
The first one-piece dispenser—with every 50c size

Copyright, 1937, Lehn & Fink Products Corporation

Now... Hinds contains "Sunshine Vitamin" that skin *absorbs*

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream now contains Vitamin D. Vitamin D is *absorbed* by the skin and gives it many of the benefits of sunshine. Actually seems to fill out dry skin! Now, more than ever, Hinds soothes and softens dryness, aids skin in its fight against cracked knuckles, chapping, tenderness, heat, cold, wind, and housework. Promotes supple, soft skin. Try Hinds, the "sunshine vitamin" lotion. Every creamy drop—with its Vitamin D—does your skin *more* good! $1, 50c, 25c, 10c sizes.

DAILY RADIO TREAT: Ted Malone...inviting you to help yourself to Happiness and to Beauty, Monday to Friday, 12:15 pm E.S.T. over the WABC—CBS Network.

HINDS is Quicker-Acting... Not Watery!

HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

What Will Happen

Robert Taylor
Marriage?

Claudette Colbert
Happiness?

Clark Gable
Illness?

What Dareos Prophesied for 1936

1. Death for several of the screen's best-known figures.
2. Separation and divorce of several top stars.
3. Three "big name" marriages.
4. Garbo: No marriage; death of a near and loved one; ill health.
5. Clark Gable: Domestic unhappiness (Dareos advised against divorce); serious accident late in year.
6. Norma Shearer: Must guard Thalberg's health; will make greatest picture.
7. Shirley Temple: Danger of kidnap threats.
8. Ginger Rogers: Professional separation from Fred Astaire.
9. Claudette Colbert: Lovely romance with medical man.
10. Myrna Loy: Great romance in 1936.
11. John Barrymore: Faced with menace of serious ill health.
12. Mary Pickford: Romance and likely marriage to Buddy Rogers.

ONCE MORE, for the fifth consecutive year in MODERN SCREEN, Dareos, that kingpin of Hollywood astrologers, looks to the planets and his charts, and gives you his 1937 forecast for Hollywood and its great ones.

For the past four years, he has achieved the remarkable record of a more-than-80-per-cent accuracy score in his Hollywood predictions. This year, he again prophesies strange things — sorrows and happinesses, tragedies and successes, scandals and threats, deaths and births, grief and joy.

For sorrowing Norma Shearer, more sorrow! Clouds, too, for the Bennett sisters; more trouble for Mary Astor; clouds for Dick Powell and Joan Blondell and for Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond; sorrows for Maureen O'Sullivan; scandal and gossip menace Claudette Colbert, Gary Cooper and others.

But, wait, this 1937 peep by Dareos isn't all blue and grey. He foresees great happiness for Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor. He sees betrothal for Janet Gaynor, a brilliant love year for George Brent, marriage for Alice Faye. Sorrow for Garbo, marriage for Jean Harlow and Bill Powell, no marriage for Clark Gable and Carole Lombard.

All these things, and many others, the planets hold in store for 1937, claims Dareos. However, he agrees with all recognized astrologers that "The stars incline, but do not compel." Tragedy and sorrow may be averted by steadfast courage and care. When he foretells grief for an individual, he hopes he can be proved

Dareos, famous Hollywood seer, tells

to Them in 1937 ?

Dareos' Annual Forecast As Told to Harry Lang

Carole Lombard
Success?

Gary Cooper
Threats?

Katharine Hepburn
Sorrow?

What Actually Came to Pass

1. The passing of Jack Gilbert, Irving Thalberg, Henry Walthall.
2. Clark Gable, Ginger Rogers, Barbara Stanwyck, Arline Judge.
3. Dick Powell and Joan Blondell; Claudette Colbert; Myrna Loy; Fred MacMurray.
4. True. Irving Thalberg was closer to Garbo than any other person in Hollywood. Her health is very bad today.
5. Domestic unhappiness revealed with separation but no divorce. No accident yet.
6. The death of Irving Thalberg. "Romeo and Juliet" is her greatest picture.
7. True. The Government has placed Shirley under guard.
8. This has been under discussion. However, Dareos says 1937 planets show they will continue as a team.
9. Claudette married Dr. Joel Pressman.
10. Myrna married Arthur Hornblow.
11. True. Barrymore often hospitalized during past year.
12. All signs point to a Pickford-Rogers marriage very, very soon.

wrong—he hopes that that which the planets threaten may not come to pass.

Here is his forecast for 1937:

GENERAL: Death waits for five big names in Hollywood! Death will strike suddenly at a figure as famous and as great as was Irving Thalberg, and, again, the industry will mourn the sudden passing of one of its leaders. Two great stars enter the year under the threat of death, and two of the best-known directors will not live through the year.

Babies will be born to three of the foremost stars of the screen in 1937. There will be at least one adoption by one of the top ten stars, perhaps two of the leaders will adopt babies.

Even more scarlet than some of 1936's scandal threats, Hollywood faces the danger of additional lurid headlines. Spies, wiretappers, dirt-mongers will be at work in Hollywood more than ever before, Dareos warns. If there is dirt to be dug up, it will be dug up—and plastered across yellow headlines. Big names are threatened.

Yet, 1937 will not be a year of scandalous divorce. The divorce rate that has gained Hollywood a somewhat unsavory repute will drop in 1937. The marriage rate will go up.

Color will come to the screen with a great rush, and, by the time 1937 wanes, the early doom of black-and-white pictures will be certain.

In a business way, the new year bears great promise. Box office tills will overflow. New producing companies will be formed, and several of Hollywood's biggest studios will merge. Despite foreign progress, Hollywood's supremacy in pictures will never be threatened.

Accidents threaten several stars, and Dareos fears a major air disaster which will involve not one, but several of the screen's stars.

And now for your favorite stars:

NORMA SHEARER: Despite her present wish to make no more pictures, Norma will change her mind and go on to renewed artistic success for at least two more years. She will make three more fine pictures—possibly more. Yet, the shadow of sorrow is still upon her;

(Continued on page 86)

the stars what to expect in this forthcoming year

Cecilia Parker, to whom we are indebted for this story.

By Faith Service

Cecilia Parker, who really knows the Great One, gives you first-hand, intimate side lights on her

SHE TELLS ON Garbo

GARBO MADE me what I am today. She is responsible for my being on the screen.

"I'd thought of becoming a movie actress when I was in high school. I suppose almost all girls brought up in Hollywood think about it. Then I saw Garbo on the screen. I saw her again and again and again. I knew that I would have to follow in her footsteps, however humbly I might walk.

"And so I started in. I was just sixteen when I signed with Central Casting. I got extra work to do. One day a casting director noticed me and offered me a screen test. I guess it was successful because I became a 'heroine' in several Western pictures. I played opposite George O'Brien, Buck Jones, Ken Maynard, Rex Bell and others. I made 'Jungle Mystery,' 'Lost Special,' 'Tombstone Canyon,' 'Secret Sinners' and others. In 1934, I was co-starred in 'High School Girl.' Then M-G-M signed me to a long-term contract. Shortly thereafter they needed a blonde girl who resembled Greta Garbo enough to play her sister in 'The Painted Veil.'

"Just imagine—you girls in your teens—how you would feel if you were told, suddenly, that you were to work with Garbo. Why, if anyone had intimated that when I was in high school a few years ago (I went to Hollywood High and the Convent of the Immaculate Heart), I would have thought he had gone completely insane.

"It was the most thrilling thing that ever happened to me, except," said Cecilia, in her quietly dignified little way, "of course, love."

"She didn't talk to me very much. She doesn't talk to anyone very much. She doesn't need to. Which is one of the many things I learned from her—how much time and energy most of us waste in silly chatter that means nothing. There is something more potent in Garbo's silence than in the words most of us pour forth in a week. Hers are what my mother calls 'telling silences.'

"Garbo taught me the great beauty of silence.

"Garbo and I did have one conversation. It was about mountains. I happened to be saying that I have a little cabin up in the hills where I like to go off by myself. Garbo overheard me and said that she loves mountains, too. She told me what they mean to her—grandeur and everlasting patience and a dwarfing of the silly frets and fevers of little human beings.

"I think that she was, unconsciously, describing herself in a symbolical way. There is something cool and remote and unassailable about her that does dwarf the frets and fevers of most of us.

"I'd just been a little girl full of crazy notions when I started to work with her. I'd had most of the usual fantastic ideas. I thought I should act sort of temperamental, thinking it made an impression. I took on, unconsciously and sometimes a little consciously, the mannerisms and characteristics of stars on the screen. I thought it was all right to be late on the set now and then. I'd seen some stars keep a company waiting for an hour or more and thought it indicated a certain superiority, a defiance of rules and regulations which are just for 'ordinary people,' not actresses.

"Garbo taught me to be myself, to behave according to the dictates of my own nature. She taught me that to be true to yourself is to be not only a great artist but also a great human being.

"She is so simply, starkly herself that once you have come in contact with her any little affectation or pose which you may have acquired seems cheap and rather tawdry by comparison.

"It wasn't really me to put on airs, to be excitable and fluttery, to be late when I'd been brought up to respect punctuality. I hate crowds. I never go to big parties. I don't even like double dates. I really could say 'I tank I go home' myself—and mean it. In fact, I often do. But most girls experiment with themselves for a time, try different airs and graces and poses, as they try on clothes. It's all right if the airs and graces don't stick and become a part of you.

"She taught me not to borrow from other people. She taught me not to borrow their mannerisms, their eccentricities, their fads, any more than I would borrow their clothes, their cars, their jewels and keep them for myself.

"Garbo is always on time on the set—to the minute. She would make anyone else seem pretty silly if he were not at least equally prompt.

(Continued on page 94)

By James Reid

It's only taken a few pictures to make Don Ameche one of the coming stars of the screen. In "One in a Million," he plays with Sonja Henie. Here they are in a scene from the picture. This is the screen debut of the skating star.

One in a Million!

THE YOUNG lawyer in the Minnesota town looked up, as his door opened, to see a tall, good-looking, smiling foreigner, dressed—a bit self-consciously—in his Sunday best.

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

The young foreigner took the proffered chair, sitting on the edge of it. Still smiling, but twisting his hat in his hands nervously, he said, "I want to do something about my name."

"You mean you want to change it?"

"No, no," his protest was earnest. He searched for words to express himself. "I—I want to make it easier to say—more American."

"What is your name?"

"Amici." He spelled it out for the lawyer. "My American friends, they have trouble saying it." He smiled apologetically.

"So you want to spell it the way it sounds?"

"Si." In his excited gratitude at being understood so quickly, he lapsed into his native Italian.

"Well, I think that can be arranged simply enough."

The attorney reached in a desk drawer for legal papers, to draw up a court petition. A half-hour later, it was finished. His new client sighed with relief, and prepared to leave.

"By the way," the lawyer asked, as he shook hands, "what does your name mean in Italian?"

"Friend," said the young foreigner.

And that's how tall, good-looking Don Ameche came to have that unusual last name.

What's in a name? The answer, in the case of the screen's new Latin lover, is: "Everything." To know him is to think of him as a friend. And because of the people who have thought of him as a friend, he is what he is today.

It's quite a story.

The young foreigner—who changed "Amici" to "Ameche" to make it easier for Americans to say, was destined to be Don's father.

Felix Ameche was born "a little north of Rome." In his teens, he came to this country. He worked in mills, mines, section gangs. Gradually learning the language, he

Don Ameche didn't pass school exams, but he made the Hollywood grade in one screen test

Don's individual good looks come from his Italian, Irish and German parentage. "Love Is News" with Loretta Young is his current picture.

drifted westward until finally he saw the Wisconsin-Minnesota country.

There he fell in love with an American-born girl who was partly German and partly Scotch-Irish, with the German predominant. They married, when he had enough money saved. They set up housekeeping in Kenosha, Wisconsin, thirty-six miles down Lake Michigan from Milwaukee. There, their children were born.

Eight children, in all. Four boys and four girls. The first was a girl. The second was a boy—they called him Dominic.

Schoolmates later shortened that to "Dom." But who ever heard of such a name as "Dom"? Boys, who didn't know his full name, called him "Don." He ended by calling himself that. It simplified matters and it saved explanations.

Prosperity, as well as children, came to the Ameches. Felix Ameche was in business for himself now. He owned two saloons in Kenosha; later, before Prohibition came along and retired him, he had a third—in La Salle, Illinois.

Don shows no squeamish (*Continued on page 103*)

As Harlow Sees Herself

By Caroline S. Hoyt

Jean Harlow's screen personality is quite different from her off-screen self. The hard-boiled, knock-'em-down-and-drag-'em-out gal of "Libeled Lady" is sensitive in real life. Left, a scene from the picture, with Spencer Tracy. And right, Jean has few intimate friends—Bill Powell is one of them. Snapped together at the Troc.

Would you deliberately show yourself up? Jean does—and openly, too

WELL, OF COURSE," said Jean, when I asked her to look at herself in the mirror and tell me, honestly, what she saw there, "there is, first of all, the little matter of my face not matching. It might not have made any difference to Harlean Carpenter of Kansas, but it's something of a problem to the girl they now call Jean Harlow. I suppose there is such a girl," laughed Jean, "but, to tell you the simple, honest truth, I feel as detached from her as do the fans who see her on the screen.

"I'm afraid to tell how I really see myself," said Jean, "because if I let myself go, if I really do tell the truth, the whole truth, no one will believe it. I will be suspected of false modesty, of excessive self-pity, of looking for sympathy.

"But you've asked and I may as well run the whole gauntlet, let the consequences fall where they may. To begin with:

"I have no chin to speak of.

"My eyes are set too deep in their sockets.

"My nose doesn't belong to my face at all. When noses were shuffled and dealt out, I drew somebody else's.

"I have a nice skin but mainly because I take extremely good care of it. If I didn't, it would blister, burn, turn red or do something silly. I can't take sun-baths and get nice tans like other girls. No, I just plain scorch.

"And my figure is just one of those things; you may assume that all I have to do is enter a little shoppe and throw on a frock and there I am. Nothing could be "wronger." Because my figure is all wrong. It is not an easy figure to dress. It

"I'm afraid to tell how I really see myself," said When noses were shuffled and dealt out, I drew is all wrong. It is not an easy figure to dress. It

takes planning and scheming and mathematical calculation. Ask Adrian, he'll tell you! When I diet, I am to thin. When I don't diet, I resemble an hourglass. My shoulders are too broad and too square. My hips are too broad. Midway between the two is my waist and it is excessively and unfortunately small. And the sum total is the hourglass ensemble, if I am not very careful. I have to be sure that the neckline of every gown I wear is just so, or the whole effect is thrown out of line and the breadth and squareness of my shoulders emphasized.

"My legs are—well, all right, I suppose, as legs go. You may have observed, though, that I never wear short skirts.

"It is a figure I have to work with and dress toward, so to speak."

I looked at Jean as she talked with something like pity in my heart. Poor child, I thought, she believes all this. I considered the indisputable fact that artists always paint unflattering self-portraits. They tend to caricature themselves. It is the innate modesty, I suppose, of the sensitive soul which feels itself such an atom in time and space.

I kept on looking at Jean. I marveled marvelously, yet again, at the self-depreciatory trait in one who might well plume herself like the Bird of Paradise, sail triumphantly, a white swan, upon the pellucid waters of self-esteem. Jean, seated on a jade green divan in her dressing-room, clad in a smart black satin frock, draped in silver foxes, wearing a small, tall black satin hat with a fan-shaped, stiff black veil, a black halo, framing a face the texture and color of white silk. Well, the Jean mine eyes beheld did most outrageously give the lie to the Jean mine ears heard.

But Jean, sensing my incredulity, said, "You don't have to see me when I get up in the morning; but I have to see myself!

"You see," she went on earnestly, sitting now, small-girl fashion on the very edge of the divan, "there are two outstanding truths about the person I really am. The first of these truths is that my professional personality is a role I have assumed.

"The second truth is that I am eaten alive by an inferiority complex. A common complaint, I know, a sort of adult measles. But I have an uncommon case of it.

(*Continued on page 84*)

[illegible] be surprised to read what Jean [illegible] more than anything in this world? [illegible] losing her [illegible] doing with[illegible] but —we[illegible] see.

Gladys and Fred go to town in handsome style

The thrilling romance team of "Champagne Waltz" take time off from work to tour Hollywood in a hansom cab. (By the way, the critics all tell us "Champagne Waltz" is the best picture either one of these stars has ever made)

The biggest band that ever went to town on that grand old tune "The Blue Danube"

S R O — Vivienne Osborne stands up a few of the boys

Gladys and Fred take a few pointers on ball room dancing from the greatest dance team in the world Veloz and Yolanda

Gladys Swarthout
and Fred MacMurray
in
"CHAMPAGNE WALTZ"
A Paramount Picture with
Jack Oakie • Veloz & Yolanda
Herman Bing • Vivienne Osborne • Frank Forest • Benny Baker • Ernest Cossart
Directed by A. Edward Sutherland

Veloz & Yolanda step out in a little Tyrolean number

Fastest Gal in Town

Nimble-toed and nimble-witted—that's Eleanore Whitney

By Lois Svensrud

Eleanore Whitney has the art of tapping down to a fine point. Her record is sixty taps in four seconds!

Johnny Downs is Eleanore's favorite date these days.

SHE'S NOT only the fastest girl in town, but she's broken a world's speed record. Eleanore Whitney can do sixty taps in four seconds!

"That's what they tell me," admitted Eleanore, her brown eyes sparkling at the mention of the Whitney record. "But I really don't know how I got that way. It's just a difference in people, I guess. Some think faster. I'm faster on my feet."

If you had dropped into Paramount's commissary on this particular day, it's ten to one you would have guessed Eleanore was a high school girl cutting classes to lunch at the studio. For one thing, she was dressed in the plainest of tweed skirts and a matching brown sweater, with a polka dot scarf knotted at the neck. Lipstick was her only make-up. For another thing, she was watching the "celebrities," just as eagerly as any visitor to any studio commissary.

"Look," she whispered, "here comes Carole Lombard. She's always been my idea of what glamor ought to look like. And here I am, working on the very same lot with her!"

And that's Eleanore Whitney. In spite of several years in the theatrical world and a year in Hollywood, she's less sophisticated than most eighteen-year-olds. She hasn't a touch of that pseudo-sophistication acquired so quickly by the majority of girls who have once been behind a footlight or in front of a camera.

With a little help from the make-up and publicity departments, one would think that this girl's natural poise and prettiness could be turned into celluloid glamor. But the glamor gals couldn't so easily acquire what Eleanore has. Call it sparkle, call it verve, call it just plain joy of living. Whatever it is, she radiates with it. "I get a kick out of everything that happens to me," is the way she puts it.

"And things always are happening to me," Eleanore added with a giggle. "Out on the lot they all say, 'What's happened to Whitney to day?' I seem to be pursued by a jinx as far as pictures are concerned. Something's happened to me in every one of the six pictures I've been in. You see, I'm good at the taps, but I'm simply swell at the tumbles."

The jinx (*Continued on page 110*)

Sweet

hot and blue are

Alice Faye's voice just adds that extra something to her fan appeal. She's teamed with that ace crooner, Dick Powell, in "On the Avenue" and that should make for tops in swingy singing we think, don't you?

New York discovered Gertrude Niesen before Hollywood, but now she's making her screen debut. You will thrill to her songs in "Top of the Town."

"The Lady in Red!" Remember how Winnie Shaw put that song dinning in your ears long after you left the theatre? Well, her scorchy notes ring out again in "Smart Blonde."

and Lowdown

the tunes that give them their claim to Hollywood fame

She's just five feet of the bluest singing on screen or air—Frances Langford. In "Born to Dance," Frances goes to town with plenty of new songs to start you humming.

"Yeah Man" Raye, or more formally, Martha Raye. Here's a girl who registered so fast with her singing that one picture made her. "College Holiday" is next.

And last, but by no means least, Harriet Hilliard. Harriet is back in Hollywood at work on her next picture, even though it meant leaving her new son back East.

Luise Rainer, on the screen or off, is always fascinating.

Miss Rainer Regrets

Few stars would have the courage to speak their minds as Luise does in this analysis of herself and Hollywood

By Nanette Kutner

Here is Luise as O-lan opposite Paul Muni's Wang in "The Good Earth."

This impulsive Viennese star deeply regrets her separation from the man she loves, Clifford Odets, dramatist.

FRANKLY, Luise Rainer regrets the whole business. She regrets being separated from the man she loves. She regrets the ruthless methods of our reporters, the coldness of our celebrity-chasers, the terrific power of the cutting-room and the down-to-earth logic of American men. She regrets her five-year movie contract. She regets the impulsiveness that drives her, willy-nilly, into such jams. She regrets having to stay away from the legitimate stage, practically a prisoner, albeit a high-priced one, bound by California's studios. But most of all—she regrets living in Hollywood.

"Hollywood is dead," she told me. "Everything about it is dead, even the beautiful hills."

She pointed to where they rose, green and sandy and hazy purple, pointed straight from the living-room of her Brentwood house that seems to be set down right in the middle of them.

She said, "I look at those hills. I know they are beautiful, and I ask myself what is it I don't like, and the answer is . . . they are dead. The air surrounding them is heavy, not like mountain air. There is no exhilaration, no sparkle. The people here are like that, too, all impersonal, all cold, with no feeling.

"I often go for walks in the hills. This not easy because Hollywood people never walk. Walking is such a personal matter, so Hollywood rides . . . like corpses they ride. By riding they can keep away from life. Walking is too human, too close to the earth, too near other people, the little everyday people . . . the real ones.

"Do you know that when my friend, Clifford Odets, the playwright, went for a walk here he actually was arrested! It was late at night. A policeman asked him what he was doing and when he said walking, the policeman said, 'But where is your car?' And when Odets said he had no car, he was arrested! That's Hollywood! In no other place in the world could such a thing happen, of this I am sure!"

She sighed. And she sat down on the edge of the wide yellow sofa. Her tailored white linen sportscoat was open at the neck, her plaid skirt girlishly short, her uneven black hair awry, with none of that artificial, plastered-down, wave-in-place, polished-ballroom-floor effect.

Her vibrant tones filled the room.

"Rented emptiness," she said. "Hollywood is like a hotel—houses, apartments, furnished, ready to walk into or walk out of . . . impersonal, too."

THE VOICE shook a little. It is a fiery voice, a fitting mouthpiece to her personality, for it takes complete possession of the listener. It absorbs, leaving you breathless, and for a long while afterwards it re-echoes in your ears, making you wonder why it is impossible to pin down the accent, doing it justice on paper. It is an hysterical voice, sometimes reaching a squeal. It is the voice of a temperamental girl, all nerves and warmth and energy and impulse and honest earnestness, a girl whose entire body emphasizes her speech; the black eyes constantly roving, observing everything; the shoulders swaying or being shrugged according to her moods; the hands alive, a rhythmic, dramatic accompaniment.

Like most women who are in love, the object of Luise Rainer's affections appears obvious because his name is never far from her lips.

Now, her body tense, she clenched the fingers of one small hand.

"I could tell you so much," she said, and this time it seemed as if she were squeezing the words from her throat. "I have many regrets . . . like everyone, so many.

"I regret I have to stand for people asking me questions about what is none of their business! There are a lot of subjects I could discuss, subjects that are worth while; instead, they come and they ask (*Continued on page106*)

WHEN HE'S *Wrong* HE'S *Right!*

IN REVIEWING the motion picture career of Melvyn Douglas, it might occur to you that you were looking at it in one of those mirrors that makes things look like what they aren't, for he seems to be forever doing the wrong thing.

However, that isn't the case. In fact, it wasn't done with mirrors at all. It just happens that when Melvyn Douglas does what is obviously the wrong thing, it invariably turns out to be just what he should have done.

"I believe that making a mistake is often purely mental," he said thoughtfully, when I asked him about it. "It has been my experience that when I did something that, to all appearances, was a most frightful mistake, it didn't turn out to be because I didn't allow my consciousness to be hampered by a feeling that what I had done was wrong. Success is ninety per cent. luck, too, you know," he added.

But luck can't be ninety per cent. of his success. And his motion picture career, alternating as it does with his stage work, presents an enigma to the casual observer, for it is in direct contrast to almost any other successful career in Hollywood.

Ordinarily when an actor makes a favorable impression in a picture, he follows it up with other good roles. He is in demand and usually makes the most of it. Douglas, on the contrary, makes a habit of disappearing after he makes a hit picture. Sometimes he has gone to Europe for a long vacation. Other times he has disappeared in the canyons of New York, his disappearance inevitably followed by reports of his successful appearance in a Broadway show.

Success in Hollywood doesn't usually follow the actor who plays hide and seek with producers, and it is almost axiomatic that no actor or actress dares to remain off the screen for as long as a year. Heretofore, it has been only a Leslie Howard or a Helen Hayes who could make a picture and then rush off to the stage or to follow his own pursuits and, when the spirit moved him, return to Hollywood to be welcomed with open arms.

But this Douglas person, who certainly is no Clark Gable, seems to be just as effective in his quiet way. Following his frequent disappearances, he returns to Hollywood, helps himself to the very best roles available at the moment, in which he never fails to give a creditable performance, and before you know it, he's gone again.

It must be believed then that the lad has something, maybe that something that Samuel Goldwyn describes as "a habit-forming personality," meaning that audiences like him so much they form a habit of seeing him in all his pictures. Elinor Glyn described it more tersely as "it."

Whatever this elusive quality is, it is something so unusual that producers are willing to take him, when and as often as they can get him, because in addition to this especial something, he is a competent actor and generously endowed with looks.

To go back to his youth, when he began making mistakes, his mother had made up her mind that he should

Helen Gahagan picked Melvyn to be her leading man in a play and he picked her to be his leading lady for life!

"Theodora Goes Wild" teams Melvyn with Irene Dunne in a sparkling comedy. Here they are in a scene from it.

become a lawyer. With that in mind, she took him to court to watch the procedure as often as possible to build up his appreciation of the rewards of defending the innocent.

His father, the late Edouard Hesselberg, Russian born, internationally known concert pianist and composer, took him to musical events to build up his musical appreciation.

Melvyn himself desired more than anything to be a poet!

His mother considered it a serious mistake for him to consider any vocation other than practicing law, and to his father's mind, it was equally a serious error for him to fail to make music his life work. Both parents considered he made the mistake of his life in not remaining in college until he graduated, regardless of what he chose to do.

Subsequent results proved just how productive these mistakes turned out to be.

Melvyn was still in high school in Toronto, Canada, where the family was living at the outbreak of the World War, but he was large for his age and looked every inch a man. As he walked along the streets on his way to school, he was often jeered at by overzealous patriots because he was not in uniform.

"Are you a cripple or just a slacker?" the rowdies would yell at him.

At fourteen, a boy's sensibilities are apt to be a bit raw and even though he was an American and the United States had not yet entered the fight, he still felt that the Allies were badly crippled without his aid. He visualized himself as a Scottish Highlander, "because I particularly fancied their uniforms," he laughs now. With no chance of obtaining permission of his parents to join the Canadian forces, he took matters into his own hands, ran away and "signed up." His parents had no trouble in getting him back to the hearthside when his age was proven, but later, after he had entered college and the United States had joined forces with the Allies, he ran away again and this time he made it stick by a clever ruse.

"I had lied about my age to get in without the consent of my parents," he explained, "and I was able to convince my father that if he got me out by telling my right age, I would be liable to prison sentence for lying. So I was allowed to remain until the end of the War. I wasn't killed or even wounded. In fact, I never even got across to see actual warfare, but I wouldn't have missed the experience for anything. It was a liberal education and, in my opinion, no mistake.

"After the War, my parents wanted me to return to college. Inasmuch as I had returned safely they could forgive my running away to war, but not completing my education was, in their eyes, a serious mistake. But my father had suffered financial losses and I thought it was time for me to go to work and at least support myself.

"I had always lived close to home and had had no contact at all with the world. Working and feeling that I was independent forced a certain resiliency out of me that might have taken years to develop. I had to shift for myself and it made a man out of me." (*Cont'd on page 108*)

Melvyn Douglas has a knack of turning obvious blunders into successful ventures for himself

●

By Franc Dillon

After completing "Women of Glamor" with Virginia Bruce, Melvyn went East for a play.

Irene Dunne loves to play comedy roles such as in "Theodora Goes Wild," and has proved she's a gifted comedienne.

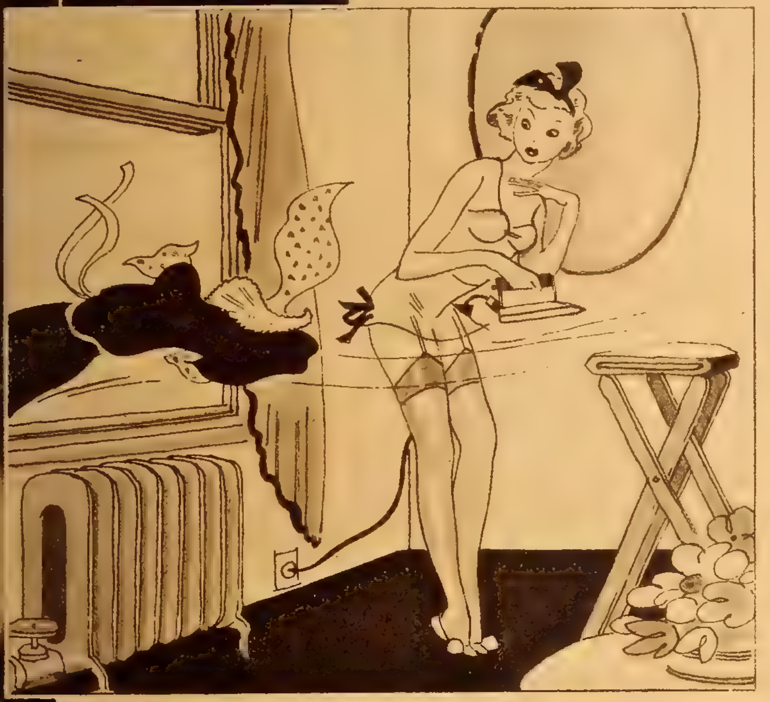
TAKING

By Muriel Babcock

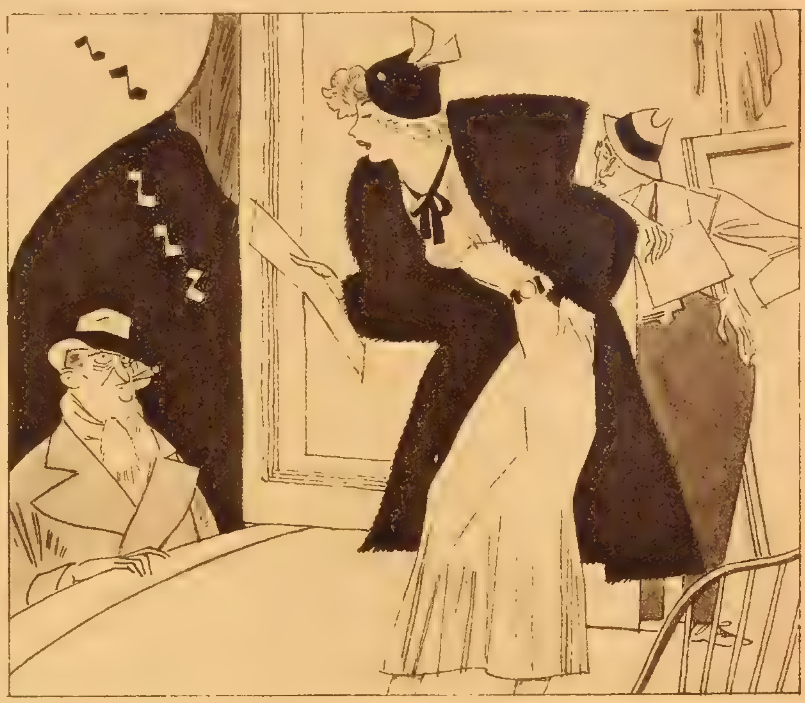
BRR! THERE'S nothing like a good, chilling ride in a New York taxicab on a cold, blustery day—particularly when your passenger is Irene Dunne. And no better way to learn about life.

Irene Dunne and I were having tea at the Pierre, when I asked her where she first lived in New York, where she lost her first job, whether she cried or not, what she said, and what *were* the tribulations she suffered in cold, granite-like Manhattan before she found fame and was paged by Hollywood.

I started asking about those early days in New York when Irene was a gangling Kentucky prima donna, determined that the world was her oyster and the Metropolitan stood with waiting arms to star her in "La Boheme," "Madame Butterfly," *et al*. I wanted to know what were



How would you feel if you were a stranger in a large city and you're best dress blew out of the hotel window? It actually happened to Irene.



When Dr. Griffin met Irene for the first time, he asked for her telephone number—but he didn't use it for months! Now they're a very happily married couple.

Reviewing a "perfect lady's" past from a taxicab is surely novel, but very informative in this instance

IRENE *for a* RIDE

her dreams and her plans in those days and has she found fulfillment?

I also wanted to know how she spends those long vacations in New York now. Everybody knows, of course, that she doesn't spend 'em like the typical Hollywood belle—in and out of the Stork Club, El Morocco, 21 and Tony's—flashing ermines and jewels at poor benighted New Yorkers. No, that isn't Irene Dunne. We all know she goes quietly about her own business, but what is it and where is it?

I was extremely curious about Irene Dunne because she never seems to be secretive about what she does, yet nobody seems to know much about her except that she's a pretty nice girl, a good actress, a beautiful woman, a good singer and a fine comedienne. (If you don't believe the last, see "Theodora Goes Wild." It's a honey.)

And so she said, "Shall we go way back to the beginning? Yes? Well, my first memory of New York is tied up with the Pennsylvania Hotel. You know it? You don't? Well, you know where it is?"

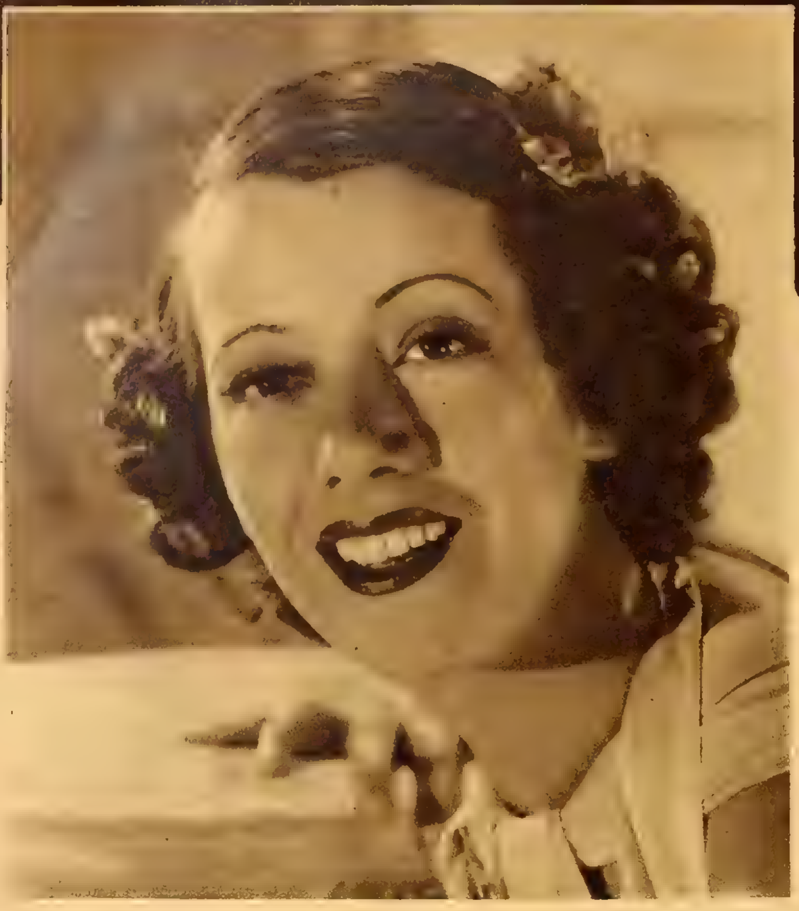
"No," I replied weakly.

"That's right. You're a stranger in New York, aren't you? Well, I don't suppose I'll ever forget either the Pennsylvania Hotel or the Metropolitan Opera House—they are tied up with my most dramatic first memories of New York. You know where the Met is, don't you?"

"No," I replied. "But once in New York I suggested to Norma Shearer that we take a bus ride and look the town over from the upper deck. Could we take a bus ride? And would you point out some of the places associated with your early memories and tell what they meant to you?"

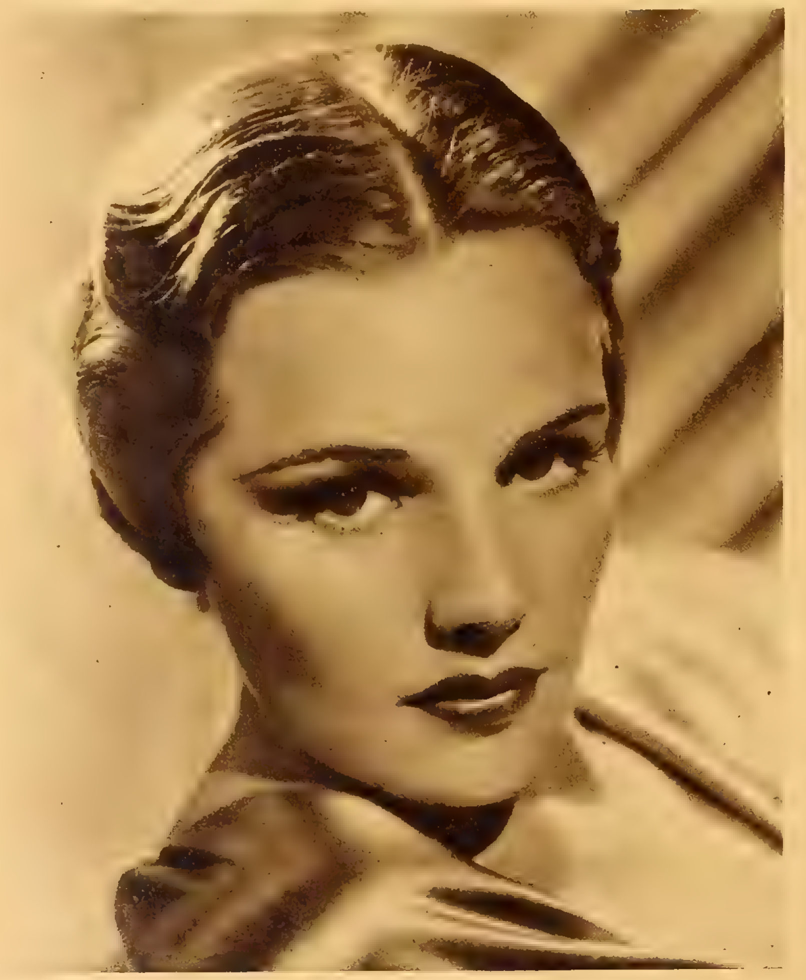
We took a taxi because we decided that no single bus could follow the route Irene (*Continued on page 98*)

The

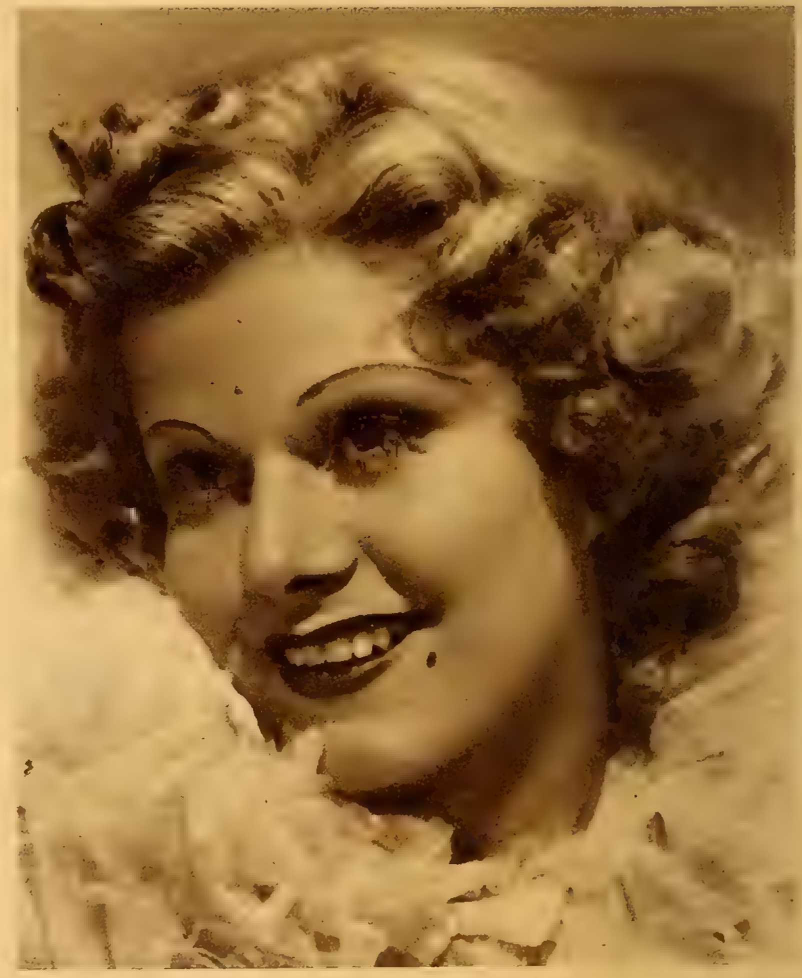


If you part your hair on the side, Lily Pons offers a charming coiffure.

There's a star hair-do here to suit your type. Why not try it? Our beauty expert tells you how to go about it



The Frances Farmer types can affect a very simple hair comb.



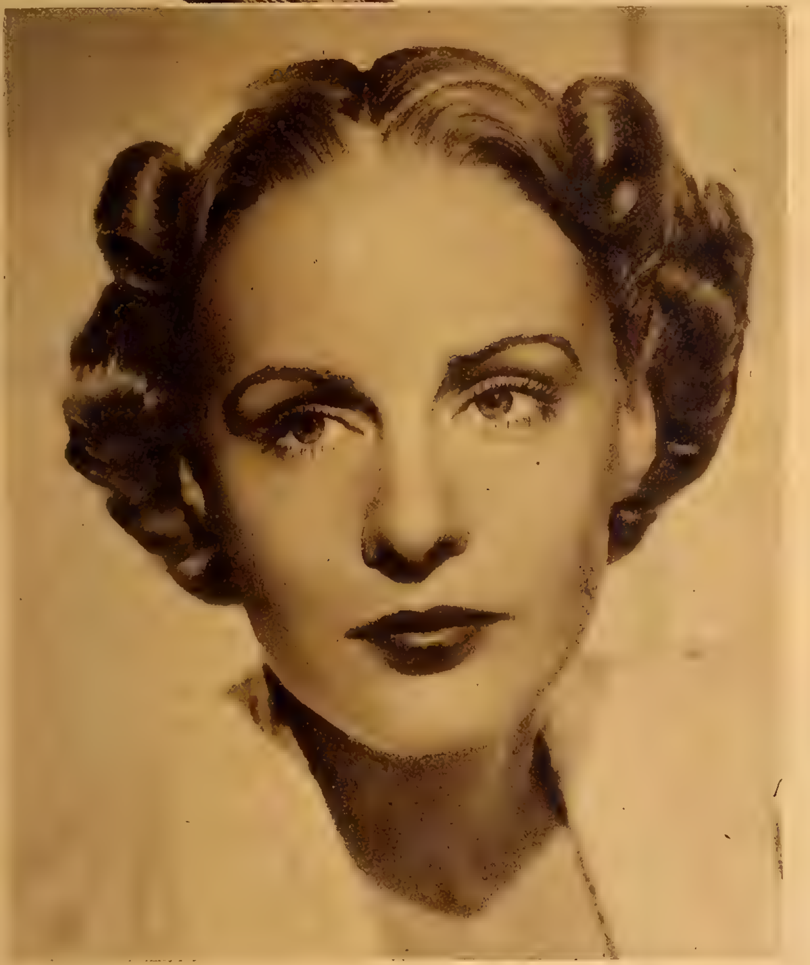
If you're the Harlow type, ringlets should frame your face.

I LIKE to write about hair. Because almost no head of hair is so hopeless but what something can be done about it. A girl's figure may rate only a passing grade and she may get only A for effort as far as her face is concerned, but durn near every head of hair in the world can be attractive, glossy and chic—and most heads can be more than that.

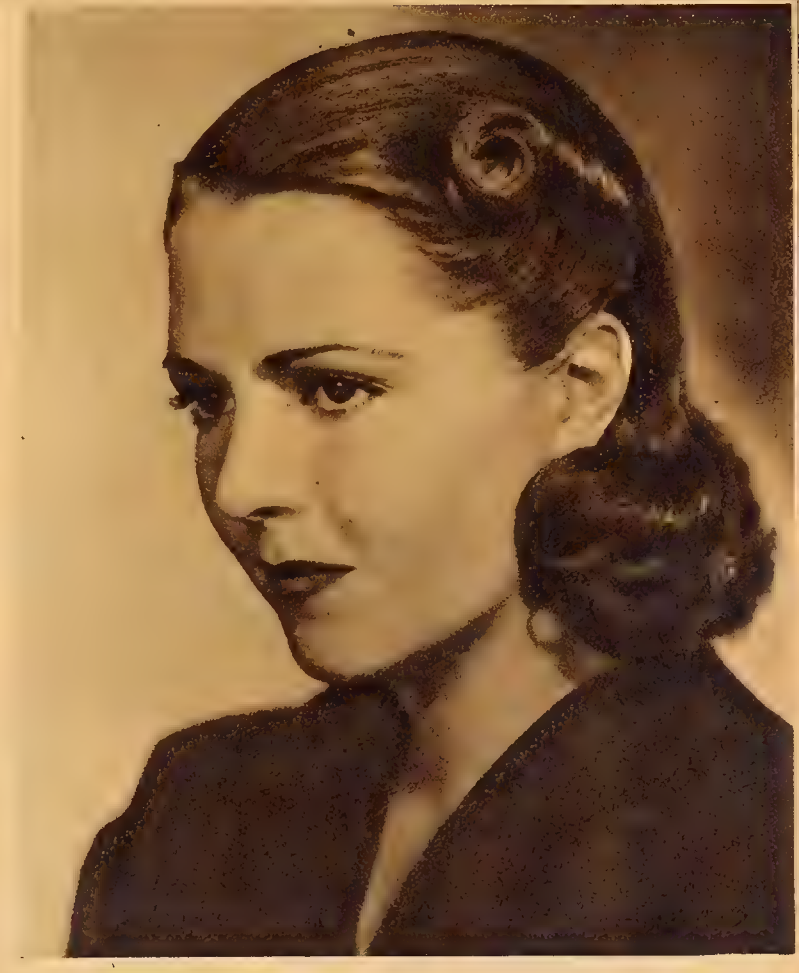
You certainly must know by this time the rudimentary rules for the care of the locks: plenty of warm oil before your shampoo. Olive oil, castor oil, or prepared, store-bought oil. Always a liquid, never a cake soap. Scads of rinsing. Daily massage, if only a minute's worth, for the dear old scalp's sake. Vigorous brushing with a stiff brush for coarse and medium hair. Gentle brushing with a gentle brush for fine hair. And don't tell me brushing ruins your wave. Better a shining, sleek noodle with a slight wave than a dull, dopey looking head of hair with a fixed, set wave any day in the year. Use your judg-

Hair Problem

By
Mary
Marshall



Madge Evans' swirl is very popular and sleek-looking.



If your hair is glossy and longish, try Ruby Keeler's style.

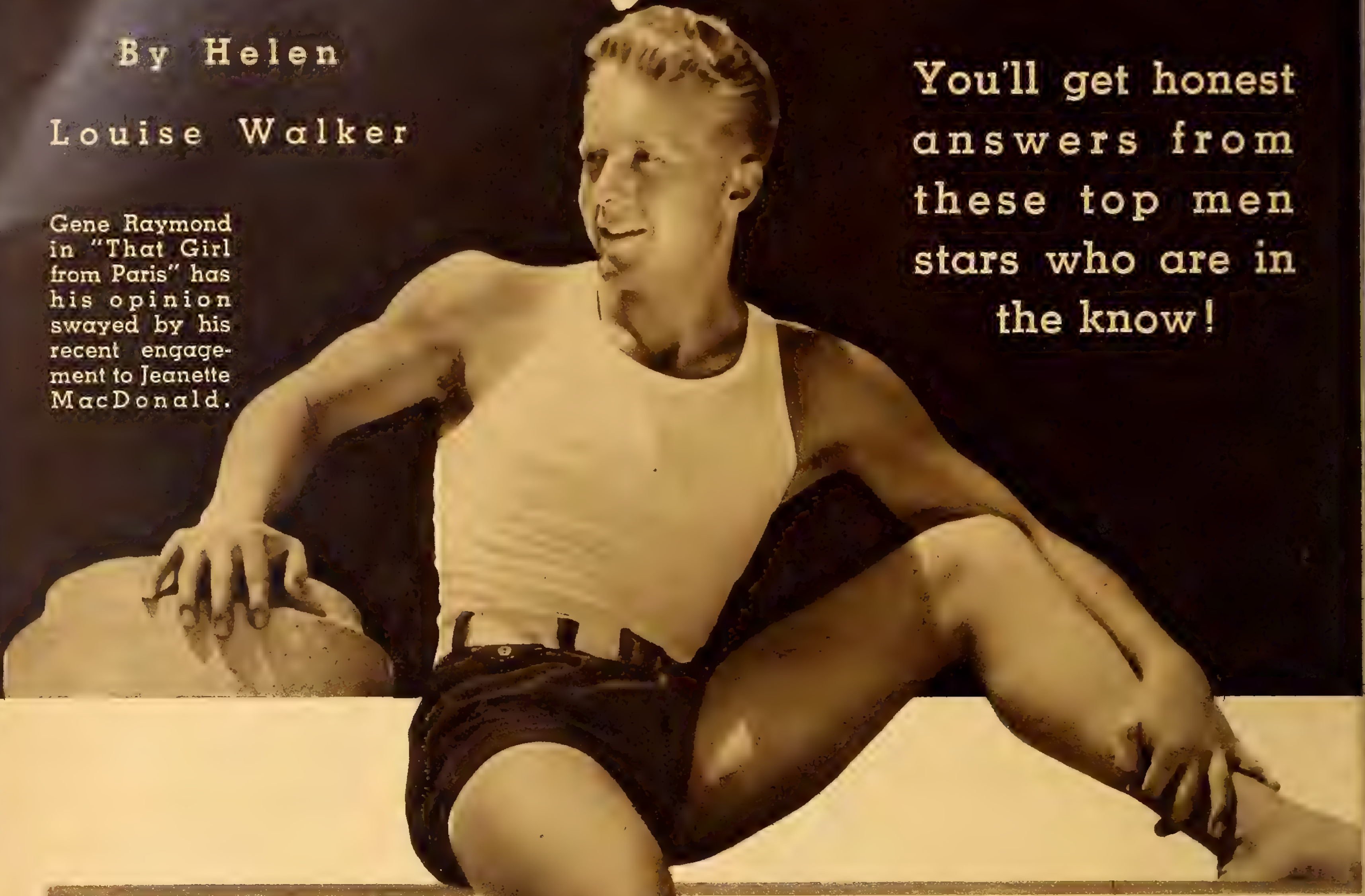
ment and go easy on the brushing before that date, when you want your hair-do to look particularly snappy, but do see to it that your hair gets a decent amount of brushing during the course of the week. Brushing strengthens, cleanses and polishes.

Oily and dry conditions of the hair aren't as tough problems as they seem, if you'll really get out and work on them. An oily condition comes from wide-open oil glands which pour too much oil out onto your hair; your scalp is sluggish—lazy. Stimulate it and make it work. You might think you should give up the warm oil before the shampoo. Not so, not so. You need it all the more. In the first place, the warm oil will help remove any caked oil from your scalp—also any dandruff, which usually follows in the wake of an oily condition. And as your fingers massage the warm oil into your scalp, they also stimulate the scalp—make it work for itself. Yes, keep up the oil business, but even (*Continued on page 92*)

Is Hollywood a

By Helen Louise Walker

You'll get honest answers from these top men stars who are in the know!



Gene Raymond in "That Girl from Paris" has his opinion swayed by his recent engagement to Jeanette MacDonald.

Clark Gable, who likes to "get away from it all," has a rather prejudiced outlook on the town.

A VISITING celebrity in the world of sport, returning to Hollywood after an absence of several years, remarked to me, "I miss the cronies whom I enjoyed so much when I was here last time. When they are working they are, as they should be, filled with that early-to-bed-early-to-rise spirit. When they are between pictures, they aren't in Hollywood at all. They are hiding somewhere. Not that I blame them! Hollywood has gone chi-chi. It's just a woman's town now."

A bit startled at his apparent bitterness, I took a hasty mental census of the whereabouts of our current he-man stars. As this was written, Clark Gable was departing for northern parts unknown on a hunting and fishing trip, accompanied by one or two of his rancher cronies who have nothing to do with the picture industry. Warner Baxter was returning from a six-weeks' camping trip in the high Sierras—his companions were all males. Ronald Colman and Bill Powell had spent the last week-end aboard a small, rented, gasolene-motored boat—fishing and bemoaning the absence of Dick Barthelmess. Ronnie was then tucked away on his miniature ranch which is as thickly walled and hedged as was ever a Greta Garbo establishment. Lee Tracy and Buck Jones were bounding over the

Woman's Town?

Ronald Colman boasts the title of Hollywood's most eligible bachelor. Perhaps his reasons for being so are revealed here. He's in "Lost Horizon."

Jean Harlow, one of the town's beauteous belles, is Bill Powell's best gal, but that doesn't change his opinion a bit about this pertinent problem.

Long a happily married man, Warner Baxter knows about women. He's also very familiar with Hollywood, which makes his almost a complete education.

billows, sailing their yachts in the race from Los Angeles to Honolulu. No women are allowed aboard the boats entered in the race.

I caught up with Bill Powell, returning reluctantly to work. The effort had been strenuous and had left me slightly breathless. I panted, "Bill, exactly what is a woman's town? And is Hollywood one of them?"

IT'S GETTING to be one," he opined, looking rueful. "Paris has been called that and New York has, too, sometimes." He sat down upon an upturned flower pot which was a prop on the set and he looked reflective and introspective. "A woman's town, I take it," he brought forth at last, "is a city in which women decide how men shall spend their leisure hours—and their money. Feminine whims are laws and men must struggle for women's favors. Life is effete, elaborate, be-ruffled. People who sell orchids and emeralds enjoy it. Some wag or other put it, 'You can identify it because even the garbage smells faintly of Chanel's Number Five!' "

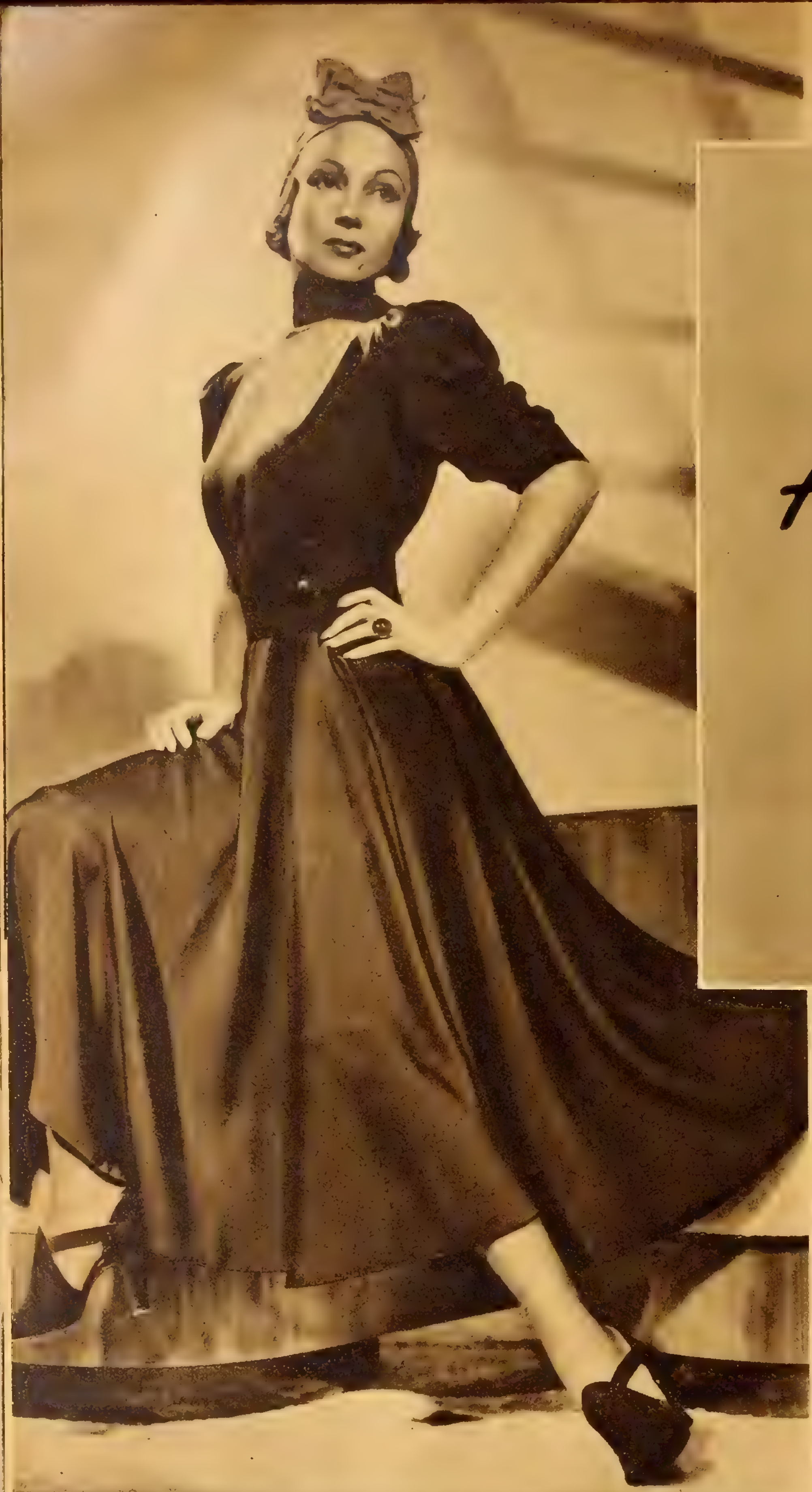
He interrupted himself hastily. "Don't think that the men don't enjoy it. The danger is that this atmosphere makes them soft. And the irony of that is that when he does become soft, even the 'woman's town' wants no more of him.

"Take, for instance, your motion picture premiere. Do you think that any mature man in his senses, would put on tails and a white tie, buy fifteen dollars' worth of orchids, face crowds and photographers and microphones just to look at a motion picture—unless he did it to please some woman? It's all right for the younger fry. They like getting into formal clothes and escorting some lush young creature through a foyer where cordons of police are fighting off throngs of admirers. But men outgrow the taste for that sort of thing—women never do. And the parties," he went on, musingly. "There is always that frantic effort to make each one different, to make it more fantastic than the last one. Don't think for a moment that men don't have fun at these elaborate frolics. Of course they do. But you never hear of a man planning one. We do pretty much as we are told in the matter of enjoying ourselves!"

It occurred to me that I hadn't heard of a real stag party in Hollywood in years. The sort of party at which men play poker and drink beer in their shirt sleeves until the dawn. Bob Montgomery told me that he gave one once—and they didn't even play poker.

"We just sat and talked!" Bob marveled, as if that were the most astonishing thing in the world. "We didn't play any games (*Continued on page 112*)

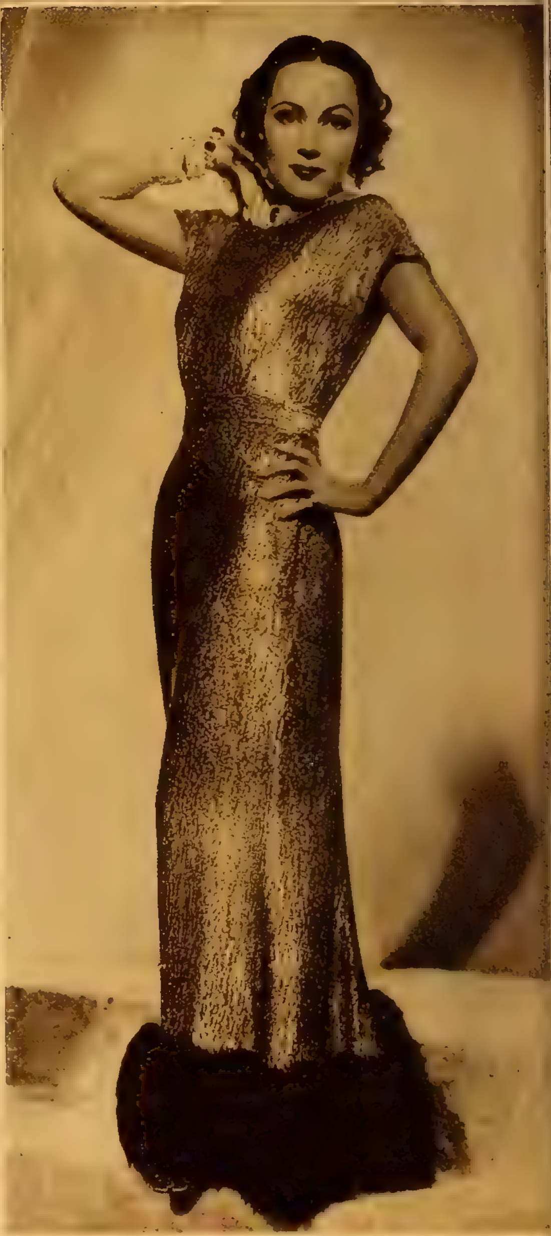
YOU Appeal in Star Fashions



The peasant trend in fashions dramatized in a black crepe dress worn by Dolores Del Rio—fitted bodice, wide belt and "swing" skirt.

NOW WHAT, I can hear the clamor rise, "is the meaning of 'you-appeal,' especially in relation to clothes?" Well, my pets, it is one of my brain waves—a two-word phrase to sum up briefly what I think is most important to you in Hollywood fashions.

A Hollywood star can be put on one of "the best-dressed women" lists (the two who look out at you from these pages have been), and she can be famous as a glamor girl, but unless she wears clothes that have a real personal interest for you and you and me, she just doesn't make the grade as a fashion guide for us. The way I look at it, the clothes, both on the screen and in the stars' personal wardrobes, that give practical ideas to you are those that have lines and details which can be adapted to your own clothes.



Dolores likes simple but dramatic evening clothes such as this gown of silver metal cloth. You could copy it effectively in blistered satin, with velvet border instead of the fur.

Constance Bennett and Dolores Del Rio give fashion pointers from their personal wardrobes that all of you can copy very economically

by Adelia Bird

This is Connie Bennett's favorite street frock for California wear. Utterly simple in cut, a wide brown sash in suede contrasts with the deep rose shade of the wool fabric.

And above, any girl could have a duplicate of this simple but lovely Iris blue taffeta evening gown. The skirt is voluminous. A corsage formed of velvet bows trims the right shoulder—a tip for you.

Fashions that have "you-appeal" have to be wearable before they are startling—and they have to be copyable before they are glamorous. In other words, a dress worn by a smart star may be dramatic and luxurious in fabric and trim yet it still can be practical as a fashion guide for you because it has copyable details and lines.

Thus we come to Constance Bennett and Dolores Del Rio, both of whom have stunning personal wardrobes which the average budget couldn't be stretched to cover but who still stay in the list of excellent screen fashion guides for you.

CONNIE AND Dolores, exact opposites in coloring, share a mutual flair for sophisticated dress. Both of them patronize the best costume designers and dress shops in Hollywood, New York and Paris. Both make a careful study of themselves in relation to everything they wear and both love simple clothes set off by unusual and rich accessories.

And where then, do they come in as inspiration for the limited budgeteers? Right here on these pages this month! For each of them, interviewed right in the midst of their new wardrobes, gave me a wealth of fashion wisdom to pass on to you. We'll start with Connie because I happen to have rung her doorbell first.

Sleek, perfectly groomed Connie with her blonde hair worn in a long bob, curled only at the ends, has one of those slender figures that is the delight of every dressmaker. Her house is sleek, too, with everything chosen to act as the perfect setting for the Bennett personality. Connie's bedroom, boudoir and closets are the sort that make you ashamed that your own belongings get into such a topsy-turvy state. Her shoes, for instance, are arranged in neat rows on disappearing doors in her boudoir. Cedar-lined closets hold her bountiful wardrobe which ranges from trim tailored suits to the most feminine of evening gowns. Everything in these closets shows the fastidious care which *(Continued on page 100)*

The brown suede sash, bag and gloves for Connie's dusty rose wool dress. Note the huge safety pin.

And her afternoon costume accessories—black velvet cap, black suede pumps, gloves and bag.

You have to know your type to wear a daring hat like this of Dolores Del Rio's. Of black felt with peaked crown. Shops have inexpensive copies.

Right below, Connie's pet afternoon and cocktail costume is this coat-like black velvet model that "zips" from neckline to hem.

Gertrude's latest picture, before illness overtook her, was "Make Way for a Lady." She's well again now.

She Won't Play Hunches

By Dorothy Herzog

GERTRUDE MICHAEL is twenty-four. She has titian hair, a milky complexion and blue eyes. She was born in Talladega, Alabama, which you may never have heard of. As a child, Gertrude went for the piano like a kitten for a saucer of cream. She was born with what is known as a "perfect ear." She could hear someone play a piece on the piano for the first time and then sit right down herself and do a perfect job of the same selection.

"I never have known the mathematics of music," Gertrude confessed.

She isn't the sort of young woman who would ever consciously know the mathematics of anything, but she would know them intuitively. She's a girl given to "hunches," and a hunch is simply a decision which, if made and followed, leads to happy consequences.

However, it wasn't exactly a "hunch" that took Gertrude Michael to Hollywood some four years ago to make a screen test. It was partly a hunch and partly the fact that the New York theatre wasn't giving her the jobs she had to have in order to make ends meet. In fact, things had gone so poorly in the theatre that Gertrude went down the economic scale to where she had exactly two dresses and seven dollars and ten cents between her and a bleak tomorrow.

M-G-M offered her the chance of a trip West and a screen test. They had made the same offer before, but Gertrude stuck doggedly with the theatre. The theatre no longer returning the compliment, Gertrude agreed to the studio's offer.

"I was to go west in a compartment," she explained and rolled her eyes with proper impressiveness. "But it seemed to me that if the company would let me travel in a lower berth and take the ninety dollars difference in the price of a compartment and (*Continued on page 115*)

Right or wrong, Gertrude Michael simply can't change

Reviews

A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

By Leo Townsend

Margo and Burgess Meredith reënact their stage roles for the screen version of "Winterset."

★★★★ Winterset (RKO-Radio)

Last year Maxwell Anderson's play, "Winterset," was chosen by the Critics' Circle as the best play of 1935. RKO-Radio has brought it to the screen with almost its entire New York cast intact and with a slight revision of Mr. Anderson's poetic and memorable dialogue. On the screen, it emerges as one of the year's finest artistic achievements. It is definitely a candidate for the next Academy Award, a picture which will win critical acclaim and audience approval in much the same manner as did "The Informer" a couple of seasons ago. Laid in New York's east side tenement district, it is a story of an innocent man's execution for murder, and of the vengeful quest of his son for the men guilty of the crime. Mio, the son, is superbly portrayed by Burgess Meredith, whose splendid talent is a welcome addition to the screen. Second best performance is that of Eduardo Ciannelli in the role of Trock, the cold-blooded murderer whose crime sent Mio's father to the chair. Margo, playing a young girl of the district, is excellent in a sensitive, difficult role. She and Meredith create a fine and beautiful love story against a background of their sordid surroundings. Other first-rate performers are Maurice Moscovitch, Edward Ellis, John Carradine, Paul Guilfoyle and Stanley Ridges.

Preview Postscript

On the picture's completion, Burgess Meredith and his wife, Margaret Perry, had planned to fly back to New York and their upstate farm, but a puppy upset everything. The day before leaving, the Merediths took a walk up Hollywood Boulevard and, from a pet store, a cocker spaniel gave them the glad eye. The result was the cocker became the Merediths' and they all went back by train. . . . Margo's real name is Maria Marguerita Guadalupe Valedo Castilla and she was born in Mexico City in 1917. At the age of six, she made her dancing debut there, but her family shortly after moved to Spain. Margo returned to New York at the age of fourteen to try dancing in earnest, drifted to California, via Mexico City, and landed a job at the Cocoanut Grove and later one at Agua Caliente, famed Mexican resort just across the California border. Movie folks swarm to both these spots, but no one thought Margo movie material. An eight-week contract at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel which was offered to her turned into a two-year stay there. She was persuaded by Hecht and MacArthur to appear in a role in "Crime Without Passion," which led to movie contracts in Hollywood. But Margo turned up her small nose at the movie moguls and took the "Winterset" role on the stage.

★★★ Born to Dance (M-G-M)

If you like your musicals big, lavish and loud, here's your dish. It is probably barking at the moon to register a slight complaint against "Born to Dance," what with its terrific cast and its terrific cost, but it is our suspicion that much of its noise and shouting is employed to cover up a lot of dull moments. When you have people like Eleanor Powell, Jimmy Stewart, Virginia Bruce, Una Merkel, Frances Langford, Buddy Ebsen and Sid Silvers in a picture, you're bound to have above-the-average entertainment, and you're even entitled to hope for something a little better than that. All of this is to say that the picture is a good—but quite routine—musical with enough high spots to make it worth your while. Good moments are: all of Eleanor Powell's dances, a burlesque of a symphony conductor by Reginald Gardiner, a floorwalker bit by Barnett Parker, and Raymond Walburn's comedy. Cole Porter's score is not his best. Outstanding song numbers are "Hey, Babe," sung by all the principals, and "Miss Lucy James," done somewhat in the Gilbert and Sullivan manner by Ray-

Irene Dunne and Melvyn Douglas in "Theodora Goes Wild," and the Quins in "Reunion."

mond Walburn, Virginia Bruce and a male chorus. Warning: the finale, said to have cost $300,000, will blast you out of your seat.

Preview Postscript

There's no doubt that Eleanor Powell was "Born to Dance" and can't stop. Besides the regular eight hours on the set while making this picture, she spent an hour or two in rehearsal in the morning and at lunchtime. And had a date with Jimmy Stewart practically every night—to dance. Then between "takes" on the set, Eleanor spent every spare moment teaching her intricate steps to co-actors, prop boys, cameramen and anyone who was interested and could walk. Una Merkel was the prize Powell pupil. This was Una's first dancing role and she put her soul into it, if ever an artist did. Husband Ronald Burla had to take tap lessons in self-defense and can now out-tap Mrs. B. . . . Jimmy Stewart moved out when Henry Fonda came home with his new bride recently. Leaving the honeymooners didn't bother him so much, though, as parting with his next-door neighbor, Miss G. Garbo. He doesn't profess any real intimacy with her, but could always point with pride to the ten-foot metal fence which she had built just on his account. . . . Every cloud has a silver lining, even the Stewart clouds, and so he found that Eleanor Powell lives in Santa Monica, where he moved. The two held hands between "shots" on the set and devoted considerable time to perfecting their love scenes so they wouldn't waste any of the director's time or M-G-M's money when staging them for the camera. . . . Dave Gould is responsible for the dance staged by all the gals and also for their perfectly matched sun-tans. He gave each chorus cutie daily instructions on how long to remain in the sun in order to get his dancers all darkened to the same degree. . . . Biggest cut-ups on the picture were Sid Silvers and Buddy Ebsen and biggest expense were the Powell chiffon stockings.

★★★ Reunion (20th Century-Fox)

You will want to see this, of course, just to find out how the five gals from Callander are getting along. And we might add right here that they're developing along Ziegfeldian lines. But the picture is worth your while quite aside from the Quints' attractions. It is a simple, heart-warming story of a country doctor and the problems which confront him when he tries to untangle the lives of some of the babies he has brought into the world in the past forty years. Some three thousand of them come to a "reunion" party at his home in Mooseville, among them Esther Ralston, in the role of a movie star; Alan Dinehart, governor of a state, and his wife, Katherine Alexander; Tom Moore, a famous surgeon, and his wife; Helen Vinson, who is in love with Robert Kent, who happens to be in love with Rochelle Hudson. Many others are there, too, many of them with problems which the good doctor tries to work out to the satisfaction of all. The very real problems of these people are woven into a believable and engrossing story which will keep your interest to the final reel. Outstandingly sincere are the portrayals of the entire cast, with Jean Hersholt turning in his best role for a long time as Dr. Luke. Dorothy Peterson again plays a nurse, as does Rochelle Hudson. Robert Kent is the young doctor, John Qualen scores again as the famous father of the five and Slim Summerville is responsible for several mirthquakes. Some might object to so many details being irrelevant to a main plot, but we found that every episode contributed to making this picture an evening of good, solid entertainment.

Preview Postscript

Tops in movie "scoops" last year was the signing of the Dionne Quintuplets to star in four feature-length (*Continued on page 120*)

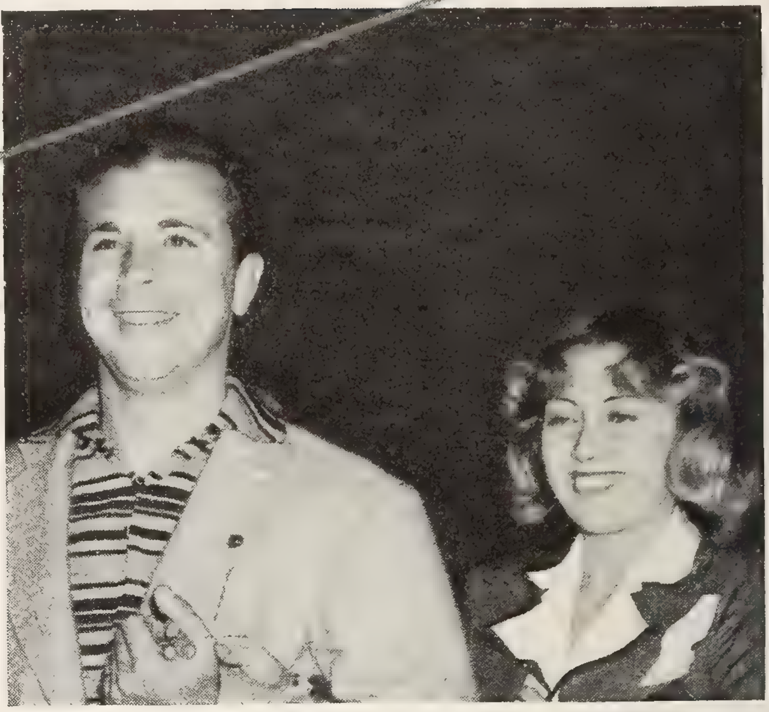
Eleanor Powell isn't the only one who's "Born to Dance," for Jimmy Stewart gives a good imitation of it.

Edith Fellows and Bing Crosby in a scene from "Pennies from Heaven."

GOOD NEWS
Russell Patterson

Photos By
Frank Muto

By
Leo
Townsend



How these newlyweds do register bliss. Here are the Dick Powells strolling about Palm Springs on a recent holiday.

Rumors of bickering in the Cooper menage seem groundless with Gary and Sandra so cozy here.

It was dinner by candlelight for Garbo and George Brent almost every evening during the shooting of "Camille." The two of them lit their candles and did their dining in Mr. B's garden, with two of the Brent watchdogs nearby to keep out the curious. One of the Brent neighbors crosses her heart and hopes to be thrown to the Brent hounds if this isn't true.

■ ■ ■

And from the Brothers Warner out in Burbank comes this terse little note: "Ruby Keeler has arranged things with the Warner Brothers studio so she can take a recess every three hours to run home and see Al, Jr." Now if Al, Jr., were a real gent he'd arrange things at home so he could run over to Burbank every three hours and see Ruby.

■ ■ ■

The French they are, as the saying goes, a funny race. The other night at the Club Casanova Warner Brothers' new French star, Fernand Gravet, was in a gay party which included Ketti Gallian, another commodity imported from France. The party wound up with M. Gravet and Mlle. Gallian tossing champagne at each other. It was all in a spirit of fun—*pour le sport,* as the Arabians put it—but everyone on this side of the Atlantic knows that the only way to toss champagne is at yourself.

■ ■ ■

Doris Dudley, who amused Broadway last season with her goings-on, is finding it a bit more difficult to stay on the bizarre side in Hollywood, since this town has never been known as a hotbed of normalcy. Playing Katharine Hepburn's daughter in "A Woman Rebels" must have inspired her, though, for she turned up at the Palm Springs opening with a lion cub and a housebroken goat. Now everyone's waiting for Hepburn to show up with Ken Maynard's circus.

■ ■ ■

Last Minute Report on the Taylor-Stanwyck Situation: Bob Taylor told a friend he was not going to see Barbara for a month. All of

Our busy news noser-outer is caught up in a gay whirl of mid-winter Movietown doings

Lookit! Recognize the gal? It's Ginger Rogers out with Bob Taylor! But he called Barbara Stanwyck up the next day!

One of Hollywood's newer couples step out to the Trocadero. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fonda beam happily.

which meant one of two things. Either Mr. T. was trying to find out if it's really love—or he felt a guy in his position shouldn't be linked romantically to any one woman. However, after one evening out with another gal, Bob called the whole thing off and phoned Barbara. A fellow can change his mind, too, you know!

* * *

The Errol Flynn-Lili Damita parting of the ways wasn't too much of a surprise to those who know them, but the subsequent patching-up-of-it-all was. It probably will be an on-again, off-again story. Flynn is the "rugged individual" type who prefers to roam around by himself, while Lili has always been accustomed to a somewhat gayer existence. Sooo . . .

* * *

At the Cafe LaMaze, the day after the Flynn-Damita "separation," Mr. F. was dining with a group of friends when Lili entered. Not being up on Hollywood domestic situations, the headwaiter quietly led her over to the Flynn table. Errol rose and smiled, but Miss Damita exploded, "No! No! Not here!" she exclaimed, leaving Flynn and the headwaiter sort of hanging in mid-air.

* * *

Before "Parnell" went into production, Director John M. Stahl announced that Clark Gable would grow a beard for the occasion. This was quickly followed by Gable's announcement that he wouldn't grow a beard for *any* occasion. Knowing it was a fight to the finish, we visited the set for a round-by-round account. There were beavers galore all over the place, but none on the handsome pan of Gable. They're calling the battle a draw, though, for he compromised on side-burns and a moustache.

* * *

Watched Sonja Henie do one of her fantastically beautiful ice-dances on the set of "One In A Million" out at 20th Century-Fox the other day. "Sonja doesn't get much rest in this picture," said Don Ameche, "but I haven't sat down so much for years." Don's in the ice-skating scenes, and it's the first time he's seen ice outside of a scotch and soda.

Most concrete evidence that Katie Hepburn and Leland Hayward aren't secretly married is the fact that Margaret Sullavan is now Mrs. H. Come to think of it, the marital career of the little Sullavan has been a bit on the fantastic side. When ex-husband Henry Fonda first arrived in Hollywood, Margaret, married to William Wyler, soon started going out with Henry. Following a speedy divorce from William, she stopped going with Henry and spent her evenings with Wyler. Note to Leland Hayward: if you want to be really clubby with your wife, divorce her.

* * *

Arline Judge and her motor glider have parted company. Arline bought the thing to scoot her way from dressing-room to set out at 20th Century-Fox, but she was stopped by a studio cop who asked her for her license. Not having thought of this little item, Arline promised to show up with the papers next day. Well—she couldn't get a bicycle license since the contraption operates under gasoline power. The Bureau of Motor Vehicles said they'd never heard of motor gliders, and the motorcycle boys refused to admit it was any of their business. So now the studio cop has a brand-new motor glider on his hands, and Arline is back on her feet again.

* * *

Arline, incidentally, spends most of her evenings dancing about with Pat De Cicco, who was Thelma Todd's former husband. And Wesley Ruggles has been seen a good deal lately with Louise —remember?—Brooks. Maintaining the Hollywood tradition, however, Arline and Wes always save a dance for each other whenever they're at the same place on the same evening.

* * *

Hollywood is practically robbing "The Cradle" these days. The famous Evanston orphanage has been visited lately by Irene Dunne, who is shopping for a daughter, the Fredric Marches, who are in the market for another son, and Miriam Hopkins, who thinks her adopted child should have a sister. And Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson are so happy over the acquisition of Al, Jr., that they're planning a trip East as soon as possible.

Now it's out—Mary Pickford's officially engaged to Buddy Rogers. Here they are with Buddy's brother. They'll marry very soon.

And their marriage of a year ago is out, too! Paulette Goddard and Charlie Chaplin, look Mister and Missus at a recent premiere.

Over on the "Interlude" set at Columbia, the gang of kids, appearing as extras, are handed a free bit of grand opera every day by none other than Gracie Moore. Grace says she's practicing on them so she'll know how to please her new daughter, who has just arrived from Madrid. Luisita Parera, four-year-old niece of Grace's husband, is the new addition to the Moore-Parera household.

* * *

With Joan Crawford set for the lead in "Parnell" with Clark Gable, she was suddenly switched to "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," which Myrna Loy was to do, and Miss Loy was given the Crawford part in "Parnell." There are those who say Joan preferred the "Last of Mrs. Cheney" role, and there are those who say Director John Stahl preferred not having La Crawford in "Parnell."

* * *

First day on the "Last of Mrs. Cheyney's" set, before she switched her make-up box to "Parnell," Myrna Loy began industriously knitting between every scene. With a mysterious air she brought out pale blue angora which slowly developed into a square. After ten days of this, with the entire company getting curious, Myrna calmly crocheted the squares together into an afghan. An afghan, in case you don't know may be a coverlet for tiny tots, so you can't blame the cast for wondering. Our spies rushed out for the lowdown, and now the truth is out. The afghan is for Myrna's maid, Teresa, who is expecting something to go with it.

* * *

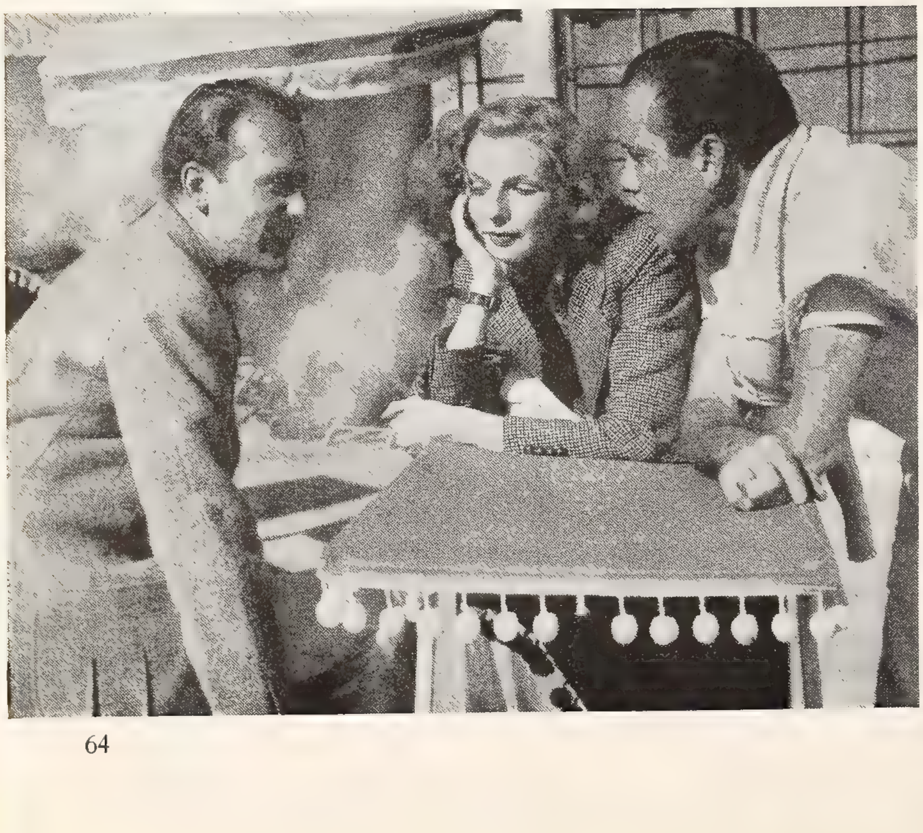
The latest addition to the Hornblow-Loy menage is a new butler. His name is Samuels, and he's been a ship's steward for the past ten years. "This is his first land job," said Myrna. "And he's very good—with everything but soup. His rolling gait works only with jellied consomme."

* * *

When Madeleine Carroll was chosen for the lead in "On the Avenue" she had never met Director Roy Del Ruth, so Alan Mowbray took her aside for a bit of instruction. "He's very deaf," said Alan. "I just wanted you to know." First day on the set Madeleine met Del Ruth. "I think working together will be very pleasant," she screamed. The director was horrified. "What?" he gasped. Madeleine stepped closer, smiled sweetly and raised her voice another notch. "I think we're going to have fun," she yelled. "Don't you?" "We will," said Del Ruth, "as soon as you stop that shouting!" Madeleine is still looking for a guy named Mowbray.

* * *

Francis Lederer is still the handkissingest man in town. On a recent visit to Columbia to see a friend he didn't miss a hand—except that of the janitor who was standing in the doorway watching the Czech charmer's progress.



Ralph Bellamy, Doris Dudley and Humphrey Bogart at the Racquet Club in Palm Springs. Doris is becoming quite a Hepburn with her dizzy pranks.

Here's quite a camera scoop, Muto catches an elusive couple, the Spencer Tracys, as Spence helps his laughing wife with her coat.

George Raft and Virginia Pine, that devoted duo, step out to the "Scandals" opening. George and Virginia hope to marry this year.

Most serious aspect of the recent maritime strike, according to Paramount, was that it prevented Gail Patrick from returning to Hollywood from Honolulu. She was visiting the Maharajah and Maharanee of Indore, and the thing began to look permanent, with Paramount trying to book passage on the China Clipper. The Sailors' Union will be delighted to know that Miss Patrick finally arrived in San Francisco on a Japanese boat and flew immediately to Hollywood, where the Paramount publicity department awaited her with open typewriters.

■ ■ ■

More fun on the "Maytime" set: The day Gene Raymond visited Metro he found Jeanette MacDonald all done up in wrinkles and gray hair. Just in case he should blanch at the sight, the future Mrs. Raymond whipped out a photo of Gene which had been retouched to give him all the earmarks of a gent who had spent the last forty years in a barroom. So they've decided to go through with the ceremony in spite of everything.

■ ■ ■

Simone Simon doesn't get around so much in Hollywood. Perhaps it's due to her statement that "leading men are the easiest to catch of all males. All you need is a pretty face, the ability to flatter and the patience to keep still while he's talking." Them are fighting words, mademoiselle.

■ ■ ■

The lady who gets around and has more boy friends than you can shake a finger at is none other than May Robson. Almost every night she dashes out to a party or to a preview and there's not a male under twelve in her neighborhood who hasn't dug down into the old allowance to shower her with flowers and peanuts. "You don't need a pretty face, affirms this vixen. "In fact, you can even have a soft spot in your head—provided there's one in your heart."

■ ■ ■

Now that Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers have finally declared their intentions, the big question is not "will they be happy?"—it's "what are they going to call Pickfair?" After all, the mansion in Beverly Hills was named for Mary and Doug Fairbanks, and now that there will be a new lord and master there must also be a new name. Pickrog is definitely not good, but how about Buddyfair? Any suggestions?

■ ■ ■

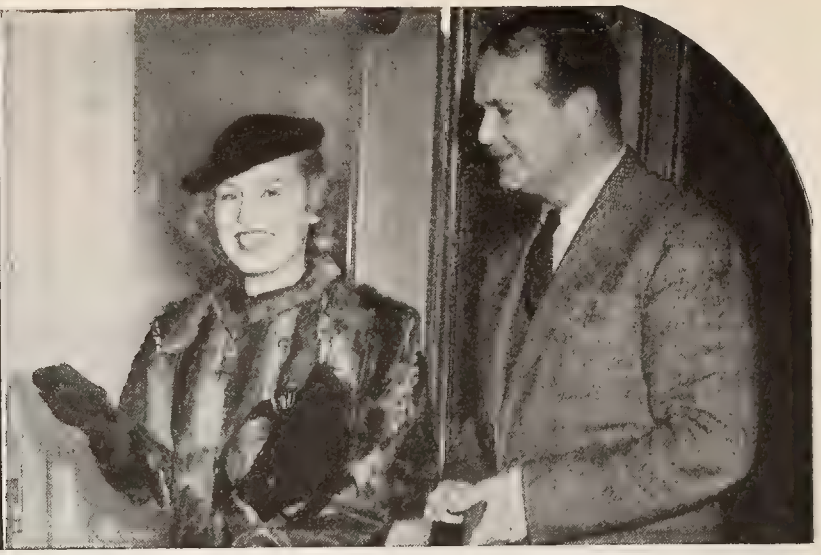
Despite reports in the newspapers, Norma Shearer was not in Palm Springs when the desert resort opened this season. She and her two children were on the Arizona desert, where Norma was recovering from a serious attack of influenza. There's still nothing definite about Norma's screen future.

■ ■ ■

Wandering around the Metro lot, we walked onto the "Maytime" set to watch Jeanette MacDonald emote. It was a boudoir scene,

It was quite a reunion when Mae Clark and James Cagney met again on the first day's shooting on "Great Guy." Both were teamed several years ago.

What goes on? Herbert Marshall takes his wife, Edna Best, to a London show. Wonder what Gloria Swanson thought?



They're always together, but rarely photographed—Madge Evans and Tom Gallery at "Pennies from Heaven" preview.

and Jeanette was to walk out on the balcony and scan the horizon—looking, perhaps, for Nelson Eddy. Director Bob Leonard called for action, and the lovely MacDonald, in silk negligee, swished out to the balcony. But before she did any emoting she suddenly turned around, faced the camera and exclaimed: "Hey! There are a couple of men on my balcony!" Two carpenters, who hadn't heard the director's call, ambled in. "Pardon us," said one of them. "Certainly," said Jeanette. "Drop in any time."

■ ■ ■

Looking over the fancy "Maytime" boudoir, we couldn't remember ever having seen Jeanette MacDonald in a picture that didn't have at least one elaborate bedroom set. So we asked Jeanette if she'd ever done a picture without one. "I made one picture without a bedroom in sight," she said. "And it flopped."

■ ■ ■

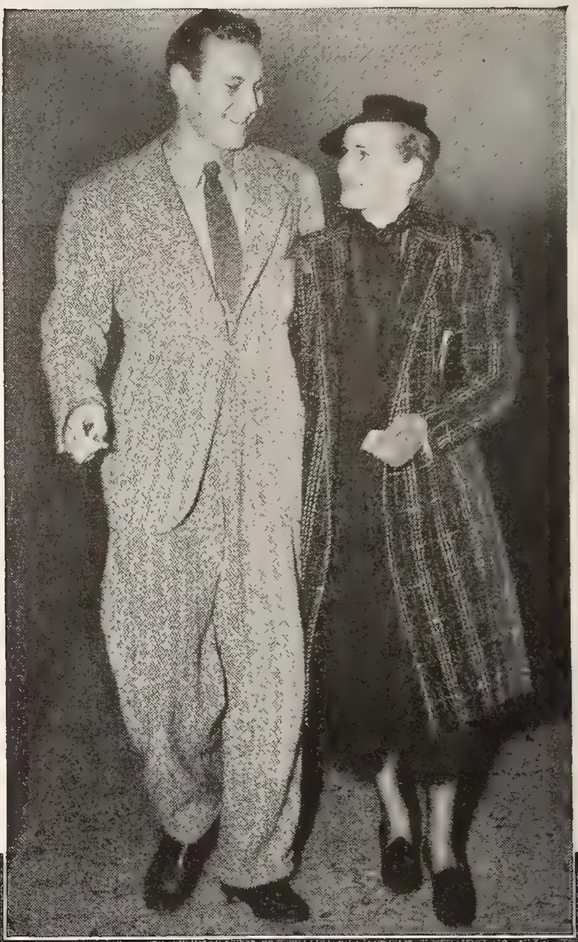
Dolores Del Rio is a sentimental gal. Just to prove it, she has pressed a flower from every bouquet her husband, Cedric Gibbons, has given her. "To always keep some part of the things that bring happiness," she says, "is to always have good luck." Better a split infinitive than a split household, is her motto.

■ ■ ■

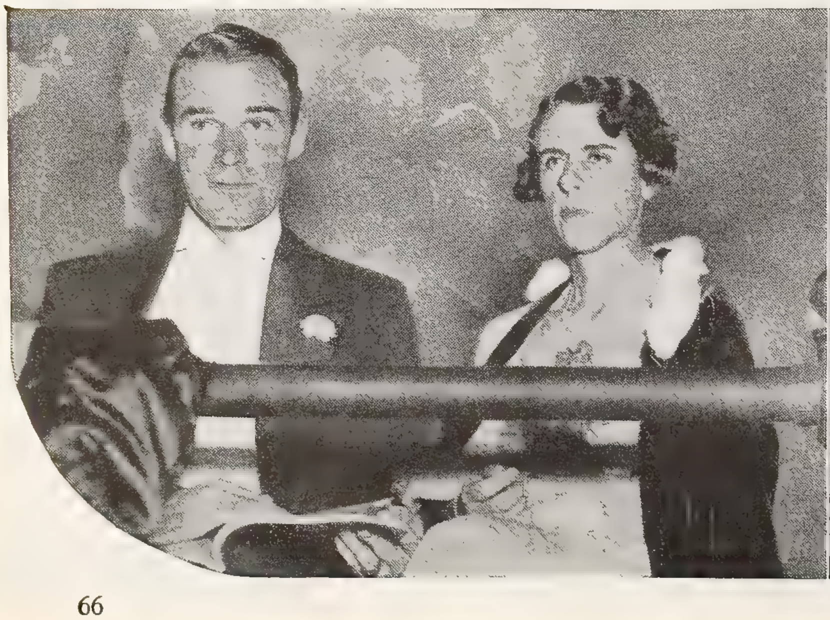
Here's a little quotation from a hard-working Universal studio press agent: "Some actresses knit between scenes during the filming of a motion picture. Others read, study their lines, write letters or sew. But Doris Nolan is different. She whittles! She studied wood carving in school, so she often carves small boats on the set.

(*Continued on page* 128)

Frances Farmer with her good-looking husband, Lief Erickson, see the "Come and Get It" preview—Frances' hit.



Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Scott see the New York horse show.



Lily Pons and Andre Kostelanetz may be wed as you read this.

CHARLES BOYER'S TRUE LIFE STORY

BY GLADYS HALL

A great screen lover reveals intimate facts about his childhood and later rise to stardom

This picture of Charles, taken while he was at the Conservatoire de Drame in Paris, shows the power of the face that was to captivate the audiences of Paris.

"La Bataille" was one of the great Boyer hits on the French stage. He made it as a picture fifteen years later, which was released here as "Thunder in the East."

IN THE small French village of Figeac, in the year 1899, a woman with dark eyes and dark hair sat in her little parlor sewing. She was taking fine economical stitches in tiny garments—fine stitches as only a Frenchwoman can take.

And, as she stitched the diminutive garments, her face was composed, her body quiet—but her spirit was empire-building. For into the sheer batiste she was stitching an "unalterable conviction." A conviction that her son, when he should be born, would be set apart from other men, remote from the ways of his fathers.

As the months drew on her dreams soared and took substance. She saw him, her only son, as a doctor of the Sorbonne. She saw him frock-coated, reading philosophy to pupils. She saw him expounding law to the less enlightened. And always she saw him as far away from the little town of Figeac, as someone honored and set apart.

That he would be exceptional, she knew. This was her unalterable conviction.

Of the way in which he would be exceptional she never dreamed.

And so on the 8th of August, 1899, to Louise Boyer, née Durand, and to Maurice Boyer, a son was born. He was christened Charles.

His mother's first words when she gazed on him were, "His eyes are like his father's—and yet they are not like his father's—not like anyone's, *pas du tout!*"

Small wonder that the young mother of the infant Charles did not suspect the path her son's feet would travel. For there is not one drop of theatrical blood in the Boyer ancestry. He is, emphatically, what biologists call a "sport."

The father of Charles was a respected business man in the town of Figeac, as his father and his father's father had been before him. For centuries, indeed, the good bourgeois family of Boyer had plied their trade thriftily by manufacturing harvesting machines, threshing machines, silos and other farm equipment. The Boyers had served their country well. They had married, raised families and grown old in the well-trod paths. Nothing exotic, no departure from sturdy tradition had ever occurred in the family—until that morning of August 8th when the little boy was born with dark eyes so compellingly "different" that even his mother cried out that they were the eyes of a "stranger."

They would have felt disgraced, those early Boyers, if a son or daughter of theirs had followed the frivolous calling of the stage. That was another world to them. One with which they had no traffic.

But the mother of Charles had dreamed, not as other women. She had been "visited" by her strange conviction. And when she looked into the even-then mysterious face of her small son she again was overcome with the certainty that this boy was not as other boys.

Certainly, the small Charles took his first steps in a world completely divorced from anything theatrical. His baby ears were attuned from birth, not to the grandiloquent words of mummers, but to the whir of machinery coming from the small industrious factory next door. For Boyer *père* had installed his factory in one side of a comfortable double house in Figeac, and his family in the other half of it. Small Charles grew up with the hum and throb of machinery in his ears, with the sight of men in overalls. A life and a people far removed from the exoticism of the life the boy was destined to lead.

Louise Durand, as she watched her son's first steps, marvelled at his prodigious memory. For at the age of two he knew the names of all of his father's apprentices and the names of all the farm implements manufactured. Here, indeed, was not "just another

Doesn't Boyer appear Mussolini-like in this pose from a French film made in 1932, "I.F.I. Does Not Answer"?

L'ALLIANCE CINEMATOGRAPHIQUE EUROPEENNE
PRÉSENTE
LILIAN HARVEY et CHARLES BOYER
DANS
MOI ET L'IMPÉRATRICE
ÉDITION

When Lilian Harvey and Boyer made the French film, "Moi et L'Impératrice," they didn't dream that Charles would succeed in Hollywood and Lilian fail.

Boyer must have chilled his Paris fans with this fierce look in the play, "Thousand and One Nights."

Boyer"—but one whom the whole world would know by name and fame.

BUT AS Louise Durand dreamed her brilliant dreams, Boyer *père* thought only, with solid satisfaction, that at last he had a son who would carry on the business when he was gone. The fair fields of France still would be reaped and sown by machinery bearing the Boyer name.

"For the first ten years of my life," Charles told me, in his quiet, unostentatious way, as we sat together in the pine-panelled library of his Hollywood home, "I was a most naughty little boy—spoiled and petted. Then I changed suddenly but most completely. Before that change came, however, the change which divided my life as a chasm divides the land, I got into every kind of mischief available. And when none was available I invented some. I was never 'like the Boyers.' I took no interest in the factory, other than to memorize the names of the employees and the machinery. I took no interest at all in thriftily depositing my francs and centimes in my small bank. I am sure that my good father must have deplored, a little uneasily, this changeling in his home. But my mother smiled her secret smile (that smile which Charles has inherited) and was convinced that a new intellectual light had been born into the world. And because she so believed, she humored me and always 'spared the rod.'

"I did all of the things naughty little boys have done and will do so long as little boys play hob with the world. I broke the neighbors' windows. I arrogantly was unmoved when my father remonstrated with me, told me that no Boyer had ever 'destroyed good property.' I pulled the black curls of all the little Toinettes in the town. Some little girl was forever running home crying that 'Charles hurt me!'

Two future American raves! Boyer and Merle Oberon in the picture, "Thunder in the East."

Bet you don't remember that Charles played the chauffeur in Jean Harlow's picture, "Red Headed Woman!" Here they are.

"I was teacher's pet and her despair at one and the same time. She couldn't, she said, 'understand me.' I was rather good at all the studies I cared about—Latin, all of the languages, in fact; history and geography. I liked anything which I could dramatize, with myself as the central figure. And I could dramatize history and geography. While studying the latter, I would imagine myself scaling the Matterhorn, exploring the mighty Amazon, riding the western prairies of America. I always saw myself as one or another of the great figures in history. I would go home one afternoon and pretend to be Attila conquering the Huns—my playmates, God help them, were the Huns! Another day I would be one of the Louis', clad in some satin breeches of a departed Boyer, my face and hair whitened with my mother's talcum powder. But about the studies which bored me I was obstinate. I said that I would not bother with things I could not use. I have not changed in this.

"And," said Charles, with that enchanting smile of his, half mockery, half earnestness, "I *was always in love*. From my earliest recollection I was in love with one small Mademoiselle or another. In this respect I did change later. As we shall see. In Figeac, you know, as in all small French towns, boys and girls do not go to school together. Therefore, from the beginning, girls were more of a mystery to me than they are to American schoolboys. They were forbidden fruit. We did not meet them as competitors in the classrooms. We had no rough and tumble play with them on school playgrounds. We were segregated.

"Consequently, I was greatly intrigued with these mystical creatures. They were created, I thought, solely to be fallen in love with. And I obeyed that unwritten law of life.

"I learned early to connive for rendezvous. I became very adept at passing notes to the object of my affections, when I passed her on the street. I always managed to make friends with the brother of some especially enchanting little Mam'selle and then he was pressed into service as a go-between—delivering notes for me, small sticky packages of sweets and other tokens of affection.

"I spent all of my allowances on these ruffled enchantresses," smiled Charles. "I may be said to have 'sown my wild oats' around the age of six!

"But it was a state of being in love, more than anything else. For now, today, the faces of all those little girls are blurred to me—they have become a composite, lovely but without individuality. When I now return to Figeac and meet this or that lady of my own age, I look at her and wonder, were *you* one of them . . . ?"

FROM THE beginning Charles was possessed of a most amazing memory. At the age of three he took to reciting, word for word, "The Passion," a difficult and complicated religious writing from the Bible. He began, very early, to shine in school theatricals. At the age of eight he was giving one-man concerts. At the age of nine he was playing such parts as "Cyrano de Bergerac" and other tremendous roles. Shakespeare ran off his tongue as fluently as nursery rhymes from the lips of other children.

He said to me, "I had no self-consciousness whatsoever. I was inclined to be shy in 'private life,'

In 1932, Boyer made one of his biggest stage hits in "Le Bonheur" with the French star, Yvonne Printemps.

Here is another scene from the picture, "I.F.I. Does Not Answer." Damite Carola is the heart interest.

so to speak. I still am. But on the stage, facing an audience, I felt far more natural and at ease than at any other time or place. I never experienced stage fright. I think this was because I really became the character I was playing. I forgot that I was Charles Boyer, aged eight or nine, and believed, with all my heart, that I was Cyrano, Lysander, any character I was playing. I still believe sincerely that I am the character I play. From infancy the stage was my real life, the veritable substance—and all of the rest was shadow.

"I had other, regular-boy interests, of course. I played a game similar to your American football. We call it 'Association.' I played marbles, skated, climbed trees and went to picnics. And I read omniverously. I spent hours in the little town library poring over the books of the Comtesse de Segur—we called them 'The Pink Books'—and there were dozens of them. They were immensely popular adventure stories similar, I should think, to your Alger and Henty books for boys."

Charles' dark-eyed mother would tell you that her exceptional son was called "The Town Prodigy." She would tell you that when he was scheduled to appear in a concert or a school play the citizenry of Figeac turned out, *en masse*.

And strangely, to no one did it occur that a star of stage and screen was rising in their midst. The cinema, Charles told me, was a sketchy and unimportant form of entertainment when he was a boy in France. There were no such things as French "fans." He recalls now having seen Pearl White in a serial called "The Mystery of New York" or something like that. He later recalls having seen Harold Lloyd in early comedies, when Harold was known simply as "Him" or, in French, "*Lui*."

No, Louise Durand simply believed that her son's remarkable memory and precocious command of audiences meant that he was indeed predestined to become a doctor of the Sorbonne, an eminent philosopher, with the wisdom of the ages and the ancients rolling off his tongue. She would have laughed heartily—though perhaps with tears in her eyes—if anyone had then predicted that he would become an actor. But no one did.

"When I was nine," Charles Boyer told me, "my father died. His passing marked the change, the chasm which divided my life. For I had to become, overnight, the head of my house. I remember being stunned and spending a night crying bitterly into my pillow. Death had touched me. And one is never quite the same thereafter.

"I also remember being struck with a lightning flash of thought. Now I shall never have to enter the factory. Now I shall be—*an actor!*' I realized in a dim, immature way that the truth of my whole being had been revealed to me. I felt rather ashamed of the wave of pure delight that poured through my veins.

"My life did not change substantially, however, at that time. My mother always had been the dominant factor in my small world. There had been, there still is a strong and sympathetic bond between us. We have been good friends. And so, with the death of my father, we became even closer. Upon the advice of friends, my mother sold the factory, rented that half of the house and we continued to live in the other half as theretofore.

Marriage had never entered Boyer's head until the night in Hollywood when he met Pat Paterson at a party. They were engaged within two weeks, married in two months!

My mother always says that she sold the factory because she was advised to do so. But I, who know her, suspect that she would have sold it, advice or not, so that there could be no question of my ever having to take it over.

"It was from this time forth that I ceased being mischievous. I did not realize it then, but when my father died the little Boyer boy died, too. I took my studies more seriously. I had put my life ambition into definite words the night of my father's death. I knew what I must be, what I must do. I felt the clay of my life-work in my hands and I was eager to be about the business of shaping it.

"I was twelve when I first announced to my mother that I intended to become an actor.

"It was," said Charles, with a low laugh, but his eyes grave, "the most momentous moment of my life up to that time. I knew full well how portentous an occasion it was. I had the full realization of what I was about to do to my mother. I knew on what a vital spot the blow would fall. I had the feeling that I was about to take my mother's deepest and dearest dream and crash it to the floor.

"I remember so perfectly the little twilit parlor and the way my mother looked as she sat there, serene, in her high-backed chair by the window, a bit of sewing in her hands. She invariably spent the last daylight hours in this fashion, dreaming, no doubt, about *my* future which I was about to murder before her eyes. Her face turned toward me with that eager, expectant, proud smile it always wore when she greeted me.

BUT HER great composure never wavered, her steady hands continued their task as I said, 'Mother—when I grow up I intend to become an actor. That is my life and I must have it.'

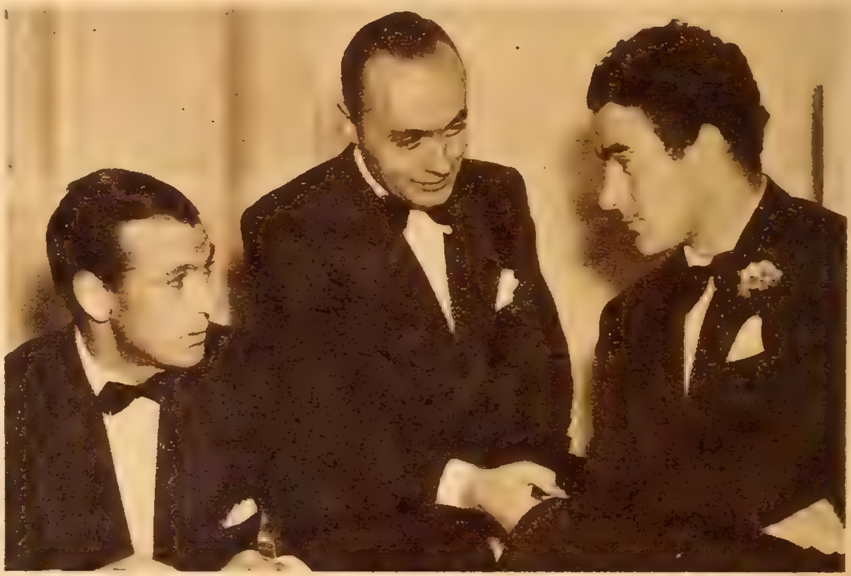
" 'You are too young,' my mother said, apparently without agitation, though I could perceive the beating of her heart under the lace fichu she wore, 'too young to know your own life as yet, *mon fils!*'

" 'No!' I cried out, 'no, I am not. I have never been too young to know this, I have always known it. It came into my mind, in words, the night my father died. But even before then, I knew. You see, I have had this conviction. . . .'

"There must have been something strange to my mother in hearing me use the word 'conviction.' She understood so well what I meant, how it was with me. For she, too, had been belabored by a conviction which never had wavered since I was born.

"But she was a very firm woman. She could not relinquish so easily her heart's desire. No, not even to give me mine. And I think she must have felt, subconsciously, for she was wiser than she knew, that what I wanted I would have—if I wanted it deeply enough. She knew that, if my purpose were sincere and passionate enough, opposition would but strengthen that purpose, delay but intensify it.

"And so she commanded me to continue with my



And here is the Americanized Charles Boyer as he is today. Gary Cooper, Boyer and Gilbert Roland at a recent social affair.

studies, as we had planned, to enter the Sorbonne and to obtain my License of Philosophy. Then she said, and only then, would I be free to answer any calling I might choose. If the theatre still seemed to me to be my 'life' she would offer no further opposition. By the slight smile playing about her mouth I gathered that she still saw me, in her mind's eye, as frock-coated and covered with scholastic dignities. She could not easily replace that image with a grease-painted actor from an alien world.

"And so we made the pact between us. I returned to school—and to romance—again.

"For at just about this time I had had my first really memorable romance. At least, memorable in so far as I remembered the face, the form, the name of the young lady who captured my heart. She was, I think, my first love worthy of the name. She was a young woman who had come from Paris to teach our class in philosophy. She was tall, blonde and very beautiful. And she was deliciously dignified. If ever she was conscious of my burning glances, of the impassioned tone of voice in which I managed to deliver the cold, abstract theses of philosophy, she gave no slightest indication.

"I became desperate. How to reach her cool heart? How to make her *know?*

"At last I devised the brilliant scheme of writing my love for her into the themes I had to compose and she to correct. I realized that I might be accounted a failure in my course if I did not stick to my subject matter. No matter. I felt, feverishly, that to fail for love would be a glorious defeat. And so, instead of the erudite and dispassionate analyses of the subject matter allotted me, I wrote fiery panegyrics to her eyes, her hair, her lips, her hands, even, I think, her *feet*—odes to love, to love tinged with fatality, to unrequited love.

"One day, as class was about to be dismissed, she called my name. She asked me to remain after the others had gone. To remain—alone with her. She wanted, she said, to talk to me. I can see her still, as I saw her then, golden and seeming to swim before my widened eyes in a radiant haze. I am afraid that I can see myself, too, casting a slightly oblique glance of triumph upon my fellow classmen, who were all, like myself, in love with her but who had not conceived my ingenious scheme of declaring their love. I assumed, I am afraid, the nonchalant swagger of conquest.

"And then I was alone with her—standing there by her desk, my hands and feet slightly chilled, my heart hammering as I considered the now somewhat terrifying prospect of clasping her to my adolescent breast. I began to feel a little sick.

"She said, in her grave sweet voice, just tinged with a gentle amusement, 'Charles, one day you will be a very charming man, possibly you even may be a very great lover. But that day has not yet come. Why don't you wait for it?'

"Somehow, with those cool, kind words, she brought me to. She made me conscious of myself as a half-grown boy, rather ridiculous, rather more funny than tragic, certainly not devastating at all. And I had the actor's quick repulsion for a role he doesn't fit, for a part in which he cannot cut an impressive figure.

"I can't quite remember how I got out of that classroom. Maybe it is just as well! I think she took my hand and pressed it, very kindly. I think I muttered something about 'understanding,' about being 'grateful'—and then I was out of the room. That was my first 'big love scene'!

"She advised me to grow up. She did not realize, I think, that in those few moments I had grown up. A man walked out of that schoolroom. The boy must still be there, somewhere about.

"I GRADUATED from school in Figeac," Charles continued, "and I entered the Sorbonne at the age of eighteen. Few words passed between my mother and myself as to my future plans. She had said what she had to say, and so had I. Neither of us is given to talking for the sake of it.

"I lived, while at the Sorbonne, in a Paris pension. I was not free in the sense of which one thinks of a young student alone in Paris being. The life the young student leads all depends upon his family. If a boy's people place him, as I was placed, in a pension, with orders that he is to behave thus and so, to go out so many evenings a week and return at stated hours, he must behave accordingly. I did. I saw very little of the gay night life of the city. I had no romantic adventures. I went every night I was free to the theatre. I made two friends in those days who still are my good friends. One is Pierre

Boyer in a scene from "The Garden of Allah." The dog, Bous-Bous, and he became fast friends during the picture's shooting.

Blancher, who played in the French picturization of 'Crime and Punishment'—the other was Phillip Heriat, once an actor, now a novelist.

"All three of us were consumed with a passion for the theatre. And it was by unanimous agreement that we went, every night off, to one theatre after another. We were all disciples of Lucien Guitry, who was then and remains still, though dead, the finest actor who ever lived. I learned more from watching him than from any other one individual. He was never Lucien Guitry. And that is what I hope and pray my professional epitaph will one day be —'He was never Charles Boyer.' Guitry ran the gamut from sombre realism to light comedy. He could hold an audience spellbound for long minutes, without saying a word, just with the gestures of his hand. I saw him fifteen times in one month, I remember. We saw all of the best plays, not once but many times. We spent hours at sidewalk cafes, or wandering about the streets of Montparnasse, or in my tiny room at the pension, always criticizing and admiring the theatre.

"We were the Three Musketeers of Mummery. We frequented the Left Bank, the Rue de la Paix, the Champs Elysées, and watched people, all kinds of people. We observed their mannerisms, their gestures, their facial expressions. We tried our observations out on one another. We attended parties, clinics, funerals, the races and concerts, always watching closely the reactions of different people at these so-different times. We tried to know as

The charm of Boyer's personality is indefinable, but a clipping from the French press read thusly . . . "He carries one away like a cork on an avalanche."

He disliked his first American picture, "Caravan," above, with Jean Parker and Loretta Young.

On the other hand, "Private Worlds," with Claudette Colbert, was exactly to his liking.

many diverse types as we could. We talked to them and probed them, trying to discover how they would react to this situation or that, to this emotion or that. And just how they would manifest their reactions.

"In all my later life in Paris, even today, I go about with very few actors. My friends are almost all doctors, lawyers, authors, scientists, scholars. The actor must draw his material from every walk of life. His horizon should not be limited to his fellow professionals.

"And then in the daytime, of course, I attended all of the necessary lectures at the Sorbonne, working hard for my License of Philosophy. I knew, as I had always known, that I would never become a teacher, a diplomat or any of the callings for which the License might qualify me. But I also knew that I must keep my pact with my mother. I had to have that bit of paper as a passport to the theatre."

There were not, Charles told me definitely, any romances worth mentioning in those student days. If there were any, he has forgotten them. All of his ardors, his emotions were given entirely to that one mistress, the theatre.

A criticism from a French magazine says, "Women succumb to his great charm, his powerful personality, without being able to help themselves. He leaves them stunned and astonished, yet with all that he is superbly modest. . . ."

The French critic was correct. For despite his fascination for women his life has been singularly free of romances. He is not the "professional charmer" in private life. He has no tricks. If he leaves women stunned and astonished, he also leaves them—alone! He is superbly modest. He is simple, gracious and kind. He is intelligent, even intellectual. But he does not kiss your hand or ogle.

The course at the Sorbonne was finished. The worthy doctors presented young Boyer with his License. His mother arrived in Paris. And when she had come he said, "I have fulfilled my part of our bargain. The theatre is still my life—*all of it*. Have I now the right to live it?"

AND MADAME BOYER, with her cherished dream receding forever, bade it farewell without a backward glance. She gave her son his "life" again as she had given it to him once before.

"My mother then returned to Figeac for a time," Charles told me. "I entered the Conservatoire de Drame in Paris. I was refused once—accepted the second time. Pierre was there with me. At the end of my first year, I won the second prize. During my second year the play, 'Les Jardins de Murci,' was revived. M. Gemier was directing. It was not according to the rules of the Conservatoire for a student to take part in a professional production. But now and again such a thing was overlooked. Here was where my inherited gift of memory served me well. For at the last moment the leading man of 'Les Jardins' fell ill. No one was available to M. Gemier to take his place. No one who could learn the script by the following night. But *I* could learn it, I said. And did. And that was my first appearance, professionally. I appeared, perforce, under another name. At the close of our second year at the Conservatoire, Pierre and I tendered our resignations and made our debut together in 'La Dolores.'

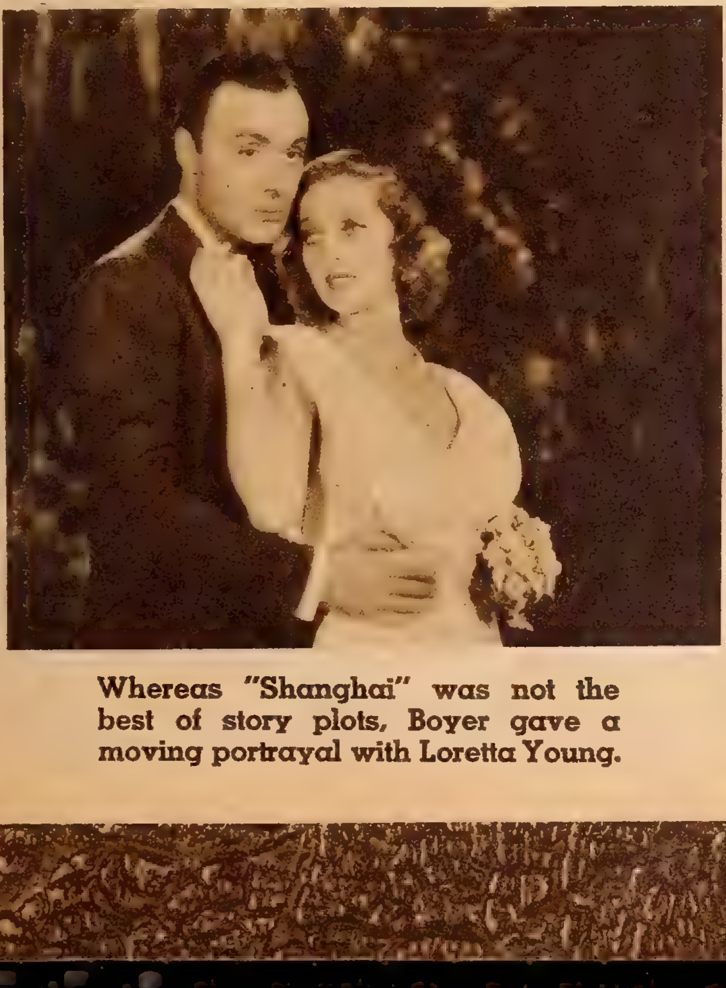
"From then on, luck was with me. My mother came to Paris and we took, at first, an apartment together. A short time thereafter she married again. For which I was very glad. She had been widowed at the age of twenty-seven. She had remained so for a very long time. My stepfather was an old family friend of whom I was very fond. I did all in my power to further the match. After her marriage my mother had a menage of her own and I took an apartment by myself, which I kept up to the time of my own marriage.

"I was what you may call 'on my way.' I felt that luck was mine. I felt that I belonged only to the theatre and that love was unnecessary. I was to live without luck and to find myself the victim, so willing, of love at first sight.

"Coming events had not yet cast their shadows behind. . . ."

AS THE young Charles Boyer had felt, from infancy, that he belonged to the theatre, so the theatre felt that it belonged to him. And opened wide its arms. One success led to another. The plays he did following his debut in "La Dolores" would make a laborious listing.

He never knew the experience of sitting hungry on a park bench. He never endured the hardship of wearing out shoe leather trekking from one manager's office to another. He never heard the dreary, repetitious words, so sadly familiar to so many of



Whereas "Shanghai" was not the best of story plots, Boyer gave a moving portrayal with Loretta Young.

Katharine Hepburn secured Charles for "Break of Hearts" and here they are with John Beal at the piano.

Only a fraction of the moving beauty of "The Garden of Allah" can be gathered from these production shots. Done in Technicolor, it hits a new high in pictorial and dramatic effects. Below first row left to right, you see two scenes with Boyer and Marlene Dietrich. And in the second row, the two stars on the desert. The next picture is a scene between Tilly Losch and Boyer. On the opposite page are three more scenes with Dietrich and Boyer, which show the tense and poignant love story which made the book so popular and which has made the picture unforgettable. Certainly no two people could more romantically portray Domini Enfilden and Boris Androvsky.

his brethren, "Leave your name and address and if anything comes up . . ."

Play after play, success after success "came up" for Charles Boyer. And as his success pyramided, impassioned panegyrics began to inflame the French press, ordinarily so much more conservative than ours. ". . . he always has a 104° temperature" . . . "a great artist, as radiant as radium," . . . "he is like a powerful undercurrent carrying everything in its path . . ." "his eyes are deep and keen and brilliant with strange lights" . . . "he carries one away like a cork on an avalanche" . . .

These are exact quotations. And Charles Boyer laughed at them. He said, "Perhaps I missed something of value in missing early defeat and discouragement. For we are told that suffering and struggle enrich and enhance. But I think I did my suffering and struggling in other ways. I did not take success as ultimate achievement. I do not now. I suffer always for fear that I will not achieve the perfection I crave. I sacrificed everything to the theatre.

"If it be true that a man may achieve anything he desires so long as he desires it keenly enough—then I succeeded. For it was *all* I desired. I had no life at all apart from my life in the theatre. I had no youth of my own—but only the youths of the young characters I played.

"It was for this reason—my single-hearted love of my work—that I swore never to marry. I felt that marriage would be impossible for me and unfair to any woman. The theatre, a wife and I could not run harmoniously in triple harness.

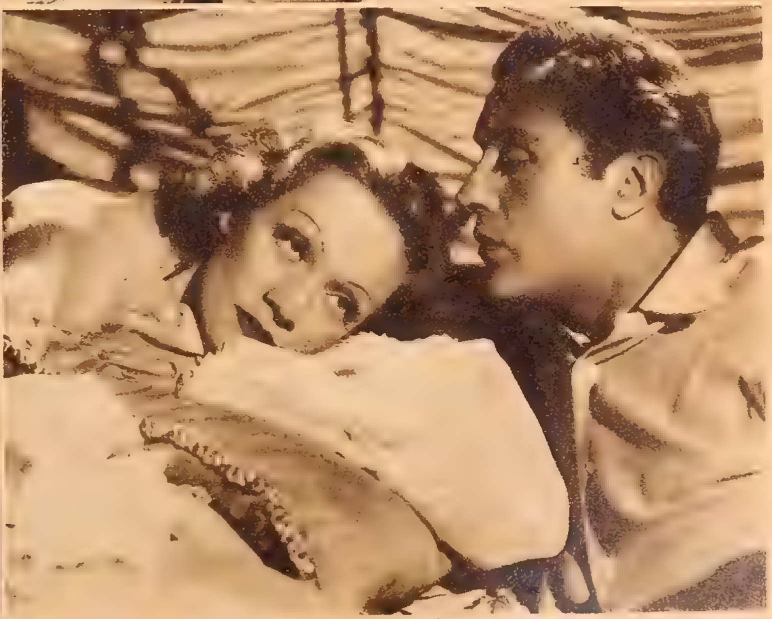
"And I did have, unquestionably, great good luck in those years. Perhaps the greatest luck of all was in coming to know intimately Henri Bernstein, the great playwright and author. For eight years I played all of his new plays—which meant, actually, four plays in eight years, so long was the run of each.

"I played, by the way, 'La Bataille' on the stage—and fifteen years later made the same play for the screen under the title of 'Thunder in the East.' The play was the same. The parts I played were not. For on the stage the director played the part I later did in the film.

"I made, but very disinterestedly, a few silent films in Paris. 'L'homme du Large,' 'Chantelouve,' 'La Ronde Infernale' and a few others. I had no premonition whatever that I should ever become a 'movie actor.' I would have laughed the idea off as improbable and preposterous.

"I made a tour of Egypt, Turkey, Rumania and Belgium, in repertoire. No, I am sorry . . ." Mr. Boyer gave me his kindest smile, when I murmured something hopeful about possible romances under the oblique eyes of the Sphinx or along the fabulous Nile, "sorry to be such very bad copy. But, if this is to be the story of my life, let us make it the true one, without fiction. I was far too preoccupied on that tour for any dalliance. I had too many roles to learn. I lived all of the time in those roles—you see, the story of my life is actually the story of a theatre life, little else.

"I cannot recall that I fell in love, even once, in all those years. Not really, not memorably. And if



Charles and his wife, Pat Paterson, are very congenial. They live six months in Hollywood and six months in their Paris apartment.

a love does not leave so much as a memory behind, surely it is not worthy of the name. Such passing fancies as I may have had—*passed*. They were but ripples on the surface of my deep absorption in my work. I said, indeed, that I *couldn't* fall in love, that for me love was not possible. Because, I thought, there is no such thing as love at first sight and that is the only way it could ever happen to me. I would never have time for love to develop and grow, slowly.

"WE WERE not without temptations on the Paris stage," Boyer admitted, in the slightly embarrassed way in which he speaks of personal matters. "I believe that a man on the stage—in Paris, at any rate—has an even more ardent following than a man on the screen in America. The fans are not so numerous, of course, but individually they are more intense. The substance is always more potent than the shadow.

"I can recall, if it will help you, one or two rather amusing incidents," and the dark brows raised amusedly. "There was a young lady who wrote to me for many months. She pleaded for a rendezvous. I did not reply. One day she wrote again, more urgently than before. She suggested that if I would agree to meet her after the matinee, I should wear a white carnation in my lapel and make a slight bow to the left as the last curtain fell. Some three or four other men were in that play with me. I admitted them to the plot. Which was that, as the curtain fell, we should all four of us be wearing a white carnation in our buttonholes and all four make a slight bow to the left. We did. I hope the young lady had a sense of humor. A sense of humor is a healthy thing.

"There was another girl who wrote me daily letters over a long period of time—years. In each envelope there would be two letters. One was from her to me. The other purported to be from me to her. She wrote, in my name, ideas, dreams, plans, thoughts. She endeavored to prove to me thus that she understood me as well if not better than I understood myself. It rather worried me, that strange dual correspondence. Because, though definitely pathological, it was also intelligent and sensitive. One day the letters ceased and never came again. Yes, I have wondered . . .

"I met one of the fans occasionally for tea or for a cocktail. The meetings never developed into anything—not even friendship. The fan interest, you see, is predicated on curiosity. It masquerades under many names—love, passion, friendship—but it is essentially curiosity, rootless and transitory.

"The actor should never become the man.

"And so I speak the simple truth when I stress the lack of any real romance in my life during those busy years.

"Well, then, to resume—I returned to Paris after the tour to find that talkies had come to motion pictures. I was asked to make a picture in Germany for Ufa. I hesitated. I felt that I photographed badly. I loved the stage too well to take the cinema seriously. I did not believe that I ever would like it. However, here was something new. I felt that with the advent of talkies something tremendously significant had occurred in the world of entertainment. Something that might well be mortally wounding to the theatre. One must grow, though the pains be severe. I made the picture for Ufa.

Any day he's not at the studio, you can find Charles in his study, where he finds great relaxation in both writing and reading.

"Shortly after the Ufa picture, M-G-M asked me to come to Hollywood to make French versions for them. There followed, then, a period in my life I would like to forget. A period given over to signing contracts and in asking to be released from them. A time when Luck seemed to have deserted one of her favorite sons. I was very unhappy and it was my first experience with unhappiness. I felt that at the fork of the road I had taken the wrong turning.

"I came to Hollywood. I did not like it. The one bright spot in my life here at that time was my friendship with Maurice Chevalier. I had met Maurice in Paris several years before, at an evening party. We had admired one another. But it was not until we were in Hollywood, two Frenchmen

Although a native Frenchman, and his wife an Englishwoman, Charles is a great convert to California. His fine, new home overlooks Hollywood Boulevard and here he is in his pine-paneled library.

alone, that we really became intimate friends. We played golf together. We dined and talked and were homesick together. I miss Maurice now. I do not know whether he will ever come back to Hollywood or not. He loves the life of Paris. He loves his villa at Cannes. He is having such great success over there. Perhaps, in a year or two. He should come back, for there is no one to take his place. That cannot be said of everybody. He is unique and without a counterpart in the world of entertainers." Both of our glances wandered to the large framed photograph of Chevalier which, with a portrait of Charles' mother, one of Pat Paterson Boyer and one of Charles himself, are the only photographs in the library.

The Boyer home in Hollywood boasts a playroom, and this impressive bar!

"I made the French version of 'The Big House,'" Boyer went on, "and the French version of 'The Trial of Mary Dugan.' I had, also, made several talkies in France by that time. Of which 'Liliom' was the only one to be released in this country. Shortly, it became obvious to producers that French versions were costing too much money; that they could take care of their French market by means of sub-titles. So they decided to abandon French versions. They had me under contract. I could not speak a word of English. What to do with me? I was not used to having people wonder what to do with me. I was miserable. My friends all urged me to learn the language. Especially Ruth Chatterton, who assured me that I would succeed enormously if I could but *talk*. I didn't think so. But here I was. I did not know how to handle failure, what to do with the thing. I learned a little English. And I was cast in 'The Magnificent Lie,' with Ruth Chatterton, in 'The Man from Yesterday' and in 'Red-Headed Woman.' All very small parts and all *mis*cast rather than cast, so far as I was concerned. I knew that if I continued in this way I would be hurt in Paris. My reputation there would be tarnished by the poor one I was building up here. I asked for my release and got it. I flew away.

WHEN I returned to Paris I did, however, take up the study of English seriously. I did more plays. I made, soon, the film version of 'Thunder in the East.' Then Fox Films cabled for me to come back to Hollywood and make 'Caravan.' I can explain my return only by admitting that my previous failure rankled. It was an unhappy and an unlaid ghost and it haunted me. I returned and made 'Caravan.' Which was ridiculous for me. I am not the type to wear black curls and play mad music in the moonlight. I felt a fool. And again I was

Right, the Boyers step out for a gala evening party. Pat makes pictures with the same studio as her husband so that they need not be apart.

Hollywood and even Maurice Chevalier, Boyer's closest friend, were amazed to hear that he had eloped to Yuma with English Pat Paterson.

unhappy. Again I asked for my release and got it. That would have been the end of Hollywood for me and of me for Hollywood if I had not chanced, before I left, to meet Walter Wanger. And that meeting is why I am here on the screen today. For it was Wanger who induced me to make 'Private Worlds.' Which I always shall consider my first real motion picture. The others were all steps, or rather missteps, very faulty, very fumbling. They were errors of judgment on my part as well as on the parts of others.

"For the first time, after my meeting with Wanger, I was happy again in my work. I had met a man who understood me, who knew what I should do and could do. I would not leave him now for double what any other producer could or would offer me.

"And I met Pat. Love at first sight happened to me.

"I caught one glimpse of her face and all of my theories and prejudices were blown away, as so many dried leaves left over from a long-ago autumn.

"That love at first sight should happen to *me*," Charles Boyer said, with a self-mocking smile, "was Life's most delicious revenge on a self-opinionated fool. How often I had mocked and been amused by the idea! I had said that it was a charming fancy for poets and adolescents and for the emotionally unstable. I had never taken the professed 'grand passions' of my fans seriously because I had not believed that the sight of a face, the sound of a voice could awaken the profound emotion of love. I was wrong. I learned, in the tick of a clock, *how* wrong.

"For I saw Pat. And, instantaneously, I knew that I was in love. Not the shadow of a doubt passed over that sure knowledge. This was love. And I was a lover . . .

"I had accepted an invitation to dine at the home of Robert Kain. It was a casual invitation, casually accepted. I did not know who the other

Proudly the two women, who have been most important in Charles Boyer's life, attended the premiere of "The Garden of Allah" with him. Charles with his mother and his wife, Pat Paterson.

guests were to be. Even if I had known it would have made no difference to me. For I had never seen Pat on the screen and she had never seen me—not even our shadows had crossed before that night. I had not dressed and I arrived rather late. The small group of guests were gathered in the living-room finishing their cocktails when I arrived. I stood on the threshold of my Fate—and didn't know it.

"When I entered the room, I saw her. We were two strangers meeting. But with one glance we were strangers no longer. Within two weeks we were engaged, within three months we were married!

"The marriage was as sudden, as unpremeditated as the falling in love. We were going, the night of our marriage, to see 'Queen Christina' at the Chinese Theatre. When we reached the theatre, there were no seats. We stood in the lobby (on the footprints of Chevalier!) and thought what we might do as an alternative. I looked at her. I said, 'Let's be married—now!' We flew to Yuma and within the hour we were married.

"When the news broke, no one believed it. Chevalier discredited the report." (I knew how thoroughly Chevalier had discredited the report, for I had chanced to lunch with him a couple of days after that sudden marriage. And Chevalier had said to me, "I couldn't believe it of Charles. Why, he could have had any woman in France. Women were mad over him, but he was never intrigued. Anything can happen to anyone if this has happened to Charles!")

"My mother," Charles was saying, "was alarmed. She felt that I, being I, had made a mistake. She feared for both of us. But this summer when Pat and I went to France they met and now my mother loves Pat, too, understands. She understands that this, miraculously, is right for me. They found that they had much in common. They were congenial and happy together. Pat learned to speak very good French and all was very well.

PAT GAVE up her contract soon after our marriage so that she would be free to go to France with me when I must go. Recently she, too, has signed with Wanger. I am glad for that. I am in favor of her working. Idleness is bad for pretty women—they get into mischief," smiled Charles. "And so, until we have a family, I believe that some work is good for her.

"Well, after I was married, I returned to Paris and made 'Mayerling.' It was directed by Litvak, a Russian. So good and great a director is he that I have influenced Wanger to bring him over here and the American public will know more of him soon.

"I shall work here six months and six months in Paris," Charles was saying, "for the present, at least.

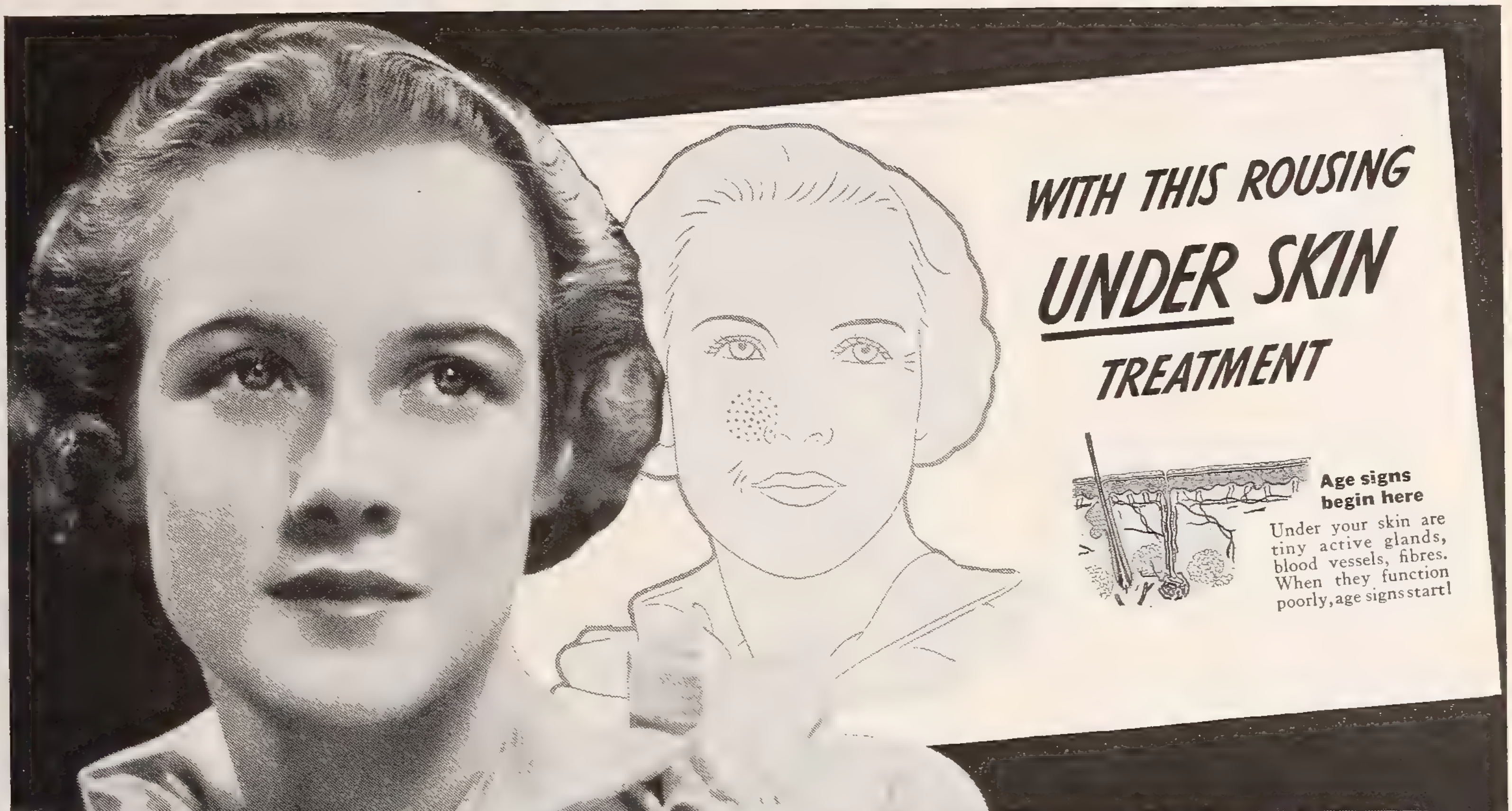
"And I am happy again. I have found my way once more, thanks to Wanger. I am happy in my work. I enjoyed making 'The Garden of Allah.' And I am happy in my marriage. I have learned what I should have surmised years ago—that marriage and the theatre are compatible, can be two halves of a perfect whole if the marriage and the woman are right.

"And because my marriage is right for me, because Pat fits so perfectly into my life as an actor, and enriches my life as a man, I can still say of the theatre, 'It is my life. . . .' Which is as it should be. Marriage which subtracts nothing and adds immeasurable things is what marriage was intended to be.

"We have our apartment in Paris, Pat and I. It is, for the time, our real home. We have taken this house in Hollywood, furnished, and I am hoping that my mother, widowed again, is here to stay with us.

From the time he was a small boy, Charles Boyer knew that he wanted to act. His mother, however, had other plans for him. She wanted him to graduate from the Sorbonne in Paris and become a great professor. Torn between his loyalty to his mother and his own great ambition, he spent the required number of years at the Sorbonne, received a degree in Philosophy and then told his mother he wished to become an actor. It took only a brief year in a dramatic school to put him on the stage. His great screen and stage success has proved he was right. "The Garden of Allah" is his current picture and he will next make "History Is Made at Night" with Jean Arthur as lead.

Reduce Pores... *Soften* Lines


WITH THIS ROUSING
UNDER SKIN
TREATMENT
Age signs begin here
Under your skin are tiny active glands, blood vessels, fibres. When they function poorly, age signs start!

Miss Kathleen Williams: "A Pond's Cold Cream treatment makes my skin feel wonderful—just so fresh and invigorated. It smooths out little lines."

YOU'RE TWENTY... you're twenty-five . . . you're *thirty* or more!

The years slip by quietly enough. The things that tell it to the world are —little lines and—a gradual coarsening of the skin's very texture.

Coarse pores and ugly, deepening lines do more to add years to your face than any other skin faults. What causes them? How can you ward them off?

A Faulty Underskin—

Both come from a faulty underskin.

Pores grow larger when tiny oil glands underneath get clogged . . . Lines form when fibres underneath sag, lose their tone.

To keep these little glands and fibres functioning properly, you must invigorate that underskin. You can—with regular Pond's deep-skin treatments.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils. It goes deep into the pores, clears them of make-up, dirt, clogging oils. Then you pat more cold cream in briskly. You feel the circulation waken. Your skin tingles with new vigor.

THE *Lady Morris*

modern young aristocrat, says it's easy to have a lovely skin in spite of sports and a whirling London season. "I have learned that Pond's is the best way to avoid lines, roughness, or coarse pores."

Day and night—this thorough cleansing and rousing with Pond's Cold Cream. Soon cloggings cease. Pores actually reduce. Under tissues are toned, and lines smooth out. You look years younger!

Day and night—this simple care

Here's the simple treatment that hundreds of women follow, because it does more than cleanse their skin:—

Every night, pat on Pond's Cold Cream to soften and release deep-lodged dirt and make-up. Wipe it all off. At once your skin looks clearer! Now rouse your underskin. Pat in more cream—*briskly*. The circulation stirs. Glands waken. Tissues are invigorated.

Every morning (and before make-up) repeat . . . Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking. Your whole face is brighter, younger!

Start in at once to give your skin this invigorating daily care. Get a jar today. Or, send the coupon below. It brings you a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE

and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. 9MS--CB, Clinton, Conn.

Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name______________________________

Street______________________________

City________________ State________

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As Jean Harlow Sees Herself

(*Continued from page 41*)

"When I say that my professional personality is a role I have assumed, I mean just that. I am not a 'born' actress. I am not a 'born' public character. I know that only too well. I know it because all of the demands made upon a public charactor are agonies for me to bear. All of the graces expected of a public character are mine, if at all, only by virtue of gritted teeth and clenched fists and stern self-discipline. When I have to make personal appearances, speeches, sign autographs in a crowd I am, mentally, using a whip on myself. I am saying to myself, 'Go on—go on—do it—you've *got* to do it—!'

"I am sure that I was not intended by Nature to be in the limelight. I don't quite know what I was intended to be but the chances are that a little house-wife role somewhere in Kansas, a member of the Saturday Current Events Class, a member of the Country Club, with luck, would have been a more fitting millieu for me than the arena.

"I am not good at all in public. I am not even a good hostess. I have no social graces. I am uneasy when I am entertaining more than two or three persons and I am even uneasy with two or three persons unless I know them well. I have no natural facility for 'mixing.' I have very little casual small talk.

"I can sit in front of the fire at home and talk half the night through with one or two intimate friends. I love to talk. I love to know what people are thinking and feeling and doing. But add one stranger to that circle and I am afflicted with acute tongue-tieditis.

"No, when I look at myself in the mirror I certainly do not see a 'movie actress.' I do not see Jean Harlow, screen star. I've said before what I say again—that while I know Claudette Colbert and Norma Shearer and Carole Lombard and the other girls are glamorous stars I never feel like a movie star to myself.

"I never get over being surprised, a little shocked, with the kind of a shock you get when someone dashes cold water in your face, when I go out in public and people recognize me, point me out, ask for my autograph.

"I am so afraid," Jean wailed, "of sounding falsely modest. There is nothing quite so sickening. It wouldn't be honest, for instance, for me to say that I am a homely, even a plain girl. I know I'm not. I know that I am, at times, quite effective-looking. But I also know that those effects are achieved at the cost of thought and effort.

"To counterbalance this self-depreciation further I will now hand myself a little bouquet. I have a very nice disposition. Sunny and even. Children like me. Dogs like me. Cats like me. Servants like me. I never sulk or have tantrums. I don't bear grudges. I may not have much chin to speak of but I can 'take it' on what chin I have.

"I can read words of more than one syllable. And so I am, as a matter of fact, fairly well read. I am not entirely *non compos menti* when politics, science, art, music, etc., are being discussed.

BUT to go back to the disposition of which I speak so highly. I must also add that it comes, in part, from a certain form of mental laziness. I am the laziest female in the world when it comes to avoiding unpleasant issues. I put up with people who take too much and give too little rather than become ruffled, rather than 'make a scene' about it. I can't stand unpleasantness. I'd run a mile to avoid a harsh word, a black look. If I know that I have any kind of a battle on my hands, my instinct is to run to cover. The softest, darkest, most concealing cover I can find. My 'cover' used to be my mother. But, wisely, she refuses to act as a hide-out for me any longer. She knows, she says, that she cannot always be with me. She says that the time comes for all of us when we must face the world without a refuge to run to. The time has come for me, she says, to face my own music.

"I'm improving, too," Jean said. "I am beginning to be able to fight with the best of them.

"When I first began in pictures, I took it all as a lark. I was slack about things. I didn't want to take it too seriously because if I did, I knew I would be called upon to Do Something About It, to fight battles, to have Causes.

"I'd be a sissy," laughed Jean, "if I'd let myself be. It's a natural tendency. When I was a small child I'd take the blame for things I didn't do rather than rise up and take my own part. I'd let

STAN WOULDN'T WANT M
READ HOW PIMPLES ALMOST RUINED TINA'S DATE FOR THE PROM
HE'S MARVELOUS LOOKING...
ISN'T HE TOO THRILLING- AND HE'S ASKED ME DOWN FOR THE PROM NEXT MONTH-OH, TINA-YOU'RE GOING, TOO, AREN'T YOU - WITH STAN?
WHY-I-YES HE DID ASK ME-BUT I-I DON'T THINK I CAN GO NOW - I'VE GOT TO BE HOME —
TINA DEAR, WHAT IS WRONG?
TH-THESE AWFUL PIMPLES- I JUST C-CAN'T HAVE STAN SEE M-ME LIKE THIS — THEY'RE HORRIBLE - HE'D HATE ME -I KNOW-
MY GOODNESS - WHAT'S GOING ON - WHO'S GOING TO HATE YOU TINA?
OH AUNT KATE, DO YOU KNOW HOW TO GET RID OF PIMPLES. JUST LOOK AT ME...
WELL - I HAVEN'T BEEN A NURSE 20 YEARS FOR NOTHING. FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST IS WHAT YOU NEED CHILD. EAT 3 CAKES EVERY DAY - AND THOSE PIMPLES WILL CLEAR UP, I'M SURE

other youngsters tell tales on me and get away with it rather than speak up and save my own skin. 'Passive resistance,' I am afraid, was my motto as well as Mr. Gandhi's. I'm afraid it doesn't do in a highly competitive world.

"I am too emotional. I let my emotions run away with my better judgments. If I like a person or a thing I have no scales on which to weigh those persons or those things, to find out whether or not they are 'wanting.'

"I'm naturally impractical. Too impractical. I have to fight this in myself all the time.

"I wasn't born with any sense of the value of money. I had an infantile reaction to it. I almost thought that it was pretty gold and silver stuff to let drop through my outstretched fingers. Or pretty pieces of paper to cut up for paper dolls. Figures of speech, of course, but it really was almost as bad as that.

"But I am learning. I think that I am honest with myself. I realize that I am as good and no better than my last story and director. I know how perfectly horrible I was at first. No one," said Jean grimly, "knows it any better than I. If I had any latent talent, I have had to work hard, listen carefully, do things over and over and then over again in order to bring it out. I know how much I have had to learn and also I know how much I have yet to learn. I was not a 'born' actress. I can only hope that I may deserve to be called one when I die.

"I do not 'see myself' as a glamorous figure of luxury," the luxurious looking, honest-eyed girl said, "because luxuries, *per se*, really mean so very little to me. Oh, I don't mean that I don't enjoy them when I have them. I do, of course. Every woman does if she tells the truth. I like comforts. I enjoy attractive clothes, and jewels and furs and cars and good food and pleasant service. But I don't set such store by these things that I would consider life ended if I didn't have them.

"I can live very happily without mansions and mink coats and imported models and priceless perfumes. If I cared so tremendously for these things would I go about, as I do more than half the time, in slacks and sweaters and sneakers and no make-up?"

AND right here is the time and the place to say that this evaluation of herself is a fact. I thought how, a few months ago, Jean and her mother deliberately sold, all but lock, stock and barrel, that gleaming white mansion de luxe on the hills of Belle Aire. That mansion Jean built for her mother. Sold it because they had "so little use for it." Sold it because they had dined only twice in one year in that spacious, formal dining-room. Sold it because they had, they said, "no use" for the pool, the game rooms, the white-and-crystal salon, the opulence of an estate made for spectacular entertaining and a spectacular hostess. "Mother and I weren't cosy there," Jean told me. "We didn't feel comfortable." So they sold it and rented a modest, comfortable house on a modest, tree-shaded street in Beverly Hills and feel "at home" and comfy and themselves.

"I can face myself," Jean said, "as I am and tell myself truthfully that I am not afraid of being poor, not afraid of having to use my hands if occasions or circumstances should demand. Not afraid of driving in a Ford or of using shoe leather, not afraid of going without expensive dresses, hair-dressers, servants, service. Not even afraid of losing my 'job' in pictures, if I should have to face that possibility. I could always find work of some sort to do and I wouldn't be high-hat about it either.

"I'm not afraid of anything in the world except one thing—being hurt by the people I love. In the hands of the few people I deeply love is vested the only power on this earth to frighten me, to wound me, to make me cry 'Surrender!'

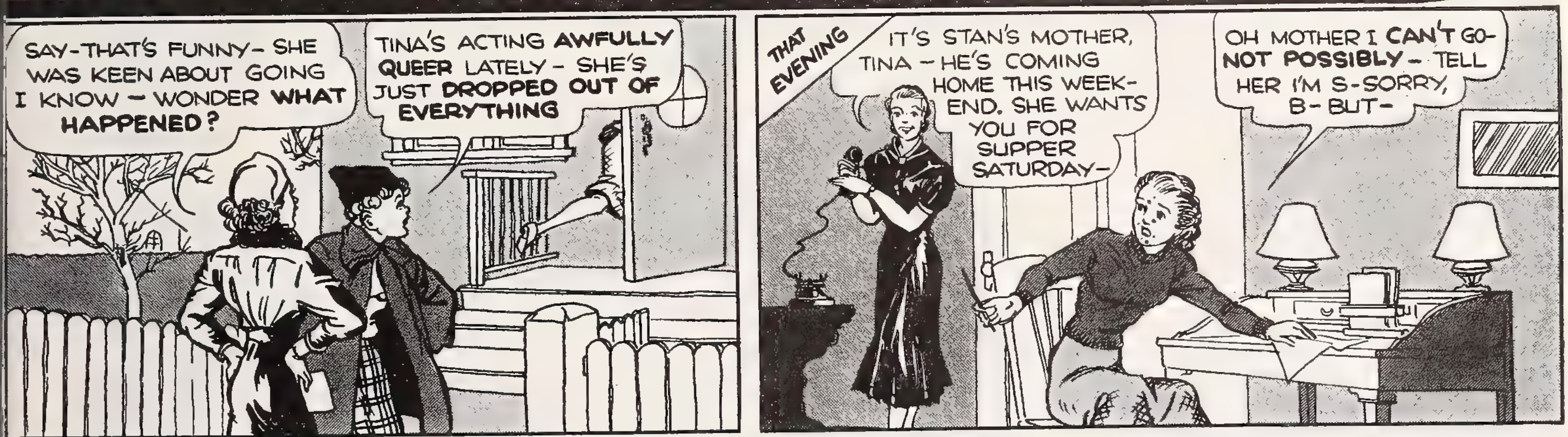
"I have achieved, of late, a degree of peace. I feel, now, at peace with myself and with my world. I have attained this state of being by forcing myself to realize that all I can do is done in the best way I know—and that that is that."

Jean Harlow is the only star I know who is completely different off the screen from what she appears to be on the screen. Take any one of them . . . Clark Gable, on the screen, is a lusty, vital fellow with a sense of humor, a punch in his fist. And that is precisely what Clark is, really. Take Garbo. She is, on the screen, aloof, mysterious and remote. Ditto off the screen. Take Bill Powell. On the screen he is sophisticated, suave, witty and wise. Bill is no different off the screen than on.

But Jean Harlow *is* different. The on-screen glamor is transmuted, off-screen, to a gentle gravity. The hard-boiled character of "Blonde Bombshell," the knock-'em-down-and-drag-'em-out of "Libeled Lady," is the girl who is timid before people she doesn't know, afraid of the power of those she loves to wound her. The seductive, glamorous screen Harlow is the girl who isn't afraid to use her hands, drive about in a Ford or walk it, dress in tennis shoes and slacks if silks and satins are no longer hers.

No, Jean doesn't "match," not in the way she meant it, but in a much deeper way.

TO COME—if he saw me NOW..


SAY-THAT'S FUNNY- SHE WAS KEEN ABOUT GOING I KNOW - WONDER WHAT HAPPENED?
TINA'S ACTING AWFULLY QUEER LATELY - SHE'S JUST DROPPED OUT OF EVERYTHING
THAT EVENING
IT'S STAN'S MOTHER, TINA - HE'S COMING HOME THIS WEEK-END. SHE WANTS YOU FOR SUPPER SATURDAY—
OH MOTHER I CAN'T GO-NOT POSSIBLY - TELL HER I'M S-SORRY, B- BUT-

LATER
GEE, TINA - AM I GLAD YOU CHANGED YOUR MIND AND CAME - Y'KNOW, YOU GET PRETTIER EVERY DAY
STAN, YOU MAKE THE NICEST SPEECHES
OH DON'T I LOVE AUNT KATE FOR GETTING ME TO EAT THOSE YEAST CAKES
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES WRECK YOUR BIG "DATES"

PIMPLES cause countless girls and boys to miss out on good times. They are very common after the start of adolescence, from about 13 to 25.

At this time, important glands develop and final growth takes place. Disturbances occur in the body. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin—pimples appear.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Pimples go! Eat 3 cakes *daily*, one about ½ hour before meals—plain, or in a little water—until skin is entirely clear. Start now!

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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What Will Happen to Them in 1937?

(*Continued from page 35*)

1937 holds the threat of the passing of one more dear one.

JEAN HARLOW and BILL POWELL: Both Jean and Bill come into a very fine year. "These two are headed for marriage," are Dareos' words. Yet he warns them that only by the most earnest, wholehearted adjustment to trying situations and inevitable problems should they undertake marriage. "Jean Harlow was never born to see happiness in marriage, neither was Bill Powell," says Dareos, "yet with their intelligence, courage and love, they can work against the destiny that faces them."

JEANETTE MACDONALD and GENE RAYMOND: "They face a disastrous future. Jeanette," says Dareos, "is a great artist, born to do great things artistically, but if I had my way I would ask her to remain single for at least two years. She would spare herself the threat of much unhappiness." Gene, too, will achieve professional heights, but there are clouds ahead—an accident looms.

GARBO: The coming year will carry threats to her health which will be more dangerous than ever before. She should retire to a secluded place. There is unrest ahead of her. The planets frown. There is death for one of her dearest friends, too.

ROBERT TAYLOR and BARBARA STANWYCK: Dareos links these two because it is predestined. "The loveliest marriage of the screen world, which should bring happiness and everlasting joy, will be that of Bob and Barbara," he says. "She will be to him a great asset and help him to the screen's greatest pinnacles; for her, he brings the rebirth of true happiness. One of her former loves will try to 'come back,' but this must not be permitted to happen. Barbara and Bob are ideally mated."

For FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW, SHIRLEY TEMPLE, JANE WITHERS, Dareos sees a year of success, marred only by minor threats of illness, and the probability of unsuccessful attempts at extortion or kidnap, none of which will materialize dangerously.

JANET GAYNOR: 1937 will be a great love year, and she should announce her engagement. Her career, despite rocky roads, will go on splendidly.

LORETTA YOUNG: Loretta was born under the sign of Capricorn. It is not a tranquil sign. If she marries Eddie Sutherland, the director who pays her ardent court now, disaster will result, warns Dareos. Moreover, he warns Loretta that her health is still in danger. For her, 1937 is not a year that carries the promise of happiness.

CONNIE BENNETT: She has a bad year to look forward to. As a love year, 1937 promises no peace for Constance. On the screen, she will do some fine work if she wants to. She must guard her health.

JOAN BENNETT: There is a threat of sickness and, though Dareos shudders to tell it, there is the shadow of death very close to Joan, either in 1937 or 1938.

CLARK GABLE: "He is not going to become free from Mrs. Gable," says Dareos, flatly. "Unless I am badly mistaken, they will remain joined. As for marrying Carole Lombard, that is impossible." Odd, but the charts of their fortunes, says Dareos, portray Clark, Mrs. Gable and Carole as a trio. Their lives are interlinked. Always, in the life of any one of them, the other two will play a part. Clark must be very careful of his health. Unless he is, there is the threat of an illness so serious that the danger of death overhangs. As for Carole's career, it will be met with continued success during 1937.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT: The threat of gossip will rage about her, but Claudette will emerge triumphant, and her year will be a happy one.

GARY COOPER: For Gary, too, scandalous tongues threaten. There will come inevitable rumors of a domestic crash, but there will not be a separation; there will certainly not be divorce, no matter what the rumors.

GEORGE BRENT: It will be a good year, professionally. 1937 will play a great part in his love life. He must beware of danger—danger of injury that might bring hospitalization at the year's end.

MERLE OBERON and DAVID NIVEN: They are ideally suited. They should marry—whether or not they will, I cannot foretell. If they do, I can tell them that the planets promise great happiness.

MARY ASTOR: "1936 has not ended her time of sorrow; 1937 will bring more! She has had hard times and smiled bravely through. But she will need more of that courage. She was never born to be happy in marriage. Yet, she will marry again! She should not rush into marriage now, only to find later, that someone else will come into her life with the promise of greater happiness, too late."

DICK POWELL and JOAN BLONDELL: "They are a marvelous couple, but I am afraid I see a cloud in their personal life. Something will happen. Joan Blondell's destiny carries the threat of severe tragedy and sorrow!" For them, in 1937, Dareos sees the probability of a baby—but whether it is their own, or adopted, the planets do not reveal.

ALICE FAYE: "Her climb has just started, and her greatest success will come two or three years from now. I see marriage ahead for her in 1937—although she should stay out of it, for it will interfere with her career."

MIRIAM HOPKINS: "If she doesn't look out, she faces the threat of a whipping worse than Mary Astor suffered; scandal threat looms," predicts Dareos. Yet, professionally, 1937 is a brilliant year. Marriage for her with an actor born in December appears to be a possibility.

GRACE MOORE: In the near future, probably in the coming year, Grace Moore will have trouble with her voice. She will have to rest, stay away from the platform and the microphone for a long time. Yet it will prove a blessing in disguise, for she will recover and return to greater success.

Other charts into which Dareos has peered for MODERN SCREEN give him less clear, less definite pictures.

For SIMONE SIMON, he foresees a great year, but her private life is veiled in mystery even for his eyes. WARNER BAXTER'S screen success is threatened by the cloud of a serious illness. For JOHN BOLES, there is the danger of an accident while riding; an accident that may cut short his career. LAWRENCE TIBBETT should shy from air travel. His greatest success will not be on the screen, but on the radio. MARLENE DIETRICH will have to beware of a great scandal.

Of CHARLIE CHAPLIN, Dareos

(*Continued on page 88*)

Quickly . . .

Correct These Figure Faults

Perfolastic Not Only *Confines,* It *Removes* Ugly Bulges!

Reduces Hips Thighs and Diaphragm
Takes away Abdominal Fat and Bulge "Derriere"
Girdle or Brassiere may be worn separately

Thousands of women today owe their slim youthful figures to the quick, safe way to reduce . . . Perfolastic.

"Hips 12 inches smaller," says Miss Richardson. "Lost 60 pounds and 9 inches," writes Mrs. Derr. Why don't you, too, test the Perfolastic Reducing Girdle and Brassiere at our expense?

IF YOU DO NOT REDUCE 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS

. . . it will cost you nothing!

Because so many Perfolastic wearers reduce *more* than 3 inches we believe we are justified in making you the above unqualified agreement.

IMMEDIATELY APPEAR INCHES SLIMMER!

■ You *appear* inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments you are *actually reducing* at hips, waist, thighs and diaphragm...the spots where fat first accumulates. You will be thrilled with the results...as are other Perfolastic wearers!

PERFOLASTIC REDUCES SAFELY . . . QUICKLY WITHOUT DIET, DRUGS OR EXCERCISE!

■ You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. No strenuous exercise to wear you out . . . no dangerous drugs to take . . . and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. The perforations and soft, silky lining make Perfolastic delightful to wear.

■ See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks . . . safely . . . and quickly!

You risk nothing . . . why not mail coupon NOW!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 532, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N.Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

*Name*____________

*Address*____________

*City*____________ *State*______

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard

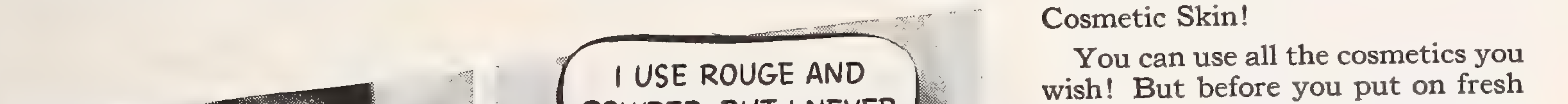
"HOW'S FOR A DATE MY FAIR ONE?"

Pretty, popular—on top of the world—the girls who guard against Cosmetic Skin

YOUNG THINGS have a way of knowing what's what in beauty care. Thousands of them everywhere are keeping skin exquisite—guarding against Cosmetic Skin—with Lux Toilet Soap.

The ACTIVE lather of this fine soap sinks *deep*, carries away from the pores every trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. No dangerous pore choking—no risk of the tiny blemishes and enlarged pores that mean Cosmetic Skin!

You can use all the cosmetics you wish! But before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed, use Lux Toilet Soap. Keep your skin clear—smooth—*young*. You'll find it pays!


I USE ROUGE AND POWDER, BUT I NEVER LET THEM CHOKE MY PORES. I REMOVE THEM THOROUGHLY WITH LUX TOILET SOAP
DON'T RISK COSMETIC SKIN—DULLNESS, TINY BLEMISHES, ENLARGED PORES!
LUX
LUX TOILET SOAP

LORETTA YOUNG.. Star of the 20th Century-Fox Production "Love Is News"

DO THIS FOR YOUTHFUL LIPS

Use Tangee every day—see it change to the one shade most becoming to you...from orange in the stick to natural blush-rose. *Only* Tangee has this Color Change Principle. Tangee *isn't paint*—can't give you a "painted look". Paris says, "*Look natural*". Use Tangee. On your cheeks, use Tangee Rouge, with same Color Change Principle for natural youthful color.

Just Before Bed, use Tangee—feel it smooth and soften your lips. No more faded "morning look"...Do not confuse Tangee Natural—whose special cream base *soothes* lips—with cosmetics you must remove at night. Try Tangee. Two sizes: 39¢, $1.10. Or send coupon for 24-Hour Miracle Make-up Set.

• **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES!** *There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for* TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*

Painted
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World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

"24-HOUR MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET"

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
Rush "24-Hour Miracle Make-Up Set" of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name__________________ (Please Print)
Address__________________
City__________ State__________ MM27

(*Continued from page 86*)

says: "He and his wife will be very happy." Dareos has always contended, despite the evasiveness of Charlie and Paulette Goddard on the subject in the past, that they are married.

For GINGER ROGERS and FRED ASTAIRE, Dareos sees continued teamwork, despite rumors of a professional break-up. KATHARINE HEPBURN is surrounded by scandalmongers, and the year carries the threat of a sudden sorrow for her. BOB MONTGOMERY had better look out, for a designing widow is on the make for him, warns Dareos. Scandal threatens SPENCER TRACY, and air travel bears a hint of danger.

ERROL FLYNN'S career stretches successfully ahead, but whether it will be on the screen or in another field, it is hard to tell. His life bears the stamp of success, yet there are indications that travel will take him from the screen.

Dareos' predictions carry the promise of continued success and unmarred future for MICHAEL WHALEN, JUNE LANG, GLADYS SWARTHOUT, JIMMY STEWART, GLADYS GEORGE, MAE WEST, FRED MACMURRAY, BING CROSBY, and BETTE DAVIS.

For others, he sees unhappiness and sorrow that will mar a year otherwise fairly tranquil. The nature of these threats is too obscure at this time, but those over whom the menace hangs include MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN, IDA LUPINO, CARY GRANT, RANDY SCOTT (over whom an accident threat lurks), FREDRIC MARCH (scandal menaces).

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND is on the threshold of a brilliant climb. By the end of 1937, she will be one of the very top stars of the screen. The year's other "best bets," according to the stars, are Robert Taylor, Fred MacMurray, Luise Rainer, Carole Lombard and Merle Oberon.

For the others, Dareos hates to say it, but the year will be one of the beginning of the inevitable decline, and the beginning of the rise of new stars who will replace your favorites of today.

Our Trip Abroad

(*Continued from page 6*)

House of Lords where they met Lord Lansbury, former minority leader of the House of Commons.

For Lilliane, the full day of screen tests at the Gaumont-British studio was the peak of the trip. Sonnie Hale, Jessie Matthews' husband, not only wrote the script for their tests, but actually directed them himself. Both the winners were highly complimented upon the success of these tests, for they photographed excellently.

EVERY day was full of surprises while they were in England. The English studio turned a car over to them for their exclusive use. They paid a visit to Oxford and a flying trip over the countryside and London. They met Paul Robeson, Anna Lee, Roland Young and George Arliss, together with many others of the popular English stars.

At night they saw London, went to the famous London Casino and did the successful shows of the season. In fact, they missed very little, though time was limited.

The trip back was as exciting for them as the one over. And Lilliane struck up a great acquaintance with none other than the famous novelist, Vicki Baum, who wrote "Grand Hotel," remember?

Now, Lilliane Kerekes and John Beattie are back home—Lilliane in Detroit, Michigan, and John in Deerfield, Massachusetts, wishing they had it all to live over again!

Both winners agreed that it was a memorable adventure and that they can't begin to be grateful enough to MODERN SCREEN for making the trip possible and to Gaumont-British for entertaining them so royally.

Mrs. Bert H. Rogers registers approval of her future daughter-in-law, Mary Pickford, as Buddy Rogers smiles happily. Mrs. Rogers traveled to Hollywood for the formal announcement.

Children's Hour

SPECIAL CARE IN EVERYTHING...
FROM SPECIAL TOYS THAT TEACH...TO A SPECIAL LAXATIVE...
THAT'S WHY CHILDREN THRIVE BETTER TODAY...

SEE THAT TOY?

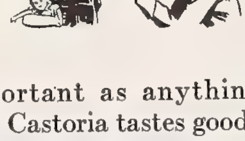
It's a *special* toy...made to teach children how to think and use their hands. Doctors tell us that practically everything children get today should be made *especially* for them...even their laxative.

It's common sense, isn't it? For a child's system is tender...too delicate for the harsh action of an "adult" laxative.

So when mothers seek professional advice on this subject, doctors usually prescribe Fletcher's Castoria—the laxative made especially *and only* for children.

Fletcher's Castoria works chiefly on the lower bowel. It gently stimulates the natural muscular movement. It clears away the waste without any harsh irritation, without any violence.

Fletcher's Castoria can never upset a baby's tender stomach. It doesn't rush turbulently through his tiny system. And it won't cause diarrhoea or cramping pains. You see, it contains no harsh drugs, no narcotics. Only the purest of pure ingredients. A famous baby specialist said he couldn't write a better prescription than Fletcher's Castoria.



And important as anything else... Fletcher's Castoria tastes good. Children love it—think it's a treat. Some mothers are inclined to overlook the importance of pleasant taste in a laxative. They forget that forcing a child to take a bad-tasting medicine can completely and seriously upset his entire nervous system.

So stay on the safe side, as millions of mothers are doing, and keep a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria on hand, always. You can get it at every drug store in the country. Ask for the Family Size bottle. It lasts longer...and gives you more for your money. The signature, Chas. H. Fletcher, appears on every carton.

Chas H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

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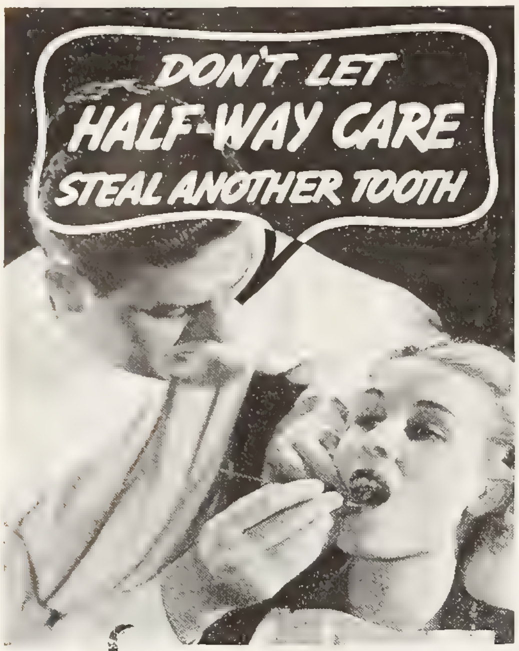

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A Culinary Cruise with Errol Flynn

(*Continued from page* 13)

of the dishes I am about to describe to you. The coupon at the end of this article will bring you a copy of the leaflet containing these Flynn favorites, absolutely free, so just fill it out and mail it in. But first let's enjoy our culinary voyage with our fascinating guide, following a route he traced for us on the tablecloth and stopping off in each place just long enough to collect a recipe for one of the outstanding examples of that particular country's achievement in the line of distinctive foods.

OUR first stop will be France—justly famous for all its cooking—and from whose unlimited store of recipe material we cull two outstanding ideas for preparing vegetables in new ways. The first is French Devilled Tomatoes with a sauce such as the French excel in making and which gives distinction to what would be, ordinarily, just another platter of fried tomatoes. The recipe for this sure and easy success will be found below.

I'm also going to give you the other vegetable recipe right away. I'll bet any man who tastes asparagus fixed in this fashion will add his cheers to Errol's, whose description of this dish made me ask if I might get more specific directions from his cook. A permission cheerfully granted and soon taken advantage of with the following recipes to offer as a result.

FRENCH DEVILLED TOMATOES

Use green or slightly under-ripe tomatoes. Slice them, without peeling, into half-inch slices, crosswise. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Fry slices in butter in heavy frying pan until slightly browned on one side. Turn carefully and fry on the other side until browned and tender. Remove slices carefully, without breaking, and arrange on hot platter. Serve with the following Mustard Sauce.

If preferred, tomato slices may be dipped in flour after seasoning and before frying. Or they may be dipped in crumbs or cornmeal, then in slightly beaten egg diluted with a little water, then in crumbs again.

MUSTARD SAUCE

yolk of 1 hard-cooked egg
4 tablespoons butter
2 teaspoons sugar
1 teaspoon dry mustard
a pinch of salt
a dash of pepper
2 tablespoons vinegar
1 egg, beaten

While yolk of hard-cooked egg is still hot, rub it to a paste with the butter. Add remaining ingredients in order given. Cook mixture over boiling water until it thickens to a soft custard consistency, stirring constantly. Pour mixture over cooked tomato slices and serve immediately, garnished with sprigs of parsley or watercress.

FRENCH FRIED ASPARAGUS

cooked asparagus tips, fresh or canned
salt, pepper
fine bread crumbs
1 egg, slightly beaten
2 tablespoons milk
deep pan of fat for frying

Drain asparagus thoroughly. (I used canned "mammoth" tips when testing the recipe.) Sprinkle asparagus with salt and pepper. Roll, one stalk at a time, in fine bread crumbs. Dip each in slightly beaten egg mixed with milk, then roll in crumbs again. Fry in deep, hot fat (olive oil, salad oil or vegetable shortening) only long enough to brown the crumb coating. Remove stalks carefully from fat and drain on white paper kitchen towels. Serve piping hot.

Mr. Flynn's cook suggested serving Hollandaise Sauce with this vegetable dish, or a cream sauce if you prefer not to attempt the former. However, I found that any sauce was superfluous because asparagus prepared in this manner is quite distinctive enough in itself without need for further embellishment.

Our next port of call is England where they turn out, says Errol, a delicious dish composed of the most incredible combination of ingredients and justly named "English Jumble Pie." This is a main course, not a dessert feature, since it contains a large proportion of meat and eggs, as well as apples. All meat pies, according to Errol, are pretty special—with this particular variety well at the head of the procession. In fact, all Englishmen grow lyric in its praise and even our adventurous Irishman admitted that his country's most famous dish cannot compare with it. That's why I've included this recipe instead of one for Irish Stew in the monthly leaflet. Sorry I did not have room for both, but we have still other countries to visit and one recipe must suffice for the British Isles.

WITH an utter disregard of time and space we next fly on over to Russia for Meat Stuffed Cabbage and drop down into Germany for good old Apple Strudel. Both recipes are worth having and are yours for the asking. Incidentally, Errol is particularly fond of most Russian and German dishes and thinks pumpernickel with sweet butter is pretty choice and Blinis with Sour Cream and Caviar the perfect beginning for a formal dinner.

Our next hop is a long one since we must travel from Europe to Bombay where Curry of Bombay Duck is Errol's idea of "something swell." However, speaking of ideas, he hasn't any idea how they make this dish so we'll not stop long here.

Nor would I wish to suggest for us stay-at-homes such things as sharks' fins and sea slugs which are considered great delicacies in the Far East and which this amazing Flynn fellow has not only eaten but has also caught and sold during one phase of his adventurous career!

Once again our magic carpet moves on and we approach the Western Hemisphere in a long-distance hop that would make the China Clipper envious. And so we reach Havana to partake of a baked fish combination that staggers the imagination of such conservative cooks as myself; that is, until I had tried it and then I was not only convinced but enthusiastic. Fish with bananas, pimientos and green peppers—think of that! But don't just think about it; try it. Here's the recipe, vouched for by Mr. Flynn and given to you with the unqualified endorsement of your Modern Hostess.

BAKED FISH HAVANAISE

Use any large, mild fish. (Tested successfully with Sea Bass.) It should weigh approximately 3½ pounds after removing head, fins and scales.

3½ pounds fish
2 teaspoons olive oil
2 green peppers, chopped fine
2 tablespoons butter
salt, pepper
juice of one lemon
3 ripe bananas
2 pimientos

Split the fish in two down the back, after removing head, fins and scales. Remove backbone and place fish in oiled baking pan. Season fish liberally with salt and pepper, then sprinkle with juice of ½ lemon and allow to stand for 20 minutes. Meanwhile heat olive oil in a saucepan, add finely chopped green peppers and cook until peppers are soft, stirring to prevent burning. Add butter to peppers and mash together to a pulp in a wooden bowl, using a potato masher. Press pulp through a sieve, then spread it over the fish. Cover entire fish in lengthwise rows with thinly sliced bananas. Spread the pimientos, cut into thin strips, over the fruit, crosswise. Sprinkle with a little more salt and pepper and the juice of the remaining ½ lemon. Cover all with brown paper greased on both sides, and bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 45 minutes, basting occasionally. Remove carefully to hot platter, garnish with parsley and lemon slices and serve immediately.

THIS has been a comparatively short journey, when you think how far we've travelled. Here we are back in Hollywood, seated once more at a prosaic lunch table within a few feet of the sound stages. On the plate before me is the Mexican Tamale Loaf with the rich sauce whose flavor denotes a Spanish inspiration. In my notebook are still other recipes more closely identified with Mr. Flynn. On the tablecloth are strange pencil markings indicating in the sketchiest form the interesting imaginary journey we have just made. And opposite me is Errol Flynn, a far away look in his eyes as though he were already visualizing the next journey of adventure and the next unusual repast under distant, and probably tropical, skies

As a parting tribute to Mr. Flynn's good taste and as a proof of his high standing as a gourmet, I want to give you his "Favorite Menu" just as he outlined it to me.

DINNER DE LUXE
Blinis with Caviar and Sour Cream
Turtle Soup
with
Sherry and Wafers
Baked Fish Havanaise
Quail on Toast with Fresh Mushrooms
French Fried Asparagus Artichoke Sauté
Endive and Beet Salad
Crêpes Suzette
Demi-tasse Napoleon Brandy

Good gracious! Isn't that fancy and far and away too difficult for the average housewife? So, instead of the foods listed on this menu, I am giving you in the leaflet, as I promised, the Mexican Tamale Loaf with its Spanish Sauce, the Russian Cabbage, German Apple Strudel, and English Meat Pie; all outstanding favorites of this romantic adventurer.

Send in your coupon promptly and treat yourself, your family and your friends to a culinary cruise with Errol Flynn.

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THE KIND WITH THE *Extra* GOOD SAUCE

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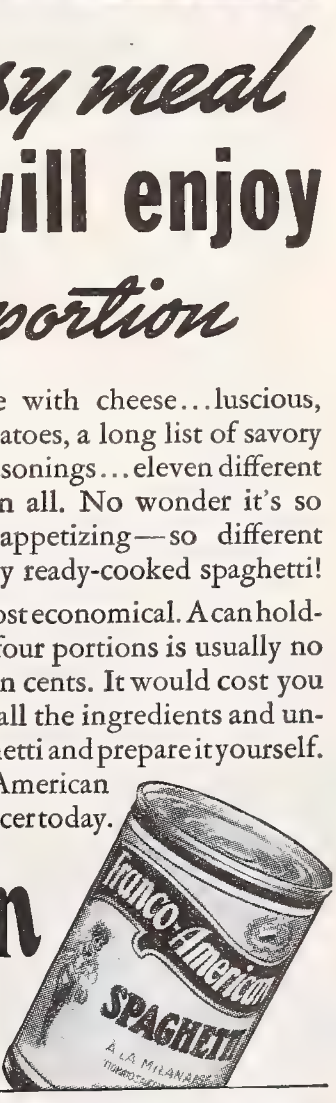

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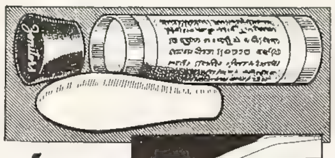

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The Hair Problem

(*Continued from page 53*)

more important, keep up the massage. Rotate your scalp with your fingers, ten minutes every day.

Shampoo your hair once a week if it's oily. Use the strained juice of a lemon in the last rinsing water, if your hair is blonde or light brown; half a teacup full of vinegar if your hair is dark or red. Or a half teaspoon full of bicarbonate of soda. All these things tend to dry the scalp.

Brushing will remove much excess oil. You can, if you like, put absorbent cotton on the bristles of your brush. Change the cotton a couple of times as you give your hair a thorough dry cleansing.

A little powdered orris root is a great thing now and then. It's not to be regarded as a substitute for a shampoo, but as an emergency cleanser and oil-reducer, it can work wonders. You can buy it at any drugstore. It has a pleasant, clean fragrance. Dip your brush into it and brush it thoroughly through your hair, removing every trace before you have finished. 'Tis especially practical for light hair which is afflicted with an oily condition.

It won't hurt a particle to use any good, nationally advertised hair tonic that is on the market. Massage same into your scalp. Almost every tonic contains a little alcohol, and this is drying, too.

If the oily condition keeps up—real bad—after a reasonable course of home treatment, or if your scalp itches excessively and your hair falls out to a great extent, hie yourself to the very best barber, beauty parlor or hair specialist you can locate and find out what's the trouble. Do go to a good place, because a cheap operator will only give you a line of hooey and do you more harm than good.

Dry hair, of course, needs "planty" oil and plenty of the stimulation that comes from massage. If your hair is dry, use a very soft brush and use it gently. Dry hair is brittle and you don't want to break off more than you must. After a shampoo, use a little brilliantine. Never use any tonic that contains alcohol, but there are fragrant oily stimulants and salves, which I'll tell you about if you care to write me. Shampoo your hair once every two weeks, at the oftenest. If you live in a nice, clean city or town, you can go three weeks or even a month. Gentle brushing will cleanse your hair of ordinary dust.

If you're thinking of getting that next permanent wave, take time to condition your hair first, whether it's dry or oily. Make the best of things with finger waves—or let the hair go straight for a while. A permanent wave on top of an abnormal scalp condition is apt to cause a peck of trouble.

And now let's speak of things that are more fun. Like what to do with your hair after it's all washed and massaged and brushed and everything. There are some pictures at the beginning of the article that may give you a few ideas. If you're not handy at fixing your hair yourself, tote the magazine down to your favorite beauty operator and say, "Hey, can you fix my hair like that?" But read the rest of this article first, because I have something to say about types and suitability and stuff.

Remember the wise saying, "Know thyself." Know what your hair will do and what it won't do. Some hair is adaptable—some isn't. Some girls can cut bangs and have them all curled up fancy for a party, say, and comb them neatly back next morning for the office and they'll *stay* back, to be brought forth again for another festive occasion. Another girl would have to wear bangs all the time, or look untidy until they grew out.

If your hair is adaptable, you don't need much advice from me. If it isn't, let me give you this advice: you must find a fairly conservative, becoming coiffure that you can wear all the time. If you make up your mind to a change of part, or style of cut, or decide to go in for some stunt that's a little rakish, like the bangs or a coxcomb or some little side curls—be good and sure your mind *is* made up and be prepared to wear your hair that way for quite a while. For evening, be thankful that ornaments are in vogue. If you're a little thing, wear a small ornament—nothing more spectacular than the clip Lily Pons is wearing on page 52. The wreaths of flowers and coyer adornments are very pretty for young girls. Taller people—older girls— if you can't get away with the more sophisticated hair ornaments you are seeing these days in all the shop windows and all the magazines—wear nothing in your nice, shining, well-groomed locks.

The Frances Farmer hair-do on page 53 is a fine, classic example that you'd go a long way to beat. The center part—the soft, deep waves at the temples, the flatness at the crown and over the ears, and the back hair in a simple roll or—if the hair is long—in a horizontal figure eight or butterfly knot . . . very neat, very chic and in the best of taste. The center part is becoming to everyone except those with a very wide face—they should part the hair exactly over the center of one eye. A thin face can be broadened by parting the hair way, way over to one side and making a shelf of hair across the brow. A very high forehead can be softened by depressing the hair deeply just by the part. Not quite a wave—just a softening effect. Don't be in too great haste, however, to cover up a high forehead. 'Tis an attractive feature. Look at Carole Lombard.

Ruby Keeler's new hair-do has a different quality to it, and it still is conservative enough to wear for everyday. The two I've not yet mentioned—Harlow's hair and Binnie Barnes' new blonde coiffure—are not, my frands, for run-of-the-mill living. Harlow's is too fluffy and Binnie's is too extreme for the office, for school, for going downtown to shop, or for a quiet evening with the husband, the radio, and the missing buttons on Junior's pants. They're party hair-dos—and very nice, too, each in its individual way, and should be saved for party occasions. The young girl with the pretty, naturally curly hair that reaches about to her shoulders, would certainly knock the stag line right out of its patent leather shoes if she appeared at a dance with the hair flowing loose and a simple wreath or band around the noodle. The tall, older girl might well cause a few husbands to get That Look in their eyes, if she had the hair dressed like Binnie's—and that's a professional job, children, so if you have aspirations in that direction, trot this little copy of MODERN SCREEN down to the best beauty parlor in town and have your hair done thataway.

Turning that roll of hair in the Barnes neck up the other way gives it the start of a popular and adaptable permanent that you might like to try. The hair is parted in the middle, and a roll curl made all around the head. It looks pretty neat that way. Then, you can part the hair on the side, if you like, leave just one rolled curl on your forehead, and comb the rest of the roll out, except at the back. Or you can part a section of front hair, comb it down on your forehead, and have a curled bang, with the hair off the ears and left rolled up in back. If you're the piquant type, you can comb the hair all up into a bunch of curls on top of your head for a party. It's a little nutty, but kinda cute. This roll permanent provides a basic coiffure that has many variations.

The big problem we modern wenches have, which our mamas did not, is that our hair must look smart as well as pretty. The main thing in mama's day was to have a great quantity of hair, piled into a huge pompadour, which showed none of the line of the head and was impossible as far as hats were concerned. There was no relation between the hair and the hat. Today, the relation of the hair and the hat is one of the main secrets of smartness above the neckline. That's why I say you can't use fixy and fussy hair-dos for everyday living. Hats demand simple, rather flat coiffures. That's why I say that a mass of fluffy curls reaching almost to the shoulders isn't smart nor in good taste. It makes you look as if you had no neck. Your hair should be off the face as much as possible for wear with hats. People want to see your face, after all, and not curtains of hair escaping from hat brims. On the screen, look at Irene Dunne, Kay Francis, Merle Oberon and Rosalind Russell for various solutions of the hat and hair problem.

With the very high hats, no hair must show on the forehead and as little as possible at the temples. A flat wave or curl at the ears is all right. With a sport pull-on, brimmed hat, tipped to one side, it's nice to see the waves on the other side, but they must be well under control. A large-brimmed hat allows for a little more freedom of the waves. I can't think of any kind of a hat that bangs can be worn with. With the tiny pillboxes and berets, too-long hair looks too theatrical to my way of thinking. And that reminds me of another "pernt."

The fluffy or elaborate coiffures you sometimes see on the screen—which may intrigue you momentarily—are cared for at approximately ten minute intervals by the studio hairdresser. Remember that. After every take, an expert tress-tender rushes over to Miss Movie Star and with professional fingers and a "cool" iron, fixes the hair just so. Otherwise, Miss Movie Star would wind up looking just as much of a mess as *you* would if you walked down the street in a high wind with the hair elaborately arranged.

There's one point I've been avoiding, but I suppose I might as well tackle it. And that's what's to do with the girls who still have long hair, and quite a tidy amount of it. The general opinion is that the entire female population of the country has gone short-hair, but there are a few of us left, wondering what to do with the big wad on the back of the dome. Yes—there's the confession. I've got long hair meself. I've refrained from cutting it for probably the same reasons you yourself haven't done so—because my husband likes long hair, and because I think that, mebbe, in the long run, it's less trouble than short hair and because—well, just *because*. If we want to have long hair, it's our business, isn't it? But it does complicate life sometimes, and here's what I've got to say on the subject:

Make up your mind to this: you're never going to look as smart in hats as the short-haired lass. You can't wear the cute, mad hats, so stop crying about it and don't waste any more money on extreme chapeaux. Conservative bonnets for you, sister, if you don't want to look like a freak. Medium brimmed felt sports hats for everyday wear, with a back elastic to go under the bun (hateful word!). In the

She had everything but love

UNTIL SHE FOUND THIS LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING... FRAGRANT BATHS WITH

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

WHY MODERN GIRLS ARE FLOCKING TO THIS LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP

HELEN MERRIMAN, OF NEW YORK, points out: "No girl can afford to risk perspiration odor. Men simply can't stand it! That's why I bathe with Cashmere Bouquet. For the deep cleansing lather of this lovely soap keeps me so sweet and clean . . . so safe from any danger of body odor. And then, its lingering, flower-like perfume leaves my skin so alluringly fragrant!"

AND DORIS ELLIS, OF AMARILLO, TEXAS, explains: "Cashmere Bouquet is so utterly *different* from ordinary perfumed soaps! Its fragrance is just as exquisite as that of the costliest imported perfume. And long after your bath, this perfume clings to your skin . . . makes your daintiness simply *irresistible!* Isn't it wonderful that this lovely soap costs only 10¢?"

KEEPS COMPLEXIONS LOVELY, TOO!
Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing, yet it goes right down into each pore and removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics. This pure, creamy-white soap keeps your skin radiantly clear, alluringly smooth!

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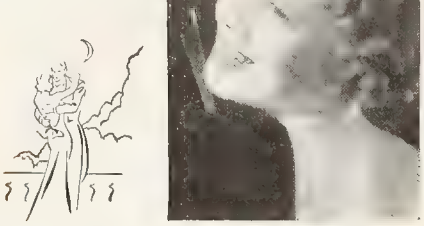
THE ARISTOCRAT OF ALL FINE SOAPS



"I Love your skin"

Quick Oatmeal Facial Brings Flawless Beauty

Breathless allure of soft, satiny, clear skin can be yours with this *natural* beauty treatment. L'oaté is an age-old beauty formula in a new, modern form — Oatmeal Facial, into which is blended an amazing new softening ingredient, Vegetable Milk.

MIX

A handy "spur-of-the-moment" preparation for times when you must look your best. Simply mix L'oaté to a fragrant lotion with water, apply to face, wash off. Its remarkable penetrating and cleansing qualities deep-clean and close large pores, combat blackheads. The dainty natural oils released by L'oaté soften the skin to its irresistible loveliest. Skin tissues are enlivened, tired-lines and surface wrinkles disappear to send you forth on your evening's adventure glowing with freshness and confidence.

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WASH OFF

At cosmetic counters 85c, or a dime size in 10c stores.

Quick Oatmeal Facial enriched with Vegetable Milk and skin vitamin F

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summer time, wear big hats if you can—they're life savers for us long-haired girls. For gala occasions, some simple modification of the beret—not too small—with a back strap if possible. Do your hair in a figure eight, and pin the top of the figure eight over the backstrap.

Now then—just because we're doomed to go through life, apparently, with our long hair is no reason why we must eternally fix it in a utilitarian knot at the back of the head. I won't take up the space here to tell you about some coiffures for long hair which I've figured out, because it *is* kind of a specialized matter. Write to me—just say, "Send me your ideas for arranging long hair." Tell me how long your hair is, whether it's curly or straight, coarse or fine. And I'll see what I can do.

Another subject I must leave out of this article is the treatment and care of dyed hair. I have a few tips on that problem, if you're interested.

You others, now, can write to me, too, and welcome, but I do suggest that you look through Modern Screen at your favorite movie stars' coiffures, and look through the fashion magazines, too, and when you find a photograph or sketch of a hair-do that you think you could wear, try it yourself, if it's simple, and if you can't manage it, take the picture to a hairdresser and see what can be done about it. On t'other hand, if your hair looks pretty, becoming and in good taste the way it is, don't be in a tizzy to change it, just for the sake of changing.

And now in closing, here's a make-up stunt that I've picked up since last month's article and want to pass along to you. It's known as the ice trick. Your face is all made up, see, and you're just before going out. You've put on a generous quantity of powder—*pressed* it on, I hope, rather than rubbing it in. And you've removed the excess with a powder brush (shaving brushes are just swell for powder brushes, if you want to know) or a bit of clean cotton. Fine. You look, too, too divine. But how will you look at 2 a. m.? This is where the ice trick comes in. Once you've tried it, you'll thank me.

Take a piece of ice and let it melt a bit so's the corners aren't sharp. Then rub it, gently but thoroughly, all over the face. Feel the glow come up into your cheeks. Go on—don't be afraid. You won't ruin the paint job. Now—take a piece of cleansing tissue or a soft cloth and pat the moisture away, very gently. See what it does? It kind of "mats" the make-up. It gives you a glow in your cheeks. And it keeps your make-up looking just simply swell for hours and hours! I've done it every evening I've been out since I heard about it. It really works.

Mary Marshall is now signing off, and asking you to write her for any personal information you would like to have. The address is Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, please. And do forgive me—you who have been waiting for replies—for the long delay. You'll *get* an answer, all right, even if you have had to wait a spell.

She Tells on Garbo

(*Continued from page 37*)

"She taught me consideration for others. Like many girls, I thought that actresses were sort of special, were exempt from conventional creeds and customs.

GARBO taught me how young and ignorant that point of view really is. By her unfailing promptitude, by her courtesy to the men working on the sets, by being always letter-perfect in her lines and by her generosity to those working with her, she gave me a standard I know I shall never lose.

"She has no petty fears about footage and camera angles and whether or not she is getting more, as star, than members of the supporting cast. She does her work thoroughly and she expects others to do the same and may the best man win!

"Whatever simplicity and honesty I put into my role in 'Ah, Wilderness' is due to her. I don't think," said Cecilia, "that I would have been up to it if I hadn't had the experience of working with Garbo.

"She taught me poise, too. She taught me how much more beautiful and impressive it is to bear yourself quietly with dignity and without circus show-off tactics.

"I shall walk quietly all of my days because of Garbo," said this quiet child.

"And she taught me," smiled Cecilia, "how to relax. Between scenes Garbo always retired to her dressing-room or sat on the sidelines watching, relaxed in every nerve and muscle. She can be more still than any human being I have ever seen. Her composure is more beautiful than the most animated motion. When she goes into an emotional scene, she is like a being charged and recharged; she is all alive and there is fire and force and depth back of it. She hasn't frittered it all away on nothings. She taught me to save myself for emotional scenes, in real life as well as on the screen. She taught me not to break myself up into little pieces for trivialities.

"She taught me to be immaculate, which is quite a different thing from being 'dressy'. I have never seen anyone more immaculate than Garbo. Her shining, brushed hair, her clean strong hands, without nail polish or benefit of beauty parlor—if ever I thought it amusing to paint my nails like a Comanche Indian's, or frizz my hair or wear extreme styles, I got well over it, thanks to her. No, she doesn't 'fix up' in the beauty parlor sense of the word, but she is so shiningly groomed that it makes nail polish and waved hair and make-up seem cheap by comparison.

"She taught me the beauty and the wisdom of tact. She never gives advice to younger, newer players who are working on her pictures. I know some actresses and actors who are always telling you that you should do a scene this way or that way or hadn't you, perhaps, better try it the other way; they really serve mostly to make you self-conscious.

Garbo is silent. She never gives one an inferiority complex. She seems to expect people to live up to what they are supposed to do.

I CAN'T ever be like Garbo physically," said Cecilia, regretfully, "even though I did resemble her enough to play her sister. I do have almost exactly the same coloring, though. I have gray eyes and so has she. We have the same shade of pale brown hair. Our skin is much the same in tone and texture. People tell me we have something of the same quality in our voices, I am short whereas she is tall. I have a round face, though I have hopes that it will thin out in time.

"Even though I can't look much like her, I can try to be like her inside," said Cecilia, "and I do. I know that I sound like a Garbo fan. Well, I *am* a Garbo fan. Of course, being a Garbo fan means loving and admiring Garbo and only by intense admiration are we ever stirred enough to try to be like the object of our admiration.

"I know that I've lost all temptation to copy or imitate anyone. Please don't misunderstand—I don't mean that I'm trying to look or to act like Garbo. That would be ridiculous. If I were trying that then Garbo wouldn't really have taught me anything at all. No, what I am trying to do is to be as honest in my work and in my personal life as Garbo is in hers, to have in my way the same integrity and courage she has in hers.

"She taught me not to be afraid of anything—not even humdrum practical truths about oneself. I'm a good cook, for instance, if I do say so. When I'm not working I keep house for my mother, my brother and myself. I used to keep it for my sister, Linda, too, before she married and had a baby. Linda is also in pictures.

"And when I say that I keep house, I mean keep house, not just direct a servant. We don't have one. We did have one for a time but she made mother so nervous that we let her go. Mother likes to fuss about the house and do things her own way and so do I. And I cook and scrub floors and do some washing and ironing and just have a woman in to do the heavy laundry.

"A few weeks ago a director called me from the studio and asked me to come over for an interview. He said, 'Are you busy? What are you doing?' I told him I was scrubbing the kitchen floor. He thought he hadn't heard me right and he said, 'I don't get you—you're doing *what?*' I told him again and he laughed and said that he didn't believe me. But I was. He should have seen me and he'd have believed me all right—I had on an old house dress and no shoes and stockings and my hair and hands and face were a sight!

"Well, there was a time when I wouldn't have admitted to this. I would have thought that a movie actress shouldn't let it out that she even knows there are floors to be scrubbed and meals to be cooked.

But if Garbo talked she would admit practical truths about herself, I'm sure of that. She probably doesn't scrub floors nowadays, perhaps she never did. But what I'm trying to explain is that Garbo would never be ashamed of any honest work she did, no matter what.

"But for yourself?" I asked this child of the round face, composed young mouth, grave gray eyes? "You don't really want to live the solitary life of Garbo, certainly? Doesn't love enter into your scheme of things?" (And I thought of the Hollywood rumors that Cecilia and Eric Linden were "hearting.") "Don't you want marriage and babies and a home?"

"Of course, I do," said Cecilia. "I want children more than I want anything else. I want to marry and to have a home. I'd gladly give up my whole career for home and marriage if those things come to me—."

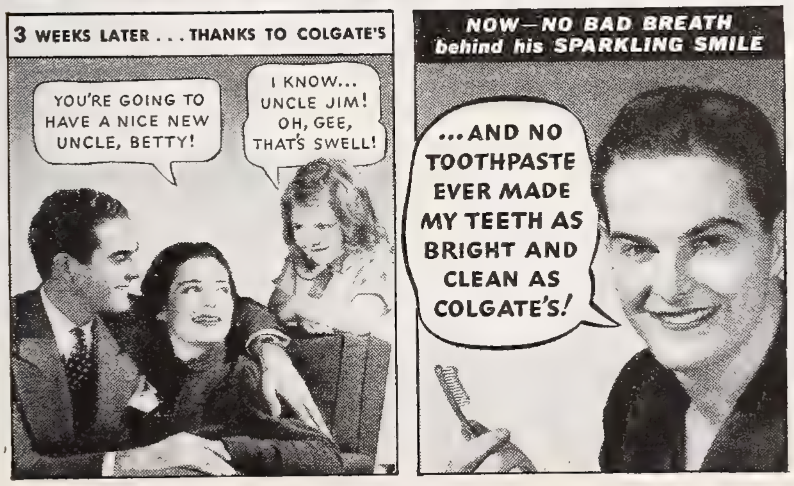
"Do you mind," I said, "if I ask you a really personal question, since the columnists have been personal about it anyway? Were you or are you engaged to Eric Linden?"

"No," Cecilia said, "we do go out together quite a lot. We have so much in common. Not only our work but liking to be alone, not in a crowd, liking the same books and liking to talk about books, all that sort of thing. But we are not engaged.

"I hope things work out happily and successfully for me. If they don't, I hope I will have learned from Garbo to take loneliness with courage, and heartbreak with dignity."

Betty Furness and her Mother do a premiere together—"Born to Dance."

BUT HE DOES HAVE BAD BREATH!
YES, JIM HAS BAD BREATH... BUT YOU WERE A BAD GIRL TO TELL HIM SO!
MEANWHILE...
MAYBE THE CHILD'S RIGHT ... GUESS I'LL DO WHAT THE ADS SAY AND SEE MY DENTIST
MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.


3 WEEKS LATER . . . THANKS TO COLGATE'S
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A NICE NEW UNCLE, BETTY!
I KNOW... UNCLE JIM! OH, GEE, THAT'S SWELL!
NOW—NO BAD BREATH behind his SPARKLING SMILE
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!

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20¢ LARGE SIZE
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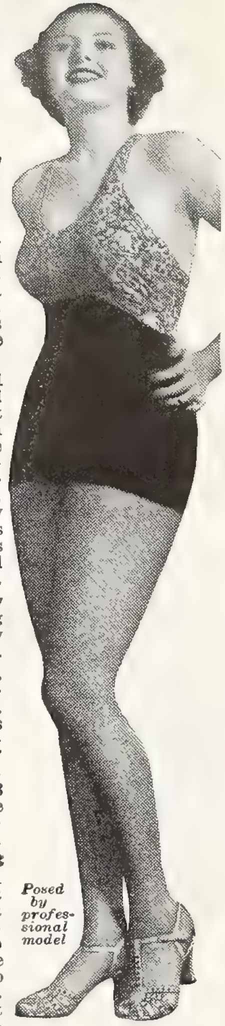
SKINNY?
LISTEN TO THIS

6 WEEKS AGO
H-E-Y SKINNY
PEOPLE LAUGHED AT HER FIGURE AND SHE NEVER HAD A "DATE"
TODAY
NOW SHE HAS PLENTY OF FRIENDS AND SHE'S NOT ASHAMED TO BE SEEN

Thousands gain
10 TO 25 lbs.
this special
QUICK WAY


Posed by professional model

NOW there's no need for thousands of men and women to be "skinny" and friendless, even if they never could gain an ounce before. Here's a new, easy treatment for them that puts on pounds of naturally attractive flesh—in just a few weeks!

Doctors now know that the real reason why many find it hard to gain weight is they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of your food. Now with this new discovery which combines these elements in little concentrated tablets, hosts of people have put on solid pounds—in a very short time.

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No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and Iron, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time. See if they don't aid in building you up in a few short weeks as they have helped thousands. If you are not delighted with results of very first package, your money instantly refunded.

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Five-Star Capers

(Continued from page 8)

League of Nations. If this produced perplexity at first, it brought a wonderful revelation after the first few days, when the movie staff realized that the five lively, almost impersonal, babies, had become divine and devilish little character actresses during their year's absence.

Director Taurog—with his staff of eighty players, technicians, wardrobe mistresses and what-not—arrived in Callander with a caravan of cars and trucks that looked like a strange exploring expedition combined with a comic opera troupe, stranded in the Far North. They were soon swallowed up, however, in the great throng of curious people who had come from almost every city and hamlet from all over the American continent—farmer families in blue denims, French Canucks in their black holiday best, flappers in their shortest shorts, city slickers and yokels in all that ultra sports costumes will do to them, mothers, sweethearts and swains, wives and grandmothers, children and grandchildren being lugged along or carried in arms.

It wasn't very long before Taurog was watching the "babies"—as Dr. Dafoe always calls the Quints—in a "natural tryout" and in a scene that would be hard to beat even though it were staged. It was nearing the zero hour of two when the five little Dionnes were scheduled to appear for their period of play. The line of onlookers had formed, ready to crash the gate the moment it should be opened. Many had remained just outside the woven-wire fence that enclosed the "hospital" grounds, every eye focussed in the direction of the little white house on the bluff where the children live with their nurses.

Suddenly, an "Oh-h! Here they come!" rang through the throng, as a tiny figure in pink popped out of the door and toddled, as fast as its slightly-bowed legs would permit, around the corner. This was Yvonne, clad in pink rompers, running away! Emilie followed, in blue, taking the opposite direction. Annette, in mauve, came next, closely pursued by the nurse. When caught, they each sprawled out flat and had to be carried part way. Cecile, in green, and Marie, in red, however, were legging it as fast they could towards the great new scientific playground, bent upon gathering up all the toys before the others could reach them. The crowd, awed at first, now chortled with delight, until the last of the young ones disappeared within the enclosure; then everybody stampeded to get into line.

WE were accorded privileges by the Quints' Special Police and allowed to enter a side door and stand at a point where we could observe the whole show—both the five little performers and the crowds as they were admitted at the far end of the shed through turn-stiles. The playground was like an horseshoe-shaped arena, surrounded on two sides by silver-screen covered glass. Four hundred persons at a time were allowed in, two hundred lining up with their faces against the glass on either side. Silence was requested by the police, so that the Quints neither saw nor heard the spectators who were allowed to gaze to their hearts' content for two minutes and then were hustled towards the exits. On their way out of the yards every other woman surreptitiously picked up one of the "Magic Pebbles," five hundred pounds of which are placed in a long box near the gate every day.

The next day the shooting of the picture began. While it is true that Norman Taurog is nominally director, Dr. Roy Dafoe is the supreme boss. Nothing can happen concerning the Quintuplets, until he has been duly consulted and nods his head in approval. Everything must be natural; nothing forced or strained. Only four persons are permitted even within touching distance of the babies. The others must, whenever possible, keep out of sight. The moment the little ones show the slightest sign of fatigue or begin to yawn, the "rehearsal" is off. Dorothy Peterson, as Nurse Kennedy, and Jean Hersholt, impersonating Dr. Dafoe, are accorded the intimacies with these little sweethearts of the world that Dr. Dafoe himself and the two French Canadian nurses alone enjoy.

"Free action," unknown to Hollywood, is therefore permitted in the Dionnes' case. Curiously, or not, no scenarialized scenes could possibly have possessed greater charm or effectiveness. As for humor, every action of these starlets seems to have a laugh in it. It is here that those intimate close-ups, unseen by the crowd, take place.

Emilie is talking, in her quaint French Canadian baby talk, to Yvonne, and Yvonne is supposed to be listening, according to the scenario. But Yvonne will not listen. She not only talks back to Emilie, but she gives her a swat. In fact, she actually puts a punch in an otherwise dull scene, as it turns out. Annette has really been taught to "play" the toy piano in a ladylike way and everybody is on his toes as she sits down of her own volition and seems on the point of acting—when suddenly, she begins pounding the lights out of the instrument and pushes it over, for bad measure. Free action again, and successful, because it is intrinsically dramatic.

Dorothy Peterson, as Nurse Kennedy, has surreptitiously been rehearsing a scene several times with little Marie, in which the child sweetly gives her Teddy a spoonful of her well-advertised porridge. The scene is all set for the camera with interested parties looking on smilingly, when dear little Marie lets Teddy Bear have the bowl all over his face and head. Not nice, perhaps, but, oh, what a kick to it, especially when Marie looks up and laughs mischievously.

Then, there was the tea party, that was all planned out as cute as a bug's ear. Little Cecile did her part charmingly, dragging up the small white chairs and placing them exactly where they should be at the miniature white table, two at each side and one at the head. The scene was perfect; the little group of spectators breathless. Then, just as the four little teasers were about to take their places, little Annette, with just the right naughty twinkle in her eye, toddled up and upset the chairs one by one. There was a tense moment, then everybody laughed, in which the five little actresses joined. It was fraught with all the best elements of good theatre—crisis, climax, tension, surprise, reaction—drama!

THE first scene shot in the new scientific playground, with an audience of four hundred concealed behind the patent glass gallery, was just as unexpected, except that it savored more of a free-for-all circus than drama. The stage had been set, filled with five great rubber balls, five little wagons, five sand pails and shovels, and other miscellaneous toys in fives. The

They still have dates even though marriage rumors are fainter. Mary Brian and Cary Grant see "The Garden of Allah" preview.

scene was "A Bathing Beach Somewhere in Canada." Realism was provided by a huge heap of fine white sea sand and a little shore surrounding the permanent concrete pool in the center of the yard. The five young ladies had been fitted out to meet this aquatic occasion in the height of fashion, each wearing a bathing suit of a different color, each suit consisting of baggy trunks, held up by white suspenders over their broad brown backs, with an enormous white bow as trimming. Their plump legs and feet were bare. The cos- a different color, each suit consisting of poke-bonnet hats to match their panties.

All five burst into the arena at once, hell-bent for one ball, one pail and one shovel, over which they wrestled until one would gain possession and then the others would rush towards another single article. There was one tiny tournament of shovels that threatened to become sanguinary until the nurse declared a forced peace. Thus thwarted, Yvonne and Emilie carefully descended into the foot-deep ocean and stood gasping under the fountain stream for a moment, before they were seized with a bright idea. Tearing off their bonnets they began scooping up the water in them and drinking it. The horrified nurse, seeing a billion germs flowing into the innards of two of her precious darlings, rushed pell-mell, ankle-deep into the sea before they could drink more than a pint of it! We hope the camera caught this scene; it was so deliciously, juvenilely human.

However, there is another scene, that for sheer innocent juvenile charm has no superior on the screen. We must first fix in our minds the fact that these five little prisoners of biological science, hedged in by the tender but strict care of an unswerving master doctor, sheltering them from any contamination with a too-loving world, have never been off their small fenced-in reservation. Except once, on September 21, 1934. On that rainy day they had been carried in their incubators some five hundred feet, from the tumble-down Dionne home across the road to their newly-built

It wasn't the Blizzard that turned him cold 'twas her red rough hands!

OUR WHOLE DAY WAS SPOILED when Bill saw my red, chapped hands. They did look horrid. I'd tried everything but I couldn't seem to get my hands smooth...

THEN—I HEARD HOW WONDERFULLY Jergens Lotion softens hand skin. I use Jergens all the time now and Bill says, "Put your dear soft hands against my face."

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Second, Jergens contains two famous ingredients that doctors use. The first application helps. Use Jergens Lotion for soft hands a man loves. At drug, department, 10¢ stores.

All four sizes — $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, — contain more lotion than similar sizes of other well-known hand preparations. The $1.00 size is a bargain!

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FREE! GENEROUS SAMPLE

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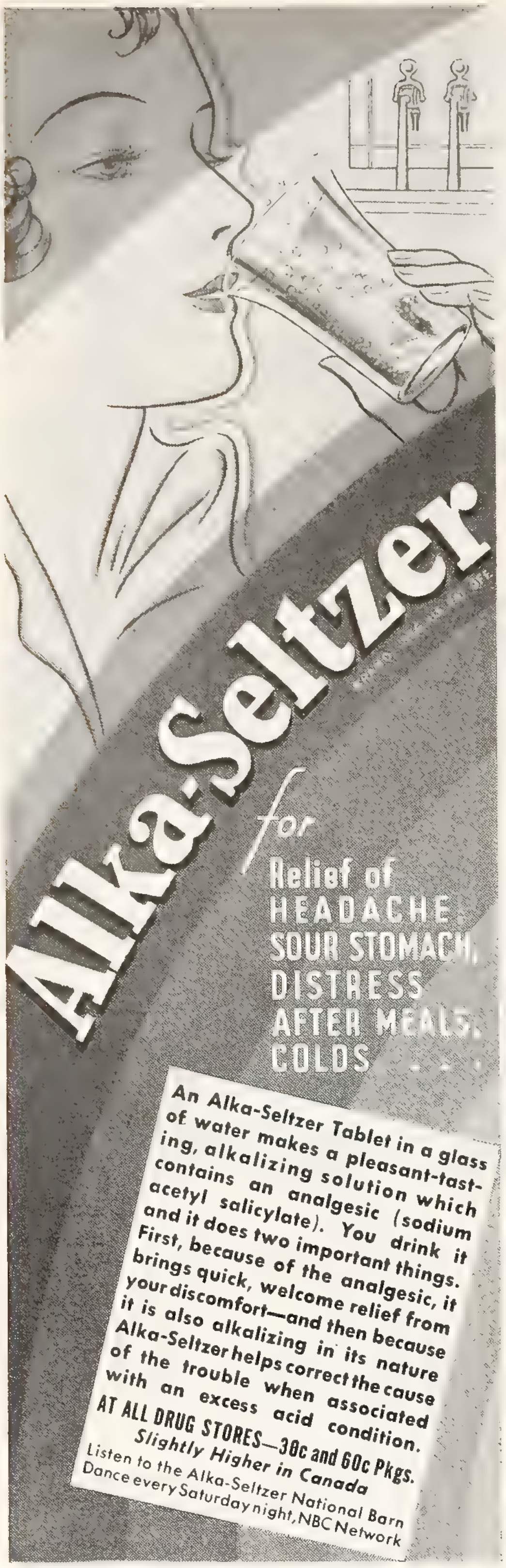

An Alka-Seltzer Tablet in a glass of water makes a pleasant-tasting, alkalizing solution which contains an analgesic (sodium acetyl salicylate). You drink it and it does two important things. First, because of the analgesic, it brings quick, welcome relief from your discomfort—and then because it is also alkalizing in its nature Alka-Seltzer helps correct the cause of the trouble when associated with an excess acid condition.

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GEPPERT STUDIOS Dept. 288 Des Moines, Iowa

"hospital." They were then five months old; little wraiths battling with intestinal toxemia with only a beggar's chance of pulling through. Today, little Marie—who had been the tiniest—is 31½ inches tall. All of them are as lively as five crickets, showing 16 or 18 teeth each when they laugh. Fine, healthy specimens of humanity, fit to enjoy to the utmost this great excursion in store for them. Five rich little poor girls about to realize what would be the sweetest dream of a princess.

Hollywood had brought them a veritable heaven in the form of dresses and gowns for every occasion, costumes, shoes, bonnets—in quintuplicate. The whole land had been combed until five perfectly-matched Shetland ponies had been found. A pony cart had been built for each of them and, for this great occasion, five little uniformed coachmen had been furnished. And so the cavalcade set out down the lonely road towards Callander on a fairy ride of a thousand feet and back. Thus far, this has been the climax in the lives of the Quintuplets—an unforgettable episode in the moving picture of their intimate life, called "Reunion."

Taking Irene Dunne for a Ride!

(*Continued from page 51*)

Dunne traveled on her way up to fame. I mean, you'd have to change buses, get transfers so many times. Of course, figuratively speaking, that is what Irene did, for the road to fame has many detours as you may soon see.

We took a taxi. And we had fun. And I learned about Irene Dunne.

"This," she told me as we craned our necks out of the cab, to gaze up at the Pennsylvania Hotel, "was where I stayed when I first came to the big city from Madison, Indiana, and Louisville, Kentucky. I was only sixteen years old, filled with ambition and hope for the future. I had been told by my teachers and all who had heard me sing that I was destined to become a great opera singer. I know I believed it myself.

"And so, I stood in the windows of my room on the fourteenth floor and looked out over the towers of this great city which I was seeing for the first time, and dreamed great dreams of what it was to mean to me.

I WAS having a delightful time letting my imagination soar to heights, when puff, came a gust of wind and my second best silk dress which I had hung in the window to let the breeze blow out its wrinkles—no expensive hotel valet service for me!—blew right out the window.

"My, such a hubbub as ensued. I forgot my flights of fancy. I forgot everything but that I had to have that dress. I was going to wear it the next evening when I sang before delegates to a national steel convention in Atlantic City. A bellhop did find it down in the alley after about a half-hour's search—a bit bedraggled and wrinkled, but my dress.

"I think of that incident often. It's typical of life, isn't it? You think everything is wonderful and splendid and the future stretches ahead of you in glorious panorama, when puff, comes a gust of wind or realism, smacking you right down to earth where honest work goes on.

"But as I day-dreamed, looking out that window, I saw myself a great diva at the Metropolitan Opera House. No, I've never sung at the Met. Many people think that I have, but I never have been so fortunate. Let's go by and look at it, it's at 39th Street. Driver, the Met!"

We didn't say anything for a minute. Then, "The Met—that's where I was to become famous—that is where my good friends and neighbors believed I was destined to become the great star of all time. They, who believed in me, gave me a beautiful feather fan with a tortoise shell handle just before I left home. It was to be my Met fan—I was to carry it when I made my debut.

"Well, I did carry it, but when I went to the Met to hear, not to sing, my first opera! It was at a Thanksgiving performance and Rosa Ponselle sang 'Aida.' Never in my life have I been so excited over music.

"Now, let's go practical for a minute. Let's go over toward Times Square where I learned about jobs, managers and rehearsals and had that sick feeling of being dropped out of a show just before the pay-checks were to start."

ENROUTE to the Selwyn Theatre building at 42nd Street, near Broadway, Irene pointed out the Roseland Dance Hall which she told me represented to her the heights of fun and gayety when she was that youngster from Kentucky. "We dined in a restaurant across the street and I looked at it and thought how beautiful it was. I planned to go dancing with a beau there some day."

"Did you?" I asked.

"No," she said. "That's something I never got around to do. Look, here's the Selwyn, where I applied for my first job from the Hammersteins. It was on that first trip and I carried a letter of introduction from a mutual friend. I was forty minutes late for my appointment but swept in like a prima donna. Arthur Hammerstein loves to tell the story on me now—but I didn't get the job. So I went back to Kentucky and the family sent me to a music school in Chicago. It probably was all for the best."

It also was in the Times Square section of New York, where so much glamor is discovered and sent forth to shine on the New York stage or in Hollywood, that Miss Dunne had her first meeting with the famous Ziegfeld, the man who was later to star her in "Showboat." She met him in an elevator in the Amsterdam Theatre building, on her way to rehearsal for a Dillingham show "The City Chap."

"He offered me a job and I turned him down—just think," she said, laughing. "When I noticed him looking closely at me, I paid no attention at all! I merely turned so that he got the best possible view of me at the best possible angle—and pretended to be interested in something else. He stared and stared, so I knew I had impressed him. Just a few minutes later, after I had begun rehearsal, his secretary arrived, wanting to know the name of the little girl in the blue dress and blue hat. Who was she and what did she do? Mr. Ziegfeld wanted to see her about a job. But I wasn't interested. I had a job, thank you, I told him."

Imagine a young prima donna pulling that on Ziegfeld! But it has been Irene Dunne's nature to be independent and proud. Perhaps it is her pride, coupled with the fierce determination always to be somebody, that is the real keynote of her character.

It looks like love and it is love —Anne Shirley and her big heart throb, Owen Davis, Jr., leave the Club Casanova.

Of course, she could afford to be independent. She will admit that, although she struggled to achieve and accomplish, she never did have the terrific economic struggle or the fight for bare existence that some of our stars have known. When she didn't work she could send home for money, for she came of a family of some means—a family which had taken so much pride in her vocal talents that it had sent her to good schools and good teachers, expecting her to be important in whatever she undertook to do. Irene became important, too. She never took anything but leading roles in shows. She fought for the best and got it. She was a prima donna and a leading lady from the beginning, partly because of her ability as a fine singer, partly because of this pride and determination.

A GIRL with less backbone, character and pride might easily have been spoiled by her advantages, and the fact that she could lean on her family. That Irene wasn't, that she rode through to success and achievement and is, today, one of the best-balanced individuals I know in Hollywood, is a tribute to her character.

Well, we drove on, still looking at Irene Dunne's past. There was the Globe Theatre where she had her name in electric lights for the first time, for a Dillingham show. And Bryant Hall, where she had so many heartbreaking rehearsals for shows which didn't open, or shows from which she was forced to drop out—such as "Sweetheart Time" with Eddie Buzzell.

Next we were on Fifth Avenue. There was St. Patrick's Cathedral where Irene goes to church—big, impressive, handsome, a famous landmark. Central Park, where Irene used to roller skate for exercise.

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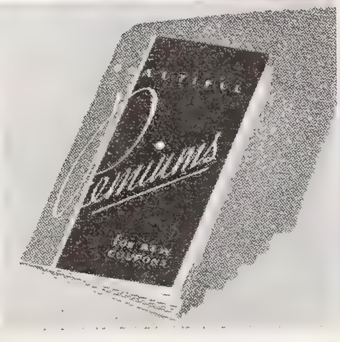

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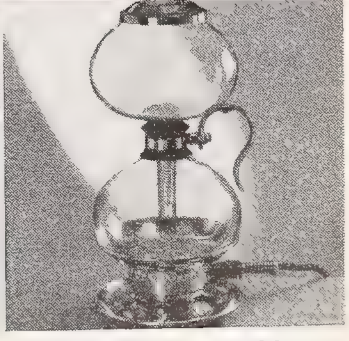

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Then the Lincoln building, where her husband, Doctor Griffin, has his office. The Biltmore Hotel where she first met the doctor. You know that story, of course, how they immediately were attracted to each other—he asked for her telephone number and she promptly gave it to him. Then he didn't call her for several months! She was pretty upset, but, when he did call, there was no maidenly stalling with, "I'm busy." Instead a prompt acceptance of his dinner invitation. They were married. And it was the dignified old Plaza Hotel where they had their wedding reception. (This was when Irene was going to retire from the stage and be a good wife for the rest of her life!) Soon we reached 85th Street and the apartment house where Irene and her mother lived for some time. It marked one of the happiest times in Irene's existence.

Why?

"Well, I paid the rent," she told me. "For the first time since I had been in New York I was making enough money and working regularly enough to be able to shoulder the financial responsibility that was mine. I was happy that I could pay back some of the money that the family had expended upon me. I remember, also, I used to practice singing like mad and as we were on a court my high notes echoed and re-echoed through the apartment house. One day while practicing, I was frightfully crushed when a woman yelled out, "Hire a hall!" She turned out later to be an important newspaper woman who since has become one of my great friends. It never pays to take any rebuff seriously, does it?"

We wound up back at the Pierre where Irene Dunne lives today when she is in New York.

What does she like best today—the New York where she fought her early battles, or Hollywood where she is famous and a star?

"Well, of course, first of all, I like to be where Doctor Griffin is," she told me. "That's the most important. I'm happiest when I am in New York with him or he is with me in Hollywood, but as comparative places to live, well . . .

"I dreaded leaving Hollywood to come to New York this last time. I thought of giving up my nice breakfasts in my patio and taking New York's rain and snow and sleet. Now that I'm here, I dread going back to Hollywood. I love New York as a town. We have our friends, made over a long period of time, we see them and enjoy them and we live a stimulating, interesting life.

"I feel as though, when I'm here, this is my permanent residence and I am not just on vacation. I feel as if I am a part of what is going on in the world of politics and finance. I meet and enjoy people who are active in those fields. But also, I go to openings and night clubs. We go a great deal. I don't know where you got the impression I live so quietly."

Well, maybe my impressions were wrong. Maybe Irene doesn't live so quietly, maybe it's because she doesn't do the usual Hollywood star-on-vacation, wear-a-wig and don't-let-anyone-see-me sort of thing, that I'm baffled about her. Perhaps it is because she has too much pride and good breeding to indulge in these cheap dramatics that I have been fooled into thinking she's a quiet person, living an uneventful life.

Perhaps she's just herself, Irene Dunne, a very nice individual who has made her way quietly and purposefully up through New York to Hollywood stardom and now goes about her own business without any monkeyshines and talks about it frankly, but minus histrionics.

You Appeal in Star Fashions

(*Continued from page 58*)

typifies the Bennett brand of smartness. There's nothing haphazard about Connie or her clothes.

And you would just languish over her accessories. Opening dresser drawers which are heavily scented, she showed me an array of handbags in a variety of materials and colors. In another drawer, neatly arranged, were belts—wide ones, vivid velvets, soft suedes and shining patents. And a hothouse load of artificial flowers which included large-petaled single flowers, tiny French bouquets and brightly blended corsages. Scarves are another big item in the Bennett accessory drawers—Connie has 'em in all sizes and designs made in chiffons, velvets, wool, suede, taffeta and crisp pique.

Constance is a very systematic lass and so she insisted upon summing up her fashion advice in ten concise points. I pass them on to you as she gave them to me and I think they are darn helpful.

Here goes:

"Dress with an eye for your own particular type. Don't dress too conciously with or against fashion."

"Choose your gowns with simplicity, your hats with sanity and your accessories with subtlety."

"*Never* follow fads. There is a difference between novelty and originality. The former is for women who allow others to think for them. The latter for those who think for themselves!"

"Give your costume complete coöperation! Walk gracefully, sit gracefully—even lounge gracefully."

(Incidentally, that is one of the best bits of advice you've ever had!)

"Do not wear colors just because they are new colors, wear them only if they are smart on you and if they flatter *you*. Colors should be semi-bright, not glaringly so."

"Be consistent in what looks best on you. If one gown flatters you more than another, copy it—twice, three times, as often as you like. And in various fabrics and colors. Repetition is never monotonous if it is smart repetition."

"Dramatize your dresses. Give them surprises—a daring back, a slashed skirt, a spectacular clip or belt-buckle."

"Combine value with vogue. Save your pennies if you must, but avoid cheap materials. Don't allow a momentary thrill for a dress to confuse your senses. How long will it thrill you? How well will it look the second time you wear it?"

"Dispense with fussy details. Remember that simplicity moulds the figure."

"Cultivate personality, discover your own type, find a style to agree with it, and develop the courage to express it!"

And because Connie Bennett practices what she preaches, her clothes have appeal for you. From her wardrobe she selected three outfits which embrace her ten fashion pointers—each of these three has something which is adaptable to you, whether or not you are specifically a Constance Bennett type.

There's the street dress of waffle

plaid-wool in a soft dusty rose shade. Connie points this out as an example of what she means by a simple dress dramatized by its accessory details. The neckline, hidden under her beautiful fur scarf, in the picture, has an Ascot scarf collar. The sleeves are long and fitted with cuffs of the material. Except for its unusual fabric, it would be a plain dress, but instead it is lifted out of the average class by the addition of a wide brown suede sash, looped over and held by an enormous gold safety pin. To tie up with the belt, she selects a brown suede bag with gold chain handle, a brown antelope hat with peaked crown and a giddy quill of the same leather, brown suede gloves and matching oxfords with the new high instep cut emphasized by an open lacing—these have neither toes, nor backs.

For afternoon dates, when she's not making a picture, Connie's pet outfit is a severe black velvet dress that looks like a coat. It has a concealed zipper all the way down the front. Into the V neck of this she tucks a rose colored scarf when she wears that sassy black velvet topper with the rose trim and flaring veil. The close-up shows you the hat as well as the other accessories which go with this.

Connie probably paid a fortune for her Iris blue taffeta dinner gown, but there's not a gal among you that couldn't have a copy of it—it's that simple and copyable from its short puffed sleeves held up by wide, buttoned bands to the elegant sweep of its full skirt. In the picture, the shadows hide the clever shoulder detail but I'll describe it because it's another one of those things you can make yourself with a couple of yards of velvet ribbon. It's a corsage made by clustering a series of crimson velvet bows, tied either large or small, as you like best. A swell color contrast to the Iris blue, too, isn't it?

All three of the Bennett costumes shown can be converted into usable ideas for each of you—and that applies as much to the girl who can't sew a stitch as to the one who can. The only difference being that the girl who can't sew has to trick up her ready-made clothes, while the girl who is needle-wise, can copy every minute detail if she likes.

The next day I hied myself over to the Cedric Gibbons' modern homestead. Mrs. G., Dolores Del Rio, has surrounded herself with the sort of house she has to dress up to. I don't mean that she has to run around all set for a party from morn to night, but she can't go old-fashioned and clinging vine in such a setting of brisk modernity. As a result, her wardrobe has that twentieth century tempo that is very stimulating.

Just as with Constance, the mention of clothes, brought us face to face with the Del Rio closets and boudoir, jammed with clothes and accessories. Her dressing-room is white carpeted and mirror-walled. Revolving doors on her closets swing around to reveal her clothes arranged according to their types. For instance, one section contains neat hangers full of satin, velvet, silver and gold cloth pajamas. Another displays hanger upon hanger full of wool, gabardine and broadcloth suits. In the same file-like precision you can see afternoon, cocktail and evening gowns. All the evening gowns hang from quilted hangers.

Each season Dolores picks one color to dominate her whole wardrobe. Does that sound familiar to you? It seems to me as if I am always dinning that in as the shortest cut to economical smartness! Anyway, this winter, she has picked black—black for morning, afternoon and evening clothes—with only occasional diversion such as a vivid splash of color on a blouse, in a handkerchief, a petticoat or a scarf. Now and then gold or silver metal cloth for evening.

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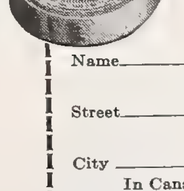

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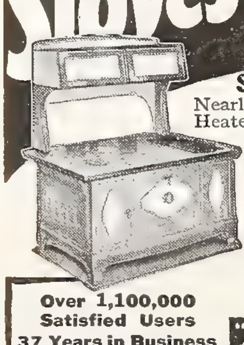

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While she obligingly dragged clothes out of the closet to illustrate a point, we discussed skirt-lengths, trims, lines and accessories, designers, colors, short and tall women, stout and thin. About skirts, she said:

"Skirts—yes—they are going to be shorter and shorter, but women must be guided by what will become their own limbs—not by how short others may wear them. Irregular hemlines will be invaluable aids to those who must be wary.

"There are three factors most important to be considered in selecting a correct wardrobe," she continued. "Line, of course, is first. Color next, and specialty of style last. No matter how becoming a line may be, the wrong color or an unflattering style feature will destroy its beauty. It is important that all three be combined carefully for the perfect results.

"Proof of a woman's technique in choosing her clothes should be her personality when she wears it. She should present a different personality in tailored costume than in evening ones. Thus, the original and clever dresser may have as many moods as she has costumes!"

AND no one is more versatile on this latter point than Dolores herself. Just look at the completely different effect she achieves in the two costumes pictured. Although her evening gown of silver metal cloth bordered with black fur is severely simple, it manages to give her a rather stately, sophisticated air. This general type of evening dress is always good regardless of changing modes. Whereas, the equally simple black crepe afternoon gown, by means of its full swing skirt, short puffed sleeves and high neckline, makes Dolores look young and rather naïve. This dress follows the favorite peasant trend, an effect which is further stressed by the wide suede belt, the high-crowned and ribbon-trimmed turban and the unusual sabot shoes. The only touch of color in this whole ensemble is the lipstick red ribbon trim on the turban.

Just as the Bennett costumes were easy to adapt or copy for your own needs, so are these two Del Rio models. Any girl with a flair for sewing, could make them. Why not try? It would be fun.

Dolores has a fund of good, sensible fashion axioms. Showing me her many and distinctive accessories, she said:

"Hats and accessories should be chosen to accent a costume's feature as well as to blend in color and design. More and more we find that designers are emphasizing this. For instance, buttons on a dress may be repeated again on a hat or a bag. Belt buckles may be repeated on shoes or a bag, even gloves.

"The psychology of color is as interesting a subject as clothes themselves. I definitely believe colors reflect favorably or unfavorably upon a woman's disposition as well as on her personality. Instinctively, women should know which color inspires them the most—and if their instinct fails to serve them in this respect, they would not be amiss to consult a student of color psychology. Personally, I prefer to make up my wardrobe along one definite color. Last season I had everything white, this year, it's black instead. A black and white combination is one of my favorites."

And all you girls with the black-haired, black-eyed Del Rio coloring could well cultivate some similar basic color scheme to stress your individuality.

"Every woman has some outstanding feature," she continued. "Naturally, in emphasizing our good points, we can more gracefully overcome our bad ones. Too thin backs and arms should be covered gracefully, no matter how otherwise perfect a dress may be for the wearer. Added touches, for the purpose of concealing less attractive features, will not detract from style or silhouette if carefully and expertly designed."

So there you have answers to many of the questions you write in to ask me about—answers which carry the weight of being the real style credo of two of the most perfectly groomed and smartly dressed stars in all Hollywood. And since these and other stars have such grand and practical tips up their sleeves, why don't you write in to me, telling me what questions you would like most to have answered by some star? I will make up a questionnaire of your ideas, submit it to some star, famous for her smartness, and then publish the answers to your combined questionnaire in some future article. So write in your question, but stick to fashion, remember, and let's make up a really helpful group of questions to send on to Hollywood!

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One in a Million!

(*Continued from page 39*)

inclination to conceal that background. "Why should I?" he asked, smiling. "The saloons were good saloons, and my father was a good man."

Felix Ameche had ideas about the education his eldest son should have. When Don had finished the seventh grade in Kenosha, his father sent him off to St. Berchman's Seminary in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. He remained there through his first year in high school. And that was where he first wondered what he would do with his life.

"I responded to the suggestion of my surroundings," he said. "I thought of the priesthood until I discovered how much studying it would take. Then I knew it wasn't for me."

That, also, was where he did his first bit of acting.

"I played the part of the Blessed Mother in the Christmas play the boys put on. And there's rather an amusing story connected with that.

"One of my duties was to help put the smaller boys to bed. That involved considerable rough-housing before the lights went out. And three days before the play was to be given, what should happen during one of those sessions, but that I should get kicked in the eye. I developed a beautiful shiner.

"By the day of the play, it was hardly noticeable. Then, that day, we had a fire drill. I ran down the fire escape and tore around the corner of the building. As I rounded the corner, I bumped into the janitor, who was coming toward me with a pipe in his mouth. The pipe hit me in the eye. The same eye was blacked all over again. I'm probably the one and only actor who ever played the Blessed Mother with a black eye!"

From St. Berchman's he went to Columbia Academy in Dubuque for three years; thence, into Columbia College for a year and a half. There he met the man who is his greatest friend today, Father Maurice Sheehy. He was the first discoverer of Don Ameche.

The ex-newspaperman-turned-priest saw potentialities in the tall, handsome boy who didn't like to study. He encouraged him to enter and to win elocution contests. He gave him the idea of a law career.

Father Sheehy, in his friendship, also did something else for Don. He took him along one night when he went calling on some old friends named Prendergast. He introduced Don to tall, fair-haired Honore Prendergast. He simplified their falling in love six years later, when they met again.

"I wanted to study law, and Columbia had no pre-law course. So I transferred to Marquette. I tried pre-law and it didn't work out. I couldn't settle down to study; I was too full of play. I hated to go to bed—I *still* hate to go to bed—but I wasn't staying up to study. I was reading every kind of book except text-books. I was having dates three or four a week, with three or four different girls.

"Meanwhile, I was cutting classes right and left, so that I could go to the movies. I saw two or three a day, on my good days. I loved them. I had Hollywood on my mind even then—only I didn't know what to do about it."

At the end of the year, when the Dean caught a glimpse of the Ameche grades, Don received a little note that said, "We regret to inform you that you have failed to pass the required number of courses. Therefore, etc."

AMAZING
- instantly their skin felt soft and smooth as velvet
"DO YOU REALLY BELIEVE THIS LINIT AD, IT SAYS LINIT MAKES YOUR SKIN FEEL LIKE VELVET INSTANTLY"
"IT ALSO SAYS YOU CAN FIRST TRY IT OUT ON YOUR HANDS."
NEXT DAY
"LET'S FOLLOW THE INSTRUCTIONS*"
"LET ME JOIN IN ON THIS"
* Merely dissolve some LINIT in your basin water, wash your hands as usual and, after drying, feel your skin...soft and smooth as velvet.
"NO FOOLING! LINIT IS MARVELOUS. ME FOR A LINIT BEAUTY BATH FROM NOW ON!"
"AND FEEL MY HANDS, EVA, JUST LIKE A ROSE PETAL"
"AND LOOK HERE ON THE PACKAGE IT SAYS LINIT IS WONDERFUL FOR DAINTY UNDERTHINGS!"
"FINE, I'LL TRY IT LATER, FOR RESTORING LUSTRE TO MY LINGERIE."
The Bathway to a Soft Smooth Skin
LINIT FOR THE BATH
LINIT IS ALSO UNEXCELLED FOR FINE LAUNDERING

Relieves TEETHING PAINS within 1 MINUTE

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved in one minute.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS

DR. HAND'S Teething Lotion

Buy Dr. Hand's from your druggist today

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SAFE BECAUSE IT'S EASIEST TO CLEAN • ASK YOUR DOCTOR

Hair OFF Face Lips Chin

Happy! I once had ugly hair on my face and chin . . . was unloved . . . discouraged. Tried depilatories, waxes, liquids . . . even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty, love, happiness with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 337, Chicago.

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Just isn't sticky

New Secret Ingredient does away with sticky gums found in old-type lotions. Penetrates quickly, leaving your skin satin-smooth. Next time ask for Chatterbox.

10c

Chatterbox LOTION

AT 5c & 10c STORES EVERYWHERE

Gene Autry's horse celebrates his sixth birthday aided by Mae Clarke and Gene. So popular are Gene's musical Westerns that his fan mail rivals the Taylors and Gables.

"From there, I went to Georgetown University in Washington, D. C. for a half-year—and quit before exams. It was senseless, my trying them. My next stop was at the University of Wisconsin, at Madison—where Mother and Dad had more of a chance to keep an eye on me. Poor Mother and Dad! They must have wondered what they had ever done to deserve *me*.

"Wisconsin had a fine Little Theatre, and a fine director—William Troutman. I owe a great deal to him. He helped to make an actor of me.

"I had done a little acting at Columbia, but none since. Now I became interested as I never had been before. I played the leads in a succession of plays there—plays like 'The Devil's Disciple,' 'Liliom,' 'Young Woodley,' 'Cradle Song,' 'Outward Bound.'

"There was also a good little stock company playing in Madison, the Jackson Stock Company. Thanksgiving Day morning, 1928, the leading man and the second lead were in an automobile smash-up. The leading man had a broken arm, but he could go on at the matinee. The other man couldn't. He was in the hospital with a badly cut head. They had to find someone to replace him in a hurry.

"A friend of a friend of mine told the manager about me. The manager didn't know if I could do the part, but he had to take the chance. It wasn't a matter of choice. There wasn't anybody else available."

That was his first professional appearance. And, note, a friend was responsible for it.

"After that, I stayed with them, making enough to keep me going until the first week in June. Then I resigned from the University. Exams were coming up again. Acting was interfering with my studying. Studying wasn't interfering with my acting."

And what did his mother and father say to all this?

"They weren't too much impressed when I first started out. But neither one ever said a word, either way. They told me, 'Make up your own mind; do what you want to do; it's your life.' They were very modern about that."

The budding young thespian, who had turned twenty-one on May 31, decided that Broadway couldn't get along without him much longer. He armed himself with some letters of introductions, and set out.

He wasn't afraid of New York. "I didn't have enough sense to be afraid," he said, with a wry grin.

HE delivered all the letters on his first day in New York, and, like most letters of introduction, they didn't do any good. He was turned away politely, instead of brusquely; that was all.

On his third day of job-hunting, he met another young actor on the street. They struck up an acquaintanceship.

"He told me he was playing with Fiske O'Hara in 'Jerry for Short,' and that they were letting a player go. He suggested I put in a bid for the part. I did, got it, and had my first Broadway job three days after my arrival."

This time a total stranger had proved himself a friend.

Don thought he was on his way to uninterrupted success. But the fickle gods of fame were snickering up their sleeves.

When "Jerry for Short" closed, he played in stock in Greenwich, Conn., for two weeks. Then he won the juvenile lead in the road company of "Illegal Practice"—and wound up broke after nine weeks.

He had to borrow money to get back to New York. Between February and June, he had two weeks of work; namely, a vaudeville engagement with Texas Guinan. Came June, and he couldn't hold out any longer so he wired home for money to get back to Kenosha.

There, another friend came to his rescue.

"Bernadine Flynn, of the radio team of Vic and Sade, knew me in the stock company in Madison. She heard that I was back in Kenosha, and called me from Chicago. She wanted me to make an audition there for a radio program called 'Empire Builders.'

"If it hadn't been for her, I probably wouldn't be here today. I wouldn't have known about that audition. I wouldn't have taken it. I wouldn't have gone on the air that fall of 1930. Or ever, probably."

And he wouldn't have had the chance to go on the "First Nighter" program in the spring of 1931—the program that made him famous as a radio personality—and on which he still appears, every Friday.

In the fall of 1932, another friend played a memorable part in his life.

"This friend called up one evening and

asked what I was doing. If I wasn't doing anything, I could have a date with a pretty girl from Dubuque, visiting in town. I asked who the girl was; I might know her; I had gone to school in Dubuque. 'Honore Prendergast' was the name that came over the phone. 'Let me talk to her,' I practically shouted.

"We went out together that night, and every night after that while she was in Chicago. Then she had to get back to her work. She was a dietitian in Dubuque. That was the first part of September. After that, every week-end, I covered the hundred and seventy miles to Dubuque to see her. In the last part of November, we were married. Father Sheehy came back from Washington to marry us."

A fast worker, this Don Ameche.

He forgot his old Broadway ambitions. He stayed in Chicago and concentrated on his radio programs—which gave him a bigger audience and more money, than Broadway ever could. But he didn't forget his old movie ambitions.

"I came out to Hollywood a year ago last August to make a test at M-G-M. It was bad. So bad that I didn't have any Hollywood hopes left."

Then another friend did an unsought, unexpected favor for Don.

"He knew a Hollywood agent who was visiting in Chicago, and told him that my taking a test hadn't led to anything. He introduced me to the agent, who asked if I wanted an honest opinion of the test. My answer was 'Yes.'

"When he got back to Hollywood, he looked it up, and liked parts of it—much to my surprise. A flash here and a flash there showed something, he said. He arranged another test for me, this time in New York. I flew there after a 'Grand Hotel' broadcast to make it. And all the way back to Chicago afterward, I kicked myself for having gone on another wild-goose chase.

"I never expected an offer from that test. The lighting was bad; the make-up was bad; *I* was bad. When 20th Century-Fox sent for me, I couldn't understand why. I didn't see the test, myself, till I got out here. Then I understood even less.

"I did a broadcast on Sunday afternoon, planed out of Chicago immediately afterward, arrived here Monday morning, had a make-up test that afternoon, and started the picture Wednesday morning."

That picture was "Sins of Man," starring Jean Hersholt. In it, Don Ameche had a dual role. No other movie beginner ever has had such a start.

He came out on a contract for just one picture, with a year's option. And he didn't send for his wife and children until the option was picked up. That was less than a month later, on March 28th or 29th.

DARRYL ZANUCK then gave him one of the roles of the year—the part of Alessandro—in the first big Technicolor romance "Ramona." A week after that finished, he was testing for "Ladies in Love." A week after courting Janet Gaynor, he was wooing Sonja Henie in the big musical, "One in a Million." Before that was completed, he was cast opposite Loretta Young in "Love Is News."

In this he plays a fiery city editor. "They've put a moustache on me and grayed my hair. I'm anxious to see how I look and what I can do, as an older man."

People meeting him for the first time are invariably surprised at how young he is. As he puts it, "My voice is much older than my age."

Unlike most newcomers to sound-stages, he had no "mike fright." Neither did he have camera fright. "Still lack of good sense, maybe. I've had my troubles loosening up in front of the camera. But that wasn't fright, it was just stiffness."

He had had the most fun, making "One in a Million." He has learned the most from "Ramona"—or, to be exact, from Director Henry King.

"I was trying too hard. He made me relax. He emphasized that the basis of a good performance is sincerity. Camera angles, appearance, nothing is so important as sincerity. Suppose I had to walk over to that table and pick up something, with the camera on the other side of the table. He would say, 'Do it as you would in real life. Forget the camera. Think as you would ordinarily think; look as you would ordinarily look.' I'm remembering that."

Don is glad that he has had radio experience. "Radio gives you a terrific insight into what people like. You learn that the purpose of entertainment is to take others' minds off themselves. That's why I don't care what I do—drama, comedy, musicals, anything—just so long as it's good entertainment."

He's convinced that the play—not Ameche—is the thing. That's typical of him.

When he received the screen offer and told his radio sponsors about it, he said, "My contract with you comes first. I'll do whatever you say." They said, "Take the offer. You can still broadcast for us. We'll pipe the programs from Hollywood."

He isn't taking his success big, isn't putting on any "great lover" act, isn't talking about himself except under pressure. He would rather talk about his two youngsters—Dominic Felix (called Donnie), aged three, and Ronald John (called Ronnie), who will be a year old on the thirtieth of December.

Skin Flaky?

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HAVEN'T you come in often from the crisp, cold air and felt your skin all dry and flaky?

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For powder base— Right after cleansing, put on a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It gives your skin a wonderful smoothness. Powder and rouge go on softly. Stay for hours.

For overnight—To give your skin lasting softness, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream after your nightly cleansing. Leave it on. It won't smear. As you sleep, your skin gets softer.

How skin roughens. Dead, dried-out particles on top scuff loose, catch powder. You can *melt* them off!

8-Piece Package Pond's, Dept. 9MS-VB, Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

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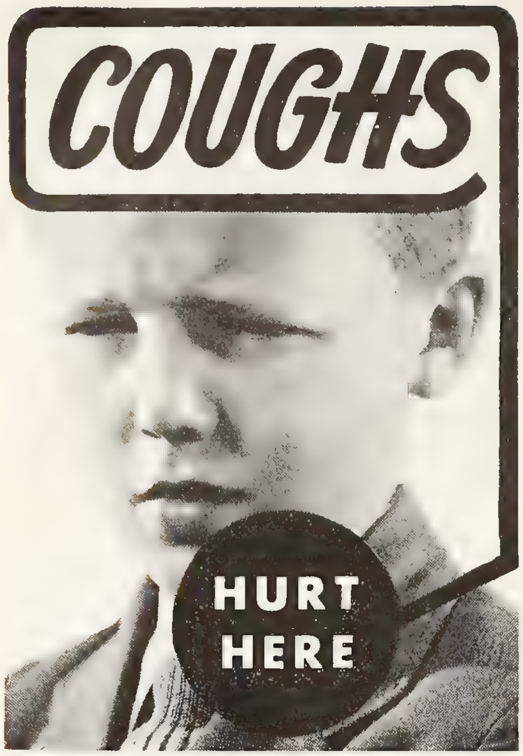

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Mother! When your child has a cough (due to a cold), remember this: a cough medicine must do its work *where the cough is lodged* ...in the cough zone. Smith Brothers Cough Syrup is a thick, heavy syrup. *It clings to the cough zone.* There it does three things: (1) soothes, (2) throws a protective film over the irritated area, (3) helps to loosen phlegm. Get Smith Brothers'—*it's safe!* 35¢ and 60¢.

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This vitamin raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

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Start using Mercolized Wax tonight. Win new skin loveliness. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of any complexion.

USE Saxolite Astringent—a refreshing stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel. Use daily. *At drug and department stores everywhere.*

The Ameches live in a rambling Spanish ranch house at Encino, ten miles out in the San Fernando Valley. They rent. The place includes seven and a half acres of orange trees. The orange blossoms, he says with a smile, ought to be conclusive to a happy married life. He is madly in love with his wife. He doesn't leave any doubt about that.

He has brought his mother and father out to California to share in the sunshine, establishing them in a little place near his own. That's the kind of son he is.

Also, he is putting his younger brothers and sisters through school. One brother is studying architecture—"and I mean studying," he says.

Don isn't building a California home immediately. "I've moved around so much that I'm superstitious about trying to take root. I'm waiting till next April, when my option comes up. I'm not strong on these loan affairs. I want to have the cash in hand when I build."

Success isn't going to the well-shaped Ameche head. He isn't building castles on hopes.

He sings a little, but "can't read music." He reads books until all hours. His favorite indoor game is poker. His favorite outdoor sports are tennis and swimming. He has been too busy to have time for golf. Horseback-riding? Some. He was never on a horse in his life until he was cast as Alessandro.

He is slender, well-tailored, just a fraction under six feet tall. His eyes are brown, with a warm glint in them. His hair is brown. But his most noticeable feature is his mouth. His smile is the warmest, friendliest in Hollywood.

And what does he think of Hollywood?

"Everybody out here has been grand to me and very helpful. I feel as if everybody is my friend."

And he isn't far wrong!

Miss Rainer Regrets

(Continued from page 47)

me to talk of love! Certainly, love is very important, to me more important than my career, but I do not care to make newspaper stories about it! In Europe this is all so different. There, with an actress, her life is her own.

"Here, I have a vacation. I am tired. I have just finished 'The Good Earth,' so I take an airplane East. I want to see New York. I want to go to the theatre. I want to be with my friends. But my whole trip, my little vacation, it is spoiled for me. Why? I regret that the studio tells reporters, so when my airplane lands I cannot even take notice of Clifford Odets who is standing, waiting, after coming all the way out there to Jersey just to meet me. No, I cannot even look at Odets; I don't dare because I am mobbed by the reporters, like wolves they are; so by myself I jump into a taxi and run away!

LATER, when I visited Odets, the reporters, they walked through the house. Can you imagine! Through the house!" She laughed. "But I fooled them. Do you know what I did? I hid for a whole morning. I lay flat on the floor under a divan. And the reporters, they walked by, and one, he sat down on the divan right over my head. But he did not know that!"

She giggled, then becoming serious as if a sudden thought had popped across her mind she said, "I regret that the American women spoil their men. European men treat women as if they are delicate—helpless, as if they will break. Not so American men. And it is the fault of their women, absolutely. They are too independent. No matter how important a woman may be, no matter how much money she earns she should never, never be independent. Men don't like it.

"But I talk too much. You noticed how I opened the door for you myself." Her eyes twinkled. "I regret this is Thursday, the maid's day out, or I would ask you to lunch.

"But I will ask you, anyway." And she jumped up from the couch.

When I refused to let her bother she rushed from the room with, "But I know what I can give you," and returned carrying a huge box.

"Viennese chocolates, they are marvelous." Once more she was seated on the sofa, this time with the chocolates on a table between us.

"What was I talking about?" she began. "Oh, my regrets. I regret I used to have such a different idea of pictures. In Europe I was *really* an actress, but *really!* I played 'Saint Joan' over four hundred times. I thought pictures were only for beautiful girls. Then one day I went to 'A Farewell to Arms.' After seeing Helen Hayes I realized *actresses* are now in pictures, and that they could do great things if given the chance. Perhaps, I thought, there would be room for me, too.

"And I came here. And I worked very hard. But I regret they have no feeling for personal art. It is heartbreaking to develop a part and have it go into the hands of strangers when you can do nothing about it. This is not acting! This Hollywood picture business is like a factory or a big machine. My part that I work on so hard is sent through the cutting-room, like a loaf of bread. Those cutters!" Here Miss Rainer fairly moaned. "Did you know they wanted to cut the telephone scene from 'The Great Ziegfeld?'

"They have no understanding, none whatsoever. Naturally, in 'The Good Earth' I did not try to look pretty. I did not even use make-up. I worried about the starvation scenes because I was afraid I would look too healthy. So I found a dentist who knew how to make my teeth appear rotten and black. I was very excited over this wonderful discovery, but the producers, they say, 'No! That is going too far.'

"And because I look ugly in 'The Good Earth' they now tell me my next picture should be sexy." She shrugged her shoulders. "So I will be sexy.

"I was fortunate the first evening I was here. I met Garbo, Norma Shearer and Helen Hayes. After that I was not so fortunate.

"I regret the attitude of your celebrity-hunters. In Vienna the public has a warm feeling for its entertainers, but here . . . two hundred Rainer autographs equals one of Hauptmann. That's all they care about . . . headliners . . . not what a person puts into work. So I don't go to openings anymore. I cannot stand their coldness.

"As for buying clothes! In Hollywood they make such a competitive business of it that they take away the art. Back home I go look for material, for to me everything that counts in a dress is the material. Then I find a little dressmaker, and she pins the material on me so the dress becomes an individual thing. But here, I walk into a shop, they show me a dress, and they say Constance Bennett just bought it! Again it is all impersonal, a matter of sales. No one cares about your individuality.

"A few weeks ago I was in San Francisco. I passed an antique shop, there, in the window, I saw a piece of material which I loved. For a moment I thought I was home. I said I must have a dress made of that material, and I went into the shop. I asked where they bought the sample. They did not know. They sent for the manager. He said it came from Paris. And I said I must have it. So they ordered it for me. Then, when it came back to Hollywood, I found a little dressmaker, and it all makes me very happy. For once, in America, I shall wear a dress that is mine alone. No shop can tell me some one else has it!"

I glanced at my watch for I realized I had stayed too long.

"Must you go?" she asked.

"Yes. I leave tomorrow—for the East."

"You mean New York?" Her eyes gleamed with quickened interest and excitement.

"Yes, New York."

"Then, will you do me a favor? Will you deliver a message to a very good friend of mine? Will you tell him that you just saw me and I am well and hope he is the same?

"Here, I will write his name in your notebook, and his number. And you will not say his name to anyone, will you?" She gave me a worried, questioning look.

"I will not tell his name," I promised solemnly.

Excitedly she scribbled a well-known name and a private telephone number down in my book.

I duly delivered the message. And I hope that *that* is one action Miss Rainer will not regret.

The Pat O'Briens attended the opening at the Biltmore Theatre of George White's newest edition of the "Scandals." Pat and Eloise are one of Hollywood's inseparable couples, always together at parties and premieres.

All Day long

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2 CAN'T FAIL The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton. A special "Equalizer" center guides moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping.

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3 TYPES OF KOTEX ALL AT THE SAME LOW PRICE—Regular, Junior, and Super—for different women, different days.

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This dry rouge is so smooth . . . its particles so extremely fine . . . that it melts right into the skin and remains freshly blushing from dawn till dawn. Five lovely shades, to match Savage lipstick: TANGERINE, FLAME, NATURAL, BLUSH, JUNGLE. 20c at all ten cent stores.

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Here is a quick, safe and approved method. With a small brush and BROWNATONE you just tint those streaks or patches of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of hair. Cannot affect waving of hair. Over twenty-three years success. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable.

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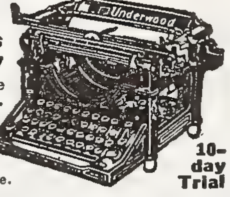

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Razorette
25¢
With 2 Blades in Dainty Case

When He's Wrong, He's Right!

(*Continued from page 49*)

Not being prepared to do any particular work, he did everything and anything that came to hand during the next year or so. His brief experience in school theatricals had driven all desire to write poetry out of his mind and he had definitely decided to be an actor. His family held out against that.

"*Anything* would be better than becoming an actor, they thought, and my father got me a job as a piano salesman, thinking it would stimulate my interest in music," Douglas told me with a twinkle in his eyes.

"I wasn't very successful at that job because I was always hanging around the theatre or attending a movie. My salary was $50 a week and I also had an expense account, which was just grand and gave me an opportunity to see all the good shows."

Finally, his sense of honesty came to the fore and he resigned, telling his employer that it really wasn't fair to take the money. His next job was in the wrapping department of a big music publisher and there he worked for a small salary until one day a girl friend came to town and he invited her out to lunch.

"We were living in Chicago at the time," he recounted, "and this girl had just arrived from another town where we had lived. I invited her to the most expensive speakeasy in Chicago for lunch. We sat at the bar and drank cocktails until my lunch hour was over and then, reinforced by the liquor, I telephoned my boss and told him I hadn't finished lunch. I suggested that I would be about an hour late, but he countered with the suggestion that I need not return at all."

From then on his experiences were varied. He read gas meters for a while and that job really appealed to him, he met so many pretty housemaids on his rounds of the basements. He worked in a dry goods store. He did everything under the sun but, he insists, "each different job was adding to my store of experience.

"Then one night at a party when I was, as usual, telling all who would listen what a good actor I was, a man reacted to my ambition and offered to teach me. It turned out that he was William Owen and he had a dramatic school. I went to live with him, acting as his secretary to pay for my lessons. I worked in the mens' hat department of Marshall Field half a day, which job paid me $18 a week. I held this job and continued my lessons for a year and a half. We put on shows in a half-amateur, half-professional way and then, to help his pupils, Mr. Owen took us on the road. We performed in different Shakespearean plays in small towns throughout the Middle West."

Then came an opportunity to organize a stock company of his own in Madison, Wisconsin, which he did and the venture turned out to be very successful. Toward the end of the season, our hero had managed to save $1,000. He had been producing, directing and acting in his own plays and perhaps had grown a bit tired. At any rate, as he was returning to the theatre from lunch one day he passed a travel bureau.

"The maps in the window looked interesting," he told me, "and I wandered aimlessly in and began talking with one of the agents. Certainly I had no intention of taking a trip, but before I left the place I had a round trip ticket to Europe in my pocket and my $1,000 had dwindled considerably.

"I went on to the theatre and told the company we would close in two weeks. Now, that would have seemed to be a great mistake. We were doing very well and were good for a couple of months longer in Madison, but that thousand dollars was burning holes in my pocket and I left two weeks later for Europe and the best time I've ever had in my life.

"I saw everything," he continued. "In France I rented a bicycle and, with another chap, rode all over that country. I had a grand time and didn't start home until my money was nearly gone and I arrived in New York with $65 in my pocket.

"For six weeks I lived on that sixty-five dollars. I couldn't seem to get any kind of a job. I was just about out of money when I was hired to run an elevator, starting the following day. That very day I read that Jessie Bonstelle had arrived in New York and was interviewing actors in search of a leading man. I went to the agent's office where I knew she would be and asked for her. I was told she was not in. I went outside and started down the hall. Then I stood there and asked myself: 'Am I going to let them tell me she isn't in when I know she is? Am I going to accept that kind of treatment?'

"I turned around, re-entered the office and, without a glance at the officious office girl who had refused to let me in before, sailed into the inner office where, as I had suspected, Miss Bonstelle was seeing people. I forced myself on her and she gave me an interview. She hired me for the second lead in her show. The next season I was her leading man.

"It might have been a mistake for me to break into her office that way. I might have been on that manager's black list the rest of my life for my freshness, but I wasn't."

HIS career went along then as many careers do. There were ups and downs, but mostly ups. Finally he was under contract to David Belasco, who was producing "Tonight or Never" with Helen Gahagan as the star.

"It will be impossible to do this play unless I have the right leading man," she told the producer. To which he replied that he had just the actor for the part and proceeded to dig up photographs of Melvyn Douglas to show her. One look at the picture and Miss Gahagan was positive he wouldn't do, but Belasco prevailed upon her to see him.

"I was so nervous when I met her for the interview," Mr. Douglas told me, "that to cover up my inferiority complex I put on a bold front that was very foreign to me. I did everything wrong. If I ever made mistakes, I made them that day. I smoked cigarette after cigarette, which was the greatest affront to any singer and particularly Miss Gahagan, who had just arrived from Europe where they have enough respect for a voice to refrain from smoking in the same room. I succeeded in making a boor of myself in my efforts to appear at ease. Before I left she had decided to give me the part. And that was the beginning of our romance, which we don't consider a mistake," he laughed.

Their marriage has been one of the happy ones in the theatrical world. They have even worked together in many plays, which most people of the stage think is a fatal mistake. On several occasions, when he was appearing in another show, he has directed her in her plays. Strangely enough, she likes having her husband direct her, and some day they hope to appear in a picture together.

Eventually their paths led to Hollywood where both had picture contracts. He was under contract to Goldwyn, but Goldwyn had nothing for him at the time and lent him to other producers. Being loaned here and there irked Douglas a little, and he didn't like some of his roles too well, so he asked Goldwyn for a release from his contract. He talked it over with his wife and they agreed it was the best thing to do, so he spent as much energy in talking himself out of his contract as most actors do in trying to get a job, and succeeded in getting his release. All his friends were of the opinion that it was a big mistake, but having secured his freedom he left immediately, with his wife, for a trip around the world. On his return he did a play in New York and then had another season in Hollywood.

"But it seemed I hadn't gotten into my stride in pictures," he resumed, "and after a few months here I said 'to hell with it' and returned to New York. More plays and the opportunity to direct Lillian Gish in 'Within the Gates,' which I enjoyed very much."

BUT always he was brought back to Hollywood. Next came "She Married Her Boss" with Claudette Colbert, which stamped him indelibly upon the consciousness of both producers and fans—it won him a contract with Columbia. Now Columbia is learning all about the game of hide and seek for, although he is in constant demand for more pictures, he regularly runs away to New York to appear in a play.

"Everyone said it was a mistake when Helen signed a contract and went East recently to do a play," he continued. "At that time I expected to be here all winter and our friends said it was a mistake to deliberately bring about such a long separation. But now I've signed a contract to do one of the best plays I've read in years and I'm going to New York in a month to start rehearsals. We'll be together after all, when it seemed impossible a month ago."

When he was engaged for the romantic lead opposite Joan Crawford in "The Gorgeous Hussy," everyone advised him not to do it.

"With Bob Taylor, M-G-M's pride and pet in the picture!" they said, aghast. "And Joan's husband, Franchot Tone, in the same picture! What chance will you have? Don't do it. It's murder!" they raved.

But Melvyn liked the part and took it. After he had worked a few days on the picture his part was rewritten and made more important. When the picture was finished it was the verdict of many critics that he had walked off with all the honors. As a reward for doing that good job he was next co-starred with Irene Dunne in "Theodora Goes Wild," in which he showed his versatility in a delightfully humorous role. He has just finished "Women of Glamor" with Virginia Bruce, and if you are fortunate enough to be in New York this season, you may see him in that play he is going to do.

"No, really," he concluded, "there's no such thing as a mistake if you don't allow your actions to be mistakes. But remember, there's always luck to be considered. It doesn't pay to accept advice, no matter how kindly and wisely it is given, because it doesn't always turn out to be good advice."

There is one time, however, that Melvyn admits he made a great mistake, but he argues that inasmuch as he knew it was a mistake before he made it, it shouldn't count against his perfect record.

He and Mrs. Douglas were on a trip around the world and as they were about to leave Rome for a trek into the desert she decided to stock up on a certain kind of candy, of which she was very fond.

"We won't be able to get it anywhere else," she insisted, "and, in fact, we won't be able to get any decent candy at all where we are going."

That settled it and although Melvyn did, surreptitiously, dispose of several pounds of it before they left, they took along enough to attract a particularly large and vicious type of ant. Before they had an opportunity to open the candy the ants had discovered it. Those busy little creatures had called a field day. They had taken possession of not only the candy, but also all the Douglas' wardrobe, where they had lived and loved and multiplied by the thousands.

"Now, *that* is what I call a mistake," laughed Mr. Douglas, "but you see I was on a holiday so it doesn't count."

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Fastest Gal in Town

(*Continued from page 43*)

started on Eleanore's first celluloider, "Millions in the Air." In this she was doing a tap number on top of a piano. But what you didn't see was her clog catching and the resultant crash as she hit the keyboard, then landed on the floor with one ankle twisted under her.

"In those days," she explained, "I thought the show must go on, so I had my ankle taped up and took to the piano top again. As a result of my heroics I'll always have one ankle larger than the other. Now," and she nodded her red head for emphasis, "I've learned to let the show go on—but without me. I still haven't learned, though, how to keep on my feet!" she added sadly.

IN 'Three Cheers for Love' I was paralyzed for five days after doing a trambolene number on some chairs—you know, hopping from one chair to another. There were six chairs, but I missed the last one. That time I snapped a ligament in my back. Then in 'Rose Bowl' I was supposed to take a fall in a scene with Buster Crabbe. When the director suggested a double I got pretty indignant. That was my special line, after all. Well, there were nine takes but none looked realistic. The tenth was so realistic that I snapped my hip out and came to an hour later. And in the picture I'm working in now, 'College Holiday'—that is, if you're still with me," she grinned—"Johnny Downs and I do a dance on the platform of a train. There was some grease on the ground. Everybody else stepped in it. But I slipped in it." And she pointed under the table to a bandaged ankle as proof.

"That brings my casualties up to date, anyhow."

Wasn't this the first picture in which she had appeared with Johnny Downs, we asked.

Eleanore brightened immediately. "Now," she said, "you're on my favorite subject. Yes, it's our first picture together. The studio decided we'd make such a cute couple—and here Johnny and I had decided that six months ago! But," she shook her head earnestly, "we aren't in love. It's just a case of having so much fun together."

It may not be love, but none of the symptoms are missing. What's more Johnny and Eleanore have never been seen in anyone else's company since the day they met. And that brings up the case of Robert Taylor. Eleanore was making a personal appearance at a Los Angeles theatre when Bob and his manager came backstage to be introduced. That night Bob took Eleanore, plus two white orchids, to the Cocoanut Grove. And he made a date then and there for the next Saturday night, claiming that Eleanore was absolutely the best dancer he'd ever met. But—that was the fatal week when Eleanore met Johnny.

"You see, Johnny's the most un-Hollywood person I've ever met," she went on. "We can have the most wonderful times doing the silliest things. Like when we're driving along, and at a stop sign Johnny will lean out to the next car and yell, 'This is Eleanore Whitney with me. What? You've never heard of her! Why, the idea! She's the girl who does sixty taps in four seconds!'

"The other day," and Eleanore's laugh bubbled over in the irresistible way it has of doing, "when we were on location at the Union Pacific depot, I decided to get even with Johnny for all his teasing. I gave the porter fifty cents to help me out. You should have seen Johnny—he turned positively vermillion under his make-up when that porter came hollering through the depot, 'Paging Johnny Downs, the First Baby!'

"We have so much fun," she said, "but according to Hollywood standards we're pretty dull. We don't smoke or drink or go to the Trocadero. We go to the movies and end up with a malt. You know, it's really funny," she chuckled, "what a disappointment I am to my friends back East. They've read in the papers about how I dash dizzily from one night club to another and then they come out here and find I haven't even been to the Troc!"

FURTHERMORE, the fastest girl in Hollywood hasn't had as many dates in a lifetime as the average girl her age! And that in spite of auburn curls, creamy skin and inch long eyelashes (her own, too) to say nothing of a figure combining an even five feet with an even hundred pounds. It isn't, as you may have guessed, because Eleanore hasn't had the chance. She hasn't had the time. When you start out at ten to be a career gal you can bet that the "dates" for the next eight years will be chiefly with dancing teachers and school teachers, and any chance engagements will be limited to the theatre.

"As a matter of fact," Eleanore said, "my career started in the crib. At least my mother says I wiggled my toes even in my sleep. I know I learned to tap lots faster than I learned to talk!"

A gift for dancing had never showed up in any of the Whitneys before, so no particular attention was given to this daughter's talented toes. Not until one eventful day when Eleanore was ten years old and Bill Robinson came to town. He was appearing at the Palace Theatre in Cleveland and Mrs. Whitney took Eleanore to the performance. The little girl begged so hard to "see the wonderful man close up" that Mrs. Whitney arranged with the manager to take her backstage.

"I don't think the child lives whom Bill Robinson wouldn't smile at in the same kindly, friendly way he smiled at me that day," said Eleanore, "but it seemed so particularly for me that I forgot about being bashful and offered to do a dance for *him!*"

Bill Robinson sat watching the red-headed youngster for a couple of minutes while his smile broadened into a delighted grin. Suddenly he was beside her, his famous feet falling into step with her inexperienced ones. The visit ended up with Mr. Robinson teaching her a routine which he said no white person had ever been able to master.

"Yes, little girl, I'll teach you what I know about dancing," Bill Robinson had said. And every time he came to Cleveland he gave Eleanore a lesson. Then one day, several months later, Mrs. Whitney received a wire. If she would bring Eleanore to New York, Bill Robinson would give her a lesson every day for the two months of his stay.

And so the lessons started—fifteen minutes the first day, then twenty, then half hour lessons until the patient teacher had the child trained to dancing for hours without becoming tired out.

"Bill Robinson has the biggest, whitest heart in the world. Do you know that he has never taken one penny for all the time and patience he has spent on me?

If you are grateful, that's all Bill Robinson wants. When I was a guest on Bing Crosby's radio program a while ago I happened to mention how much my first teacher had helped me. I didn't say much—but I meant it. And a wire came from him before the program was half over. He thanked me and said that ten thousand dollars could never have repaid him for those words."

AGAIN a smile crinkled up the corners of her eyes and she burst into laughter. "Bill Robinson said the funniest thing that ever happened to one of his dances was in 'The Big Broadcast.' You see, when he heard that I was going to be put in the picture at the last minute, he helped me with a routine for it. Oh—that's just Bill Robinson," Eleanore added in explanation. "Well, we worked hard on that number—awfully hard. And when the picture was released, Bill said he didn't even see the dance. He blinked once and missed my whole appearance on the screen!"

When the two months' New York training was up, Eleanore and her mother returned to Cleveland. But it wasn't "out of sight, out of mind" for Bill Robinson. At his instigation, Rae Samuels, "The Blue Streak of Vaudeville," called Eleanore to the theatre for an audition the first time she came through Cleveland.

"I danced for Miss Samuels in the bathroom, of all places," Eleanore continued. "It was the only tile floor backstage. When I finished she said, 'How would you like to come along with me?' Well, I was twelve then, and the only Santa Claus I believed in was Bill Robinson. So you can imagine how I felt when a wire came from her two weeks later telling me to join her at once in Youngstown, Ohio."

This time Mrs. Whitney didn't go along, because she had another daughter, three years younger than Eleanore, to take care of at home. So small Eleanore Whitney set out alone to make her mark in the world.

"And I loved every minute of it—except those made miserable by the Gerry Society," she added with a grimace. "It was funny, though, at that. You see, when any of these child-labor-law addicts would start backstage, everyone would rush to disguise me. I'd get high heels, a long dress, glasses and sometimes a few grease-paint wrinkles if there was time enough. And I always tried to think of Methuselah or something more or less aged in hopes that I'd look a little older. Well, they'd take one look at me and leave, whispering that footlights and make-up were a remarkable invention. I looked so pretty and young on the stage! And that was my first dramatic training, because I never did anything but dancing then, and never dreamed about acting until Paramount signed me up a year ago."

AFTER four years with the "Blue Streak" Eleanore decided to strike out on her very own. The Roxy Theatre in New York City was her first engagement.

"If you've ever seen the Roxy you may have a vague idea of how I felt." Eleanore looked woe-begone at the thought of it. "There I was, just a little peanut out on that huge stage—alone for the first time in my life! I'd never had the slightest touch of stage-fright before. Most of the rhythm on that program, let me tell you, wasn't from my toes tapping, but my knees knocking."

When Jack Benny asked her to make personal appearances with him the next week, Eleanore jumped at the chance. On the completion of their engagement there,

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It's obvious that a cold calls, first of all, for *a cold treatment!* A preparation that's good for all kinds of different ailments can't be equally good for colds.

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RADIO NOTE: *Listen to Gabriel Heatter review the news. Mutual Broadcasting System, every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evening. 7:45 to 8:00 EST on some stations. 9:00 to 9:15 EST on others. Consult your newspaper for time listing.*

Jack Benny left for Hollywood, with a bet that Eleanore would be following inside of two months. Her next job was with Rudy Vallee in a Chicago theatre. It was while there that a screen test was made and Eleanore received a wire to report at Paramount Studios for work. On the last night of their appearance together, Rudy called Eleanore to the stage for a final bow, then motioned to the orchestra. They burst into "California, Here I Come."

"And I burst into tears," said Eleanore. "Hollywood was the last place I wanted to go just then."

But the next day Eleanore Whitney was on the plane bound for California. Hollywood's fastest—and nicest—girl was on her way.

Is Hollywood a Woman's Town?

(*Continued from page 55*)

or do any stunts or dress up in any funny costumes. They stayed until after four and I think that I have never had more fun at a party in Hollywood, even if this one was my own. I have never," he added, lugubriously, "given or attended another one like it!"

A woman's town? I think it was Pat O'Brien who related recently that he was having a rub-down after a strenuous game of handball. Suddenly he said to the rubber, "Hey, buddy! What's the matter? Have you gone sissy? I want a rub-down. I don't want to be patted!"

The attendant looked startled. "So sorry!" he apologized, beginning to pummel the O'Brien anatomy with real vigor. "Y'know we have more women customers than men, these days, and we've had to learn to pull our punches!"

Ronnie Colman says that Hollywood is pretty well ruled by a certain type of woman. "Most of the women here have jobs," he commented. "They can afford to meet men on their own terms and they don't have to make any special effort to please us. But the out-of-door woman—the woman who rides, swims, plays a good game of tennis—has more attention in Hollywood than she can possibly use. If she dances well, is lively and is good at the glib conversational give and take, she can have things pretty much her own way, so far as the local male contingent is concerned.

"But I observed recently that a beautiful visitor in our midst—a helpless, frilly, sleep-until-noon girl, lovely to look at, expensively dressed and fragile—had a very thin time of it. She left us abruptly in a state of fretful discontent. No one was very sorry.

"Look," he said, suddenly, with an amused sort of bitterness. "Look at what they—the women—have done to places like Malibu and Palm Springs. A man's idea of a perfect beach shack is a house with sand-proof floors, water-proof upholstering—made of leather or canvas or something. What do you think happens now if you drop a wet bathing suit on one of the pastel, glazed chintz chairs which embellish the houses at Malibu? I have," he was suddenly smug and secretive, "I have a place in the desert . . . now!"

HE went on, "If anyone should ask me whether I should like to sit, in a dinner coat, playing some ridiculous game, I should say that I would certainly NOT like to do any such thing. And yet I find myself doing it and enjoying it. You see, they make us like it. And that, I suppose, is the real test of whether or not Hollywood is a woman's town. They make us like it!" He shook his head and looked puzzled. But I was convinced that he really did like it.

Clark Gable wrinkled his famous nose and squirmed a bit when I tackled him on this moot question. "Please don't make me sound like a disappointed cynic or something," he urged. "But in all truth the thing does boil itself down to a matter of money—salaries. Feminine glamor, appeal, whatever you choose to call it, is worth more at the box office than anything a man can offer. Nearly all of the well-known women in Hollywood earn more money, per week, than the men do. Maybe, in your home town, or mine, the banker's son is considered the real 'catch'. His attractiveness is not actually measured, perhaps, by what he can do for a woman. But that ability to 'do' certainly comes into her appraisal of him! In a town where the women, as a rule, earn more money than the men do, things get all topsy-turvy. These women have hundreds of admirers who are outside the industry, chaps who don't have to spend as much time and effort on their jobs as we do, chaps who haven't any jobs at all and who can spend their time perfecting their polo, developing their bodies, traveling, acquiring sophistication and whatever mental attributes attract women.

"Did you ever," he added, with some heat, "encounter an actor at the end of a hard day's work? Unless he is a sort of superman, he is fit company for almost no one. And it is so difficult to synchronize your leisure hours with those of the woman who interests you . . ."

I didn't bring it up but I did think, at this point in the conversation, of a remark made by a leading man who was under contract to M-G-M. "It's a woman's lot!" he said. "If a man gets himself a big following at the box-office, what is his reward? He is allowed to support one of the important women stars!"

I was feeling distinctly depleted with it all when I finally collared Gene Raymond and asked him his opinion. "Is Hollywood," I murmured, "a woman's town?"

WELL, Gene surprised me some. "It certainly is." he opined, briskly. "Almost every man in Hollywood who has had a really successful career owes it to some woman. Sometimes it is a wife. Sometimes a sweetheart. Often it is some experienced, older woman who interests herself in him and from some maternal instinct undertakes to guide him. Maybe the glamor girls get all the admiration, the bouquets and the notices from the press. But when you see a successful man in Hollywood, keep in mind that probably some woman is almost wholly responsible for that success! I could name dozens!"

Is Hollywood a woman's town? I've collected what evidence I could from the gentlemen. Maybe, some day I'll muster up strength enough to ask the girls what they think!

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Information Desk

(Continued from page 20)

The Fox picture titled, "Up the River," was his initial cinematic offering. Astrology fans will tell you that Spencer, born April 5, 1900, is an Aries man. And Aries means a ram. The hometown is Milwaukee. Spencer is five feet ten and one-half inches, sturdily built, has blue eyes and a shock of uncontrollable brown hair. He is married to Louise Treadwell, non-professional, and has a son and daughter. His next picture will be "The Foundry," with Jean Harlow.

SALLY JANE BARTLETT, Winnetka, Illinois—The explanation for the absolute secrecy surrounding Harpo Marx's marriage isn't hard to find. Prankophobia (fear of pranks, to you) is the answer. At Chico's marriage, his two brothers amused the guests by eating all the leaves off the family's rubber plant. The clergyman walked out. And when Groucho married, Harpo played possum under a rug. Oh yes, Chico and Groucho were laying for Harpo, all right.

ROBERT YOUNG (Last printed November 1935. Total number of requests since then 243.) Never was there so righteous, so self-possessed a Dr. Jekyl as the off-screen Robert Young, or such a rampaging, scampering, egotistical Mr. Hyde as the Young you and I adore on the screen. Quietly married to the "Sweet Adeline" of his high-school days, daddy to pretty little Carol Anne, taking the problems of parenthood as seriously as a daddy with his first child does, this is the private life portrait of Bob Young. Tinging this domestic bliss is a wee shade of melancholy springing from an inferiority complex that all Bob's success has not eradicated. A "putter-offer" is what he calls himself, and he'll tell you whimsical stories about himself to prove the point. He's ambitious, too, or is "ambitious" out of place applied to a chap who's already arrived? Bob'll tell you he hasn't arrived by any manner of means . . . he wants to be a great actor some day. His life story starts in Chicago where he was born February 22, 1907, son of a well-to-do building contractor. Educated in Seattle and Los Angeles, his dramatic tendencies came to light in high-school club work. His diploma won, Bob started knocking about for a profession. He tried his hand at everything but the stage . . . clerk in a drug store, reporter, building and loan association salesman, bank clerk. Meanwhile, nights, he was playing everything from Hamlet to Little Caesar in Pasadena's amateur "little theatre." Eventually his work was noticed, and, to his surprise, Bob became neither a druggist nor a bank president . . . but an actor . . . cast opposite Helen Hayes in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." Bob is just six feet tall, with sympathetic brown eyes and brown hair which he parts in the middle. His next picture is "Stowaway" . . . the latest Shirley Temple vehicle.

ANNA JUHASZ, Tulsa, Oklahoma—They tell a cute yarn about dashing young Tyrone Power. In days gone by, Tyrone didn't use to be as wealthy as he is today. Invited to a formal party, he had just funds enough to rent himself a white tie and all that goes with it. Without a nickel in his formal pockets, he started up Broadway. When the borrowed shoes began to pinch, he slipped them off and finished the march in his silk sox.

JOAN CRAWFORD (Last printed June, 1936. Total number of requests since then 189.) To change a habit, a single habit is an act of will beyond the capacity of most of us mortals. To revolutionize a personality, plumbing its very foundations . . . who has the moral fibre, the courage to perform that dangerous operation on himself? Yet that is just what intrepid Joan Crawford has done. Above all others, above Clara Bow, above Colleen Moore, Joan Crawford was the symbol of the crazed post-war jazz age. She it was who copped all the Charleston prizes, the tango prizes, who starred in "Our Dancing Daughters," "Our Modern Maidens," who worked all day and went to parties at night. But time marched on, and with a last weary saxophone bleat, the jazz age passed away. Carried along in the wake of its passage were legions of its exponents . . . unfortunates who had been unable to adjust themselves to changing ways. Among the few who stood prepared to answer the call of the new era was Joan. Compare the modern maiden of ten years ago with the sophisticated lady of today. Today she is married to one of the screen's most polished gentlemen. Together they study voice, together they have amassed one of the finest libraries of classical music in Hollywood, together they produce high-brow plays in their private theatre. Joan was born in San Antonio, Texas, March 23rd, 1908, and baptized Lucille Le Sueur Cassin. She was just a baby when the family moved to Kansas City where Billie Cassin, as the gang called her, was educated. Father Cassin owned a theatre but wouldn't hear of Billie having anything to do with

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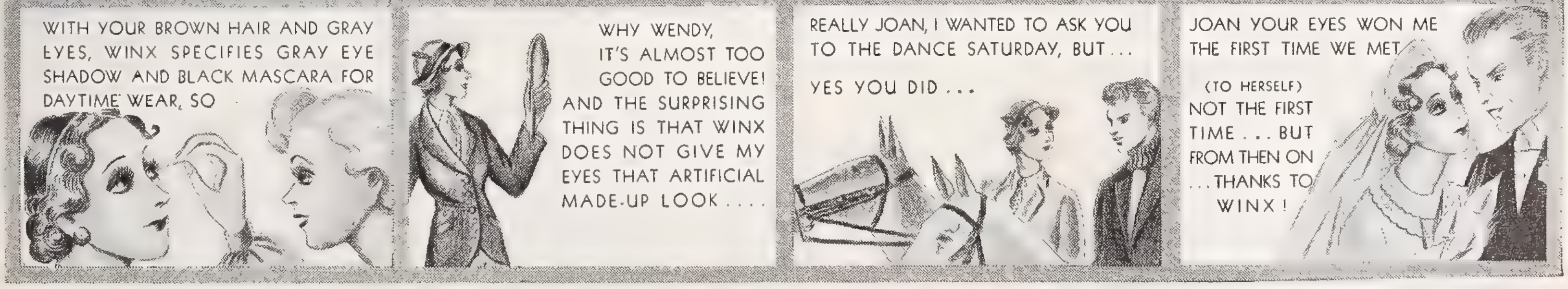
HE RIDES EVERY MORNING DOESN'T HE? WELL THEN


WITH YOUR BROWN HAIR AND GRAY EYES, WINX SPECIFIES GRAY EYE SHADOW AND BLACK MASCARA FOR DAYTIME WEAR, SO
WHY WENDY, IT'S ALMOST TOO GOOD TO BELIEVE! AND THE SURPRISING THING IS THAT WINX DOES NOT GIVE MY EYES THAT ARTIFICIAL MADE-UP LOOK . . . .
REALLY JOAN, I WANTED TO ASK YOU TO THE DANCE SATURDAY, BUT . . .
YES YOU DID . . .
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(TO HERSELF) NOT THE FIRST TIME . . . BUT FROM THEN ON . . . THANKS TO WINX!

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the stage . . . which meant that Joan had to pursue the stage career she dreamed of, in spite of Cassin senior, rather than with his help. Joan's dancing feet won her her initial stage job, but she soon moved into the purely dramatic field. In the late '20's, her stage name, Lucille Le Sueur, was exchanged for the more pronounceable, more spellable Joan Crawford of today. Her 1931 marriage to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. lasted two years. And two years after the divorce, she wed Doug's old friend, Franchot Tone. Joan is 5 feet 4 inches tall, with brown hair and blue eyes. The next picture on her schedule is "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," opposite Robert Montgomery.

MARCIA PETERS, Akron, Ohio—Is Clark Gable still popular? Well, last time he was in New York, a gang of female fans, spying him in a cab, ordered Mr. Gable out. Clark, shy young chap, demurred. Whereupon the enraged maidens started to overturn the cab. Gable, capitulating, stepped out of the swaying vehicle and let the girls gaze at the face that had come so near launching a taxi cab. Oh yes, Clark Gable is still popular!

BILLY LATZO, Athens, Georgia—The tallest star in pictures is not Gary Cooper by a long shot. Of all people, it's Arthur Treacher, the screen's butler of butlers, who measures six feet four and one half inches from stem to stern. And, speaking of size, you might be interested to know that Lily Pons takes the cake for daintiness, wearing a 1½B shoe. Lucky that Arthur isn't in Lily's shoes.

COLONEL TIM McCOY (Last printing, November 1934, Total number of requests since then, 368.) No Kentucky Colonel is Tim McCoy. But, while his rank in the movies has had nothing to do with his rank in the army, the epaulettes had plenty to do with his screen success. When production began on "The Covered Wagon," way back in the old silent days, the problem came up . . . "How do we corral five hundred savage Injuns and transform them into movie actors?" Answer to the director's prayer was McCoy, at that time cavalry captain in charge of Wyoming's Indian reservations. Nee-hee Cha-uth (High Eagle) his Indian brothers called him, and he was the only pale-face East or West of the Rockies who could order a hamburger in Indian sign lingo. So the handsome army officer became official Indian rounder-upper. But a very simple equation, fermented in the minds of Columbia executives, changed the face of things. McCoy's the McCoy. Here was *the* virtuoso of the West . . . the genuine article . . . wasting his time as a rounder-upper. Soldier Tim declared an armistice with the red-skins, and for thirteen years has been standing at attention before batteries of cameras. The vital statistics read like this . . . Timothy John Fitzgerald McCoy is the full name . . . the bearer was born the tenth of April, somewhere along in the early '90's . . . Saginaw, Michigan was the birthplace, and in those wild and woolly days was a lot farther West than today . . . Tim is 5 feet 11 inches without his boots, 170 pounds of bone and muscle, has blue eyes and blonde hair . . . in private life he is rancher McCoy, proprietor of a 15,000 acre ranch . . . divorced from wife Agnes Heron Miller, mother of his son and daughter . . . one of the world's fastest trigger men . . . can yank the ole six shooter from its holster, fan the hammer, and put six slugs into a target, all in two thirds of one second. The Colonel's most recent release is "Bulldog Courage."

SHEILA McCORMACK, Oakland, California —Your question about insurance brings to mind two astonishing cases of out of the way policies. Marlene Dietrich's legs are insured for one million dollars. Gertrude Niesen's back, of all things, is covered by a fifty thousand buck policy. Wonder how they estimated that Marlene's legs were worth twenty times as much as G.N.'s back?

These three Warner starlets spent a real outdoors week-end recently, way up at Arrowhead. And you can't say they didn't come prepared for some honest-to-goodness sleigh riding. They are, left to right, Jane Wyman, Marie Wilson and June Travis.

She Won't Play Hunches

(*Continued from page 59*)

a lower berth ticket, I would be able to buy myself another dress, which I certainly would be able to use. The idea was agreeable to all."

As it happened, Gertrude at that time had rather unfounded notions about Hollywood.

"I thought everybody dressed in light, airy things," she laughed ruefully, "like crinolines and taffetas. Heaven knows where I got the idea from, but I got it. So I took the $98 rebate on my compartment ticket and bought a dress that was the last word to me but wasn't even a first word in Hollywood! It was such a shame, too, for I was so elated over that new dress. I kept it in a separate box until I got to Hollywood. I wore it just once!"

That was Gertrude's first Hollywood error. Her second followed without much delay. Being the type of person who feels it is right to work for a salary, Gertrude had quaint ideas about working when she arrived on the Coast. She took her screen test and was signed to a contract. No one mentioned work to her, but Gertrude took it for granted she was meant to be around the premises daily—just in case.

The premises of the lot are enormous. They ramble fore and aft for miles. Gertrude, undaunted, arrived every morning at nine o'clock. Not knowing just what to do about her arrival, she sought company and company, of course, was on the various sets and stages where pictures were being made. The directors began to know Gertrude. The supervisors began to know her. The writers and the players began to know her. Day after day, Gertrude appeared at the studio at nine o'clock, lunched in the studio restaurant at noon and departed for home at five o'clock.

Then came the discovery that maybe she was being a little enthusiastic about things. The discovery happened in the studio restaurant. The hour was noon. Entering the restaurant, Gertrude passed a table where several directors were sitting. As she approached the table, she couldn't help hearing one of them describe a certain type actress he was trying to find—with no success thus far.

"The description he was giving was of me," Gertrude recounted. "He described me perfectly. As I came alongside the table, he stopped in his description to call out to me:

"'Hello, Gertrude.'

"Then he went right on describing me as this actress type he needed and was having such a hard time finding."

"Why didn't you walk up to him and ask him for the job?" we put in.

"I couldn't do that," Gertrude was aghast at the thought. "But it began to dawn on me then that perhaps it wasn't just the thing to do to appear at the studio every day unless I was especially called to be there.

"I stayed home after that," she continued. "I had things to do anyway."

Keeping up her music was one of these things. Not only did Gertrude give piano recitals before she was twelve years old, but she studied at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music when she graduated from high school, becoming a real artist.

"SPEAKING of my music," she remarked, "I've made up my mind to one thing since being in New York this trip, and I can say this to you with exactly the same certainty that I can say I'll die someday. In five years time I am going to be the solo artiste with either the New York Philharmonic Orchestra or Stowkowski's Philadelphia Orchestra and I am going to play Tschaikowsky's Concerto Number I. I've made up my mind to achieve that."

Be surprised if she doesn't achieve it, not if she does. Gertrude takes her time in coming to decisions, but once she reaches them—well, she's a bulldog for hanging on to them.

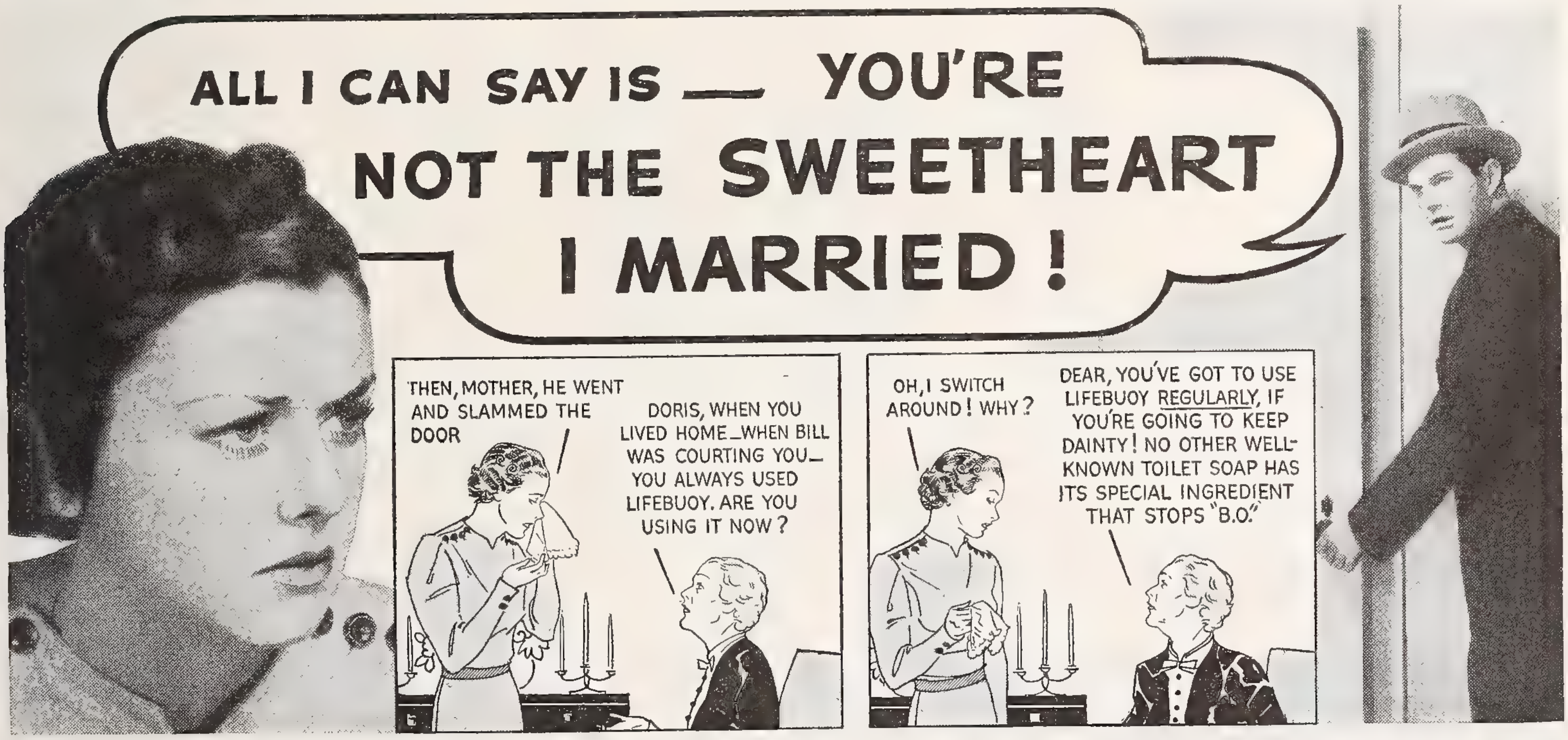
For instance, after being with M-G-M for little over three months and during that time playing in only one picture, Gertrude asked for and got her release. She went in for freelancing and tasted starvedom—not stardom.

"It wasn't at all gay for a while," she admitted.

Then things began to brighten. One picture led to another and the final one to a Paramount contract.

"I've played about every kind of role except myself," she recollected.

Some she enjoyed, some she grimaced over. Only two did she suffer real heart twinges over. One occurred when Frank Capra tried to borrow her from Paramount to play the lead in his production, "Lost Horizon," with Ronald Colman and an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DORIS, WHEN YOU LIVED HOME—WHEN BILL WAS COURTING YOU—YOU ALWAYS USED LIFEBUOY. ARE YOU USING IT NOW?
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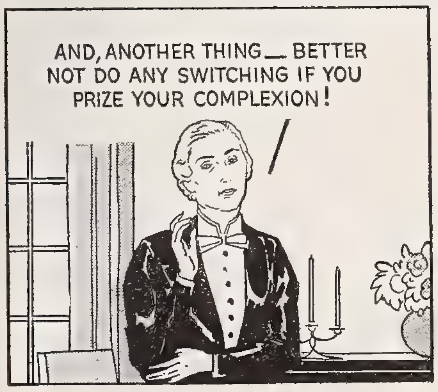
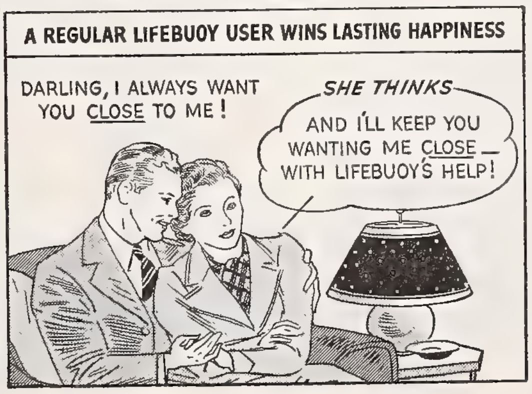

AND, ANOTHER THING — BETTER NOT DO ANY SWITCHING IF YOU PRIZE YOUR COMPLEXION!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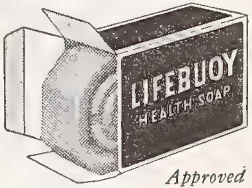
LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

What a line-up of gents! And it looks as if those rivals, Clark Gable and Robert Taylor, were pretty darn pally. Left to right, there's Gable, Spencer Tracy, Bob Taylor and Bill Powell.

all-star cast. Paramount refused to loan her and Gertrude could have wept. Maybe she did, a little. And who could blame her?

Paramount, however, couldn't see their way clear to loaning her at the time. They saw their way a little later, though, and loaned her to another studio for a picture that, when she read it in script form, didn't believe was seriously intended for production. But it was. Gertrude protested to Paramount against making the film. Paramount said they had given their word she would make it. Gertrude, who understands loyalty—though not always its devious motives—did the picture. Soon after that, she asked for her release and was free-lancing again. She preferred it that way. Then RKO-Radio flirted a contract beneath her small nose and after considering it she finally put her signature on the dotted line.

She's an easy-going young woman, Gertrude Michael. That is, she's easy going until she reaches a decision to be anything else. Having been born and reared in the South, Gertrude is a true reflection of old Dixie. A trace of a southern accent lingers in her voice. She has a special study fitted up at her home in Toluca Lake that is lined with books.

She's no "blue-stocking." She simply is hospitable and gracious in answering questions. Because of this trait, she may unwittingly convey the impression that she's an easy mark. But she isn't. She sometimes yields a point to avoid being teased and then, as it works out, she learns something of significance to herself.

Gertrude tells the story about the day in Hollywood when Isabel Jewell came to see her. Isabel was feeling "low" and decided she had ailments, so the best thing to do was to go see a doctor and learn the "happy worse." There is a medical center in Los Angeles where patients may go for a complete diagnosis. Isabel wanted to go there.

"You come with me," she invited Gertrude.

Gertrude refused. "There's nothing wrong with me."

"But I want to go and I won't go alone," Isabel complained.

The long and short of it was that Gertrude went along with her even though reluctant to do so.

"WE were X-rayed and had everything done to us that goes with a general examination," Gertrude recalled. "Then, after an hour or so of this, we were ushered into the reception-room to await the verdict. I was bored to death by this time and tired as the dickens. Isabel stood by the window, awaiting the dire news. After a short wait, a doctor came out, looked around, espied Isabel and me.

" 'You,' and he waved a dismissing hand at Isabel, 'there's nothing the matter with you. But *you*,' and he swung around on me, shaking his finger at me, 'young woman, you have—', and he went into a long rigamorole of what I had. Isabel was dismissed with a clean slate. But I," Gertrude laughed, "I was told to come back the next day!"

She didn't though, and there was where Gertrude made another mistake. It was no fluke of chance that she accompanied Isabel Jewell to that medical center. Gertrude, herself, had the "hunch" that she should listen to that doctor, but she didn't. And because she didn't, and likewise because she kept going at a terrific speed, she lost something she intensely wanted—the chance to make a picture in England

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this fall. On the eve of sailing for London to star in a talkie called "The Dominant Sex," Gertrude contracted a cold and because she had ignored previous warnings, the cold became disturbingly complicated and landed her in Doctors' Hospital for the six weeks she would have spent in England, starring in that talkie.

"And I was looking forward so eagerly to the trip and the picture," she sighed.

"Maybe next time you'll listen to the warning when you get it," we comforted.

"I hope so," and Gertrude sighed again.

She's a curious combination, this Gertrude Michael. She has the "up" or the "down" temperament; hitting the even keel between the two is something she hasn't quite caught onto yet. She has been the "man" of her little family since her father passed away some years ago. His passing induced her to give up a five-year scholarship she won, while at the University of Alabama, to study in Italy.

Instead, with the aid of those who understood how to handle the business details of the idea, she founded Radio Station WFDA at her home town, Talladega, Alabama and was pretty much the whole station, acting, playing the piano, arranging all the programs. A year of this and she returned to the stage, to the Stuart Walker Stock Company and then on to New York's Broadway. Pictures finally routed her out of the theatre dressing-room to the motion picture dressing-room. But, she said, "I am going to do a play next year."

"Have you got one picked out?"

She nodded. "Yes."

Gertrude lives alone in her house at Toluca Lake. She knows many people. She likes many people. She, in turn, is very popular. For a number of years, her almost constant escort was Rouben Mamoulian, the director. Of Armenian heritage, moody, artistic, Mamoulian would appeal to the gay yet unhappy little southern girl from Talladega, Alabama. There was talk of Gertrude's engagement to Mamoulian. But there is no engagement, and as for marriage, Gertrude neither says she will nor won't marry.

She wants to be a "somebody" in motion pictures and in the theatre, too. One picture will give her the particular opportunity she knows will come. She has made an enviable place for herself in pictures, but she still feels she has yet to get the "break" that she yearns for.

Between You 'n' Me

(*Continued from page* 19)

but that I know is impossible. I have nothing more to say, but in closing I shall look forward to the fact that "There's Always Tomorrow" in expecting to see you starred in another picture. Yours truly, "Camille." —Ann Miranda, Brooklyn, N. Y.

$1.00 Prize Letter
High and Mighty Stars

I wonder if the movie stars ever stop to think how high and mighty they often become once they are "in the money." Many of these people worked hard once upon a time in the chorus or at other jobs. It is quite annoying to read in the papers and magazines how this star or that one has either walked out or is having trouble with his studio. They claim they are overworked, not getting enough money, or refuse to work in a picture with someone they don't get along with. These people get more money than many men who are heads of large organizations and who have

Capture romance

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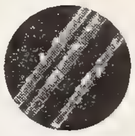
THE TRUTH ABOUT SOAP SHAMPOOS

1. Microphoto shows hair shampooed with ordinary soap and rinsed twice. Note dandruff and curd deposit left by soap to mar natural luster of the hair.



Soap Shampoo

2. Microphoto after Fitch Shampoo and hair rinsed twice. Note Fitch Shampoo removes all dandruff and undissolved deposit, and brings out the natural luster of the hair.

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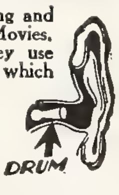

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real brain work to do, not counting men and women who do manual labor for a mere existence with none of the luxuries our movie stars enjoy. Can a person in any other business go to his boss and tell him just whom he would like to work with? I am an ardent fan and have many favorites, but I do think it is time our stars sat back and did a little serious thinking about this.—Mrs. R. Boyd, Woodhaven, L. I., N. Y.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Casting the best-seller, "Gone with the Wind"

How much of the greatness of "Gone with the Wind" will be lost if it is not properly cast! The subtleties of this story, to me, seem more important than the actual facts, and must be brought out to the full, or it will be just another Civil War picture. The actors and actresses who would recognize this would be:

Margaret Sullavan as Scarlett; Clark Gable as Rhett Butler; Loretta Young as Melanie; Randolph Scott as Ashley Wilkes; Merle Oberon as Ellen; William Frawley as Gerald; Spring Byington as Aunt Pittypat; Bill Robinson as Uncle Peter; Stepin Fetchit as Pork; Shirley Temple as Bonny.—Lee Brown, East Orange, N. J.

"Bits" from Letters

Robert Taylor could almost be named Robert Trailer, for in the list of forthcoming pictures he's listed four times in six.—C. C., Vancouver, Canada. . . . You can have your Gables, Taylors and MacMurrays, but I'll take Don Ameche.—M. Doehl, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. . . . Why not cast Shirley Temple and Freddie Bartholomew in a picture together?—Elizabeth Graves, Nashville, Tenn. My pet peeve is the "still" displayed in theatre lobbies that bears little or no relation to the picture it is supposed to be from.—Anna Johnson, Youngstown, Ohio. Gene Autry is God's gift to Western pictures. I was just about ready to fire Westerns from my staff, when Gene and his grand personality loomed upon the gray horizon.—J. Myers, Kansas City, Mo. Of the 270 pictures rated in MODERN SCREEN's Movie Scoreboard, only 79 are classed as good or better; 144 are rated as fair or poor, with 47 receiving a 2½ star rating, being neither good enough to receive 3 stars and a little better than fair. Can something be done to improve the quality of pictures?—B. Douthit, Okmulgee, Oklahoma. He isn't handsome like Taylor; he can't dance like Astaire, nor sing like Eddy, and we can't imagine him playing Romeo, but we cast our vote for the best all-round actor on the screen to James Stewart. I have just read the article in MODERN SCREEN called, "He Knows Women," meaning none other than the dashing Errol Flynn. To say the least, it made me boil! You, Mr. Flynn, may be descended from an ape, but certainly I am not.—F. Atnip, Colorado Springs, Colo.

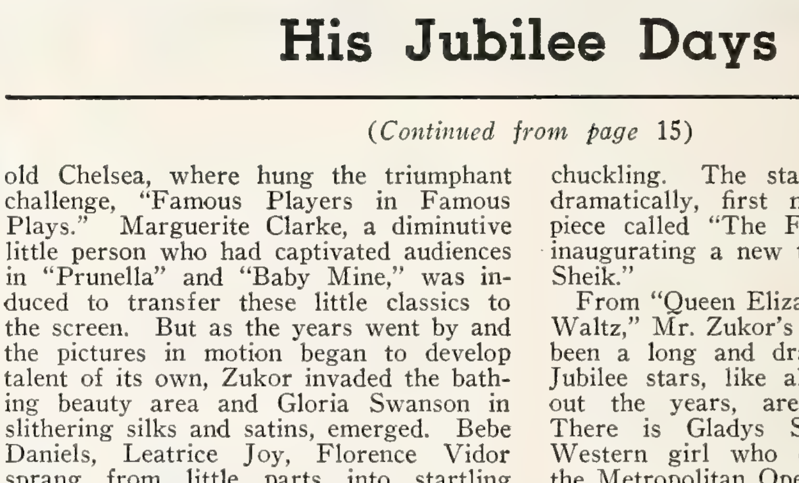
His Jubilee Days

(*Continued from page* 15)

old Chelsea, where hung the triumphant challenge, "Famous Players in Famous Plays." Marguerite Clarke, a diminutive little person who had captivated audiences in "Prunella" and "Baby Mine," was induced to transfer these little classics to the screen. But as the years went by and the pictures in motion began to develop talent of its own, Zukor invaded the bathing beauty area and Gloria Swanson in slithering silks and satins, emerged. Bebe Daniels, Leatrice Joy, Florence Vidor sprang from little parts into startling prominence, and Thomas Meighan, Antonio Moreno and Wallace Reid became responsible for the fluttering of feminine hearts from continent to continent. Emil Jannings and Pola Negri and Chevalier, gay and debonair, were imported from European screens while those grand old character actors, Theodore Roberts and George Fawcett, had the whole world chuckling. The star of Valentino rose dramatically, first noticed in a stirring piece called "The Four Horsemen," and inaugurating a new type of hero as "The Sheik."

From "Queen Elizabeth" to "Champagne Waltz," Mr. Zukor's Jubilee picture, it has been a long and dramatic story. Zukor Jubilee stars, like all his stars throughout the years, are variously assorted. There is Gladys Swarthout, the little Western girl who edged her way into the Metropolitan Opera House, won Mary Garden's coveted shawl and the plaudits of the sophisticated audiences, but couldn't get a foothold in films till the Zukor scouts changed her make-up and packed her off to the Coast.

There is clear-eyed and glamorous Carole Lombard, the essence of smart sophistication of the day, who underwent a plastic surgery operation on her face because



Benny Baker beams fondly upon Mrs. B. and Tom Brown. The three had an evening's whirl recently at the Club Casanova. Benny tries all his gags out on his wife!

of an automobile accident and was being bandied about from studio to studio, Mack Sennett's included, when she got her Paramount foothold. Of English and Scotch descent, her real name is Jane Peters, and if she hadn't become an actress, she would in all probability be one of the smart young matrons of Fort Wayne. What with her social position, her talent for cooking and her flair for beautiful clothes and star sapphires. She can cook anything from eggs to a full course dinner, but won't admit it.

FROM the stage comes Claudette Colbert via France. Practical Claudette, who had supported herself giving French lessons and doing a little art designing on the side, had gone in for dramatics in a desultory sort of fashion when she got a part in "The Barker." All eyes were centered on the bewitching little person with the beautiful figure when Paramount snapped her up and she started her merry journey all the way up to the top, always alluring and beguiling.

Tall and lanky, 6 feet 2½ inches of utter guilelessness, Gary Cooper came from Montana. By turns cowboy and cartoonist, he was persuaded by a girl, who thought she was going to marry him, to leave college, his ranch in Montana, and to try his luck at earning a living. The stalwart Montanan left his native haunts and shyly, almost blushingly, rode his way to fame.

From Weimar, Germany, came a demure little *maedchen*, the daughter of a Prussian first lieutenant in the patrician regiment of grenadiers, who studied the violin and whose early years were filled with the spectacle of marching soldiers. It is hard to recognize in the serious young violinist the ultra-chic product known as glamorous Marlene Dietrich.

From Broadway, Brooklyn and vaudeville appeared Mae West, wise-cracking, hard-boiled. And also from vaudeville and the radio comes that merry pair of wits and nit-wits, Burns and Allen.

A college band brought Bing Crosby, from Tacoma, Washington. Mrs. Crosby's boy Bing was studying to be a lawyer at Gonzaga College, and sang in the glee club where his vocal efforts were received with such local enthusiasm that Paul Whiteman eventually helped him croon his way to the Cocoanut Grove where Hollywood found him.

With ten letters for his athletic prowess in football, baseball, and track, came Fred MacMurray from Carroll College, Waukesha, Wisconsin, to Broadway, playing the saxophone against his father's wishes. As one of the California Collegians, a co-operative orchestra in "Three's a Crowd," he was seized upon by Paramount scouts and drafted into stardom.

Randolph Scott, a nice horsey young Southerner, born at his family's country place near Orange, Virginia, joined the Pasadena Community Players, after leaving the old homestead and an uneventful bout with engineering in the South. He gave up his real life role as a Southerner, who loved horses and the great out-of-doors, in order to transfer that drawl to the screen.

From Tenth Avenue, New York, hailed George Raft, a hard-working young man who toiled as an electrician's helper for the magnificent sum of $4.00 a week when not going to Public School Number 169. Eventually he danced his way onto the screen.

Not to forget that lusty old comedian, W. C. Fields, who after years of hand-to-mouth existence, struck his stride with a juggling routine which brought fame in the "Follies" and eventually a Paramount contract in his pockets.

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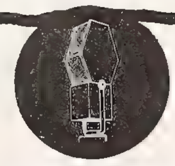

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Doing a broadcast after a hard day's work at the studio was a pleasure for Olivia de Havilland. And no wonder! Bob Taylor was on the same program.

Reviews

(Continued from page 61)

pictures, by Darryl F. Zanuck, vice-president of 20th Century-Fox. A crew of eighty technicians went to Callander, Ontario, to get the gals on celluloid again. Dr. Dafoe will not permit his charges to "work" more than an hour a day. Though the company's schedule called for ten hours' work, or ten days, the unexpected Canadian blizzards delayed outdoor shots to the extent of twenty-four days. . . . Equipment for this trip included $1500 worth of toys, which were all left behind with the exception of the pony carts. Left behind also was the elaborate wardrobe which was especially designed for the young ladies by Royer, studio stylist. . . . Cameraman Dan Clark was again on hand to photograph this picture. Next time, though, he says he'll take along five cameras instead of the two he packed for this trip. Says his subjects were so lively that it will take five cameras to keep track of them and that it's a shame to miss getting any of their antics on celluloid. The Quints are even revising their own scripts this time, some of the things they do and say being too good to leave out. The incident in which Marie picks up Hersholt's snapshot camera and removes the film was her own idea. Marie, incidentally, is the acknowledged comedienne of the sisters and the favorite of Director Norman Taurog. . . . John Qualen, who does such a good job of fathering the Quints in their pictures, has actually never laid eyes on them. All his sequences have been filmed in Hollywood, but as soon as the studio gives him a breathing spell Qualen is hiking off to Callander. . . . Rochelle Hudson is the envy of all the Hollywood girls since she brought back ten white bear rugs from the Canadian wilds.

★★★ Love on the Run

(M-G-M)

Here's a merry little item directed in the fast and furious tradition of W. S. Van Dyke and made terrific by the presence of such box-office champions as Clark Gable, Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone. The story is an impossible sort of thing, which means that due credit is herewith handed to the scenarists for turning out a script full of comical moments and a generous quota of first-class lines. Here's the set-up: Joan Crawford is an heiress about to marry Ivan Lebedeff, a phoney nobleman, while Gable and Tone are London correspondents for New York papers assigned to cover the wedding. Joan jilts Ivan at the altar, and Clark rushes off with her in a plane chartered by Reginald Owen and Mona Barrie, who turn out to be spies—in fact, international spies. The movies continue to portray newspapermen as half clown and half faun, so perhaps Gable and Tone are not to be blamed for falling into the pattern. At any rate, they do it well, with the aid, no doubt, of the Van Dyke touch. Joan Crawford unbends surprisingly in her high comedy moments and handles the romantic interludes in her customary manner. Reginald Owen and Mona Barrie sharply define their spy roles, and Ivan Lebedeff is as phoney a count as you could ask for. It's good fun for all audiences.

Preview Postscript

Clark Gable "faked" that scene where he takes up the plane in blissful ignorance of all its mechanics. For Clark's really a licensed pilot and knows what it's all about—only the studio won't let him prove it, having put a ban on this type of Gable recreation. They won't even let him take that China Clipper trip which has been a suppressed desire of the star for the past year. However, M-G-M couldn't stop Clark covering 25,000 miles of South America last year by air, or keep him on the ground on the completion of this picture. He had three days before reporting for work on "Parnell" and spent them flying between Hollywood and New York. . . . That's Amelia Earhart's $80,000 plane used in this picture. The studio wanted a plane that would most closely resemble a stratosphere plane and Miss Earhart's flying laboratory most closely approximated their needs. . . . Joan and Franchot are making plans to visit England during the Coronation for business as well as pleasure. They have an offer to do a play in London together—a deed they have been contemplating for the past three years, but as yet have found nothing that suits them both. Every spare minute is spent in the Tone Little Theatre in their three-acre backyard play-acting, so they should be pretty good by now.

★★★ Theodora Goes Wild
(Columbia)

This is one of the season's most refreshing and amusing comedies, a film you'll enjoy as much as anything you've seen this year. Besides, it presents Irene Dunne as a delightfully adept comedienne, something no one would have believed after her rather awkward attempt at comedy in "Show Boat." In this one Irene is Theodora Lynn, an extremely proper young lady who resides with two prim maiden aunts. Neither the aunts nor her neighbors in Lynnfield know that Theodora is also Caroline Adams, author of sexy novels. When Theodora pays a secret visit to New York and her publisher, she meets Michael Grant (Melvyn Douglas), an artist a bit on the carefree side, who follows her back to Lynnfield and hangs around until he creates a village scandal. Theodora promptly dashes to New York, moves into Michael's apartment and creates a nice little scandal herself, since the frantic Michael has a wife somewhere in the background. Their romantic turnabout is hilariously funny in the capable hands of Miss Dunne and Mr. Douglas, and much credit is due also to Richard Boleslawski's splendid direction. Thomas Mitchell, Elisabeth Risdon and Spring Byington are outstanding in supporting roles. Besides offering a brand-new Irene Dunne, it's swell entertainment.

Preview Postscript

During his long association with the theatre, Thomas Mitchell has been producer, director, playwright, star and general "play doctor" to ailing stage opuses. Hailing from Elizabeth, N. J., Mitchell got his first taste of the stage when he was seventeen and ran away to join forces with a traveling vaudeville company. After two months of this, he took father's advice and became a newspaper reporter. This led him to Broadway and a dramatic critic's job, which led him back to the stage. Now he's under a three-way contract at Columbia, as writer-director-actor. . . . Rosalind Keith came to pictures through the film city's "showcase." This, in the language of Hollywood, is the aggregate total of the many legitimate theatres strung along Hollywood's famous boulevard. Here many an aspiring young player wangles a job sans salary, or practically none, in the hope of catching the eye of a producer or director. Rosalind came from St. Louis two years ago with the idea of acting in the movies. The movies didn't have that idea until she showed them what they were missing by obtaining a role in "Small Miracle."

★ Can This Be Dixie?
(20th Century-Fox)

This is neither Dixie, fish, flesh nor fowl. It is, unfortunately, one of those inept little pictures on which almost everything seems to have gone wrong. Its star, Jane Withers, is buried under an avalanche of stock situations and has little opportunity to display her talents. The story—and don't stop us if you've heard it—gets under way when Jane and Slim Summerville, a

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traveling minstrel team, wander onto the estate of old Colonel Peachtree (Claude Gillingwater). The Colonel, a proud and penniless son of the Old South, is trying to save the homestead from the clutches of the village banker (Donald Cook), a black-hearted villain who holds the mortgage. Mr. Cook has the temerity to suggest an exchange of the mortgage for the hand of the Colonel's granddaughter, a proposition which met with a round of hisses from the preview audience. But little Jane saves the old plantation and the gal's honor by the simple process of winning an amateur show and rushing back with the money just as wedding bells are about to ring. The plot goes on from there, but we don't. Claude Gillingwater does what he can with the role of the old Colonel, but the dialogue writers are too much for him.

Preview Postscript

No Southern dialogue director was needed for the cast of this picture of the Old South. Jane Withers hails from Atlanta, Georgia, and hasn't forgotten either the corn pone or the accent yet. Helen Wood comes from Clarksville, Tennessee, and had just managed to pronounce r's when the studio called her in for this one; Thomas Beck was born and raised in Baltimore, Maryland; Hattie Hill was once a slave; Slim Summerville, though born in Canada, spent so many years touring the South in road shows that he claims he's a Confederate by environment. . . . Helen Wood and Thomas Beck are teamed romantically for the third time in this film—and off screen they are justlikethis. Helen won a beauty contest in Tennessee which started her on her way to Hollywood. . . . Jane Withers is the most businesslike of all the child actresses about her work. She doesn't believe in wasting a minute's time—for the simple reason that it will mean one minute less of playing with the "kids." However, she manages to lose out on every picture due to a series of casualties. On this one, the door of an auto-trailer fell on Jane and knocked her unconscious for a half hour, she ate just a little too much chocolate cake for one scene and was slightly incapacitated for work, then helped put out a fire in a wagon-load of cotton and suffered a couple of singed fingers and managed to mash a finger with a baseball bat two days before the picture's completion. There's a saying around a Withers' set that Jane can always be located in a split second by tracing down the liniment and iodine odors.

★★ Pennies From Heaven

(Columbia)

The new Bing Crosby opus is a joy and a disappointment. It's a joy because it gives Bing the best set of songs he's ever had, and it's a disappointment because these same songs are so much better than the picture. However, the music will appeal to the Crosby fans, who by this time have probably given up anticipating anything startling in the way of a story in their hero's pictures. Briefly, it has Bing as a happy-go-lucky guy who wanders about the countryside strumming a guitar and boop-a-dooping love ballads to the world in general. He meets Edith Fellowes and her grandfather (Donald Meek), and spends most of the film's remaining reels trying to keep Edith out of the clutches of the county truant officer. The t. o. is Madge Evans, so you know the rest of the story. High spot of the picture is a cafe scene with Lewis Armstrong, the dusky dispenser of song and hot trumpet, rendering "Skeleton in the Closet." Bing's best song is "And So Do I." Almost as effective are "Pennies from Heaven," "Let's Call a Heart a Heart" and "One, Two—Button Your Shoe." Edith Fellowes, who portrays the screen's nastiest brats, is swell in her mean moments and impossible in her nice ones.

Preview Postscript

Bing Crosby, Inc., is one of the film city's busiest corporations. This was true particularly while this picture was being prepared and produced, for the firm had the complete say-so about story, songs, dialogue and the leading lady. Bing himself is president, Brother Everett is secretary-treasurer, Brother Larry is director, with Dad Crosby and Mother Crosby giving the final okay on everything. Bing says he can't wait for the next couple of years to roll by, when he'll have Bing, Jr., and the twins on his payroll, too. . . . Edith is rated the biggest little actress in town. She's thirteen now, has appeared in over one hundred films, wants to be sophisticated, but admits she has the biggest collection of dolls in Hollywood and adores them all. . . . Madge Evans was a "baby star" herself. At the age of five she was starring in "Edith's Burglar," a play that never saw Broadway, but did see the sticks. At thirteen she was John Barrymore's leading lady, and a year later Richard Barthelmess'. To go back to Madge's youth, she was modeling at the age of two—in soap, dress and hat ads. She's still getting neat royalties from the "Madge Evans Hats"—remember?

★★ Go West, Young Man

(Paramount)

In this film you are treated to the spectacle of Mae West burlesquing, of all people, Mae West. In its original stage production, "Go West, Young Man" was "Personal Appearance" and its star, Gladys George, portrayed a high-salaried movie queen on a personal appearance tour. The character played by Miss George reminded many audiences of Our Mae, and now, wonder of wonders, here is the screen version with Mae herself in the role. To those who have seen "Personal Appearance," the West performance will be a distinct disappointment. Those who haven't seen it will witness a typical West portrayal as she struts and swaggers her way through the role of the temperamental film darling. Forced to spend a night in a rural boarding house in Pennsylvania during a cross-country tour, she practises her well-exploited charms on Randolph Scott, a handsome filling-station attendant. All of this is highly perturbing to her press-agent (Warren William) until he hits upon the fine old idea of dragging out a tiny garment and convincing his charge that her roadside Romeo is about to become a father. Alice Brady is lost in the minor role of the boarding-house owner, but Elizabeth Patterson, as Aunt Kate, and Isabel Jewell, as a movie-struck young gal, give outstanding performances. Others in the cast are Lyle Talbot, Jack LaRue, Margaret Perry and Etienne Girardot. The picture is mildly vulgar in the best Mae West tradition, but it doesn't rank with this season's better comedies.

Preview Postscript

Those jools sported by La West are the genuine article, down to the last square-cut diamond, a fact attested to by the stalwart presence of three detectives on the set. Ever since Mae lost that batch of jewelry in a robbery, she's decorated with both detectives and diamonds. . . . This marks the first time any of the present cast has played in a picture with Miss W. and no complaints were heard. There wasn't even in-law trouble with Peter Baikoff, sister Beverly's Russian husband, who plays a minor role. . . . Warren William has played so many sleuth roles in the past years at Warners that finger-printing was second nature to him. . . . Alice Brady, the lady who owns so many dogs, said she would not set foot in any studio which banned her

Remember this star? It's the Russian Anna Sten and she's much seen about Hollywood these days even though she has no permanent studio connection.

pets. Alice, therefore, came every day with at least three in tow. Checker, Lavinia and Cocktail, all wire-haired terriers. The exclusive Club Norconia, at Corona, where the company went on location, never allowed a dog in the house before. But they rented an entire wing to Miss Brady and five canines for the two weeks of her stay—complete with wire fences to protect the other guests and canvas to protect the floors. . . . Nicodemus, whose real name happens to be plain Horace Stewart, was Mae West's own idea of a colored comedian. She spotted Nic while he was playing in Cab Calloway's orchestra and offered him a role in her next picture. Nic broke out with a new car the hour following his signature on the dotted line. . . . Jack LaRue was Mae's idea of a leading man way back in the "Diamond Lil" days. This is the first time, though, that they've appeared together in celluloid.

★★ Charlie Chan at the Opera (20th Century-Fox)

Charlie Chan, the wisest Oriental in Hollywood, returns again to his smooth sleuthing and his generous dispensing of proverbs. It is safe to say that this latest of the Chan series is also one of the finest, for it combines an excellent story with a murder mystery which will baffle almost all of the amateur detectives in the audience. Warner Oland, in his customary Chan role, has a worthy foe this time in Boris Karloff—so worthy that in the cast they're billed "Warner Oland vs. Boris Karloff." This time the suave Chinese and his son (Keye Luke) are called in to prevent a murder expected during an opera performance. Karloff, a mad musician escaped from an asylum, is at large in the theatre, and the long finger of suspicion points ominously toward him. There are others concerned, including a couple of young lovers (Charlotte Henry and Tom Beck), but good old Charlie comes through with the solution just when you're beginning to suspect the man in the next seat. As usual, Warner Oland's performance is smooth and ingratiating. Karloff offers swell contrast to the Oriental detective, and in the role of Chan, Jr., Keye Luke definitely brings an important char-

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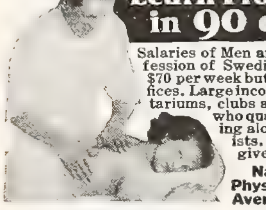

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acter to the series. William Demarest brightens up the time-worn role of the dumb detective, and there are effective smaller parts by Neda Harrigan and Margaret Irving.

Preview Postscript

Warner Oland and Boris Karloff have long entertained a deep admiration for each other's screen hokum, but this picture afforded them their first opportunity for meeting. And a fast friendship developed between the two, bound closer by a discovery that both are ardent chess fans—a game that hasn't met with too much popularity around Hollywood. Between "takes" on the set the two were at it constantly. . . . The fact that Oland does not use any screen make-up gave him a decided advantage over Karloff, who had to spend plenty of time with the make-up men while Oland thought about chess. Warner's only make-up technique is to twist the ends of his eyebrows up and the corners of his moustache down. That benign expression is his very own and requires no altering. On his recent trip to China, his first, incidentally, after all these years of looking and acting Oriental, Mr. Oland was taken by the natives as one of them. But both Mr. and Mrs. Oland are as Swedish as Garbo. . . . Boris Karloff was originally trained for service in the Chinese Consulate at Hong Kong—but the training didn't take. It was his family's idea in the first place, his father being in the British Indian Civil Service. So William Henry Pratt, Jr., changed his name to Boris Karloff and decided to disappear from England and family. He set sail for Canada, determined to become a tiller and toiler of the good earth. This lasted until he bought a piece of land and tried it. His next move was Vancouver, where he answered an ad for an "experienced character actor," got the job and did it so well that he quit after that performance and hired himself out to a stock company at considerably better pay, figuring he was considerably more experienced. Here he saved $800, since the manager held out a quarter of his wages every week and paid him at the conclusion of the engagement. So he headed for "big time" in Chicago, had it and then trekked on to New York and on to Hollywood where he struggled along till they realized what a menace Boris Karloff could be.

★ The Jungle Princess

(Paramount)

Here's a Tarzan-in-reverse-English sort of picture which serves as the film debut of Dorothy Lamour, a reformed radio singer, who portrays a Malayan gal left an orphan in the jungle with no one to protect her but Lemau, her pet tiger, and Bonga, a congenial ape. Miss Lamour is known only as Oolah, but judging from the way she looks in her scanty jungle raiment, her last name is probably Lah. At any rate, her first contact with civilization comes when she saves the life of Ray Milland, an author, who happens to be on a hunting expedition in her territory. Mr. M. has suffered a sprained ankle, so Oolah takes him to her cave, where he spends a pleasant fortnight with the young lady and her playmates, Lemau and Bonga. Love blooms in the jungle, just as it does in Times Square, so when Milland returns to his hunting camp and his fiancee, Oolah follows him. The natives, who regard her as an evil spirit, capture her with Milland and most of the supporting cast, and are about to do them considerable dirt when Bonga and a group of his simian friends descend from the trees and save the day. With a little strain on the imagination you can have a rather enjoyable time watching this sort of thing. Miss Lamour undoubtedly has a screen career on her hands, and Ray Milland makes his wandering author is believable as possible. There's a good comedy performance by Lynne Overman and a first-rate menace by Mala, the ex-Eskimo.

Preview Postscript

Dorothy Lamour had entertained romantic pictures of the life of a movie actress, only to find herself lost in the wilds with all the conveniences of a construction camp for three months on her first picture. Dorothy hails from New Orleans but lost the accent somewhere over the NBC airwaves where she's been performing for the past year. Married to Herb Kay, Chicago orchestra leader, the two have frequent rendezvous in Kansas City by plane. . . . Molly Lamont is naturally a brunette and that's a wig you see curling so prettily. She's from Johannesburg, South Africa and thinks California has it all beat . . . Ray Milland decided to cook up a little excitement during the long days on location and started on a ping-pong tournament. Knowing Molly was from darkest Africa he offered to teach her the game. She proved a fair pupil, interested at least. And in the tournament proceeded to wallop the entire cast, crew and director, modestly admitting that she's the Johannesburg champ.

★ The Plot Thickens

(RKO-Radio)

Once again James Gleason assumes the role of police inspector and hard-boiled guy out to see that justice is done, no matter what. And once again Hildegarde Withers, the suppressed schoolmarm, shows up to see that Jimmie sees that justice is done. This time Miss Withers is none other than Zasu Pitts and to our mind is the best of the crop of Hildegardes to date. The plot centers around the theft of the famous Cellini cup from the Metropolitan Museum. Everyone, of course, is under suspicion and complications come thick and fast once Jimmie starts stirring things up. The background of the huge museum is excellent to provide a few more thrills and chills as the sleuth and his uninvited assistant, Hildegarde, prowl around on the scent of clues. Romance is supplied by Louise Latimer and Owen Davis, Jr., who handle it capably enough with the small opportunity afforded them. Arthur Aylesworth does a commendable job of buttling and Agnes Anderson and Paul Fix do well by their jobs of chauffeur and maid, respectively, to Richard Tucker, who meets an unhappy end in this film. In short, if mystery murders provide pleasant diversion for you, you won't go wrong on this one.

Preview Postscript

Jimmie Gleason has been the Oscar Piper of all four pictures in this series, but there have been three leading ladies—Edna Mae Oliver for two of them, Helen Broderick for the other. "Penguin Pool Murder," "Murder on a Honeymoon" and "Murder on a Bridle Path" were the other cheerful titles. . . . Jimmie Gleason is back again in the race-horse breeding business. At one time Jimmie had a racing stable of his own, but is more interested in raising them than racing them. He also invented a liniment, after a series of polo falls, that is so good his friends are urging him to market it. Gleason's Glue, the family calls it. Owen Davis, Jr.'s glassy stare on occasion can be blamed on Anne Shirley. She was in New York while this was being filmed and Owen faded visibly every day until her return.

★★ Mad Holiday

(M-G-M)

The holiday taken by the characters in this picture is slightly insane, to put it

Married over a year and fond parents, to boot, the Norman Fosters (Sally Blane) look like young lovers as they dance at Joan Bennett's Cocoanut Grove party recently.

mildly. Edmund Lowe, Elissa Landi, Ted Healy, Zasu Pitts, Edgar Kennedy and a few others see to that. It's farce from beginning to end, but can't, with justification be called mad farce since some pretty weak gags are included. However, many of the situations are hilarious and the picture is practically bore-proof. Edmund Lowe plays himself here—a movie actor who has played so many roles on the Philo Vance line that he's about ready to commit murder himself. In order to get away from it all, and particularly from Peter Dean, whose brain-waves are the source of all Lowe's pictures, he books passage for a nice, restful ocean trip. Peter Dean, none other than Elissa Landi, books passage on the same ship for a well-earned rest. Ted Healy, a publicity pest, boards the same boat as does Zasu Pitts, who simply adores anything connected with movies.

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Francis Lederer and Margo arrive in New York for "Winterset" opening.

Across-the table notes: Shirley Dean waggles a finger at Russell Gleason during Assistance League luncheon for "Lloyds of London" cast.

With several gentlemen with ulterior motives on board, some pseudo-detectives, a few dope-fiends and drunkards, and a priceless diamond to boot, excitement is a safe bet. But we didn't bank on all those corpses. However, most of them are laughed off in the nonchalant spirit of the picture and everyone, with the possible exception of the latter characters, has a fine time. Elissa Landi is a welcome sight after her year's absence from the screen and does full justice to her role as does Lowe in his usual dependable manner.

Preview Postscript

This is the first picture for both Elissa Landi and Edmund Lowe under their new M-G-M contracts. Elissa recently returned from working in European pictures and visiting around New York and Washington. She's hard at her fifth book at present—and not just hard at encouraging her ghost-writer, for La Landi actually pens her own stuff. Elissa's new horse is named "Meistersinger" in honor of Nino Martini, who spends nine-tenths of his time at the studio watching Elissa or singing to her at her Palos Verdes beach home.

Eddie Lowe used to play fullback on the Santa Clara football team, so this picture's schedule had to be carefully arranged to "shoot around" Eddie on Saturdays before he would sign for the role, since it was to be made during football season. Twice, though, Eddie was detained at the studio so late on Saturday that he had to charter a plane to make the Santa Clara games. Eddie's home town is as famous this year for its team as its prunes, for they haven't lost a game. Now Mr. Lowe is spending all his extra time trying to get them into the Rose Bowl game festivities on New Year's day. . . . Edgar Kennedy's been in pictures since the year one, was in fact one of the first Keystone cops—and a genuine one, which is rare, in this town filled with phoney Keystone cops.

★ Without Orders

(RKO-Radio)

If you're air-minded, you will like this picture. If not, there's a good possibility you will be when the picture's over. "Without Orders" is not a first-class story, it isn't even second-class in some spots, but those scenes directly concerning aviation are fascinating from a technical standpoint and exciting from an adventurous one. A large air-port is the background, with transport flyers, air stewardesses and aviation officials the principal characters. Charles Grapewin, president of the airline, has a son, Vinton Haworth, who is more interested in flying high on terra firma than in the skies. So he appeals to his ace pilot, Robert Armstrong, to make a man of Vinton. The fact that Bob's girl, Sally Eilers, fancies herself in love with Vinton doesn't make this assignment any easier. To add complications to the plot, there's Frances Sage as Sally's sister, who's also mixed up with Vinton. Our heroine is finally brought to her senses when Vinton turns yellow in an air crisis and she has to bring the plane down, with Robert Armstrong giving her directions via radio. The Eilers-Armstrong team turns in adequate performances, and Vinton Haworth is commendable as the weak-kneed son.

Preview Postscript

Robert Armstrong knew a thing or two about planes even before making this celluloider. He was in the air corps during the War. While attending the University of Washington Bob was the White Hope of the football team. But he turned down the team his last year in favor of college dramatics, wrote a skit for the collitch boys and then took it on the road with such success that he never again saw dear old Washington. Having proved his stuff, Uncle Paul Armstrong, producer of Broadway plays, gave Bob a chance in his next production—a little number that lasted two nights but gave Jimmie Gleason the opportunity to spot Bob. Jimmie offered Bob a chance in a play that he guaranteed would last three nights. It was "Is Zat So?" which lasted three years, finally bringing Bob to Hollywood and pitchers. . . . Vinton Haworth, whose screen debut this is, is the uncle of no less than Ginger Rogers. He's married to Mama Lela's sister. Vinton has had radio and stage experience prior to this. He used to be Jack Howard in the Myrt and Marge series.

★ Hideaway Girl

(Paramount)

"Hideaway Girl" tries desperately to be a gay, romantic comedy-with-song. Intended to be a combination of mystery and high comedy, it emerges as just another dismal little imitation of "It Happened One Night." The picture opens with a shot of Shirley Ross, and you are led to suspect that she has just swiped a fancy diamond necklace from a fancy wedding party. In her flight she is forced to stop at a filling station, but the attendant who serves her isn't really an attendant at all; he is Robert Cummings, who, we soon discover, is the possessor of considerable wealth, a barrel of charm, and a yacht. When the two of them start yapping at each other all of us constant movie patrons recognize the time-worn tip-off; they're in love. Things all lead to the Cummings' yacht, a skiff of such proportions most audiences will mistake it for the *Queen Mary*. After considerable horseplay and plot manipulation we learn that Shirley didn't really steal the necklace at all; the real thief is Mr. Cummings' fiancee, who all the time had been in cahoots with a character named Jake, the Rat. Shirley Ross does nicely considering the circumstances, but Robert Cummings is a bit too debonair for comfort. Major disappointment is Martha Raye in the comedy department. After her swell clowning in "Rhythm on the Range" we expected her to be louder and funnier in this one. She's just louder.

Preview Postscript

Martha Raye is apt to be just as crazy, and sometimes more so, off screen than on. Between "takes" La Raye will oblige at any time with songs and dances—even between takes. An overnight sensation in Hollywood, Martha's lost thirty pounds trying to keep up with it all. A year ago she wasn't sure of her next meal ahead and now she's scheduled for four pictures at a time. The Raye girl is kept hopping between costume fittings, dancing and singing lessons, hairdressers and trying to get to bed for awhile each night. When she couldn't find time for the latter after the close of this picture, Martha retired for a week to the hospital to catch up on it . . . Shirley Ross still can't believe that things are happening the way they really are around her. Appearing with Gus Arnheim's band a couple of years ago at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel, in Beverly Hills, Shirley was instantly spotted by an M-G-M talent sleuth who whisked his find away from Gus, out to the studio, and signed her to the dotted line before she had time to catch her breath. But she had plenty of time in the next years to do that. For the Ross "find" never got a chance at a part except in "bit" roles. When she heard there might be a chance at Paramount, Shirley gambled all, broke her M-G-M contract and trotted over. The "Big Broadcast" was her first, this her second and next you'll see her with Bing Crosby. . . . Robert Cummings is the Missouri boy who went to England for the sole purpose of acquiring an English accent to impress Hollywood. For Hollywood had long been his goal, but producers took one listen to that Southern drawl and decided Bob was too naïve for he-man roles. Having spent a year in London, Bob came back with the most sophisticated twang in town. And was promptly cast for his first picture—a role, suh, in "So Red the Rose."

★ Smart Blonde

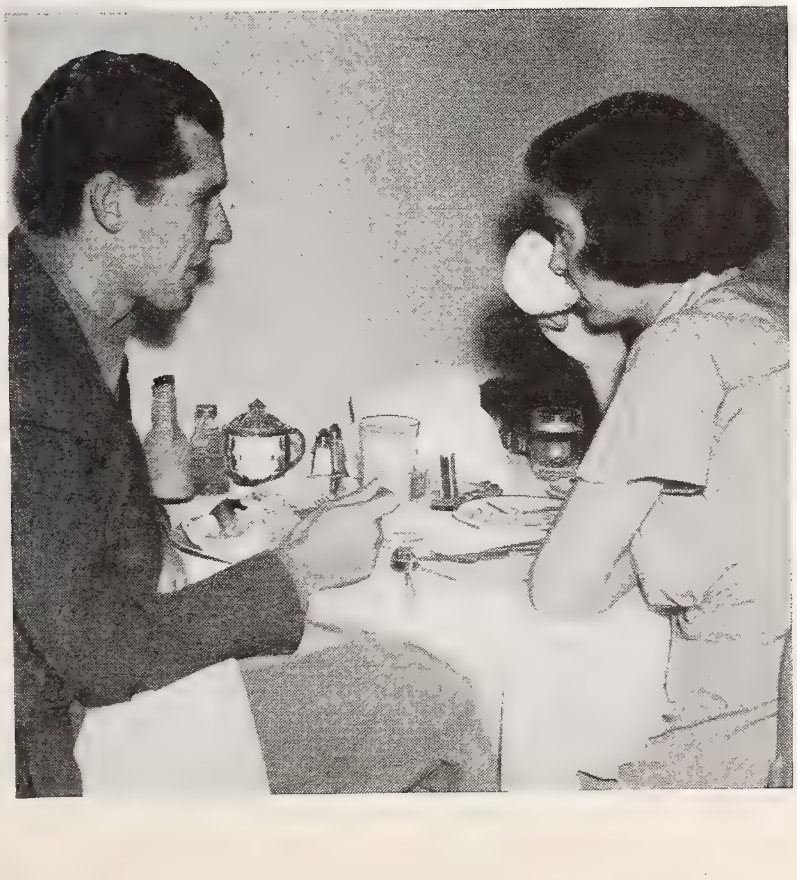
(Warners)

Here's another murder story, enlivened by the girl reporter hot on the trail of the murderer and the handsome detective trying to get there first. After resorting to every under-handed ruse they can think of and every dirty crack not in the dictionary to use on one another, they proceed to fall in love, practically over the corpse. That's the story, but Glenda Farrell's the newshound and Barton MacLane's the sleuth, which considerably improves matters. True enough, some of the gags and situations are a bit aged, but in the competent hands of the leading characters they don't lack punch. Winifred Shaw and Jane Wyman are other highlights of the picture. Miss Shaw gives her usual deft characterization and Jane Wyman walks off with the best laughs in the film.

★ Flying Hostess

(Universal)

Here's a little number which takes up the subject of airline stewardesses. It makes an interesting story for gals with an eye on that profession and not a bad one for the rest of us to watch. In this case we have three very pretty and determined young ladies out to make the grade. Judith Barrett, one of Universal's new "finds" among the younger crop, is the heroine of the tale. To prove her nerve, after fainting dead away in the first examination, Judith brings down a great big plane all alone, thereby impressing William Gargan, head of the airline, and re-impressing William Hall, the line's star pilot. Ella Logan has a time for herself, too, what with proving her mettle and sparring with Andy Devine. The aviation scenes are well filmed, dialogue is good.



You'll never guess who the gal is in this picture! It's Jean Muir with her hair dyed black for her next picture. The chap is Gordon Oliver, her new romance.

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Good News

(*Continued from page 66*)

Goodbye to the Soil note: Spencer Tracy has sold his string of polo ponies and turned the profits in on a yacht.

■ ■ ■

'Way Back When dept.: The wife of a famous radio and screen comedian, at a Hollywood beauty shop with her sister, started complaining about having to wait around for service. But just before she became too, too grand about it the sister cut her down with: "Now, Sadie, remember Macy's basement."

■ ■ ■

Olivia de Havilland, the gal for whom The Light Brigade charged, says it ain't so about rumors of her romance with Jimmy Blakely. We were going to say de Havilland deNies deNews, but we decided it wasn't very funny.

■ ■ ■

After one Hollywood date with Ginger Rogers, bandmaster Johnny Green made his appearance in a magazine interview entitled, "My Friend, Ginger Rogers." Now, after several dates with another young lady about town, we'll be looking for the next Johnny Green story entitled, "My Very Good Friend, Sylvia Sidney."

■ ■ ■

Practically all of Hollywood moved down to Palm Springs on the resort's opening night. Perhaps most of the gals had seen Dietrich in the desert in "The Garden of Allah," and hoped maybe the open spaces would do something for *them*. Anyway, there was much carrying on and about, with most of it concentrated at the Racquet Club, owned by Charlie Farrell and Ralph Bellamy. And just to prove that times are good in the desert, Racquet Club memberships which sold for $75, last year, are now retailing at $1000 apiece. Your thousand bucks entitles you to walk right in and buy all the drinks you want.

■ ■ ■

Seen at Palm Springs: Newlyweds Joan Blondell and Dick Powell shopping for tiny garments. But not the kind you think—they were strictly for Mrs. P.

■ ■ ■

Want to hear a story about four pigeons? It was told to us by a very close friend, who also happens to be a pigeon, so we know it's true. Well, it seems Kay Francis expressed a desire for pigeons, so George Brent—good old George, they call him—who had a plethora of them gave her four of his. Miss F. took great care of them for several weeks, then let them out for sort of a test flight. They promptly flew right back to the Brent homestead. George and the four birds forgot to tell Kay they were homing pigeons.

■ ■ ■

The Francis gal, incidentally, is telling all her friends that she'll never marry while she's in pictures. Whether this is just a plea to all her fans to plunk down a quarter for her next picture to keep her single, or whether it's just bad news to gentleman friend Delmer Daves, nobody knows. In the meantime she and Mr. D. are bound for Europe, and if they come back married, just pretend you didn't see this paragraph.

■ ■ ■

Prediction: The next child star sensation will be 13-year-old Deanna Durbin. We saw a couple of reels of her first picture, "Three Smart Girls," in a projection room at Universal, and it is our duty to report that the young lady has everything that's required. Sort of a combination Shirley Temple and Jeanette MacDonald, which seems like a very fine combination.

■ ■ ■

A number of hard-working Hollywood heroes don't have much time to indulge in their favorite sports, so they hie themselves to a Turkish bath and get their exercise flat on their backs on the masseur's table. Errol Flynn, who has trouble with his hips, often visits the masseur three or four times a week. "In my pictures," he says sadly, "I'm supposed to look like a wedge." So he takes his pounding, but he doesn't like it.

■ ■ ■

The David Niven-Merle Oberon romance took a sock in the jaw when Merle recently sailed for England and all the gossip columnists reported that she and David were straining at the leash. What really happened was this: David was spending a week with a friend in North Carolina, prior to shoving off for New York and a goodbye kiss for Merle. Two days before he was to leave, the flu caught up with him, so Merle sailed away with no adieus. But they say she carried a rain check.

■ ■ ■

One of the shortest flights on record was Clark Gable's trip to New York. He planned a 10-day vacation to see plays, especially "Idiot's Delight," which he is to do for the films. He saw "Idiot's Delight," but he also discovered it was the delight of his fans to mob him wherever he went. So Mr. G., disguised as an unidentified citizen, sneaked through the Holland Tunnel to Newark and grabbed a plane back to Hollywood. Incidentally, when he left for the East, the Sunday airport sightseers were treated to something a little extra when Carole Lombard handed her hero quite a demonstrative send-off.

■ ■ ■

Joe E. Brown, who for years has been winning all the Warner Brothers ingenues in his screen life, is growing up. Evidence is that his son, Don, was one of the mainstays on last season's football team at the University of California at Los Angeles.

■ ■ ■

Probably to remind people he isn't Mr. Swarthout, Frank Chapman has given the missus a bracelet and necklace made of gold letters. The bracelet spells "Gladys" and the necklace spells "Chapman." Hollywood husbands please note.

■ ■ ■

The owner of the nimblest feet in Hollywood doesn't care about using them too much. The guy is Fred Astaire, and he's so kind to his breadwinners that he asked

Just a backward glance at four smart looking gals at the Del Rio Charity shindig. Virginia Bruce, Anita Louise, Dolores Del Rio and Joan Bennett in left to right order. Swell shot of all four, isn't it?

his studio for a bicycle to take him around the lot. But who cares, as the saying goes, so long as he doesn't wear it in his pictures.

* * *

Bob Montgomery had just returned to Metro for work, after his return from his farm in Connecticut, when a magazine writer swooped down upon him. "Oh, Mr. Montgomery," said the gal, breathlessly, "I'm so glad you're back. I want to get your ideas on love for a symposium I'm writing." "Just symposium I'm not back yet!" said Bob, beating a hasty retreat.

* * *

Note on Something or Other: Mack Gordon, 300-pound song writer—"Did you Ever See a Dream Walking?" etc.,—entering the Brown Derby with a book under his arm. The book was "Live Alone and Like it."

* * *

Warner Baxter journeyed to the mountains in Colorado recently to join the elks—but the elks he wanted to get next to were of the four-footed variety. It is sad to report that all Warner brought back was a broken ankle, which is why you see him hobbling down Hollywood Boulevard these days with his foot in a plaster cast.

* * *

Chester Morris and his wife celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary the other evening with a party gala enough to do justice to such an event in Hollywood. Out on the "I Promise to Pay" set at Columbia we asked Chester about the affair. "It was a nice party. There must have been about three hundred people at the house," he said. "And about half of them, I understand," he added sadly, "are still there."

* * *

Fashion Note: Robert Young's three-year-old daughter has always been one of Shirley Temple's more ardent fans. But since her father took her to visit on the "Stowaway" set, Carol Ann's love is more deeply entrenched, for Shirley paid her the finest female compliment known. "That's a very pretty dress, Carol Ann," she said, giving Miss Young's organdie number a critical gaze. "Where did you get it?"

* * *

Out at the 20th-Century-Fox studios, where Simone Simon holds forth, there is a new publicity man assigned to the redundant French gal. His name, believe it or not, is Gordon Gordon. But the studio indignantly denies that Simone's next picture is being scripted by a writer on the lot whose name—we swear it on a stack of scenarios—is Arthur Arthur: My! My!

* * *

Seen in Schwab's Pharmacy on Sunset Boulevard, the corner drug store for a lot of the stars: Frances Farmer, in blue denim shirt and slacks, the morning after the preview of "Come and Get It," reading glowing reviews of her work in the movie trade papers. And she didn't even gulp her coffee.

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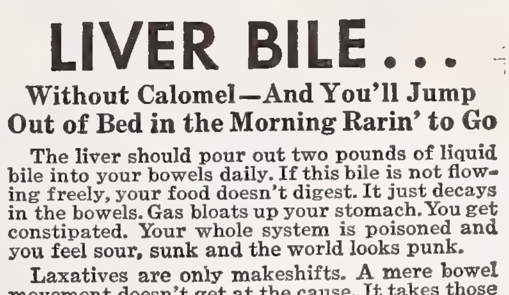

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MORE GOOD NEWS

The John Barrymores attend their first movie preview after their much-publicized Yuma merger.

(Continued from page 66)

The John Barrymore-Elaine Barry romance—and it isn't true that it's a take-off on "Sing, Baby, Sing"—came to a climax in Yuma when Miss Barrie got that extra syllable tacked on her name. There were reports of a furious battle the day after the wedding, but it must have cooled down in a hurry, for we saw them a few days later in the Brown Derby's Bamboo Room sipping a bit of something or other with Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs, the bride's parents.

■ ■ ■

Errol Flynn and Kay Francis claim the new endurance record for love scenes. In "Another Dawn," which they recently finished, they went into a romantic interlude which lasted, according to the director's watch, for seven minutes. And a seven-minute romance in Hollywoodtown practically means that you're childhood sweethearts.

■ ■ ■

A headline in a Hollywood paper recently announced: ARLINE JUDGE TO CHAPERONE DIXIE DUNBAR ON TRIP EAST. Now all they need is a chaperone for Arline and the trip's on.

■ ■ ■

Dodie, the hat check girl at the Trocadero, is one of the prettiest girls in town—and a book lover besides. She's had a book now for almost six months and some day she intends to read it. She must have got tired of hearing "You ought to be in pictures" from every gent who traded a quarter for his hat, so now you'll see her in the new Selznick-International picture, "A Star Is Born." Her name is Darlene Taylor, and she knows enough about pictures to hang on to her hat check job.

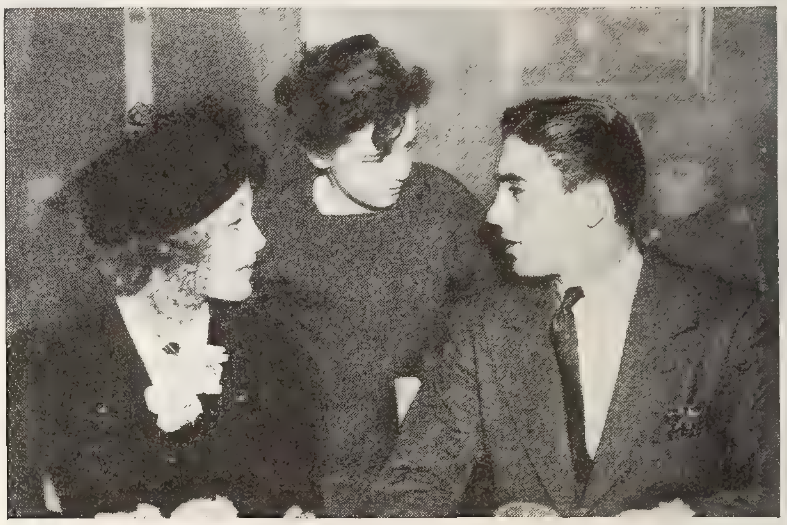
Looking hale and hearty, Adolphe and Veree Teasdale Menjou see "The Garden of Allah" opening.

■ ■ ■

Saw Jean Muir in the Warner Brothers commissary, lunching with Gordon Oliver, a young contract player who has been Jean's constant companion for several months. And you ought to see little Miss Muir now that she's emerged with black bobbed hair for a part in her new picture "Lord of the Land." You also ought to hear her story about the penguin. We'd tell you, but we can't whisper.

■ ■ ■

Freddie Bartholomew in serious chat with Virginia Fields and Tyrone Power, Jr. at lunch.



Frances Langford helps Eleanor Powell and her mother read a wire at "Born to Dance" premiere.

When Arlington Brugh left Beatrice, Nebraska, three years ago he was just Arlington Brugh, so there was no send-off and no fireworks. But when he returned recently, he was Robert Taylor and the entire population turned out to greet him. After a few days of seeing old friends he returned to another swell homecoming in Hollywood, for M-G-M tore up his old contract and handed him a new one which calls for a starting salary of $2500 per week. Besides being the country's Number One box-office attraction, he is one of the nicest guys out here, which is why everyone cheered at the new contract.

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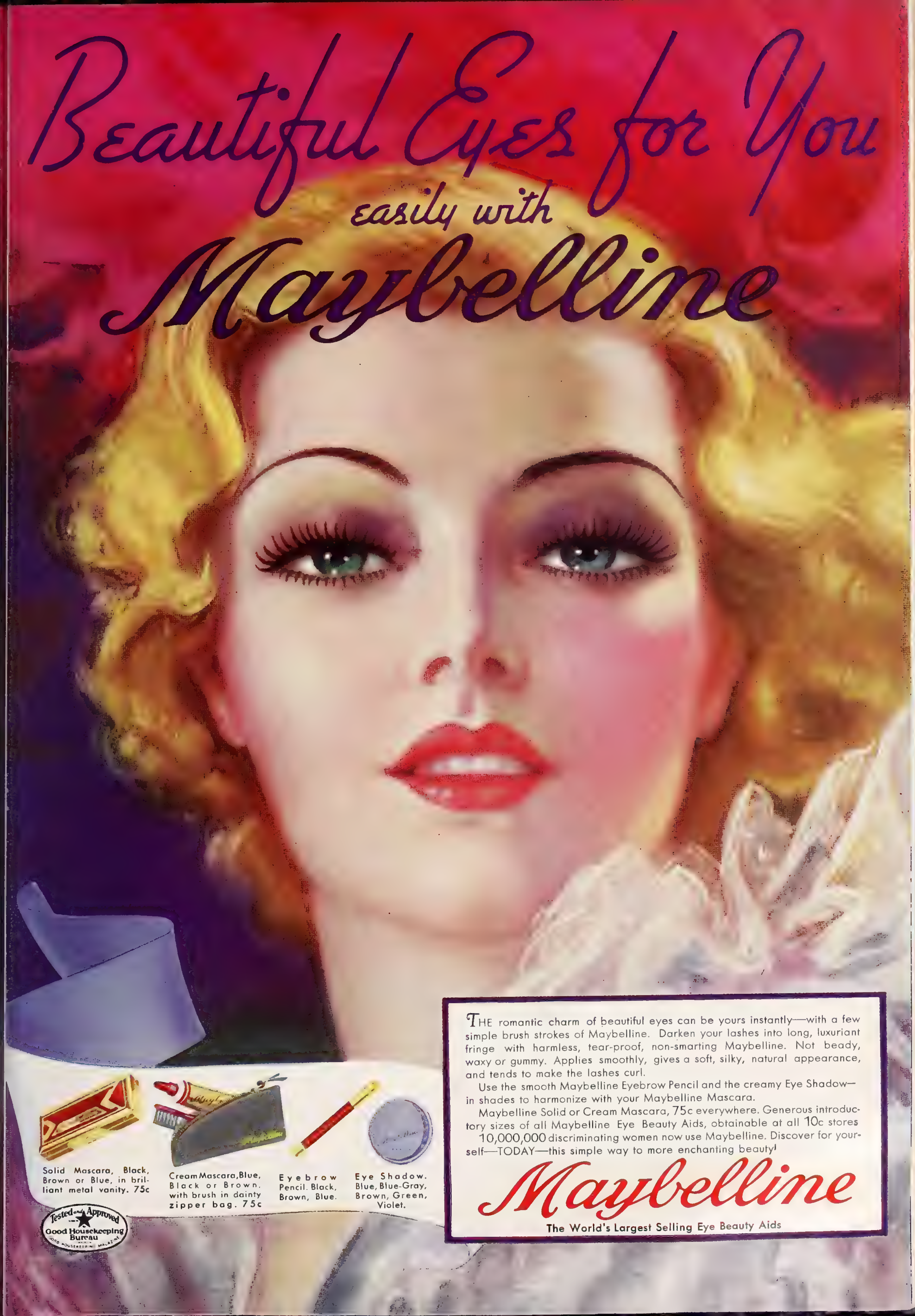

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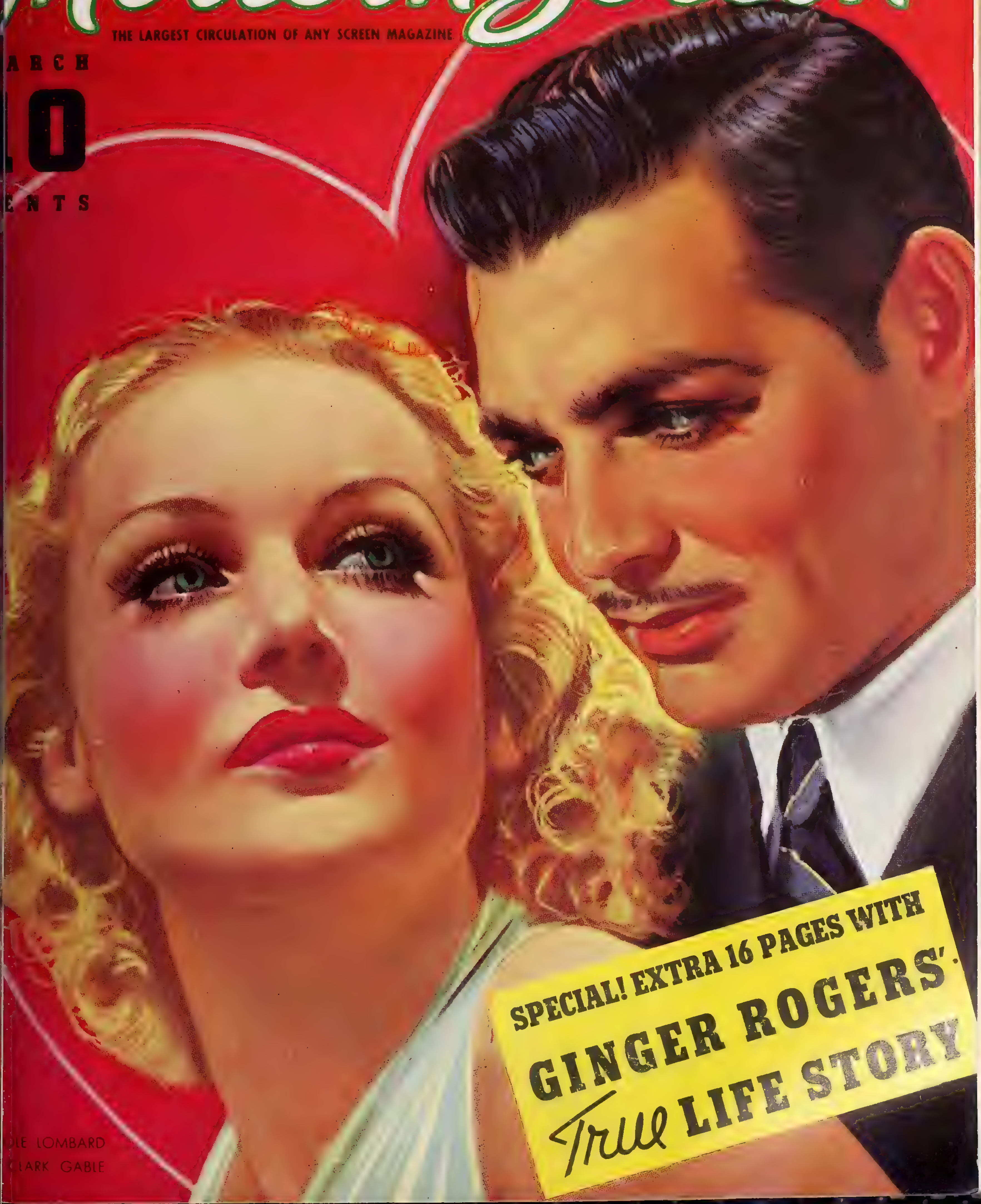

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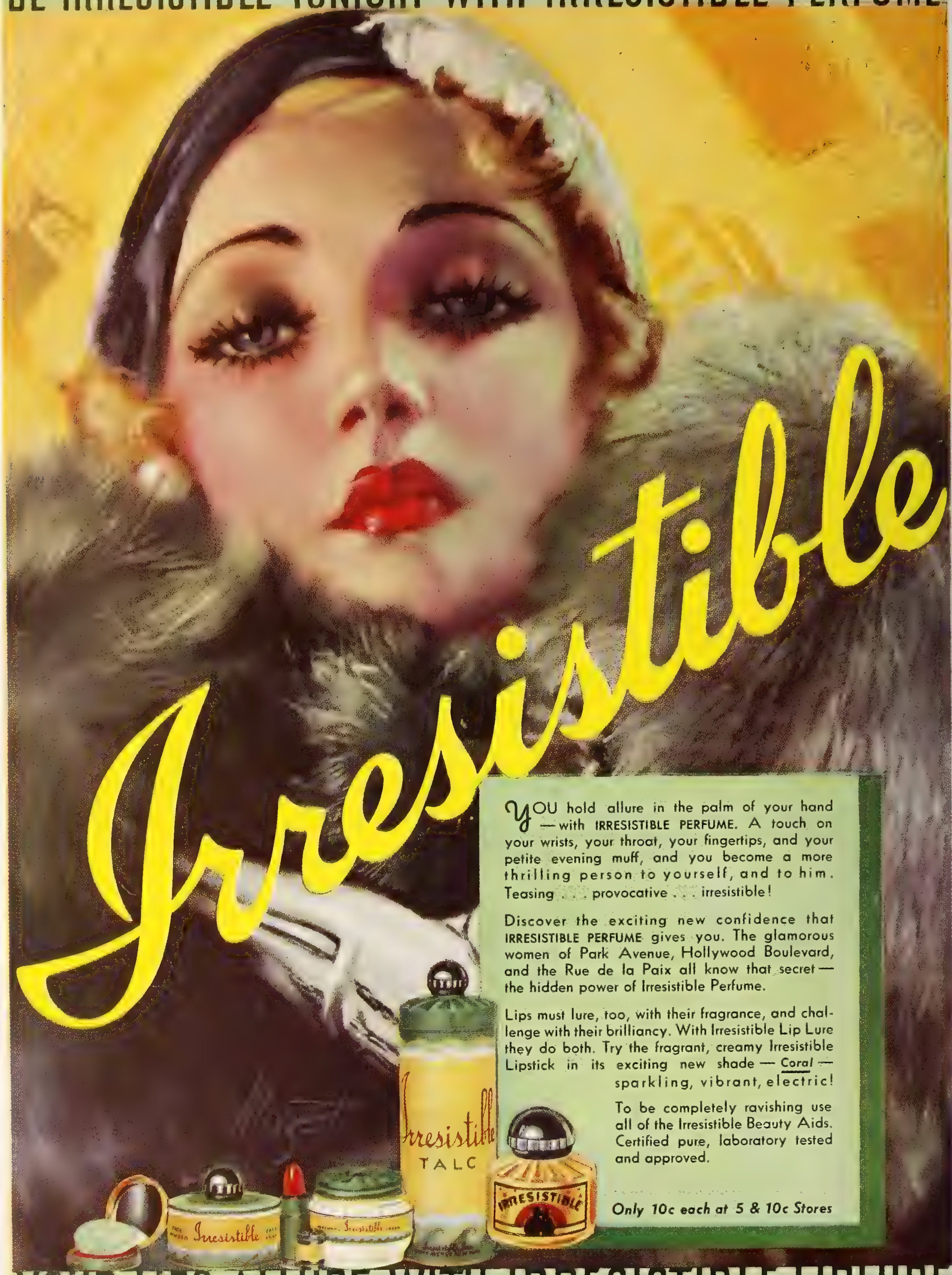

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Leo Townsend, Hollywood Editor

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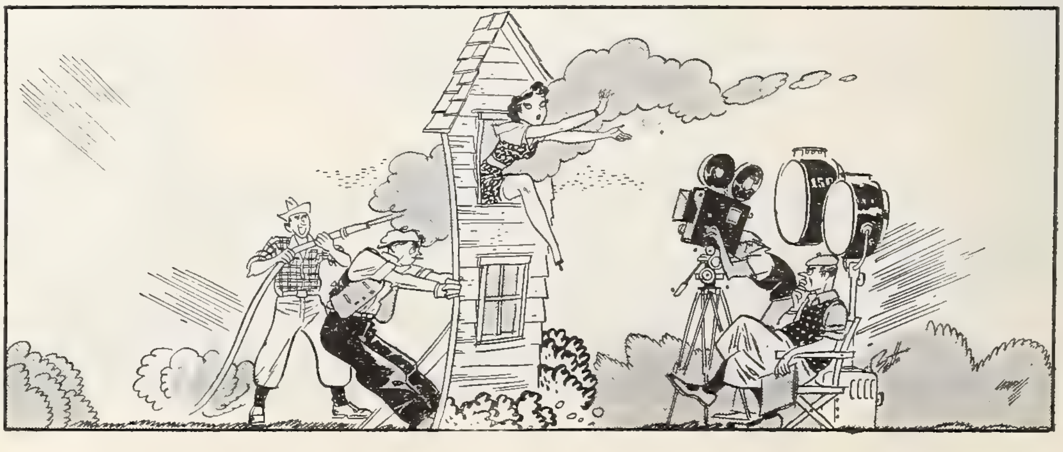

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CLARK GABLE • MYRNA LOY

IN

PARNELL

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production based on the great stage play that thrilled Broadway for months, with EDNA MAY OLIVER, BILLIE BURKE, and a great M-G-M cast. Directed and produced by John Stahl.

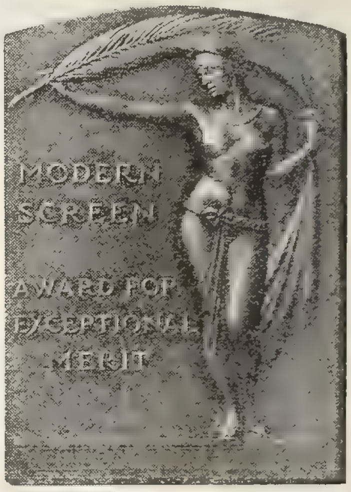
Leo Townsend, our Hollywood editor, presents the placque of Modern Screen's Award of Merit to the all-male cast of "Captains Courageous." Here you see him in the act of giving it to one of its stars, Spencer Tracy. This monthly award is considered a signal honor.

We Salute . . . "CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS"

To all those who worked so successfully to make "Captains Courageous" a brilliant picture, we tender our sincere congratulations.

Again Modern Screen singles out the outstanding picture of the month for its distinguished Award of Merit. Only those pictures rate the medal which we think offer you the best in entertainment value. These about-to-be-released pictures are the tops in acting, scenario, direction and photography—productions worthy of leading your screen fare for the year. By watching for our monthly award, you will never spend a dull evening in the theatre. It's certified entertainment for you!

Great credit is due the robust direction of Victor Fleming together with John Lee Mahin's excellent script. You who enjoyed the original Rudyard Kipling tale will not be disappointed, for all the tang and flavor has been retained in the screen version. It's a faithful transcription of a much beloved story.



Modern Screen's Medal Award Picture, "Captains Courageous," an M-G-M production, reviewed by Leo Townsend

Rudyard Kipling's well-known tale of adventure at sea comes to the screen as decidedly first-rate entertainment, full of action and down-to-earth appeal. Primarily a man's picture—there are no women in the cast—it will also appeal to the ladies because of the presence of Freddie Bartholomew in what is perhaps his biggest and best film role to date. Co-starred with Spencer Tracy and Lionel Barrymore, young Mr. Bartholomew continues to prove himself a most precocious youngster. In the role of Harvey Cheyne, a haughty little millionaire's son who learns about life when he accidentally falls in with a fishing boat crew, Freddie's work in this picture should convince his producers of his versatility and allow him a wider choice of screen roles.

Briefly, the story is this: when Harvey tries in vain to buy his way into a school club he runs home to his father with a tale of abuse. The doting papa (Melvyn Douglas) withdraws him from school and the two embark for England. Shortly after the boat sails, Harvey, showing off before some fellow passengers, falls overboard. A fishing boat picks him up and Harvey demands he be taken ashore immediately. But millionaires' sons mean nothing to the fishermen—and they can't return to shore until they've made their catch, a little matter of three months. Harvey proceeds to make himself obnoxious until, under the guidance of Manuel (Spencer Tracy), one of the fishermen, he gradually begins to see the light.

Eventually he becomes fast friends with Manuel and the crew, until finally even Captain Disko (Lionel Barrymore) admits Harvey has become a more than tolerable young man. When the haul is finished and the boat heads back to Gloucester, drama and tragedy strike them, and Manuel loses his life at sea. When the boat lands, Harvey's father is waiting for him, and he sees in his grief-stricken son a new and finer person—a boy who learned in three months what a lifetime of ease would never have taught him.

Spencer Tracy lends his expert trouping to the role of Manuel, making it one of the most sympathetic characters he has brought to the screen. One of Hollywood's finest actors, he will add considerably to his popularity as well as his prestige with this warmly human performance. Lionel Barrymore is gruff and convincing as Captain Disko, and Melvyn Douglas, who is finally getting the screen recognition he deserves, is capable as the father. Outstanding supporting players are John Carradine, Mickey Rooney, Charles Grapewin and Billy Burrud.

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INFORMATION DESK

You ask us! We have the answers

HERE ARE the biographies you have been clamoring for. Whether one is printed or not depends on the number of requests recorded for it. REMEMBER . . . every request counts . . . and mailing the little coupon on this page isn't just another way of satisfying idle curiosity. It's your way of telling Hollywood who's who on the screen. You're the public and you give the orders! So don't keep your flicker interests a deep dark secret any longer.

If you'd like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life here, fill in and send us the coupon on this page. And how about saving yourself 2c by using one of Uncle Sam's penny postcards? General questions will also be answered here. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a personal reply. Address: Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

JAMES STEWART (Last printed August, 1936. Total number of requests since then 197.) Fullgrown, the boy measured 6 feet 3 inches tall, skin and bones at 140 pounds. He wore glasses and played an accordion with his chin slumped down on his chest, his long legs sprawled out. His birthplace was Indiana, Pa., where his "paw" was engaged in the hardware business. Portrait of an actor? Portrait of a Princeton grad? Scarcely either, and yet James Stewart is both. Four years as a student of architecture equipped him to design anything from a pig pen to a royal palace. But unfortunately, he hadn't been taught to create any design for living without a job while he waited for recognition from America's architects. So with haste that was almost impolite, he snapped up a stock offer from Falmouth, Mass. He might have been a bit more reluctant, had be known that the job didn't call for Stewart the actor, but for Stewart the accordionist. And indeed, his career was to follow to some extent a path charted by his gifts as a musician. But musician or no, the lad could act. Successful stock roles brought him to Broadway; stellar performances in hits such as "Yellow Jack" and "Page Miss Glory" (the stage version) brought him to Hollywood with a long term M-G-M contract. Not long after, he was cast as Jeanette MacDonald's erring brother in "Rose Marie." Location was on the shores of Lake Tahoe. Jimmy roomed with Director Van Dyke, and when the chill night of the lake country drove everyone indoors, the magic of Jimmy's accordion would combine with the distant lapping of water to lull Van Dyke to sleep. Van Dyke was grateful. Later, inviting guests to a party, he asked, "What's the name of that guy who plays the accordion?" Jimmy is very jealous of that accordion . . . thinks people pay it more attention than they do him. And it's the same story with his dancing. He's a swell partner and a bit afraid that lovely ladies Eleanor Powell, or Virginia Bruce, or Ginger Rogers favor him because he dances well and not because they're fond of him. Shows you how very little Jimmy knows about women. Jimmy was born on May 20, 1908. He doesn't wear glasses any more and isn't as skinny as he used to be. You'll be seeing him soon in "Seventh Heaven" opposite Simone Simon. His current picture is "Born to Dance."

HILDA BENEVY, Montreal, Canada: Marlene Dietrich's real name is Mary Magdalene von Losch. Her father, a lieutenant in the German army, died the death of a hero, during the World War. Incidentally, Marlene met the man who was responsible—Alexie Davidoff, wartime commander of the Russian "suicide" battery—on the set of one of her pictures and parted good friends with him.

JAMES CAGNEY (Last printed February, 1936. Total number of requests since then 209.) One definition of good acting is versatile acting. An actor delights you if he can do Hamlet, Dillinger, and Lord Fauntleroy. In the case of James Cagney this criterion is beside the point. Cagney couldn't do Hamlet. Or if he could, you wouldn't want him to. You want Cagney to be Cagney and no one else. And that's a good definition of personality! The redheaded Irishman's personality captivates you because you understand subconsciously that you see in him the symbol of all that a big city means to you. Especially New York . . . New York the melting pot, New York the hurly-burly commercial center, New York the hybrid of stately skyscrapers and swarming tenements. All that and then some is in Cagney's blood, comes alive in his acting . . . the way he moves, the way he talks, the way he hits. And that combination of vulgarity with education and sophistication . . . that's Jimmy, too. He's been a vaudevillian, the tough, flexible type that sings, dances, speaks Yiddish like a Litvak, Italian like a Siciliano, and can help out the acrobats if one of them gets sick. But he's also spent two years in Columbia University . . . would have graduated and been a doctor like his two brothers, if his father's saloon on Eighth Street, Avenue D, hadn't gone bust . . . which meant that Jimmy had to pitch in and help feed a destitute family. He pitched in, all right! For five chaotic years he toured the small towns . . . the Cagney circuit is what he calls the route. Then to Broadway with a roughneck role in Maxwell Anderson's "Outside Looking In." A short while later his road crossed Joan Blondell's. He stayed on that road. It led directly to Hollywood and a Warner Brothers' contract. A little over a year ago, Jimmy broke his ties with Warners.

(Continued on page 129)

INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN,
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★ THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH ★

"My Fashion Mannequins have beauty protection in this Germ-Free powder"

says
MAGGY ROUFF
Famous Fashion Designer of Paris

"The lovely *jeunes filles* who model my fashion creations are slim, fresh, erect. Their complexions have the glorious tint of the rose petal, and one reason is their use of Woodbury's powder.

"Very glamorous, very chic are the shades of this famous powder which you American women know so well. Yet it is not alone for Woodbury's beauty that I advise my mannequins to use it. A disaster these girls must avoid is a disfiguring blemish. And Woodbury's powder is free of the germs that cause skin infections*. Naturally, no blemish-germs can come to the face from this germ-free powder."

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*Tested with 19 other leading brands, Woodbury's Facial Powder, alone, was germ-free both before and after use.

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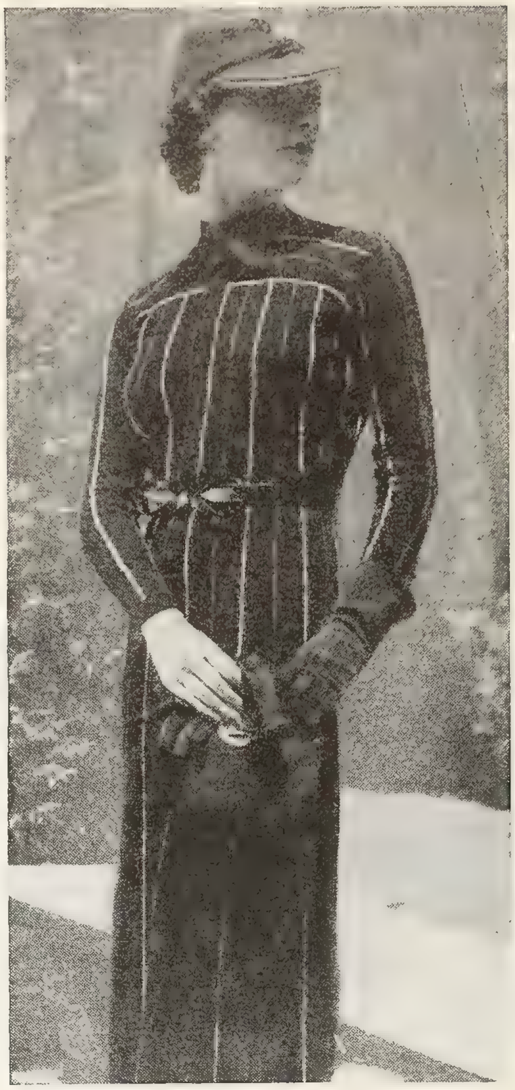
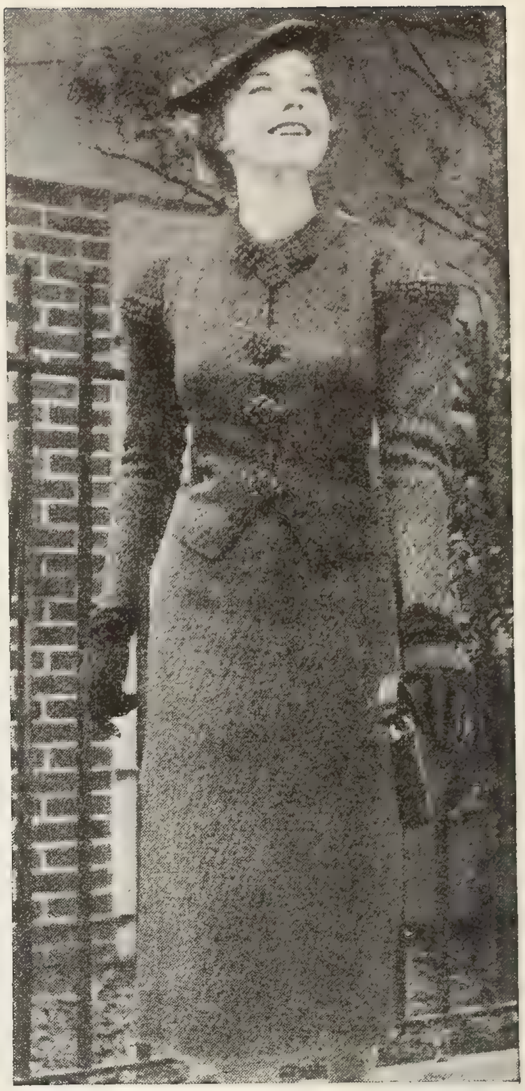


6018—The perfect type of one-piece knit to wear all spring and summer.



6045—The trimming details of this suit are crocheted, but the rest is knitted.

KNIT BY PATTERN

You eliminate knitting errors when you make these two models the new way

HERE ARE two new styles which you can make by the block-knit pattern which we introduced last month.

The block-knit pattern looks like a dress pattern except that it is printed on a sturdy paper that will not tear. Every cast-on, increase, decrease, bind-off, pocket and buttonhole, in fact every style point, is clearly defined, with instructions.

If you don't want the pattern and prefer to have just the directions, as heretofore, you may send for them instead. Merely check the coupon below for what you want. Remember, however, that you enclose fifty cents if you want the *pattern*—but only a stamped, self-addressed envelope if you want *directions*. Patterns come in sizes 12 to 20.

Adelia Bird, MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me Style 6018 in size..... 6045 in size..... I am enclosing:

☐ Fifty cents each (in coin or stamps) for the knitting *pattern or patterns.*

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Name.................................

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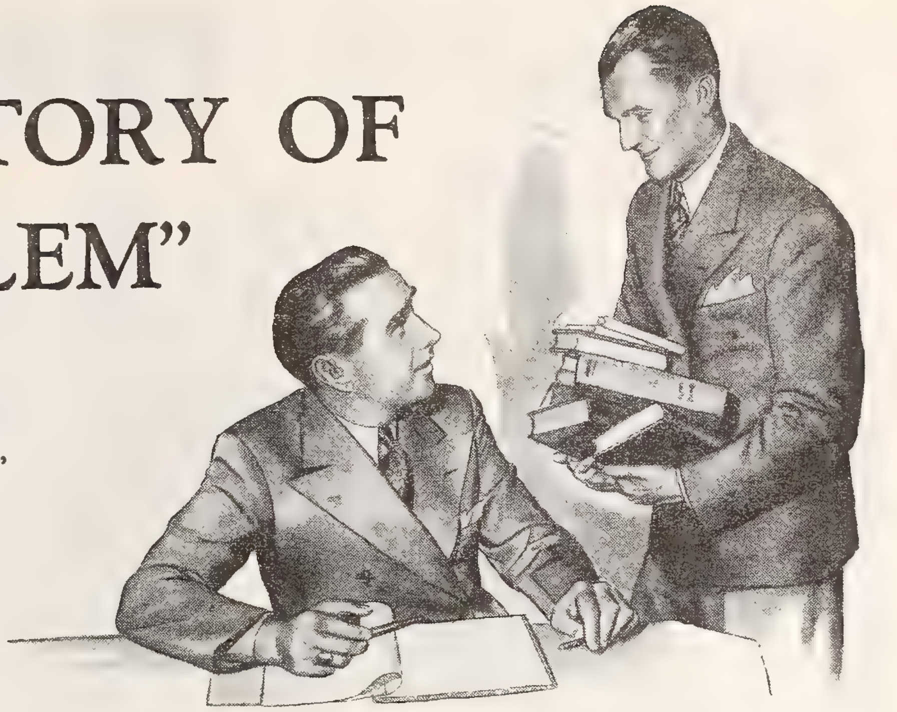
Check which you want. No Canadian or foreign stamps accepted.

THE INSIDE STORY OF "MAID OF SALEM"

By FRANK LLOYD

(*Director of "Cavalcade", "The Sea Hawk", "Mutiny on the Bounty"*)



Frank Lloyd looking for a new screen yarn.

NATURALLY, ever since "Mutiny on the Bounty" swept the country, I've been on the lookout for another yarn with the same sweep and power to bring to the screen. I wanted a story with plenty of drama and with plenty of chance for me to direct big out of doors scenes, the kind I get the most kick out of.

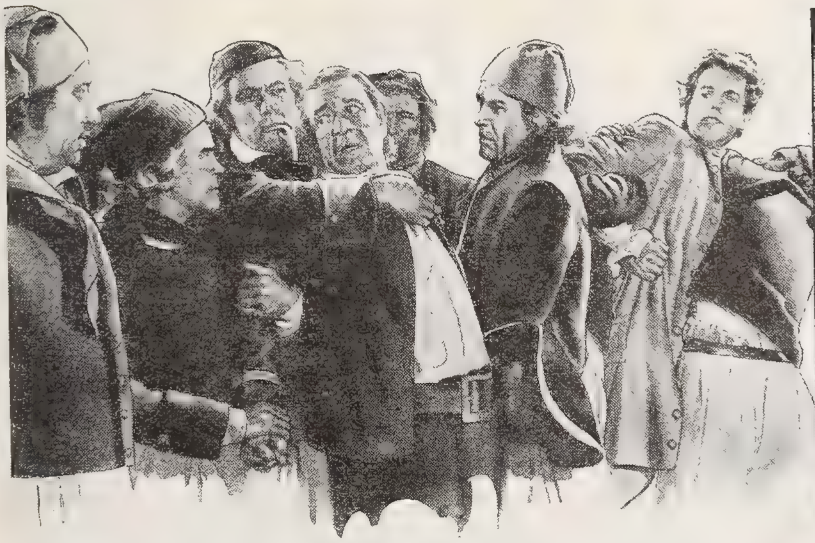
» Well, to make a long story short, I found just such a yarn . . ."Maid of Salem". Here is the story of a young girl and a young lad who have the nerve to fight off a whole town of fanatics who try to break up their love . . . a story with the same drive and surge of "Mutiny". For here love and courage face the fanatic venom of a whole mob of Captain Blighs.

» But finding a story is only half a director's battle. The next thing was to find stars able to play the parts. I had recently directed Claudette Colbert in "Under Two Flags" and knew what she could do in a highly emotional part. Fortunately, I was able to cast her as the stout-hearted little "Maid of Salem". A hero? I needed a swashbuckling, hard-boiled lad who could carve his way with a cutlass through an armed mob, with a grin on his face . . . I found him. Fred MacMurray, I honestly believe, does as fine a job in this picture as any of the heroes of my big adventure pictures. The girls are going to say it's Fred's swellest part.

» Last but not least a producer-director has got to have freedom to make a picture his own way. I, personally, want my pictures absolutely authentic. If it's an historical picture, I want my history correct. Well, let me say, right here and now, Paramount has made this, my first picture for their company, the easiest I have ever worked on. For they have told me to spare no expense to make "Maid of Salem" the most authentic, the most powerful of my productions. So I think when you see "Maid of Salem" you will agree with me that it tops them all for sheer entertainment.

Frank Lloyd on the set with Claudette Colbert as the cameras start cranking for "Maid of Salem".

Claudette Colbert in her greatest part, as the young New England girl who dares the wrath of a whole countryside for the love of her dashing Southern hero . . . . .



A typical Lloyd action scene, a bunch of hard-boiled vagabonds pitting their strength against the courage of one tough lad and his stout sword arm . . . . .

Fred MacMurray in his first big historical role since "The Texas Rangers", as a swashbuckling Southern gentleman who can carve his way through any mob with his good sword . . . . .

Heavy date..
..but look at
her Nose!

KLEENEX HABIT

saves noses during colds!

● Nothing more tragic than a sore nose during a cold—nothing more soothing than the Kleenex Habit! It saves noses, saves money and reduces handkerchief washing. So put aside your handkerchiefs and use Kleenex Tissues the instant sniffles start. Because Kleenex tends to retain germs it checks the spread of colds through the family. You use each tissue once—then destroy, germs and all.

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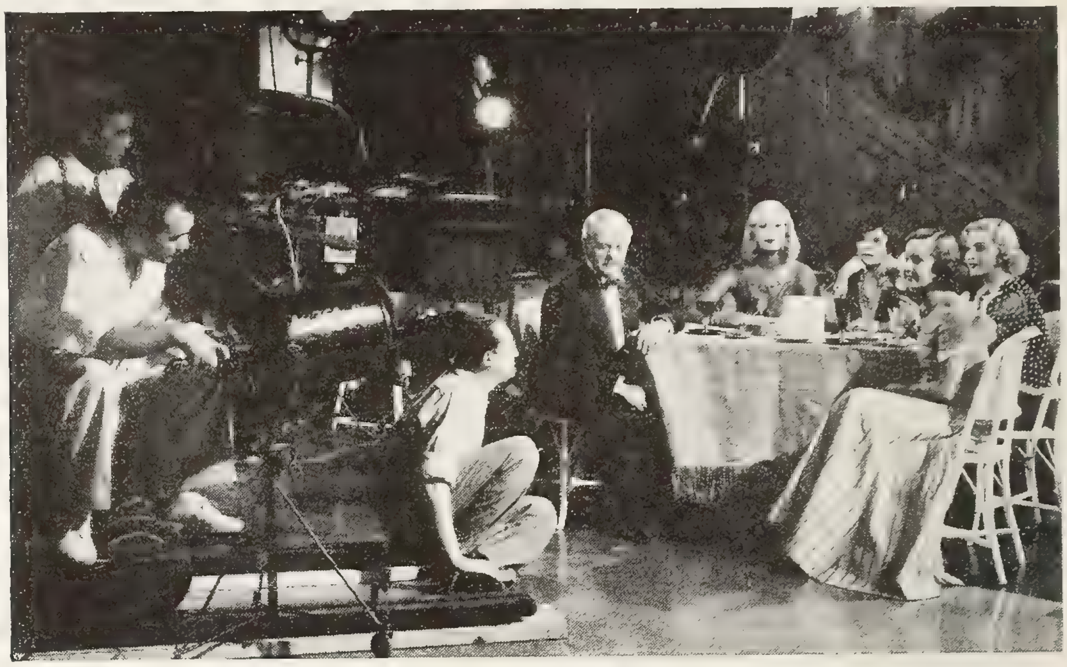
No waste! No mess! Pull a tissue — the next one pops up ready for use!

KLEENEX

A disposable tissue made of Cellucotton (not cotton)

COME TO OUR FILMLAND FIESTA!



Few people have a chance to see movies actually being made. Here we are at Universal, where they're making "Three Smart Girls." At the table, l. to r., Charles Winninger, Binnie Barnes, Alice Brady, Barbara Read and Nan Grey.

By Jack Smalley

IT'S A real Hollywood fiesta, and you're invited! MODERN SCREEN is hiring special trains and making gala arrangements for a series of traveling house parties for the most exciting two-weeks' vacation trips ever imagined.

Think of it—a house party on wheels that will whisk you from Chicago to Hollywood and back in two weeks, every minute packed with new thrills! An all-expense trip that's amazingly low-priced, to show you sights no tourist has ever seen before in Hollywood.

You'll actually go through the locked doors of the studios to see pictures being made. You'll be royally entertained at the homes of the stars.

And you'll be guests of honor at a dinner dance at the Cocoanut Grove, most famous night club in the world, with dozens of stars to welcome you!

Here is entertainment money couldn't buy, yet it's just part of the entertainment included free to readers of MODERN SCREEN through the coöperation of studios and stars. In addition to thrilling adventures in filmland, you'll see gorgeous country, crossing the Rocky Mountains in two different places, stopping off at national parks and the Grand Canyon, seeing the rest of the wonderland of Southern California. And all at a cost under $200!

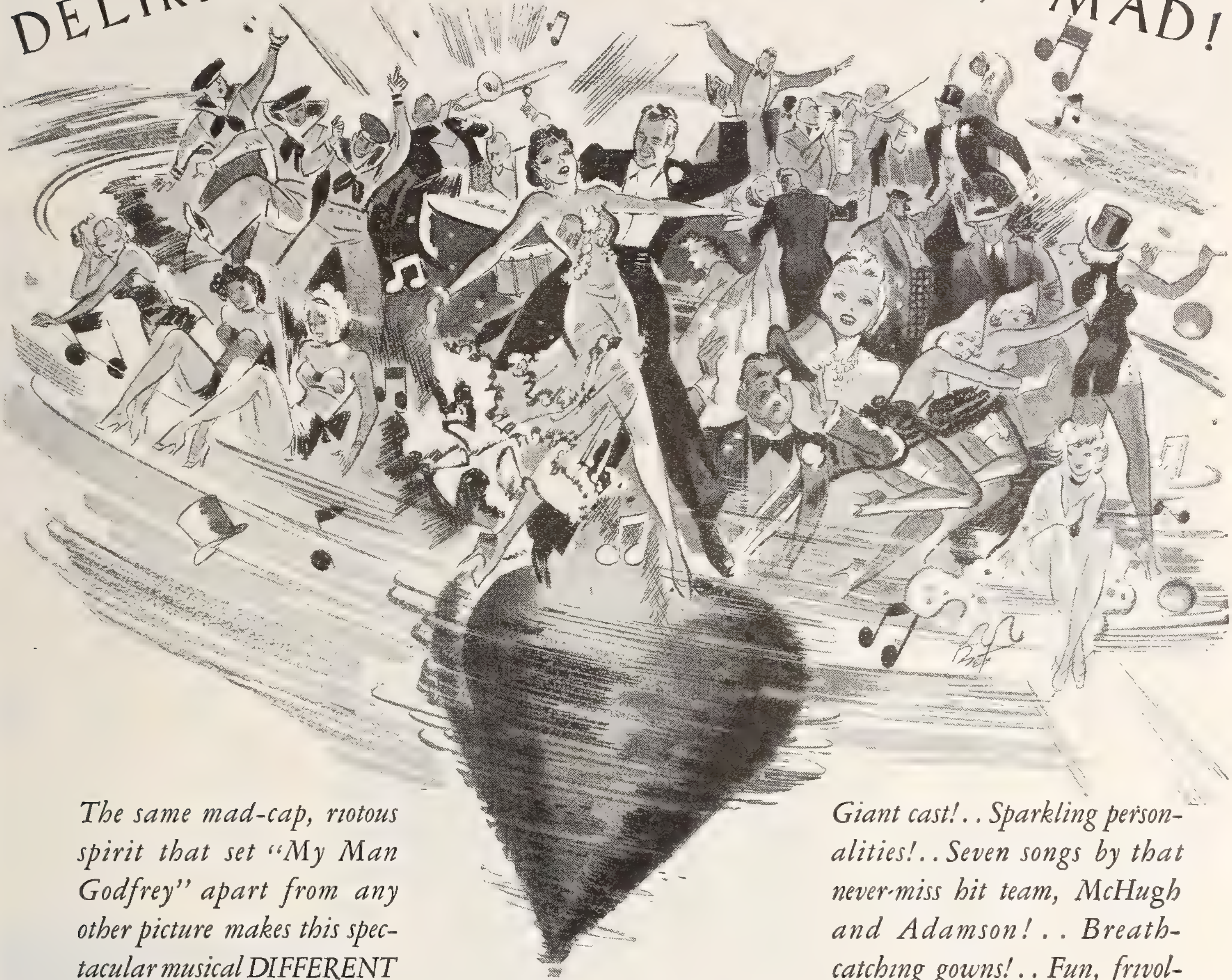
Here are the plans: there will be three tours to movieland, so you can select the most convenient time for your vacation. Each will be as much fun as the others, so just choose the best date. The special trains will leave Chicago July 4, July 17, and August 1, returning you to the starting point exactly two weeks later. Low excursion rates will enable you to reach the starting point at small extra cost, to join the house party.

There'll be newlyweds and second honeymooners aboard, young and old, all out for a good time, with worries left behind and nothing to do but enjoy life. All arrangements are made for you by the tour manager.

Once in filmland, you'll be rubbing elbows with the stars, getting your pictures taken with them, dining and dancing (*Continued on page 140*)

Join Modern Screen's vacation trip to Hollywood—and meet the stars in person!

DELIRIOUSLY, MAGNIFICENTLY MAD!



The same mad-cap, riotous spirit that set "My Man Godfrey" apart from any other picture makes this spectacular musical DIFFERENT from anything you've ever seen! It tops them all!

Giant cast!.. Sparkling personalities!.. Seven songs by that never-miss hit team, McHugh and Adamson!.. Breath-catching gowns!.. Fun, frivolity, frenzy!.. Music, mad-waggery, mirth and magnificence!

THE NEW UNIVERSAL PRESENTS

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With a glittering galaxy of stage, screen and radio favorites including:
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Gerald Oliver Smith • Jack Smart • Claude Gillingwater • Ernest Cossart
Directed by Ralph Murphy • Associate Producer Lou Brock
CHARLES R. ROGERS, Executive Producer

THE SCREEN HAS NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT!

THIS CABALLERO CAN

Take a lesson from Leo Carrillo in the art of making Mexican dishes

By Marjorie Deen

Invitations to Leo Carrillo's Barbecue Parties are eagerly sought by Hollywood-ites. Here is Leo preparing for "company."

Mr. C. prepares Chili Con Carne. You see him grinding the chili peppers in a stone mixing bowl with a stone crusher.

(Below) Though Willie has cooked for six Presidents, he stays in the background when his boss is juggling recipes.

SEÑORES and señoritas, allow me to present Leo Carrillo, the most native of California's native sons, a gay *caballero* (gentleman, to you), a fine actor, one of the movie colony's most popular hosts and a perfectly elegant cook! Both he and his wife are the most hospitable of souls, their home is one of the show places of Southern California, their food is remembered by all who have ever tasted it and their parties are famous.

Small wonder, then, that your Modern Hostess accepted with enthusiasm an invitation to visit the Carrillo's ten-acre estate out in Uplifter's Canyon in Santa Monica. For I knew in advance that here was a grand chance to learn about the most fascinating foods that were ever grown, cooked and served on California soil. Furthermore, I was certain to get my information and the recipes I wanted in an atmosphere as Mexican as the roles Mr. Carrillo has played in such pictures as "Viva Villa" and "The Gay Desperado."

Five generations of California-Spanish dons explains the fire, humor and romance that Carrillo brings to such roles as these; explains even more clearly the authentic early-California atmosphere of his home and his interest in foods of Spanish-Mexican inspiration.

Here, then, was a golden opportunity to learn more about these things, with a real California native son to act as guide and mentor. So let's first talk over the Carrillo foods that I heard about and the recipes that I secured for you (and for *me*, too, you can bet, because I share with countless others a real liking for this type of cooking).

A description of the Carrillo place, with all its mellow charm of another and less hurried age, must wait then until we've disposed of the more practical and helpful aspects of my recent visit. The most useful knowledge that I can pass on to you at this moment is the fact that the recipes which you do not find at the end of this article you *will* find in this month's leaflet—which the coupon, also at the end of the article, brings to you absolutely free. If the recipes for Leo Carrillo's famous dishes aren't worth a penny postal or a stamp—and the little time it takes to fill in a coupon—then, sez I, hundreds of Carrillo guests, who have sung the praises of his cooking, must be wrong! I, for one, know that they're not.

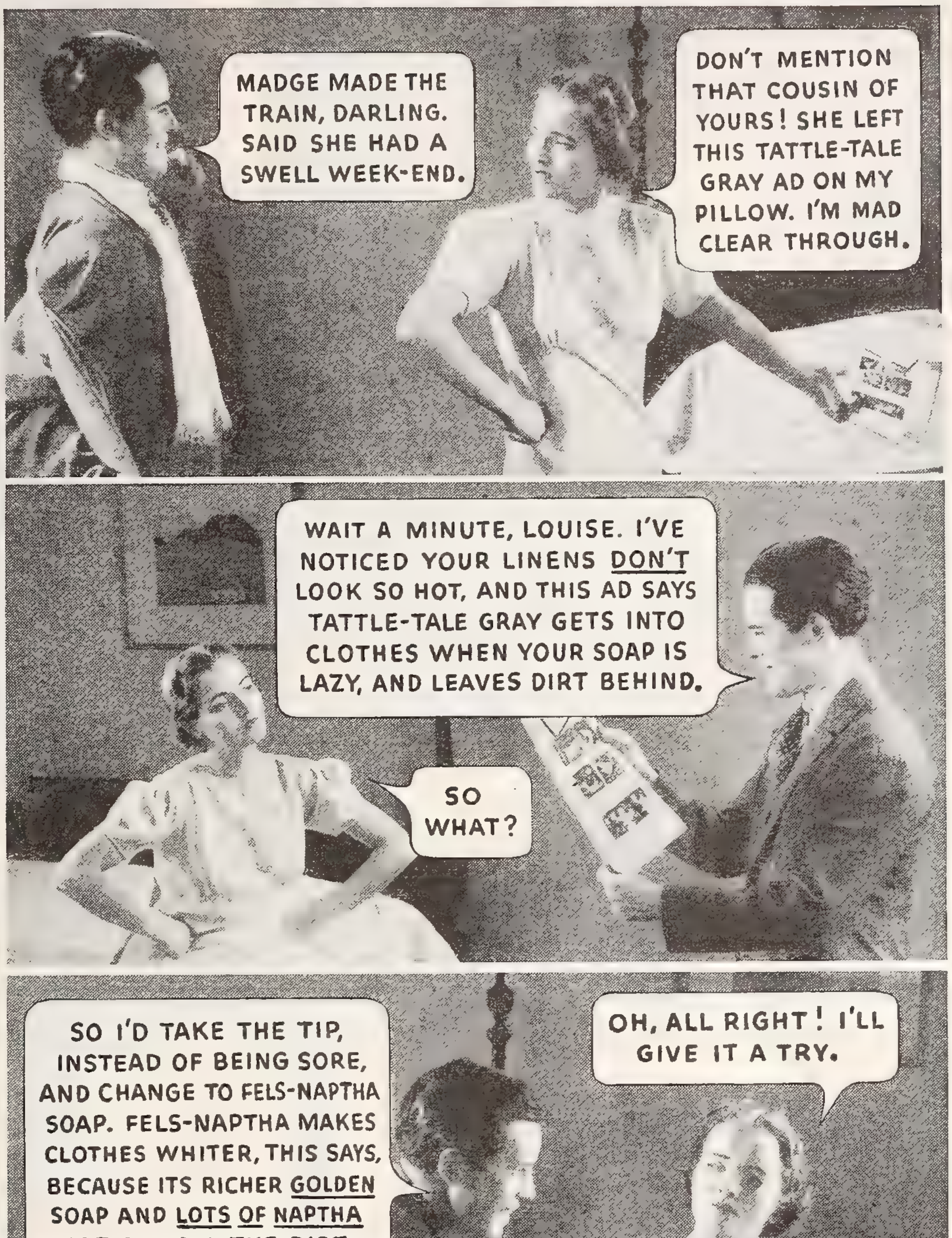
Shortly after I had arrived at the Carrillos' huge, rambling house we all gathered in the large, cheerful kitchen, for our cooking talk. There were six of us, Mr. and Mrs. Carrillo, their young daughter, the photographer, who was on hand to snap those interesting pictures of our host in action, yours truly and, hovering around solicitously, Willie, the "cul-

COOK!

lud" cook ready and willing to supply ingredients, utensils and a helping hand at the drop of a sombrero.

Willie, incidentally, is quite a personage himself. He has been all over the world. He has cooked for six Presidents while travelling on their private cars. He learned about Mexican foods when he worked for Obregon. But he says he's going to stay with "Mistah (*Continued on page* 98)

Send in for Leo Carrillo's excellent Mexican recipes and you'll be as delighted with the results of your Chili as our host is with his.


MADGE MADE THE TRAIN, DARLING. SAID SHE HAD A SWELL WEEK-END.
DON'T MENTION THAT COUSIN OF YOURS! SHE LEFT THIS TATTLE-TALE GRAY AD ON MY PILLOW. I'M MAD CLEAR THROUGH.
WAIT A MINUTE, LOUISE. I'VE NOTICED YOUR LINENS DON'T LOOK SO HOT, AND THIS AD SAYS TATTLE-TALE GRAY GETS INTO CLOTHES WHEN YOUR SOAP IS LAZY, AND LEAVES DIRT BEHIND.
SO WHAT?
SO I'D TAKE THE TIP, INSTEAD OF BEING SORE, AND CHANGE TO FELS-NAPTHA SOAP. FELS-NAPTHA MAKES CLOTHES WHITER, THIS SAYS, BECAUSE ITS RICHER GOLDEN SOAP AND LOTS OF NAPTHA GET OUT ALL THE DIRT.
OH, ALL RIGHT! I'LL GIVE IT A TRY.
FEW WEEKS LATER
SORE ABOUT THAT AD YOU LEFT, MADGE? WHY, THAT FELS-NAPTHA AD IS THE REASON WE'RE TAKING YOU TO THE THEATRE.
YOU BET! IT CERTAINLY SHOWED LOUISE HOW TO GET THE WHITEST WASHES OF HER YOUNG LIFE!
WHE-E-E! I THINK I'LL GO TELLING ALL MY FRIENDS TO CHANGE TO FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

COPR. 1937 FELS & CO.

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

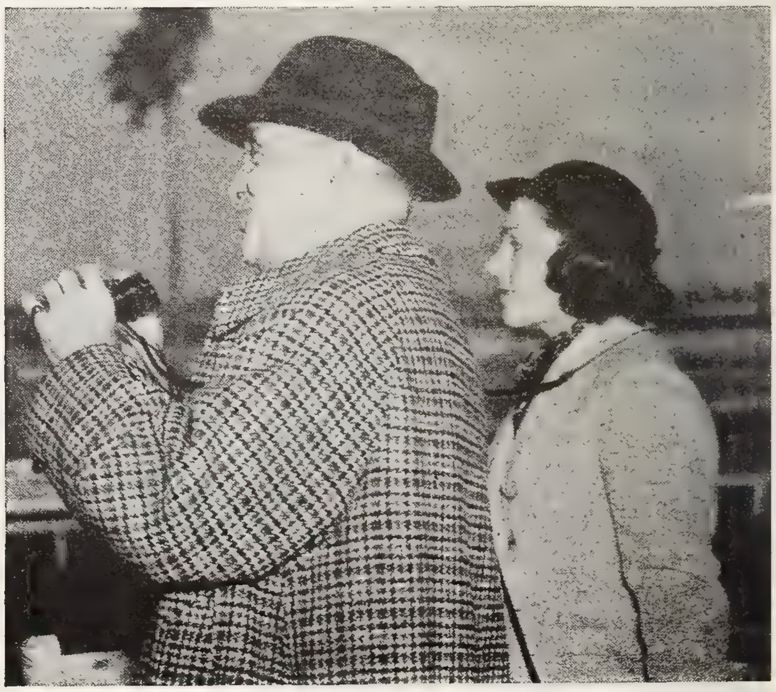
The Santa Anita track opening is a real break for the autograph hounds because every star who can get there, shows up! Some fine and fancy betting goes on, too. Here are George Raft and Virginia Pine busy with the pencil, checking possible winners. How did you fare, George?

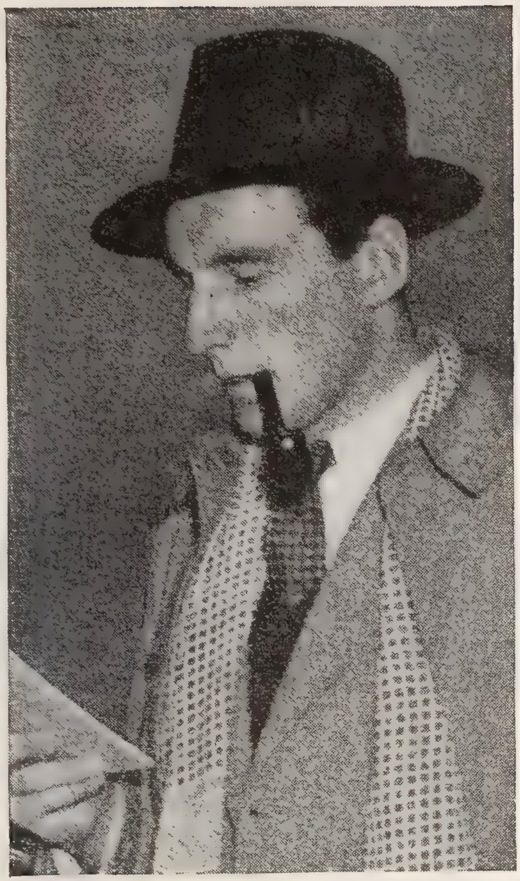
When a crack tennis player studies the gee-gee set-up as closely as this—it means serious betting! Fred Perry and Mrs. P. (Helen Vinson) certainly look like real racetrack fans, even to Helen's festive plaid topcoat. Fred plays his first games as a professional this season.

AT THE RACES

Jeanette MacDonald takes a pleased squint at a race, but her fiance, Gene Raymond, looks as if that wasn't his hoss in the lead.

Puleeze, Mr. Jolson! How can the spectators see the nags with you in that coat? Ruby Keeler Jolson's got her eyes on the track.



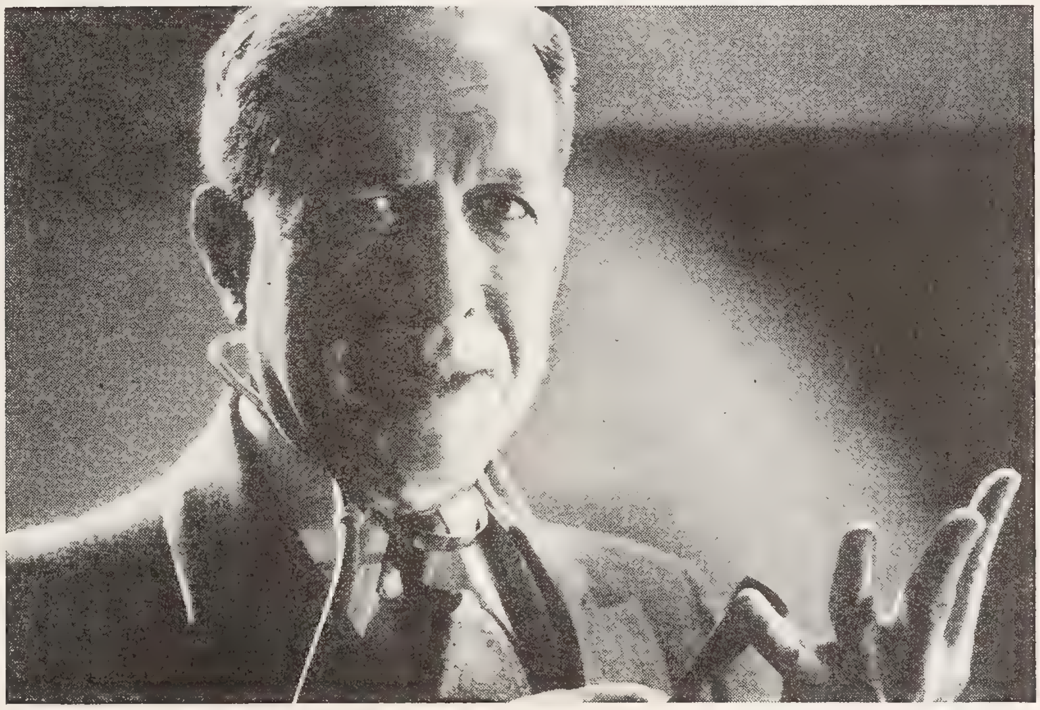


Photos by Frank Muto

The Santa Anita track opening proved a magnet for the stars

A couple of people who bet on the right ones! Spencer Tracy and his wife stroll around the enclosure between races.

HOW
the *doctor chooses* from hundreds of laxatives



MOST of us remember, with gratitude, some crisis in our lives when the doctor's vigilance and skill proved priceless beyond words.

But many of us forget that the doctor is equally on guard in *minor* matters of health. Consider a little thing like a laxative, for example. It may be news to you that the doctor has a definite set of standards which a laxative must meet before he will approve it.

Check the eight specifications listed below. How many of them will your *own* laxative meet?

THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A LAXATIVE:

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proved by the test of time.
It should *not* form a habit.
It should *not* over-act.
It should *not* cause stomach pains.
It should *not* nauseate, or upset digestion.

EX-LAX MEETS ALL THESE REQUIREMENTS

Ex-Lax checks on *every single one* of the points listed above. Meets the doctor's demands of a laxative fairly and fully. So it's no surprise to find that many doctors use Ex-Lax in their own homes, for their own families. In fact, Ex-Lax has made so many millions of friends, among all kinds of people, that it is the most widely used laxative in the whole wide world.

A REAL PLEASURE TO TAKE

Convince yourself of the facts. Try Ex-Lax the next time you need a laxative. You'll find that Ex-Lax *is* mild . . . that it *is* thorough. You'll discover that it does *not* bring on stomach pains or nausea. On the contrary, the easy comfortable action of Ex-Lax will leave you with a pleasant sense of freshness and well-being. Children, particularly, are benefited. For the standards set up by the doctor are *doubly important* to a child.

Another agreeable thing . . . if you have been taking bitter, nauseating cathartics, Ex-Lax will be a pleasant surprise. For it tastes just like delicious chocolate. All drug stores have Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, mail the coupon below.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!
(Paste this on a penny postcard)

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170 MM-37
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name..

Address..

City.. Age ....
(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)

ROOMS
414-420

Lyda Roberti and Patsy play student nurses in the hilarious, "Nobody's Baby." They're a grand team.

SHE DOES AS SHE PLEASES

By Ramona Bergere

Meet Patsy Kelly, chief exponent of the "Be Yourself" school

WHAT CAN you expect from someone who was born under a piano and forgotten and left at the church after her christening? With a start like that, could anyone be expected to be dignified? Three loud and lusty Nos! And Patsy Kelly is anything but ultra-ultra. She does as she pleases and the people around her know better than to try to change her. She also says what she pleases and isn't at all hampered by the convention that a lady never shouts nor swears.

Her credo is, "Be yourself." She simply cannot stand affectations. Many an actor who is trying to forget a middle-class background by adopting a pseudo accent and a family tree has had his memory jogged in a painfully public manner by Patsy. Yet she is the kindest person in the world and falls for every hard-luck story she hears. But she does believe that a four-flusher deserves to have his sails trimmed.

THAT doesn't mean that The Kelly is hard to get along with. She's anything but! However, let someone pull a fast one and he doesn't escape her righteous wrath. Then, her vocabulary becomes rich and pointed.

To say she does as she pleases doesn't go for her work. She is as eager and enthusiastic as a child about that. She has only two bosses and their word is law with her. One is her director. The other, her fans.

She still can't get over receiving fan mail and the fact that people seem to like her. She asks, "Are they crazy or am I?" and adds with a hint of wistfulness in her voice, "I don't think they're kidding me, do you?"

Doing as she pleases has to do not only with the way she thinks but with the way she conducts herself and dresses. She practically never wears a hat and is probably the worst-dressed woman in Hollywood. She is much funnier looking actually than she is on the screen. She is overweight and loves to eat.

A short time ago an out-of-towner, on the over-plump side herself, rushed up to Patsy after a preview and cried, "Why, everyone says you're overweight. I don't think you are at all." Patsy gave her the once-over and said, "Oh, no? Say, I'm so fat my stomach goes on the screen ten minutes before I do." She continued, "But it doesn't matter. Who'm I trying to catch anyway?"

SHE IS entirely without vanity. If she wants to push her hair back of her ears, she does. That, by the way, is as much a part of her as her walk and voice. When she isn't before the camera, back goes the hair. She has lovely hands and it is a comically characteristic gesture to see her hand, limp-wristed, carelessly sweep back those black locks from her face. She says, "You can't do much for this mug anyway," and never goes near a beauty parlor.

Her lack of vanity and her freedom from its fetters is the reason for her success as a comedienne. Can you see a "glamor girl," who spends most of her time in the beauty shops, disarranging her carefully placed locks, distorting her face in natural, unrestrained grimaces, or throwing her rolled and massaged body around in awkward positions?

ANOTHER thing, Patsy believes in good, old relaxed comfort. If she wants to sprawl, she sprawls. If she wants to corkscrew herself over the arm of a chair, she does. And her walk is as near a sailor's roll as the swagger of an old salt.

She has had to work too hard, has seen too much of life's hard knocks, to waste her time on superficialities and a "front." She hasn't had time to acquire cute little feminine mannerisms. At the age when most girls are primping and posing in their effort to attract the boys, she was working. When she grew old enough to miss them she had the good sense to realize they were a handicap to her career rather than an asset.

Then there is the question of environment. There couldn't have been much time nor space in the

Patsy Kelly's lack of vanity explains her success as a comedienne.

small Kelly apartment for the acquisition of culture. There were the little Kellys besides papa and mama, to say nothing of the shabby, twanging, old baby-grand piano. Which brings us back to its significance in Patsy's life.

Mrs. Kelly, from the things Patsy tells of her, must have epitomized a Kathleen Norris heroine. She did wonders with Papa Kelly's small and uncertain pay envelope. She fought that her children might have music and know how to dance. How she ever managed the piano was just another of those Irish miracles. Above all else, she was a conscientious housekeeper and the fact that another little Kelly was imminent did not keep her from her daily housework. The piano needed dusting and, with true Irish directness, she went down on her hands and knees under it to dust its legs.

At that inauspicious moment Patsy decided to make her debut into the world. Mother Kelly had nothing to say about it and Patsy got herself born right there under the piano. Now there is dignity to being born in a nice white bed with doctors and nurses in attendance. But under the piano! A thing like that is hard to live down and Patsy hasn't seemed to make much effort to do so.

Another trait for which she is famous, or infamous, is her complete lack of a sense of time. It can be four o'clock in the afternoon

(*Continued on page 88*)

"Camay works like a charm for My Complexion"

SAYS THIS LOVELY MARYLAND BRIDE

ROCKVILLE, MD.

Camay is a perfect treasure!—almost too good to be true in the results it brings. I know it works like a charm for my complexion.

Sincerely,

(*Signed*) Dorothy Dorey Sullivan

(*Mrs. Gerard Sullivan*)

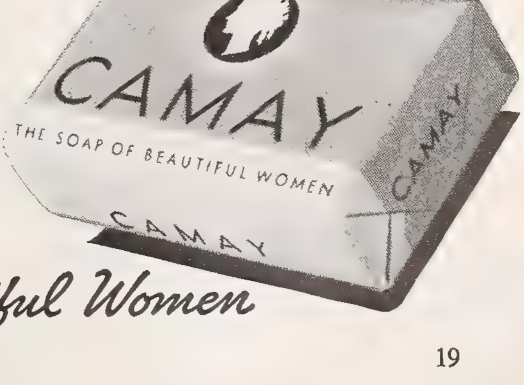
January 12, 1937.

LOVELY, isn't she! Those bewitching hazel eyes, the quick sunshine of her smile, that marvelous fresh-as-morning complexion, make a picture you'll not soon forget. "What every girl should know," says this young bride, "is how Camay can help one's complexion."

Yes, that's how modern girls do it—with Camay! Just *try* this bland beauty soap that cleanses so thoroughly. Then watch for the "alive" look that Camay's rich, creamy lather brings to your face. That's proof your skin is getting the gentle, thorough cleansing it needs! And never forget this—by test against all other leading beauty soaps, Camay is definitely, *provably milder.*

Buy Camay today. You'll never miss the small price of it.

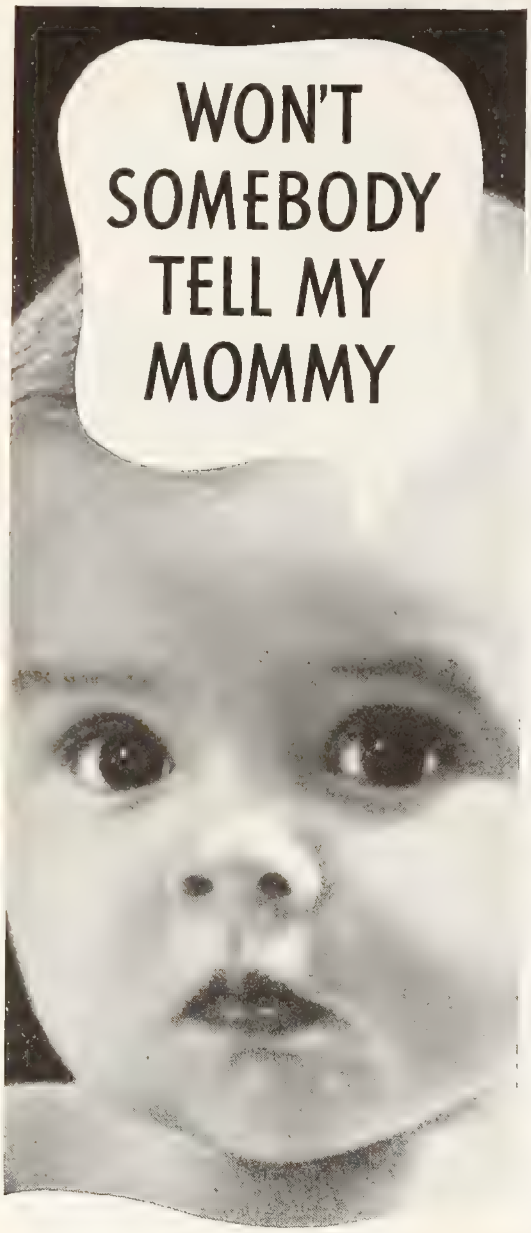
Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.



CAMAY

TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The Soap of Beautiful Women


WON'T SOMEBODY TELL MY MOMMY

"I need a daily MENNEN OIL RUB to keep me safe from germs"

"Is it fair—I ask you—to let me fight all alone 'gainst those germs that are always landin' on my skin? Gosh . . . the way folks sterilize my dishes and bottles you'd think my insides were more exposed to germs than my outsides. But, believe me, my outsides need protection too. That's why—over at the hospital where I was born—they gave me a rub every day with Mennen Antiseptic Oil. I heard 'em say that I ought to have a body rub like that for years. But I guess my Mommy has forgot. So won't somebody tell her, please, to keep my skin safe from germs—with Mennen Antiseptic Oil?"

Nine-tenths of all the hospitals important in maternity work use Mennen Antiseptic Oil on their babies every day. Your baby deserves it, too!

MENNEN
Antiseptic
OIL

Most hospitals rub their babies with it daily

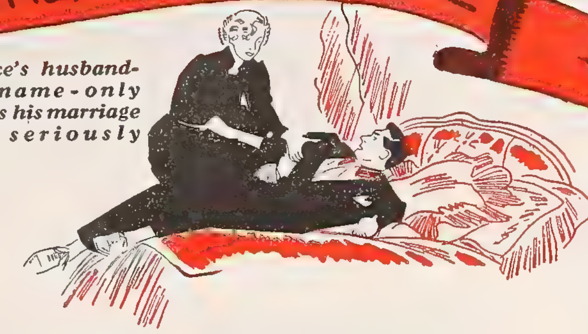
SCOREBOARD

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Absolute Quiet (M-G-M)	2★
Accused (United Artists)	2★
The Accusing Finger (Paramount)	1½★
Adventure in Manhattan (Columbia)	2½★
After the Thin Man (M-G-M)	3★
Along Came Love (Paramount)	2★
And So They Were Married (Columbia)	2★
And Sudden Death (Paramount)	1½★
Anything Goes (Paramount)	3★
The Arizona Raiders (Paramount)	1★
As You Like It (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Banjo on My Knee (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Beloved Enemy (Samuel Goldwyn)	3★
Below the Deadline (Chesterfield)	1★
The Bengal Tiger (Warners)	2★
The Big Broadcast of 1937 (Paramount)	3½★
Big Brown Eyes (Walter Wanger)	2½★
The Big Game (RKO)	3★
The Big Noise (Warners)	2★
Blackmailer (Columbia)	1★
Border Flight (Paramount)	2★
The Border Patrol (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Born to Dance (M-G-M)	3½★
Boulder Dam (Warners)	1★
Brides Are Like That (First National)	2½★
The Bride Walks Out (RKO)	2½★
Bulldog Edition (Republic)	1★
Cain and Mabel (Warners)	2★
Call of the Prairie (Paramount)	2½★
*Camille (M-G-M)	4★
Can This Be Dixie? (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
The Captain's Kid (Warners)	1★
Career Woman (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Case Against Mrs. Ames (Walter Wanger)	3★
The Case of the Black Cat (Warners)	2★
The Case of the Velvet Claws (Warners)	2★
Champagne Charlie (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
*Champagne Waltz (Paramount)	1★
Charge of the Light Brigade (Warners)	4★
Charlie Chan at the Opera (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
China Clipper (First National)	2½★
College Holiday (Paramount)	2★
Come and Get It (Sam Goldwyn)	3★
Come Closer, Folks (Columbia)	1½★
Coronado (Paramount)	1★
Counterfeit (Columbia)	2★
The Country Beyond (20th Century-Fox)	2★
*Crack-up (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Craig's Wife (Columbia)	3★
Crash Donovan (Universal)	1½★
The Crime of Dr. Forbes (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Dancing Feet (Republic)	2★
Dancing Pirate (Pioneer-RKO)	3★
Dangerous Waters (Universal)	2★
Daniel Boone (RKO)	2★
The Devil is a Sissy (M-G-M)	3½★
Devil's Squadron (Columbia)	2½★
Dimples (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Dodsworth (United Artists)	5★
Don't Gamble with Love (Columbia)	1½★
Don't Turn 'Em Loose (RKO)	2½★
Down the Stretch (First National)	2★
Drift Fence (Paramount)	2★
Early to Bed (Paramount)	2½★
Earthworm Tractors (First National)	3★
East Meets West (GB)	2★
Easy Money (Invincible)	2★
Easy to Take (Paramount)	1½★
Educating Father (20th Century-Fox)	2★
End of the Trail (Columbia)	2★
Every Saturday Night (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Everything is Thunder (GB)	2½★
Fang and Claw (RKO)	2★
The Farmer in the Dell (RKO)	1½★
15 Maiden Lane (20th Century-Fox)	1★
The Final Hour (Columbia)	2★
Flying Hostess (Universal)	2½★
Follow Your Heart (Republic)	2½★
Forgotten Faces (Paramount)	2½★
Freshman Love (Warners)	2★
The Garden Murder Case (M-G-M)	2½★
The Garden of Allah (Selznick-International)	3★
The Gay Desperado (United Artists)	4★
The General Died at Dawn (Paramount)	4★
Gentle Julia (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
The Girl on the Front Page (Universal)	1★
Girls' Dormitory (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Give Me Your Heart (Warners)	3★
*God's Country and the Woman (Warners)	2★
The Golden Arrow (First National)	2½★
Gold Diggers of 1937 (Warners)	3★
The Gorgeous Hussy (M-G-M)	4★
Go West, Young Man (Paramount)	2½★
Grand Jury (RKO)	1★
*Great Guy (Grand Nat'l.)	2★
The Great Impersonation (Universal)	2★
*The Great O'Malley (Warners)	1★
The Green Pastures (Warners)	5★
Half Angel (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Harvester (Republic)	2★
Hearts Divided (Warners-Cosmopolitan)	3★
Hearts in Bondage (Republic)	2½★
Hell Ship Morgan (Columbia)	2★
Here Comes Carter (First National)	1½★
Hideaway Girl (Paramount)	1★
High Tension (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Hollywood Boulevard (Paramount)	2★
Hot Money (Warners)	2★
Human Cargo (20th Century-Fox)	2★
I'd Give My Life (Paramount)	2½★
In His Step (Grand National)	2★
I Stand Condemned (London Films)	2★
It Had to Happen (20 Century-Fox)	2★
It's Love Again (GB)	3★
Jailbreak (Warners)	2★
The Jungle Princess (Paramount)	1★
Kelly the Second (M-G-M)	2★
Killer at Large (Columbia)	1★
King of Burlesque (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
King of Hockey (Warners)	1★
King of the Damned (GB)	1½★
King of the Royal Mounted (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Ladies in Love (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Lady Be Careful (Paramount)	2½★
The Lady Consents (RKO)	2★
Lady of Secrets (Columbia)	1★
Last of the Pagans (M-G-M)	2★
The Last of the Mohicans (United Artists)	3½★
The Last Outlaw (RKO)	2½★
Laughing Irish Eyes (Republic)	1½★
The Law in Her Hands (First National)	1½★
The Lawless Nineties (Republic)	2★
The Leavenworth Case (Republic)	2★
Legion of Terror (Columbia)	1½★
Libeled Lady (M-G-M)	3★
The Littlest Rebel (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Little Lord Fauntleroy (United Artists)	4★
Lloyds of London (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
The Lone Wolf Returns (Columbia)	2★
The Longest Night (M-G-M)	1★
Love Begins at 20 (First National)	2★
Love in Exile (GB)	2½★
Love Letters of a Star (Universal)	2★
Love on the Run (M-G-M)	3★
Luckiest Girl in the World (Universal)	2★
Mad Holiday (M-G-M)	2★
The Magnificent Brute (Universal)	2★
Make Way for a Lady (RKO)	1★
Man Hunt (Warners)	2★
The Man I Marry (Universal)	2★
The Man Who Lived Again (GB)	2½★
Mary of Scotland (RKO)	3★
Meet Nero Wolfe (Columbia)	2½★
Millions in the Air (Paramount)	1★
*Mind Your Own Business (Paramount)	2★
The Mine with the Iron Door (Columbia)	2★
Miss Pacific Fleet (Warners)	1½★
Missing Girl (Chesterfield)	1½★
Mister Cinderella (Hal Roach)	2★
Mr. Deeds Goes to Town (Columbia)	4★
M'Liss (RKO)	3★
Modern Times (United Artists)	4★
Moonlight Murder (M-G-M)	2½★
The Morals of Marcus (GB)	1★
More Than a Secretary (Columbia)	2★
Mummy's Boys (RKO-Radio)	2★
Murder by an Aristocrat (Warners)	1★
Murder on the Bridle Path (RKO)	2★
Murder with Pictures (Paramount)	1★
Muss 'Em Up (RKO)	2★
My American Wife (Paramount)	3★
My Man Godfrey (Universal)	4★
Night Waitress (RKO)	2★
Nine Days a Queen (GB)	4★
Nobody's Fool (Universal)	2★
Old Hutch (M-G-M)	2½★
O'Malley of the Mounted (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Once in a Blue Moon (Paramount)	1★
1000 a Minute (Republic)	2★
*One in a Million (20th Century-Fox)	3★
One Way Ticket (Columbia)	2½★
Our Relations (Hal Roach)	2★
Palm Springs (Paramount)	1★
Panic on the Air (Columbia)	2★
Parole (Universal)	2★

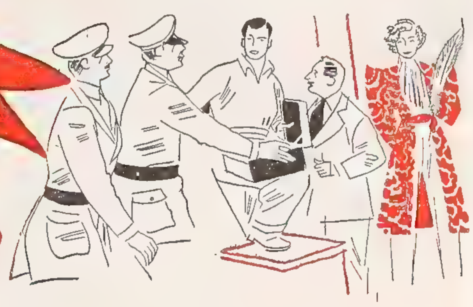
(*Continued on page 127*)

You'll find this chart simple to follow and a valuable guide in choosing film entertainment. Instead of giving you the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under General Rating, beside each picture. 5★, extraordinary; 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. Asterisk denotes that only Modern Screen ratings are given on films not reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

RUSSELL PATTERSON'S
MONTHLY HIT PARADE



Grace's husband-in-name-only takes his marriage too seriously



His "passport bride" sicks the Mexican gendarmes on Cary Grant

GRACE MOORE

Heads Hit List in New Song-Filled Triumph,

"When You're In Love"

TWO thousand dollars for a husband! That's the fee Louise Fuller, famed opera star, paid a total stranger to marry her. And that's the start of one of the most scintillating, side-splitting romances I've ever laughed through—Grace Moore's stunning new hit, "When You're In Love", with Cary Grant.

Of course, any film of Grace's is aces with me. But "When You're In Love" is even several notches better, to my way of thinking, than "One Night of Love" or "The King Steps Out"

The star who started a new style in song-films hits some new vocal highs in music numbers by Jerome Kern and Dorothy Fields, which include the soon-to-be-famous "Our Song".

The cast is loaded for comedy with such notables as Cary Grant, Aline MacMahon, Luis Alberni, Henry Stephenson, Catherine Doucet, and Thomas Mitchell.

Robert Riskin, as I've already hinted, delivered a fun-packed, fast-moving screen play, and followed it up with the smartest kind of direction, in collaboration with Harry Lachman. And Columbia Pictures have treated their talented star to an elaborate production that hits scenic highspots from New York to Mexico.

You can say I said that Grace Moore in "When You're In Love" is my favorite amusement of the month. It's way out in front of the February hit parade.

By RUSSELL PATTERSON

liked the
linky show
irls in the -
estivalscene

The "Whistling Boy" number is a delightful novelty

This patio scene is one of the show's big musical thrills

good news for THIN people

worries of underweight
or
JOYS of added weight

It is now common knowledge that the three foremost things in restoring lost weight are food . . . digestive juices . . . and red-blood-cells.

Digestive juices of the stomach make use of the food you eat . . . red-blood-cells aid in turning the digested food into firm flesh. S.S.S. Tonic is of great benefit in both.

S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite. Foods taste better . . . natural digestive juices are stimulated and finally the very food you eat is of more body value. A very important step back to health.

Forget about underweight worries if you are deficient in stomach digestive juices and red-blood-cells . . . just take S.S.S. Tonic immediately before each meal. Shortly you will be delighted with the way you will feel . . . your friends will compliment you on the way you will look.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health . . . its remarkable value is time tried and scientifically proven . . . that's why it makes you feel like yourself again.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good."

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BETWEEN YOU

Every month fortunate ladies and gents win cash prizes for their letters. Have you tried?

$5.00 Prize Letter
Prematurely Starred?

Whoever was responsible for the advance notices of "Girls' Dormitory" was building up to an awful let-down. Without such enthusiastic praise and over-ardent billing, Simone Simon might have made more of a hit. They brought her on an unsuspecting public with all the attendant ballyhoo possible and she didn't live up to it.

True, her accent is delightful—for the first hour or so. Too, she has a rather pixie-like quality of charm, disregarding the spoiled expression of her mouth.

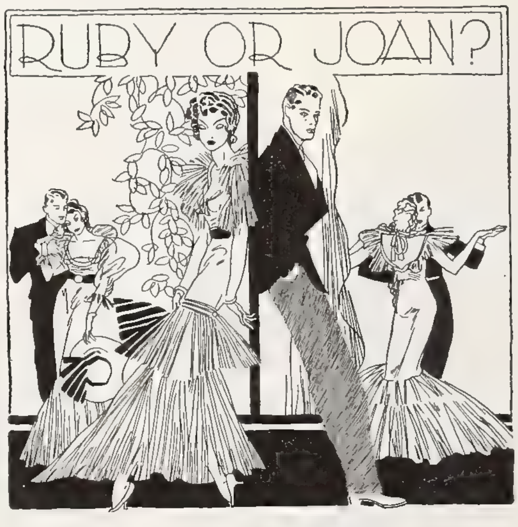
Casting her in "Ladies in Love" was another mistake. She seemed like a middle-aged woman, trying hard to act the ingenue. I'm not blaming Simone Simon. The fault lies, I think, with the studio for not building her up in bit roles so we could get used to her and so that she, in turn, could learn what the public expects from new stars.—Ruth Kilbourne, Altadena, Calif.

$1.00 Prize Letter
What does Joan Crawford lack?

I've tried to find out for a long time why Joan Crawford ranks among the great stars. It is plain as day that she is putting on an act the entire time she appears on the screen. I am only one of many fans who thinks that whatever charm or refinement she *may* possess in private life is entirely absent on the screen.

The motion picture patron wants, above all, to escape from mental strain and to live the events portrayed in the picture, while viewing same.

Frankly, what are your thoughts on leaving Miss Crawford's pictures? "Her gowns were beautiful." "The scenery was elaborate." "Wasn't Robert Taylor delightful?" But did she lift you out of the every-day line of thought and make you forget yourself, with real acting? Was there depth of feeling in her face? I've never seen it.—Ethel Henderson, Wenatchee, Washington.

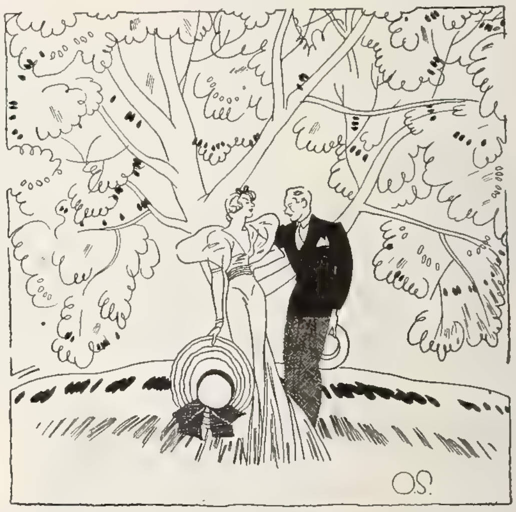

RUBY OR JOAN?

An Illinois fan accuses Joan Blondell of breaking up the Keeler-Powell team.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Ideal Date

I'm just a small-town girl and that's why I like James Stewart. Somehow he looks like a small-town boy—like the boy who lives across the street and drives a rattling Model T Ford. The kind who never made the football team in high school, but was an excellent "bench-warmer," who graduated and now has a job delivering milk for the dairy.

He looks like the sort of boy I'd like to go with. I wouldn't want to have a date with someone like Robert Taylor 'cause he's too good-looking to be true, a boy like James Cagney would be cute but too smarty and one like Clark Gable would be too old for me and I'd have to be too particular about the way I looked and acted. But Jimmy Stewart would take me to the beach and buy me hamburgers and rootbeer and wouldn't care much when I got scared on the roller-coaster.—Patricia Ramsaur, Westmorland, Calif.



Having a date with Jimmy Stewart is one gal's idea of the tops.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Thanks, Georgia

To Modern Screen I am forever grateful and I'd so like to lustily shout "Bravo" for your superb selection of "Lost Horizon" as the film most worthy of the Medal Award last month.

Having so admired James Hilton's dramatic novel, I was a bit skeptical about

'N' ME

the film's success. There is nothing quite so capable of rendering that well-known let-down feeling as seeing a favorite story unsuitably cast. Not so, "Lost Horizon"—its characters vividly took life under expert casting.

I can imagine no star who could portray Bob Conway with quite as much understanding as does Ronald Colman—his performance lacked nothing. In fact, it was a relief and a great pleasure to see each of the roles handled so adroitly. Isabel Jewell deserves much praise for her sincere work—she enacted the role of "Gloria" with much ingenuity and a surprising finesse.

Thanks again for your magnificent choice—it increased my admiration for your magazine ever so much.—Mrs. Preston Chapman, Atlanta, Georgia.

A fan from way up Washington way has a few things to say about Joan Crawford.

CASH PRIZES FOR LETTERS

There's no reason why YOU can't win one of the cash prizes. Every month lucky ladies and gents receive checks for their observations on matters pertaining to the movies. All you do is this: Write us a letter. If you've been following this column—or even if you're just becoming acquainted with us— you know that anyone who has anything worth while to say, is given space here—and what's more, he gets a cash prize to boot. Send as many letters as you like. Ten dollars in prizes are awarded each month for the six most interesting letters submitted—1st prize, $5; five 2nd prizes of $1 each. Address: Between You and Me, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York City.

$1.00 Prize Letter
An Open Letter to Errol Flynn

In the very short time you have been on the screen, I learned to like you very much, because I imagined you to be the same type of man in real life as you were on the screen.

After reading the interview you gave in the December issue of MODERN SCREEN, I think you're just a punk. You say you know women are inferior to men, because you've traveled in many different countries and have seen examples of their inferiority. But you forget that not all countries are like our own United States, which allows freedom to women and men alike, instead of making our lovely ladies slaves to their men.

If you were handsome like Nelson Eddy or Clark Gable and talked the way you did, it might have been all right, but after all, I suppose you know you're not handsome; therefore, you should be glad to be married to any woman and be a devoted mate instead of making a slave of her.

Remember, Mr. Flynn, that women have made stars and women have broken stars! You'd better start saving for a forced retirement or it won't be so easy for you to meet the future. An ex-fan.—Ellen McCollum, Camden, N. J.

$1.00 Prize Letter
We Want Keeler and Powell

Now that Dick Powell has convinced us that he can wear short pants and croon in French (viz. "Hearts Divided"), that he can wear a mustache (viz. "Stage Struck"), that he can "pull the strings" that mean "breaks" for Joan Blondell in nearly every Warner picture made, I think it's too bad that Ruby Keeler, the girl who, with her perfect team-work, was responsible for Dick's early success, has had but one role in six months! We don't blame Powell for falling in love with and marrying the vivacious Blondell, but why let back-stage romance break up the grandest box-office team in the movies?

(*Continued on page 128*)

POND'S
FACE POWDER
POND'S
FACE POWDER

"GLARE-PROOF" POWDER...

doesn't show "powdery" in dazzling light . . . girls say

Out in that glittering snow—look at the faces around you. Look in your own mirror!

That "powdery" look in the white glare from the snow is one of the things girls hate most in a powder.

In a recent inquiry, they gave first place to Pond's for *not* showing up "powdery" in strong light.

Pond's colors are "glare-proof." Carefully blended to catch only the softer rays of light. They give a soft flattering look to your skin even in the hardest light. Try Pond's Powder for your winter sports, your brilliant evenings in town. Special ingredients make Pond's soft and clinging — fresh looking for hours. Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

FREE! 5 "Glare-Proof" Shades

POND'S, Dept. 9MS-PC, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test. (This offer expires May 1, 1937)

Name____________________

Address____________________

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GO WHERE THE CROWDS ARE GOING...

Now you can see

THE LOVE STORY WHICH CHANGED THE DESTINY OF AN EMPIRE! THE PICTURE THE WORLD IS WAITING FOR!

. . . Direct from its sensational $2.00 runs in Hollywood and New York!

"LIAR! TRAITOR!
BETRAYER!
I AM EVERYTHING YOUR HUSBAND CALLS ME!"
Hail A NEW STAR! Handsome, appealing Tyrone Power... today's screen sensation!

LLOYDS OF LONDON

THE BELL OF LLOYDS
"Ring Twice For Good News! Ring Once For Disaster!"

The critics agree . . . it's ringing TWICE for you!
"Hittraction!" cheers Walter Winchell!
"Huzzahs for 'Lloyds'!" shouts N. Y. Sun!
"Exciting as a bugle call!" applauds Time!

starring
Freddie BARTHOLOMEW and *Madeleine* CARROLL
with
SIR GUY STANDING · TYRONE POWER
C. Aubrey Smith · Virginia Field
AND A MAMMOTH CAST
Directed by Henry King
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan
Darryl F. Zanuck
In Charge of Production

20th CENTURY FOX

WHEN THIS TRADE-MARK FLASHES ON THE SCREEN...

WHERE 20TH CENTURY-FOX HITS ARE SHOWING!

The smartest musical ever filmed!
The grandest songs ever written!

"THIS YEAR'S KISSES"
"I'VE GOT MY LOVE TO KEEP ME WARM"
"THE GIRL ON THE POLICE GAZETTE"
"HE AIN'T GOT RHYTHM"
"SLUMMING ON PARK AVENUE"
"YOU'RE LAUGHING AT ME"

Dick
POWELL · *Madeleine*
CARROLL
in
IRVING BERLIN'S
"ON THE AVENUE"

with
ALICE FAYE · THE RITZ BROTHERS · GEORGE BARBIER
ALAN MOWBRAY · CORA WITHERSPOON · STEPIN FETCHIT · SIG RUMANN

Directed by Roy Del Ruth · Associate Producer Gene Markey ·
DARRYL F. ZANUCK in Charge of Production · Music and Lyrics by Irving Berlin

The tops in swank! • The smoothest in rhythm!
The greatest in stars! • The newest in love!
The fastest in dancing! • The last word in entertainment!
It's full of Boom-Boom and Go-Go!

New York's latest real-life romance set to Irving Berlin's music *in a show as big as the town . . . as good as the songs!*

IT'S YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE BEST IN ENTERTAINMENT!

Mrs. MacMurray's young hopeful looked like this as a baby. Pretty cute, wasn't he?

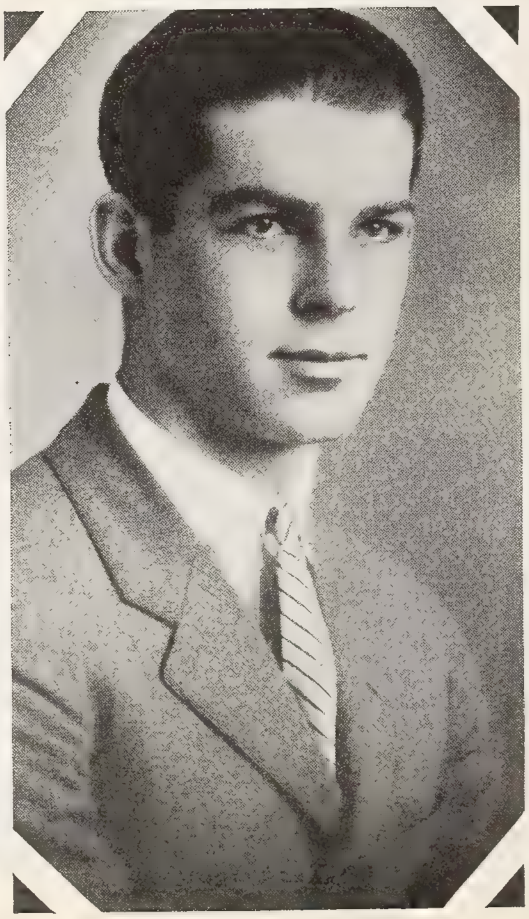
At three, Beaver Dam was treated to this sight of Fred in his natty Sunday best.

Master Fred showed musical promise at four years, playing the violin precociously.

FRED MacMURRAY...WHEN-

Age ten—and our hero poses with a professor's collie at Wisconsin University. Quite grown-up now.

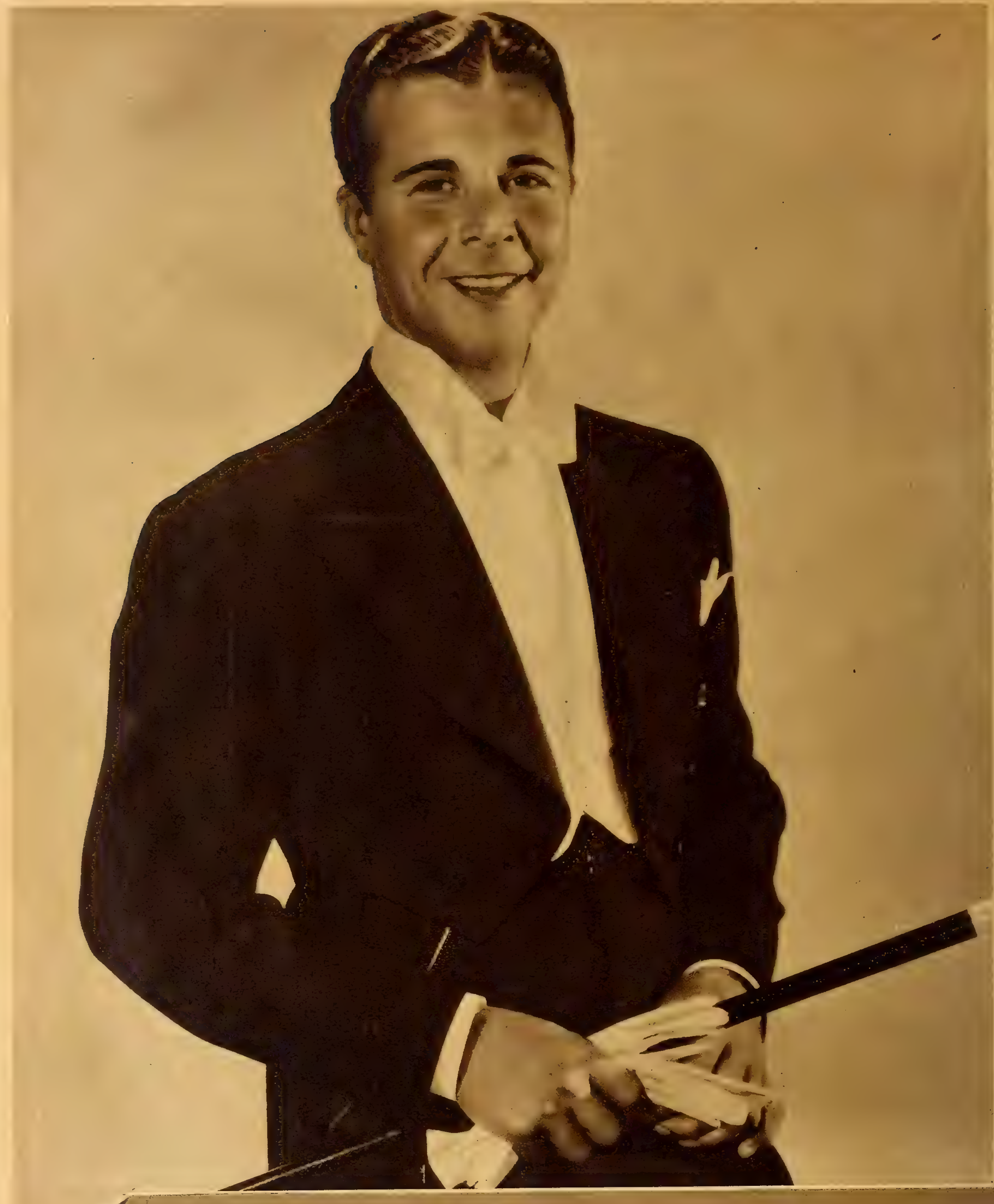
Fred had been slicking the curl out of his hair when he posed for his high school graduation picture.



Mr. MacM., of Hollywood, today. He's to be seen in "Swing High, Swing Low" with Carole Lombard.

Barbara Stanwyck

Dear to the Irish Stanwyck heart was her role in "Plough and the Stars" and such a magnificent job as she did in it! Now she's headed for lighter fare in the screen version of that popular mystery yarn, "Saint in New York." Eduardo Ciannelli plays the clever Saint. By her happy expression here you can tell all's well with Barbara's romantic life. Yes, Bob Taylor's still Head Man.



Dick Powell

How do you like him? Oh, of course, you think he's swell—but we mean about the mustache. This is the way he looks in "On the Avenue" with Madeleine Carroll and also in private life henceforth. It seems that the bride likes him mustache-less, so what can a fellow do? Dick and Joan hurry off most every week-end to Palm Springs for relaxation.

Una Merkel

Wanted: A good, meaty part for one of Hollywood's ablest comediennes. The Merkel brand of fun is very special—part accent and part an intuitive flair for putting herself across. Added up it makes for fan entertainment plus, and they love her. Una's in "One in a Million," the Sonja Henie debut picture with Don Ameche. You saw her in "Born to Dance," of course

Doris Nolan

"Top of the Town" is Doris Nolan's newest picture title and it's a rather apt one for her, too! This attractive blonde actress has proved she is good and her studio is busy casting her for new roles to bring her to fan attention. Completing that, she's working on the provocatively named "As Good as Married," with "St. Moritz" in the offing, too—all for Universal.

NEW! VITAMIN D THAT IS ABSORBED BY THE SKIN—IN THIS FAMOUS HAND LOTION

(*left*) **NO "SANDPAPER HANDS"** for this lady! She knows what Hinds Honey and Almond Cream does for chapped skin—brittle hangnails. Its bland skin-softeners soak dry skin smooth again. And its Vitamin D is actually absorbed—does skin a world of good. Gives skin some of the benefits of radiant sunshine! Use Hinds daily to keep skin smooth and supple, in spite of drying winds and household heat. Creamy, not watery—Hinds works better!

Now Hinds brings your skin some of the benefits of sunshine!

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream now contains Vitamin D. This vitamin is *absorbed* by the skin. Seems to *smooth it out!* Now, more than ever, Hinds soothes and softens the dryness, stinging "skin cracks," scaling and tenderness caused by biting winds, dry indoor heat, hard water, and housework. Use this luscious lotion regularly for soft, supple skin. Every drop of Hinds—with its Vitamin D—does chapped skin *more* good!

CAREFREE DAYS in the open call for Hinds! It's the lotion with Vitamin D that gives dry, winter skin some of the rich benefits of sunshine. Soothes cold weather scaling, chapping. Softens and supples sore, wind-burned skin. Every drop works!

WIVES WORK HARD! Look at the way you dump ashes, clean the house. And your hands show it! Red. Chapped. Rough as sandpaper. Use Hinds, the lotion with "sunshine" vitamin. It softens up dry, chapped skin *fast*.

HINDS
CREAM

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FREE! The First 1-Piece DISPENSER with every 50c size of Hinds

At last! The new perfect one-piece lotion dispenser—free on the Hinds 50c size. Ready to use. Nothing to take apart or put together. Works instantly. Simply turn bottle upside down—press—out comes Hinds, the lotion with Vitamin D. Hinds puts back the softness that drying housework takes away. Keeps your hands feeling good, looking grand! $1, 50c, 25c, 10c sizes.

DAILY RADIO TREAT: Ted Malone . . . inviting you to Happiness and to Beauty. Monday to Friday, 12:15 pm E.S.T., WABC-CBS.

HINDS *is Quicker-Acting... Not Watery!*

HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

If you became a famous cinema celebrity, would your mother tell all about you? This star's does

My Daughter, MYRNA LOY

By Della Williams

As told to Ben Maddox

Your favorite husband-and-wife team, Myrna Loy and William Powell, reel off more sense and nonsense in "After the Thin Man."

I HAVE NEVER discussed my daughter for publication before. I don't want to be bold. I've no secret desire to intrude on her popularity, to steal even a little of her spotlight. Yet, I should like to tell her distant friends, those people who go to see her pictures, some important things about her.

Since she's attained a measure of success, a lot of stories have been written about Myrna. Regularly, writers attempt to interpret her and, often, I'm amazed at their misconceptions, their inability to reveal her as she is. So, perhaps, I shall be pardoned for talking about her myself.

I don't have to guess what her ideas on love are. I know why she waited until last year to marry. I know the right answers to her attitude towards Hollywood and its ways, how she spends her money and what she wants from life, her manner of choosing her wardrobe and the kind of person who intrigues her.

First of all, I'd better explain that when Myrna went into the movies I didn't lose her. It didn't mean that she was entering a fantastic atmosphere where there were strange situations and a set of companions whom I didn't understand. I didn't follow Myrna around, sit on her sets, and attempt to rule her. I had absolute faith in her ability to take care of herself. Still, I've seen as much of her as I would have even though she hadn't become an actress. I'm sure we're closer, for she's had to face more dilemmas, naturally, and she has always brought these problems home. She has confided her troubles to me, as well as shared her joys. Myrna has neither pulled the wool over my eyes nor forgotten me.

Just because she is a screen star, I haven't developed into one of those egotistical, doting mothers who fancies her offspring as being far above everyday living. I have a daughter and a son and I love them more than any other two people in this world. When they're happy, I'm happy. Their thrills are mine, too.

Sometimes I've wanted to shout aloud my pride in Myrna. Yet I haven't been confused by her publicity. I know that she never was the exotic creature folks imagined her to be when she was typed in colorful, half-caste roles. I'm just as positive today that she isn't extraordinarily glamorous in reality.

I hope it won't be disillusioning if I say that Myrna, away from the studio, is completely unaffected; that at home you'd find her no different from the average girl. She is, in fact, a modern home girl! She isn't blasé, temperamental, or peculiar in her habits. She simply doesn't bother to pose. Her tastes aren't astounding. She isn't the sort to let herself go in a spectacular way. So the writers who meet her, accustomed to headline behavior, I suppose, presume she is hiding her real self and proceed to unveil the woman behind the mask.

If the stories you've read about Myrna Loy have confused you—as they have her own mother—read one which gives you the true facts, told by the only person who really knows them—her mother.

I let her select pictures for a career and I have always been so glad I did. Hollywood hasn't changed her. It hasn't hurt her or made her cynical. Rather, it's made Myrna a happy soul and I've never felt any pangs of regret over my decision. Myrna was never a headstrong girl. She sought my permission, and, in giving it, I embraced a distinct responsibility, for if her father had lived, I doubt very much if she'd have had this life she adores.

He came from one of the pioneer families in Montana and he was old-fashioned about women and careers. To our great sorrow, he was taken from us in an influenza epidemic, when Myrna was thirteen. I remembered his decided viewpoint, of course. But I had studied the piano myself. I had been ambitious to become a concert pianist, but I had had to abandon all thoughts of realizing that ambition when I married. (*Continued on page 105*)

WITH THANKS TO BROADWAY, N.Y.

Hollywood turned

IN MAY, 1914, when war rumblings in Europe were getting louder and louder, and D. W. Griffith was sitting under a tree in his California studio rehearsing Lillian Gish, Mae Marsh, Henry B. Walthall, Wallace Reid and Bobbie Harron in "The Birth of a Nation," an important bit of blessed eventing was going on in Cincinnati, Ohio, and the stork left Tyrone, Junior, with his parents, Tyrone and Patia Power.

Twenty years later Broadway did a notable bit of research work for Hollywood and discovered Tyrone, Jr., who, since his outstanding work in "Lloyds of London," has the feminine fans sighing and the hard-boiled critics proclaiming that he is the screen "find" of the year. Even the less enthusiastic critics admit he has just about everything it takes to develop from a screen "find" to a screen idol.

Yet, three years ago Hollywood literally turned its back on the young actor, refused to give him the slightest encouragement and forced him to go to Broadway for recognition.

HOLLYWOOD is full of Juniors, who invariably find their famous names a handicap. Tyrone, too, found his family name his greatest obstacle, both in Hollywood and New York. He found it difficult to establish himself as an actor and a personality; to make people forget his name and to prove that he was not just an actor's son. His grim fight to do this entailed disappointments, discouragements and even hardships.

Because of his fine performance in "Lloyds of London," Tyrone Power is "co-starred" with Loretta Young in "Love Is News."

Tyrone Power down once, but they're glad to have him now!

On the Power family crest—the family really has a coat of arms—is the motto: "Through cross to crown."

That inscription was a little too prophetic to suit Tyrone at times when he "met all the crosses and there wasn't a crown in sight." But now that it is all over—he has a seven-year starring contract with Twentieth Century-Fox—he is of the opinion that nothing worth while is ever gained without hard work and some sacrifice.

His father, the late Tyrone Power, needs no introduction here, for he was one of the most famous actors in theatrical history. His mother, Patia, who now lives in Hollywood with her son, is beautiful, talented, and is well-known on the stage and radio and also as a dramatic teacher. Tyrone's grandfather, Harold Power, was one of England's famous concert pianists. For generations the name Power has stood for fame and accomplishment in Ireland, England, France and America.

WITH SUCH blood in his veins, there would be more to wonder at if this handsome, brown-eyed chap had not inherited great talent. His great-grandfather, Tyrone Power, was named after County Tyrone, and our hero is Tyrone III, but he pronounces his name Ty*rone* and not *Ty*rone, as his father was called. Accent on the second syllable, pulleze, "because I like it that way," he explains.

During his early childhood, his parents were working alternately in pictures and on the New York stage, and at the age of seven, Tyrone, Jr., made his debut playing a small role in the Mission Play, at the Mission Theatre in San Gabriel, California.

When he was nine years old he returned to Cincinnati with his mother, who had been engaged to teach voice and dramatic expression at the (*Continued on page 94*)

By Mary Parkes

Long-distance marriages can be successful even in Hollywood, and Capt. Astley and Madeleine prove it.

Successful in dramatic roles, Madeleine Carroll attempts a musical, "On the Avenue," with Dick Powell.

A SCHOOLMARM LOOKS AT HOLLYWOOD

MADELEINE CARROLL was never to forget her French mother's early teaching. Because of that teaching, she firmly believes, she is in Hollywood today.

Madeleine, her younger sister, her mother, and her mild-mannered, English school teacher father lived in Birmingham, England, in a shabby little house on a decent, shabby little street. The tall, fair, Celtic-looking Madeleine with her lush Latin soul, and the dark Latin-looking young sister with her cool Celtic soul, were beauties with neither "dot" nor dowry. They wore each others' "hand-me-downs." They could not be introduced to society. They could not travel. They were that tragic commonplace of circumstance—beautiful and poor.

Madeleine's shrewd French mother, knowing that only in fiction does the Prince come for Cinderella, knowing that it takes more earthly riches than those of the mind and spirit to give a beautiful daughter her start in life, gave to Madeleine the only heritage which was hers to give. She said, "You start out in life handicapped. You have nothing to help you attain success in any way save one thing: remember, always, to be gracious to everyone. Be gracious to people less important than you, remembering that they may be more important than you tomorrow. This is the way of the world."

"Which may sound," said the ice-blonde Madeleine of the warm voice and the gray, exciting eyes, "commercial. It was, actually, the perfect instance of the good, French bourgeois common sense; the practical common sense of the French mother who sees to it that her daughter has the proper 'dot' and is well established in life. It was, also, although we didn't know it then, of course, a prescient echo of the current Hollywood axiom which says, 'Always be nice to the office boy, he may be a producer tomorrow!'

"It was the only 'dot' my mother had to give me. I had sense enough to take it, gratefully and believingly. She spoke, too, of my maternal grandmother and great-grandmother, telling me how beautiful, gracious and charming they were. I bent over backwards in my effort to be nice and gracious to everyone, to little waitresses in coffee shops, to conductors on trains, to neighbors, friends, everyone. I learned to be gracious to people I didn't feel like being gracious to. A valuable lesson. If you practice it long enough it becomes natural. I may even have been a little sickening," she laughed, "I was so very gracious to the world and his wife. Just the same, I realize now, as I realized then, that my mother was giving me the only heritage she had to give and that it would stand me in very good stead.

I KNEW, even as a child, that I didn't want to be a school teacher. It was my father's wish. I didn't want to pass on, secondhand, the knowledge others had gained. I didn't want to hand down a lighted torch. I wanted to be the lighted torch.

"I wanted to obtain a position as secretary to a diplomat. I hoped, eventually, to have my hand in the weaving of the web of world politics (*Continued on page 118*)

By Faith Service

And in giving it the once-over, Madeleine Carroll lets you in on its surprises

A recent portrait of the British girl who has always gotten what she wanted. Her secret? She tells it to you in this article.

Have you, out of your crowded life, one incident you'd like to forget? So have these stars!

How would you like to go up in a swing? Janet Gaynor wouldn't!

THE THINGS THEY WANT TO FORGET

By Dora Albert

There's that little fly-swallowing routine that Warner Baxter would like to skip.

IF ONLY I could forget—"

How many times have your lips silently formed those words? How many times has the desire to forget welled up into your heart? If you knew that you could forget one thing and only one, what would you chose to forget?

When I asked a group of movie stars that question, their eyes widened in surprise, almost shock. Their faces changed, their masks dropped. I saw them remembering things that had tortured them, memories that had changed them, events that had embittered and embarrassed them.

If she lives to be a hundred, Irene Dunne will never forget her burning humiliation the day she was crowned Queen of Beauty in Panama. She had on a beautiful champagne taffeta dress with a long train, which she wore at the coronation festival that night. And very regal she looked as she sat facing the glittering assemblage. Suddenly a young man dashed up to her. Perhaps it was his intention to ask her to dance. At any rate, he stepped on the train of her dress. Zip—went

Irene Dunne appeared at the party fully clothed—but it wasn't for very long!

the gown. Its entire back was torn out, leaving Irene standing there in her panties!

The crowd gasped. They began to whisper among themselves. And the man who was the cause of it all began to mumble futile apologies.

To Irene Dunne the whole thing had the horror and incredibility of a nightmare. This thing couldn't be happening to her. It couldn't. It was like one of those fantastic dreams in which people imagine themselves on Fifth Avenue in New York without any clothes on.

While the crowd gaped, she was rushed to a dressing-room, where she changed her dress. But the rest of that evening she couldn't bear to face anyone, for the memory of what had happened was like a vivid tangible thing making a ghastly mockery of all the festivities preceding it.

Bing Crosby blames no one but himself for the one thing in his life he'd like to forget. We all have our own codes of conduct, and when we deviate from them, we feel as if we'd betrayed ourselves. Many years ago Bing ran away from his home in Spokane, determined to make his own way in the world. He would stand on his own two feet, demanding help from no one, especially his family.

Bing got as far as Weed, California. Then he found he couldn't get work. He had no money left. Tired, discouraged and hungry, he wired to his brother in Portland, for money, thus breaking the promise he had made to himself.

Not for a moment has Bing ever regretted or been ashamed of running away from home, but it is with bitterness that he remembers that he lost his nerve and had to holler for help.

There is only one incident that happened in his life that Bert Wheeler, of the Wheeler and Woolsey team, wants to forget. Once he tried to help a man find redemption, tried to cure him of the craving for drink which had ruined this man's career. But he failed miserably.

Twelve years ago he was appearing at the Palace Theatre in New York. When his act ended, he walked out toward the stage door. In the alley, standing in the snow, he saw a man whose face was lined with care, who rushed up to him and said, "Bert, you must help me!"

Bert stared at this stranger. And then his horrified eyes took in the fact that this man in shabby, torn clothes was no stranger. He was an old friend of Bert's family, whom Bert had known many years ago, when he was a youngster filled with dreams and ambitions. Bert gulped. His throat felt painfully constricted.

"I'll help you," he said, his voice awed. "Come home with me." And he rushed his old friend into a taxi and took him home, where he kept him for a week. In that week it became evident to him why the boy had grown into this shabby, ill-kempt man. It became evident that this man was drinking too much, that he was, in fact, on the verge of delirium tremens.

He made up his mind that he would try to cure him. For some time he helped him financially. Then in order to bolster up the man's self-respect, he got him a job. And he encouraged the man to visit him at the studio frequently so that he could help him.

Friends who saw what Bert was doing begged him to stop, for his own peace of mind. Bert closed his ears to their advice, their pleas. His friend had promised to behave. That was enough for him.

The friend broke his promise. He couldn't seem to help himself. The craving that was stronger than he rushed back upon him time and again. Each time Bert came forward to help him, hoping that this time would be the last.

Finally he realized it was (*Continued on page 121*)

George Raft won't forget what sent him home to pack.

She was proud and stubborn, so Glenda Farrell lost out.

NOT TO BE IGNORED

Lots of eyes, mouth and mama— that's Martha (Yeah Man) Raye

There was a time when Martha signed for nothing but an upper berth on the next train to New York. Now she has a five-year movie contract.

An evening at home is Martha Raye's idea of a total loss, so fiance Jerry Hopper takes her to the Grove on date night.

By Ruth Rankin

MARTHA RAYE has the prettiest legs in Hollywood. "God's compensation for a face like mine," Martha explains, making a snout to stop a clock.

The face doesn't, however, stop cameras. They have kept grinding almost continuously since this little Raye of moonshine hit Hollywood five months ago, until by this time she has four pictures in the bag: "Rhythm on the Range," "The Big Broadcast of 1937," "Hideaway Girl" and "College Holiday." And more coming up, if her wind holds out, for at least five years are signed for.

But it was not always thus. There was a time, quite recently, when Martha was signed for nothing at all except possibly an upper berth on the next train to New York.

"Yeah man, but I was in a spot." Martha contracts her rubber face to half size and things begin to look pretty serious. "The heads that were shaking the wrong way when I was making 'Rhythm' stirred up quite a breeze. Every time they came out from looking over the day's rushes, their faces fell down to the curb. They said I was 'too broad'—and they didn't mean my shape, either.

"But I had three friends, and when you come to think of it that's a lot of friends to have in one town—Director Norman Taurog, who spotted me putting on my act at the Trocadero one night, Bing Crosby and Bob Burns. They patted me on the back till their hands blistered. 'You're all right, kid. Don't pull your shots,' they said. Norman was particularly solicitous because he was the director, it was his picture, he gave me the part—and he was going to be in the rough, (*Continued on page 125*)

MAN OF THE AUER

Mischa Auer, the screen's newest funnyman, now gives you his version of "Hamlet." "Top of the Town's" the picture.

By Dorothy Spensley

Mischa steals a scene a minute, but there's not a star who resents it

TO MISCHA AUER, sad-eyed, thirty-one, a Russian refugee, tragedy is the cause of his riotous screen humor. Victim of a bloody era, orphaned at fourteen, his film antics are the results of his deliberate efforts to forget the tragedy his youthful eyes beheld.

If you roared with laughter at his ape-like buffooneries in that crazy sequence in "My Man Godfrey," rolled in the aisles at his satiric portrayal of the stoic Indian in "The Gay Desperado," remember that the excellent humor of this fellow stems from a deliberate effort to stamp out the horror-memories of his youth.

"America, too, is responsible for the kind of comedy I am now doing," says this foreign-born humorist. "The humor of America is built mostly on ridicule. You ridicule customs, institutions, people, politics, national worries. It's a great idea, because, in the case of troubles and worries, their tragic proportions are reduced by satiric attacks.

"When I came to New York sixteen years ago my attitude was typically Russian, morose. The things that I had seen in my fifteen years had naturally served to make me serious, old in mind, unable to see any humor in life. Starvation, death, the overturning of an ancient regime—I had watched and experienced all these things.

"In America, I soon saw, no one starved. There was security. That, to me, is the most vital thing in life. There was no danger of death by political intrigue. Anyone could get enough to wear. From a tense, undernourished boy—I was only five feet tall when I was fifteen; as the result of food and care, after that age, I shot up to my present six feet two inches—I became relaxed, anxious to absorb the spirit of this new country.

"I soon realized that Americans don't nurse old grudges—generally speaking. This was

(*Continued on page 108*)

Mischa won't disappoint as the Count in "Three Smart Girls," Binnie Barnes and Alice Brady.

Remember Mischa as the heavy-lidded Indian in "Gay Desperado?" Here he is with Carrillo, Martini and Ida Lupino.

THERE'S A MR. X IN SYLVIA'S LIFE

His influence has brought both happiness and fame to this star

THE DEVOTION of a mysterious man as far back as the early teen era in Sylvia Sidney's successful career was, at first, the motivating force and later the dominant inspiration for this diminutive star's struggle to acting fame. The Mr. X in her life is no histrionic Romeo nor is he a power-wielding executive. In recent years their paths have turned widely apart. But so vital has been the effect of an adolescent association and so constant the guiding encouragement each has given the other's ambitions that even now, separated by a continent and belonging to alien worlds, they still definitely intrude their own activities into the other's realm of interests.

Today, Sylvia Sidney has arrived in the first ranks of a profession where she's constantly in the limelight. Mr. X has buried himself in medical research where a self-effacing attitude is necessary to achievement. His contributions to his work have been as important and satisfying as Sylvia's to hers. She is a celebrity and he is a scientist. Publicity is her necessity, but it would certainly be detrimental to his job if even his name were mentioned with a Hollywood star's. For, he is allied with the biggest medical research foundation in America.

He buries himself in a New York laboratory where he experiments on animals with obscure diseases, while she receives the plaudits of a world. But these varied careers go back to closely bound beginnings, when bright futures were vague hopes and the ambitions of a boy and girl were still two youthful dreams. The result is that the scientist talks authoritatively in terms of the theatre and screen, while Sylvia understands more about science than

By Julia Shawell

Mr. X and plans for her career filled Sylvia Sidney's life so that she didn't have time for young men or the gaieties other girls of her age enjoyed.

any other woman in all Hollywood.

Into the lonely New York childhood of Sylvia Sidney came an English cousin. He had problems of his own to carry into the new country he was to make his permanent home. He was four years older than Sylvia, slim, wavy-haired, soft-eyed; and, like Sylvia, without companions of his own age. He thought of her as a baby with visions beyond her years, but he respected her dreams and he helped to make them realities.

HE THOUGHT I was a brat," Sylvia says now with a laugh. And a tolerant, understanding look comes into his deep eyes as he admits, "She was temperamental and moody, subject to great depression—a child who had no friends and apparently didn't need them. But she had a confirmed belief in herself as a future actress and I realized she had the talent."

Sylvia certainly did so much about her childish plans that, at twelve years of age, she gave a two-hour program, all by herself, at the Little Theatre. At sixteen she was playing ingenue leads in New York stage productions.

But, before the debut and prior to her footlight engagements, there were seasons when she alternated between a complete belief that the years would bring her what she wanted, and those dark moments when everything seemed impossible.

It was during this time that the devoted cousin, occupied with his medical studies, gave to Sylvia the incentive she needed. He encouraged her, helped her with her parts and sympathized with her ambitions. And she, in return, took a keen interest in his work. She read medical books and studied the papers he prepared and so spurred him by her faith in him.

THEY BOTH knew what they wanted, and happily enough, they got it. He recalls the many hours when she rehearsed in her home—he says she was always acting—and it was his job to cue her and to play the masculine parts to feminine characterizations which then seemed too mature for her. She had a (*Continued on page 123*)

Sylvia's current success is with Henry Fonda in "You Only Live Once." Here they are, below.

HE HAS

By Franc Dillon

Ian Hunter's been in pictures for over two years yet most of the screen colony doesn't know him. He's that elusive!

Whether they know him or not, people refer to Ian as a "grand fellow." Here he is with Kay Francis in "Stolen Holiday."

Will Ian Hunter's Garbo-ing continue now that you fans are pushing him starward?

A private life

AS I turned a corner around one of the huge studio sound stages, I almost stumbled over Warner Baxter, who was sitting on the step outside the door, his head in his hands.

"Headache or hangover or both?" I wondered.

He looked up with a distressed expression.

"No headache," he said, "but I just had to sock the grandest guy in the face and I feel terrible.

"I don't know why," Warner continued, "but it always gets me to have to hit anyone in a picture, especially a nice chap like Ian Hunter. You know, he's swell and he's a stranger here and, well—I guess it's all a little silly." And he grinned sheepishly.

When I thought it over it struck me as funny that he had referred to Ian Hunter, who has been in Hollywood making pictures for almost two years, as a "stranger." My curiosity was aroused and I recalled that, although I had enjoyed his work in pictures very much, I had never heard a word about him personally. I tried to recall having seen him at even one Hollywood social affair. Surely a person, described as Warner had spoken of him, couldn't avoid being popular. And so I went sleuthing out to the studio where he was working with Kay Francis again in "Stolen Holiday" to find out why Mr. Hunter is a stranger in Hollywood.

In a town where you call a person by his first name after the first meeting, two years' residence here should have made him an old settler. But I learned that even at his own studio, he is the man nobody knows.

At my first inquiry in the publicity department I was told:

"He's a grand fellow but we don't know him. Would you like to have lunch with him?"

Of course I would. As I waited for him to arrive in the Green Room, I was a trifle nervous. What would I talk to him about if he were such a shy person that no one in his own publicity department knew him—the department that sees all, knows all and never sleeps?

And then he came in, apologizing for having kept me waiting. It seemed that an army of ants had taken possession of his dressing room—"and some of them got in my trousers," he said slyly.

I breathed a sigh of relief. At least he had a sense of humor.

IT OCCURS to me now that Mr. Hunter may be quite surprised to find himself referred to as a man nobody knows and probably he will think it quite an inaccurate description. Certainly he is friendly, charming and took great pains to please an inquiring reporter. But after an hour's intensive probing, in an effort to learn something about the man, I found myself about where I had started.

Affable, interesting, well informed and intelligent, he talked of everything under the *(Continued or page 87)*

Mrs. Hunter, pictured here with Ian, was a former English actress.

Last year Frances took your movie tickets, but today—

THE FARMER TAKES THE SHOW

By Lois Svensrud

I'VE ALWAYS gone my own way and I intend to stick to that route. What's more I'll stick to my seven-year-old car, my last year's clothes and my this year's husband. I won't go Hollywood."

And Frances Farmer gave an emphatic tug to what was obviously last year's hat.

"I'm not a glamor girl. I don't feel a bit more alluring as a movie actress than I did as a movie usher, so why act overtime like most of these people in Hollywood do? They call me 'different' around here because I want to be myself. Well, I was considered a freak at college and a bad girl at high school for the same reason, so it's nothing new."

There was no defiance in Frances' manner; she was simply matter-of-fact. And that is typical of the way this girl has taken Hollywood by storm. Frances' movie experience on her arrival in Hollywood a year ago had been limited to ushering people up and down the aisles of the Paramount Theatre in Seattle. And a few months later she had hard-boiled Hollywood gasping in amazement over her dual character portrayal in "Come and Get It."

Twenty-one, slender and blonde, you'd spot Frances Farmer as the sweet young thing. But that would be before those direct hazel eyes were levelled on you and before you had noted the strength in every line of her beautifully chiselled face. And particularly before you saw her hands. Frances had her chin cupped in them now as she leaned towards us over the luncheon table. Sturdy, square hands they were, devoid of a single ring or a hint of polish. As plainly as though Frances had spoken, those hands said, "There's no sham about us. We've worked hard. We're not afraid or ashamed of it."

Top, Frances and Leif Erikson, her actor-hubby, and below, with Edward Arnold in "Come and Get It."

They called Frances Farmer a bad girl at high school, a freak at college and "different" at the studio. But, she's the tops!

"I guess being broke half my life has a lot to do with not being over-awed by Hollywood," she continued thoughtfully. "After all, when you've waited on table, washed mountains of dishes, worked in factories and taken care of other people's children to be sure where your next meal is coming from, no job could look glamorous."

For four years Frances took these jobs in order to get enough money to attend the University of Washington. She worked in the school cafeteria during lunch hours, was an usherette at thirty-six cents an hour during the evening, typed nine hours a week under the NRA Students' Relief Fund for the magnificent sum of fifteen dollars a month, and worked in a dye factory, and during vacations took a variety of jobs that would give her the money to return to school in the fall.

"These were really the jobs that undermined my morale," she told us. "For instance, one summer I spent as counsellor to a group of Campfire girls at Puget Sound. I used to feel that if I saw another bloomer girl, I'd commit hari kari right in front of the evening campfire. Besides that, I'd just started smoking, so I had to take long hikes into the woods for a puff or two. They thought I was such a nature lover!

THEN there was the summer I worked at Mt. Rainier. My duties there were to wait on the table and help with the entertainment in the evening. Juggling trays was nothing compared to getting dressed up every evening in gunny-sacks and singing 'Pale Moon' like a love-sick Indian maiden."

A college education became (*Continued on page 112*)

The Lloyd Nolans met in a Broadway play—and hated each other on sight! You'd never guess it now from this domestic view of them.

Remember this scene from "The Texas Rangers"? Well, even Lloyd's killing of Jack Oakie didn't sour the audience.

He's
able
a se

GOOD BAD

LLOYD NOLAN may not "do a Clark Gable," *but*—he may "do" a William Powell or James Cagney or George Raft.

Not one of them won his first screen contract because he was handsome. Yet today all four are among the most popular men on the screen.

Each of them had an individual, interesting face. Each of them had some basic likeability that shone through the most dislikeable characters he played.

And that's the way it is with Lloyd.

He isn't handsome in the matinee idol manner. He says himself that if he had to depend on his appearance, he "wouldn't get very far."

In "The Texas Rangers," he played a notorious bad man of the old West—a character capable of murdering Jack Oakie in cold blood, with a smile.

Yet you couldn't help feeling attracted to him. He was human, underneath his cold-bloodedness. He was interesting, exciting, colorful. He made you want to see more of him and his smile, hear more of his unusual voice.

And you will see—and hear—more of him. Plenty more. Paramount has signed him not only to a seven-year contract, but to a phenomenal one. He won't face a single option in the first three years!

It's the first such contract ever given to a comparative newcomer. That's how much the studio thinks of the possibilities of young Mr. Nolan.

And who is he? Where did he come from? What has he done?

Off the screen, as on, he is quiet-spoken, deliberate, frank. His brown eyes are "on the level" with you. There is a smile in them.

One thing he smiles about is your surprise at the color of his hair. On the screen, it looks vaguely blond. Actually, it is grayish. It has been that way since he was nineteen. It's a family characteristic. His mother, brother and sister all acquired grayish hair in their teens.

HE WAS born in San Francisco, where his father was a shoe manufacturer—one of the firm of Nolan Brothers, which had a death grip on the local shoe industry.

It was such a good business that it's a wonder Lloyd didn't go into it.

"My elder brother did," he said. *"And* finally got out of it and into merchandising. But I never wanted any part of it, myself. I didn't know what I did want, except acting and that sounded like a hazardous, precarious business." Amusedly, he added, "Maybe that was why I chose it.

"My mother had been interested in theatricals as a young girl. She was rather sympathetic to my leanings. She would take me, as a *(Continued on page 90)*

He's not handsome, but he's likeable, colorful and real star stuff with a seven-year contract in his pocket.

MAN

Lloyd Nolan could kill the hero in pictures and still the fans would cheer—he's that swell

By James Reid

DON'T TALK ABOUT IT- DO IT!

Is tomorrow the day you're going to diet and exercise? Why not do it today?

By Mary Marshall

IS IT too late to mention New Year's resolutions? No! All right. And if the subject isn't too, too boring, I'd like to urge you all to make some good resolutions about yourselves—about taking care of your faces and your figures. Of course, there's no good reason why we should wait for the turn of the year to make good resolutions, but most of us do wait, and it does somehow give a spurt to the will power to start out fresh with New Year's Day. The spurt is fine—but how about keeping the resolutions you make? Around and about that little matter, I want to say a few well chosen words.

Don't "resolve" too much. Don't make things too hard for yourself. You know how it is: you say, "The first of the year, I'm going on a diet." And you go on such a rigid diet—right bang off the first day—that the strongest will power would crumble under it. You say, "The first of the year, I'm going to start exercising—really!" And you go at it like a football star in training—for three days, at the end of which time, your poor, bruised and aching bones just naturally quit on you. You say, "The first of the year, I'm really going to brush my hair and massage my scalp—and never go to bed without cleansing my face—and give my nails regular attention—and hold my stomach in all the time—and give up cigarettes and cocktails."

While you're in the resolution-making mood, you

Roz Russell made smart clothes buy her an entrance into the theatre.

What did Gail Patrick lack before she started getting the real breaks?

vow a staunch vow to turn out all the cupboards in the house, finish "Anthony Adverse," keep up with current events, go to church regularly—in short, you're going to make yourself over completely, according to New Year's Resolutions One to Twenty-six. And what happens? You have a dandy time talking about what you're going to do. If you don't actually gas over the "I'm-going-to's" with someone else, you enjoy patting yourself on the back, mentally. And, come February first, you've slid right back into your old sinful ways. Let's not have that happen again—how about it?

INSTEAD, pick out the one or two or three things about yourself that you know in your soul you can improve if you really concentrate. You have this much time, and that much money to spend on yourself, and these certain responsibilities to attend to. You can't do everything, all at once. Budget your beauty time. Put self-improvement on a schedule. And stick to the budget and the schedule!

In this lecture, Teacher would like to ramble around on five general topics: losing and gaining weight; the improvement, care and glorification of your skins; general grooming, and how to take the greatest advantage of the least time and the skinniest pocketbook; and what, for lack of a better term, I'll call "personality improvement"—wherein I shall come to the five swell looking and diversely typed girls on these two pages.

Okay, by the first of March, you want to be fifteen—or twenty—pounds slimmer or buxomer. Start easy. Fat girls—start by cutting out butter and cream. Cut down on sugar. Keep cutting down on sugar, until you've cut it out. Don't give up meat entirely. Just eat less meat, and none at all that's fried. Take one skimpy serving of potato or rice or whatever the family starch is the first day. A skimpier spoonful the second day. None the third day. Taper off on desserts and other

(*Continued on page 110*)

Work, not magic, is responsible for Beverly Roberts' success.

Brownette locks have transformed Alice Faye, below left.

Olivia de Havilland thanks make-up for new loveliness.

SHE'S IN DEBT

And what worries Gladys Swarthout most is that she'll never be able to pay off

By Caroline S. Hoyt

I AM in debt," said Gladys Swarthout. "Can you help me, I wonder?"

Gladys Swarthout, her husband, Frank Chapman, and I were sitting in front of the blazing eucalyptus logs in her living room. The silver tea service held the sheen of flame. The charming room with its satiny mahogany, framed photographs, and vases filled with white flowers, was a pool of peacefulness. Gladys wore a tea gown of striped taffeta, rose and gold and blue and cream, buttoned to her throat, prim and stiff. Her thick, dark hair, parted smoothly in the middle, curled about her head. She looked young and soft as she reminisced in the firelight. She looked anything but in distress, in debt.

"Perhaps you can help me to repay them," she continued. I looked at the tip of my shoe and cleared my throat. She said, laughing gently, "Oh, not financial debts. They are the least of all debts. I have repaid them long ago.

"No, I mean debts of the spirit. There are the debts I owe to those who had faith in me, debts I owe to those who gave me inspiration, self-confidence and courage, debts I owe to those who have 'done unto others' and, especially, unto me.

"All of us are simply the sum total of the qualities which have been given to us. I have what vision I have

Gladys Swarthout and Frank Forest in a scene from "Champagne Waltz," the picture which she hopes will establish her definitely as a top star.

(Extreme right) Gladys and her husband, Frank Chapman, are often seen dancing at the Trocadero and other Hollywood night spots.

because vision was given to me. I have my courage because I was given the gift of courage. I have a sense of responsibility because another gave it to me. We come into the world pretty naked, you know. And as we go along, we are given the gifts that make us the personalities we become. That is my belief. At least, it is true of me.

"It is so difficult to repay these debts. About all we can do is to keep them green. So, if you will put into tangible words the intangible spirit of my gratitude, my continuous awareness of my unpaid debts, it would help.

"There are to begin with, of course, my debts to my mother and to my sister, Roma. I owe my ideals to Roma. She gave me my belief in the value of truth. She was a stickler for the truth. She made me realize, in childhood, that lies and evasions are shabby things. She never compromised with life. She set a goal and she went straight to it and didn't whimper if she stumbled and was hurt. She gave me these gifts. I like to think that I have kept them fairly intact. I'll never be able to repay her because, you see, there is nothing of more value which I could give her in return.

"There was Mr. Holmes, the Principal of the high school back home in Kansas City. How well I can see him still, stocky and genial, his personality so definite that you could not help idolizing him. He held an assembly every week where we were called upon to rise in meeting and sing, recite or play the piano. Every week he called upon Roma and me. He never skipped us. I was petrified at first. I'd never thought of getting up on the stage and performing. When first he gave me that thought, I turned to ice. But I did it. I had to.

I owe him the debt, too, of being prepared for emergencies. I owe him, undoubtedly, the debt of my living through my debut at the Metropolitan Opera House. He gave me confidence in myself.

Miss Swarthout smiled over at her husband who, relaxed in his fireside chair, prompted his wife's memory now and again. He said, "Gladys forgets things when she is talking about herself."

"Then," said Gladys, "there was my first voice teacher, Belle Vickers. She was a coloratura soprano, a concert singer. She was terribly ambitious for Roma and me. She was ambitious for us beyond our equipment, our background, our years. She always called me little 'Mimi'. She was the first to insist that I should be a 'Butterfly.' She gave me a vision of what I might do if I wanted to, what I might be if I cared enough. She was the first to suggest that I might do opera—I, who had aspired to nothing beyond (*Continued on page 115*)

Gladys Swarthout never knew how to be temperamental until she made her second picture.

IF YOU'VE ONLY A LITTLE

Boleros are big news for spring. Anita Louise wears a smart navy blue bolero suit trimmed in the printed challis of her blouse.

You can do with only one silk dress a season if that one is cut simply like Elissa Landi's and is made of a fine, unusual fabric.

You can buy smartness at bargain prices, if you'll just learn the trick of juggling your costumes and accessories with variety

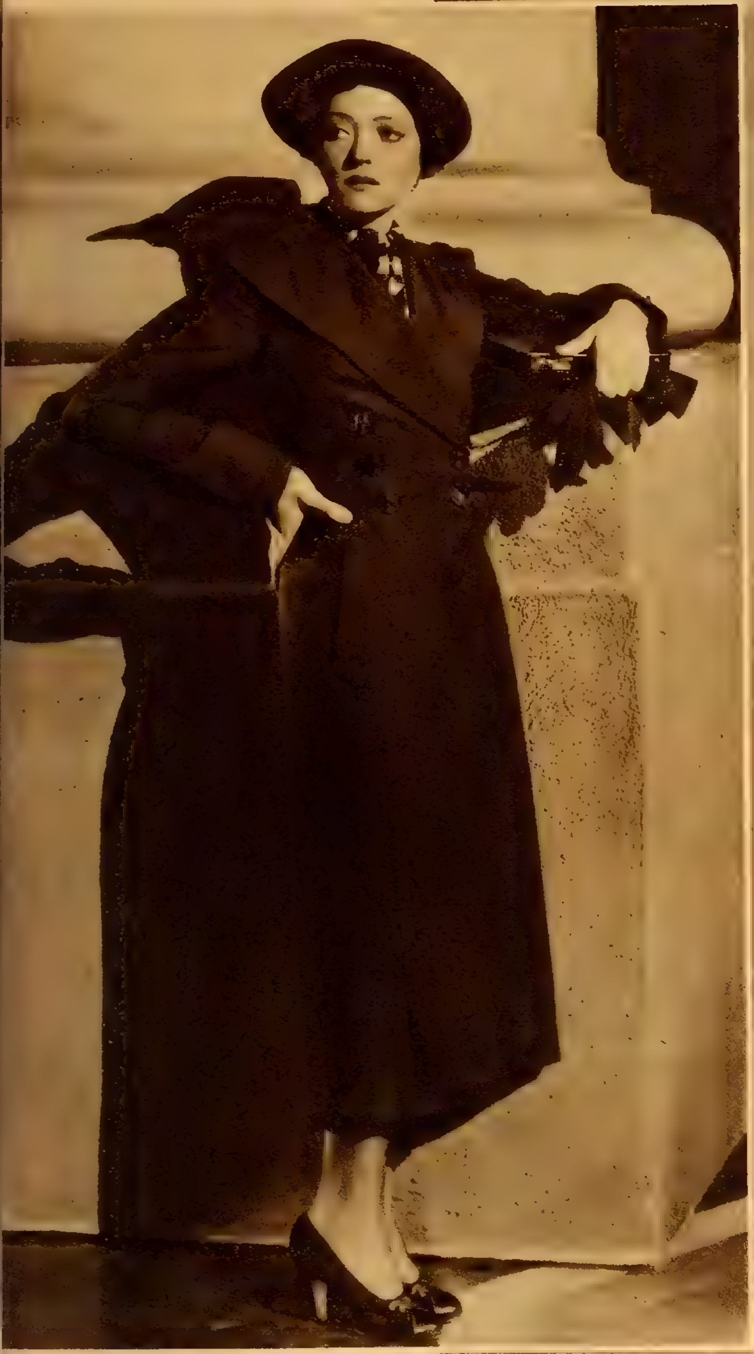
POLITICIANS LOVE to harangue about balancing the nation's budget, but none has ever contributed much constructive thought as to how an individual can balance his or hers! As far as we are concerned the budget we are most interested in balancing is our clothes one. It's easy enough to generalize about dressing smartly on next to nothing, but it's not so easy to show specifically how it can be done. For instance, how would you select four basic costumes that would see you through fall, winter and spring? I purposely omit summer because it is the one season in the year when clothes expenditures can be the lightest.

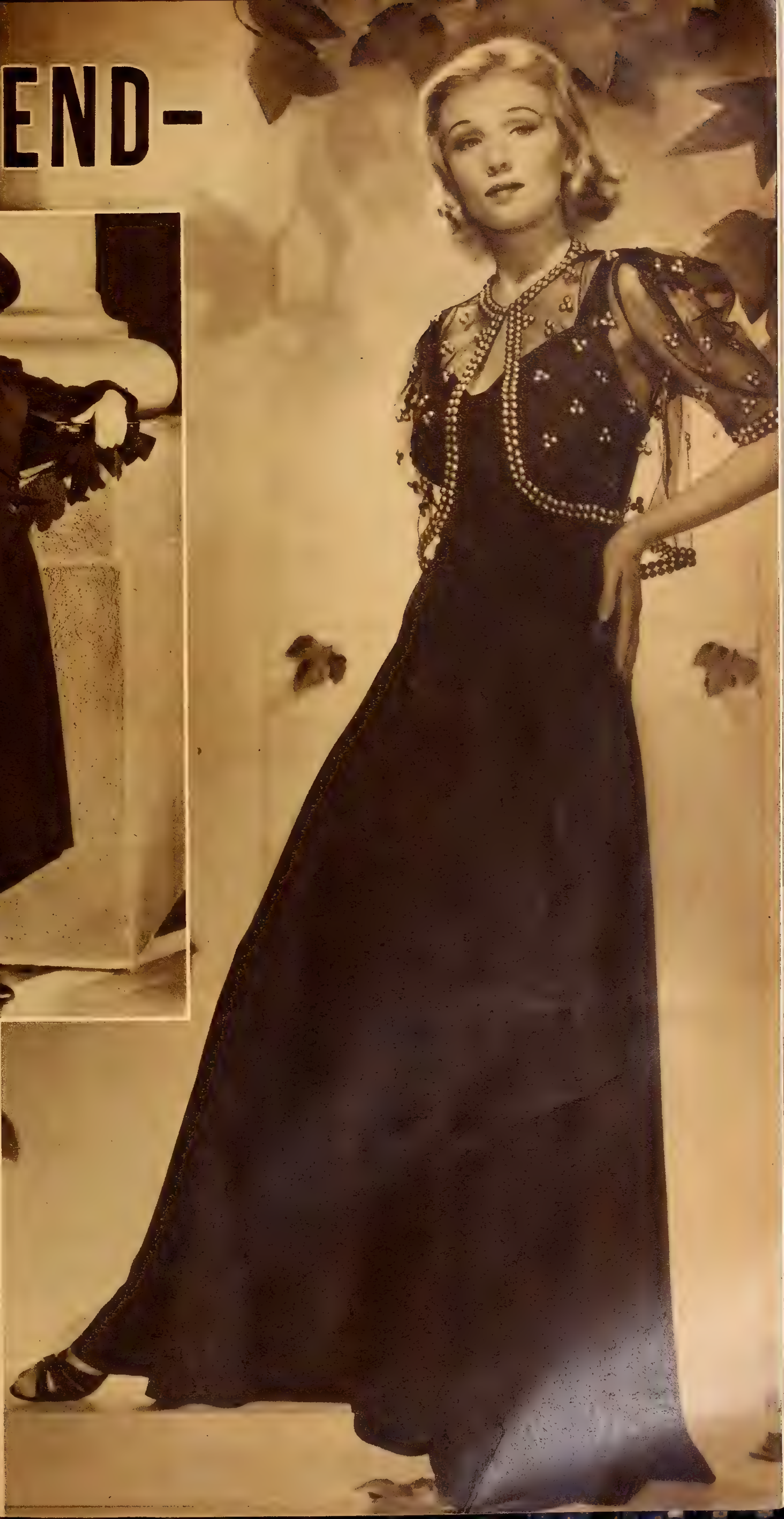
Perhaps I had better explain what I mean by basic costumes. They are the clothes around which you plan everything you buy. They are four outfits which can meet the needs of an average woman's life whether she stays at home or goes to business every day.

Now, what four would you pick? I've picked my four entries this month, so it's up to you to write in to me if you don't agree or if you've better suggestions than mine. The idea is to choose only what is most important to your individual scheme of living. Perhaps you have no need for a formal gown at all; in that case, you can add another daytime dress to replace the one evening gown I suggest among my four. The only idea that has to stay fixed is that these four costumes must have good lines and good quality.

Another thing to keep in mind, when choosing only a few clothes to see you through a season or several seasons, is color. You can't shoot at the rainbow when you're counting pennies. One color to which you key everything is the safest investment, especially if you want

TO SPEND—



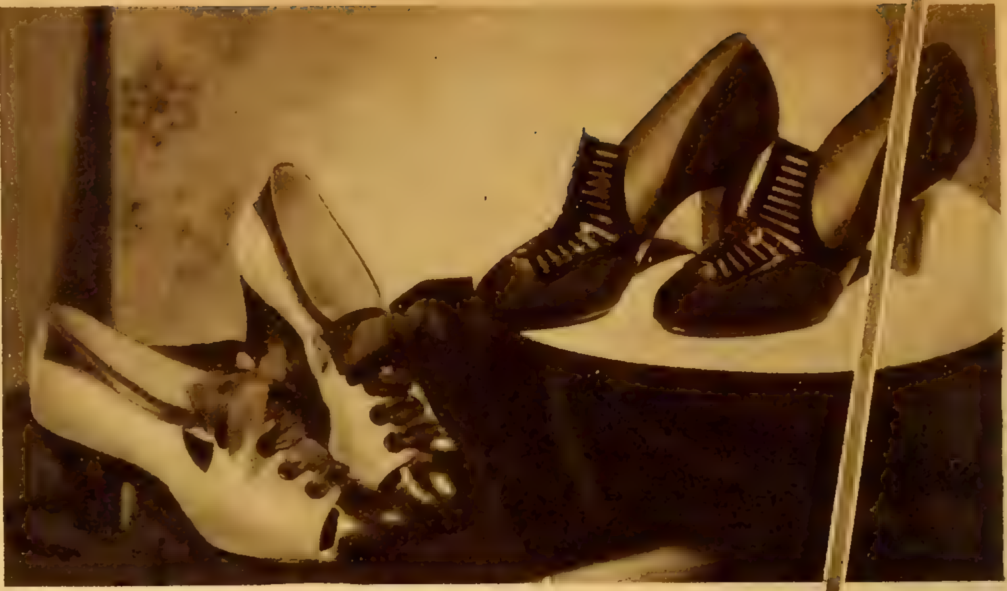


A coat that will do smart duty in fall, winter and spring is Sylvia Sidney's tailored blue woolen. Note the cut of collar and cuffs.

If you can buy only one evening frock—make it a simple black crepe like Julie Haydon's and vary it with little jackets, flowers and accessories.

By Adelia Bird

Maureen O'Sullivan chooses a pert felt beret in navy to go with her practical dark blue suit. A white blouse, featuring a high neckline, adds to the costume's trimness.



For your first spring shoes. Beige suede and brown calfskin ties with laced detail. And navy blue gabardine and patent leather pumps.

to cut down the accessory buying. One color sounds dull but it needn't be if you use a little imagination because you can set it off with an infinite variation of contrasting shades. Year in and year out there are three colors which are standbys—they are black, brown and blue. The browns may vary from chocolate to copper and the blues may change from navy to purple blues but basically they remain the same. And they are the color standard to which the budget wardrobe can safely cling.

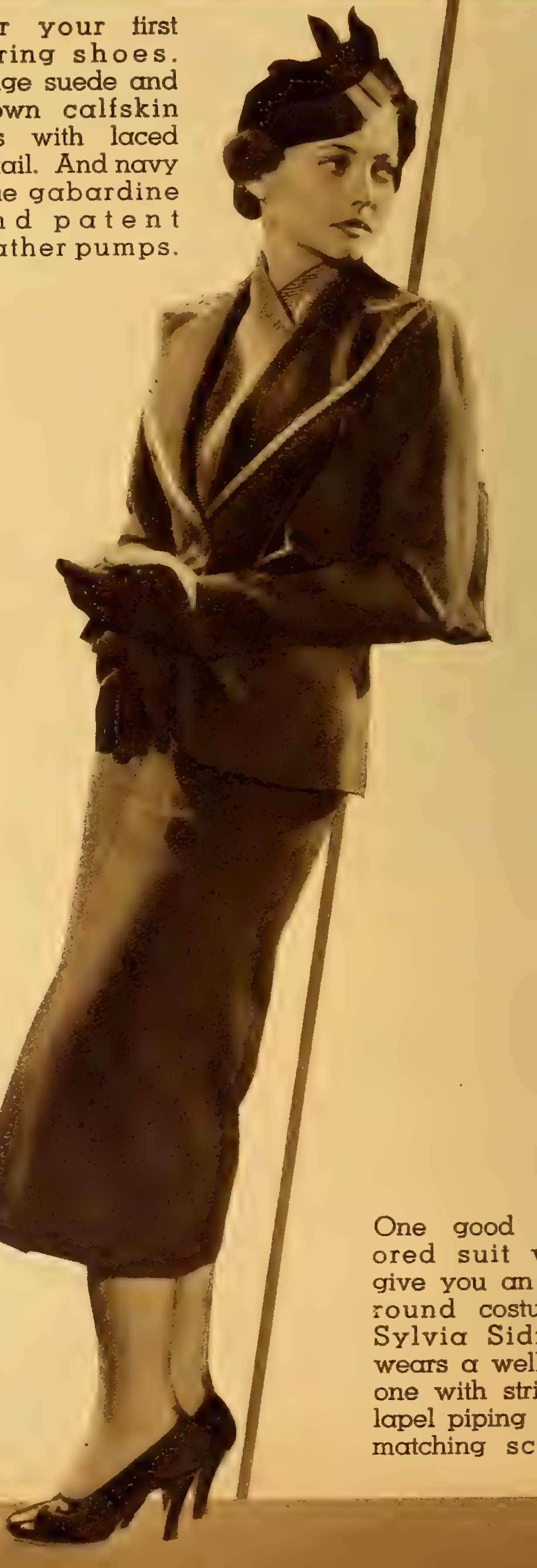
But let's get on to the four costumes I've picked for the budget sweepstakes. All are winners—safe bets in a season of such elegant frivolity as we've been having, sure bets when the fashion tide turns to tailored simplicity. Number one is the coat that can't be dated—its cut is tailored, its fabric a fine textured woolen. It looks, this season, like the one Sylvia Sidney is wearing. And you shouldn't pay less than twenty-five dollars for it because you won't get a fabric that will stand three seasons and possibly another year's wear unless you pay that much.

Sylvia's coat is made of a navy blue woolen and is cut on the classic reefer style. It has a double-breasted cut, a slight flare to the skirt and the wider lapels give it a distinctive air. Sylvia finds that it looks as well with silk and woolen dresses as it does with tailored suits. She wears wool scarfs at the neckline in the fall and winter, gay silk ones in the spring. And it takes to a fur cape or scarf with the proper lift to elegance!

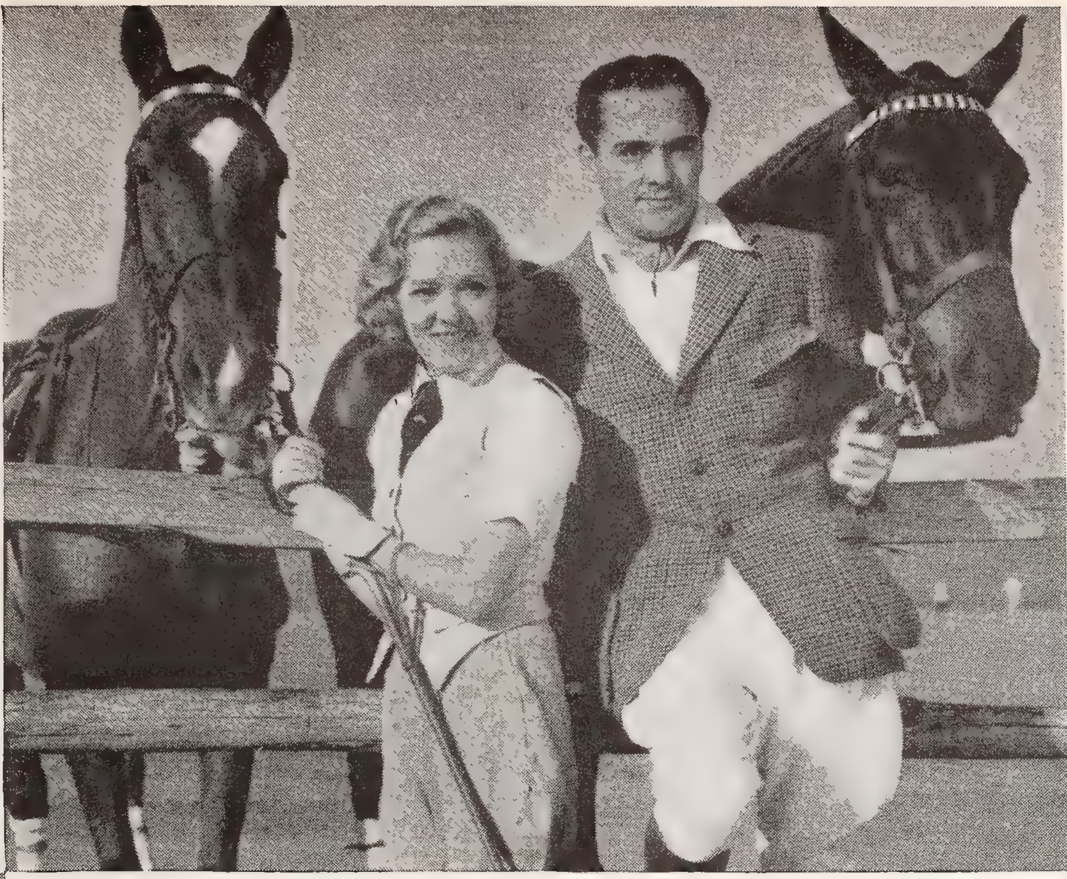
Incidentally, that brimmed felt hat is a good budget item because its very simplicity makes it adaptable to any daytime outfit. Sylvia wears it either turned up off the face, as pictured, or turned down over the eyes and tilted a little to vary the wearing.

Costume number two is some form of the tailored suit. It can be the strictly man tailored woolen suit, the dress and jacket combination, the softer tailored suit or the ensemble made up of coat and dress or coat, skirt and blouse. It's up to you to choose the one that suits your needs the most perfectly. Personally, I think the tailored suit of a good suiting worsted is the most versatile because it provides you with a year 'round standby for sports, travel, business and general daytime wear. It can be infinitely varied with accessories, sweaters and blouses and it gives you a trim, well-groomed appearance even when it begins to get a little shabby.

Two grand suits for wear now under your winter coats and later as your first spring (*Continued on page 100*)



One good tailored suit will give you an all-round costume. Sylvia Sidney wears a well-cut one with striped lapel piping and matching scarf.



Mary found that she and Buddy shared many mutual interests and their love was the outcome of a long friendship. Here they are in a recent picture.

By Martha Kerr

Through Buddy Rogers she has taken a miraculous new lease on happiness

LOVE COMES TO MARY PICKFORD

A CHAPTER in Hollywood history is closing. A new chapter is opening.

In the spring Mary Pickford will become the bride of Charles (Buddy) Rogers. And Pickfair will be closed—or sold.

"I'm going to start with a brand-new slate," Mary told me.

And as she spoke I saw that something sad has gone out of Mary's face. She reminded me of a hurt child who has been comforted.

We were sitting in the library at Pickfair one early winter afternoon. The French doors gave onto clipped green lawns, sloping gently to the curved swimming pool. The pale, silver-gilt sun shone on the white house, the guest houses, the willows and spiked pines; it misted the flower gardens and seemed to be resting in filmy farewell on this celebrated spot where, for so many years, America's Sweetheart received her famous guests, a renowned hostess of one of the most famous houses in the world.

"I'll be glad," Mary was laughing, a touch impishly, "not to be a little tin queen any more!"

"And you won't," I said, "live here at Pickfair, when you are married to Buddy?"

"No," said Mary, "oh, *no.* We really couldn't, you see. We really *shouldn't.* It wouldn't be fair to Bud. And I feel, too, with him, that we should begin life afresh, in new surroundings, in a home we build ourselves, for ourselves. That is his right—and mine."

And Mary fingered the slender platinum band on her engagement finger. A replica of the band which Buddy, also, wears on his finger. There was pride as well as tenderness in her smile. There was that new happiness, as shining as the bright band on her finger.

It is nice, I thought, to see Mary happy again.

She was saying, "I feel that Pickfair has served its purpose, has lived its life which is not my life any longer. It is time, now, for the doors to be closed. Or rather, it is time for me to close the doors behind me.

"It has known a very great deal of happiness and life and activity. I have been very happy here and very unhappy, too. It's odd, isn't it, and rather lovely—the way unhappiness fades and is forgotten and only happiness remains?

"I shall remember, now, only the happy hours at Pickfair. The echoes I shall hear all my life will be the echoes of the laughter these white walls (*Continued on page 102*)

REVIEWS

A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

By Leo Townsend

"Camille" turns out to be one of the most beautiful pictures of the year, with Garbo and Robert Taylor at their best.

★★★★ Camille (M-G-M)

Blessed with superb performances, an excellent script and splendid direction, "Camille" emerges as one of the most compellingly beautiful pictures of the year. It is also a personal triumph for Garbo, whose magnificent performance will stand out in the minds of many as her finest screen portrayal. To Marguerite Gautier, a role previously played by several first ladies of stage and screen, she brings new radiance and the magic of her artistry. "Camille" definitely and beyond doubt establishes Garbo as the screen's greatest actress.

The Swedish star is surrounded by a cast of expert players, headed by Robert Taylor, whose portrayal of Armand Duval, Marguerite's lover, is probably his first serious contribution to the screen. His work, of course, is overshadowed by Garbo's, but his fine performance will come as a surprise to those who heretofore regarded him as nothing more than a Glamor Boy. In addition to the stars, there are outstanding smaller parts by Lionel Barrymore, Henry Daniell, Jessie Ralph, Laura Hope Crews, Lenore Ulric and Rex O'Malley.

Preview Postscript

The Garbo seemed to sense that this picture was destined to make her more famous than ever, for she actually seemed cheerful during production work on it. She's been known as Gloomy Greta around the sets of her last few pictures, though indigestion may have had as much to do with it as pessimism. Her recent trip to the old country evidently helped her a lot. There were several indications of her change of mind, notably that she not only permitted music to be played on the set for the first time, but requested many numbers herself between shots when the players were sitting around. Then the fact that The Silent One sat around at all was startlingly new, since before this she's made for her dressing-room at the sound of the director's "cut." Also she worked overtime two nights in succession—twenty minutes once and almost three-quarters of an hour another time. The director and crew were so flabbergasted by that time that they needed to go home themselves to recover. Greta lets Bob buy her an ice-cream cone every day on the set. She is living in Jeanette MacDonald's former home now, well fortified from the world by an iron fence six feet high and three colored servants . . . Sets were magnificent on this film, though very few outsiders were allowed the privilege of so much as a peek at them for fear the star might be hanging around at the time. The period of 1846 in Paris was one of the gayest in history and M-G-M spared no expense to have perfect copies made of French rooms of that period, down to every sumptuous and costly detail. Costumes were also elaborate and costly. Garbo had eighteen of them, which utilized several thousand yards of material for skirts, petticoats, bustles, etc. Taylor had fourteen different costumes in the picture, but twenty-eight in reality, since Bob had a way of forgetting his silks and satins and moving too quickly.

★★★Beloved Enemy (Samuel Goldwyn)

Using the Irish Revolution as his theme, Mr. Samuel Goldwyn comes through with a production that is both beautifully romantic and stirringly dramatic. Its setting is Dublin, where the Irish patriots, led by Brian Aherne, are plaguing the British occupation forces. Henry Stephenson, an English peer, is sent to Ireland to attempt to iron out the situation. With him is his daughter, Merle Oberon. Aherne, whose identity is unknown to the British, meets Miss Oberon, and eventually they fall in love. Their romantic scenes, in the midst of the bitter revolution, are some of the most touching this season's screen has offered.

Both Aherne and Miss Oberon turn in topnotch performances, giving credence to a story which might have fallen apart in less capable hands. Henry Stephenson is excellent as the British diplomat, and there are outstanding performances by Jerome Cowan, who makes his screen debut as one of the revolution's leaders, Karen Morley, Donald Crisp and David Niven. Considerable credit must also go to director Henry C. Potter for his intelligent handling of the tragic theme. "Beloved Enemy" is certainly an addition to the long list of Goldwyn hits.

Preview Postscript

With an English cast like this one you might expect the usual gallons of tea on the set promptly at four. But Brian Aherne, David Niven, Henry Stephenson and Miss Oberon shifted their affections to buttermilk one day. It's as deadly a habit evidently as the tea one, though, for all four found themselves putting on unwelcome poundage—but couldn't give up that four o'clock orgy . . . Brian Aherne had a bad day at the studio during the picture's shooting. It started out grand enough, with word from the U. S. Department of Commerce's aviation section that he had passed his airplane pilot's test and received a private license. But he was "grounded" immediately. For Samuel Goldwyn heard about it the same day and issued orders that Brian couldn't leave the ground for the duration of the picture. Ruth Chatterton was the one who interested Brian in flying. After taking him for a spin, he became so enthused that he decided to take lessons himself. Fortunately for Brian—though unfortunately for Ruth—she was "grounded" at the time while playing

Bill Powell and his little helpmate, Myrna Loy—not to mention Asta—continue their comic antics in "After the Thin Man."

"Lloyds of London" boasts a grand story and a fine cast. Here are Tyrone Power and Madeleine Carroll.

Jimmy Cagney and Mae Clarke in Mr. C's "comeback" picture, "Great Guy." Don't miss it.

See Modern Screen's Movie Scoreboard on Page 20.

in "Dodsworth" at the same studio, so she offered her plane to him. In order to prevent injuries to the several hundred players during the warfare scene, a new type of barbed wire was developed by studio technicians in the use of prop "entanglements." The wire is real, but the barbs are carefully fashioned bits of sponge rubber, painted with a metallic gloss, and then glued onto the strands . . . Every 1921 automobile that could still operate under its own power was "signed" for this picture if the Goldwyn studios could get hold of it. Ordinarily when cars of ancient vintage are needed for a film, they are obtained through agencies which keep a few on hand for just that purpose. But the needs for this picture far exceeded the demand and as a result a general S.O.S. was sent out to every garage in California. The cars were bought outright at five times the actual market price and were promptly destroyed during the filming of the battle scenes.

★★★ After the Thin Man

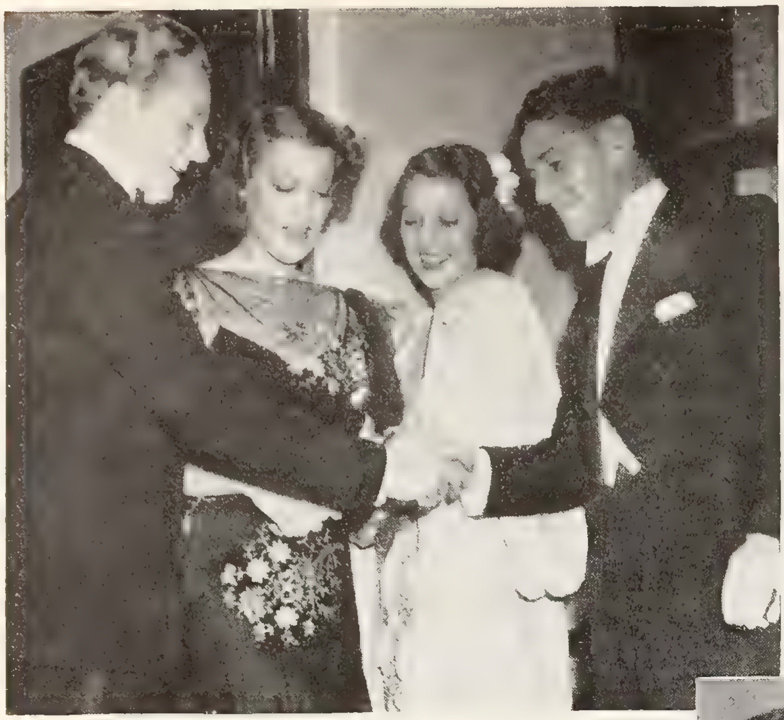
(M-G-M)

That smoothest of all sleuths, Nick Charles, together with his wife and his justly famous wire-haired terrier, return once more to provide a sure-fire comedy drama that will please everyone who admired their first jamboree, "The Thin Man." Everyone knows by now that Nick Charles is Bill Powell and that his little helpmate is Myrna Loy. It will be welcome news, too, that Asta, the most genial of all screen canines, has been provided with a wife—a rather indiscreet wife, incidentally, who shares her favors with Asta and a neighborhood Scotty. Mrs. Asta's skullduggeries is but a minor item in the series of events which go to make up this swell comedy. It is enough to say that the suave Mr. Powell is once more called out of retirement to solve a mystery which baffles the audience and everyone else in the cast. In spite of Myrna (*Continued on page 130*)

GOOD

By Leo Townsend

Photos by Frank Muto



Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald receive two of Gene's guests, Loretta Young and Ed Sutherland.

Stuffing Jimmy Stewart at Gene Raymond's party are Fred March, Glenda Farrell and Anita Louise. And is he hungry!

The last-minute lowdown on who are going together and what's doing in gay, glamorous Hollywood

Looks like Simone Simon is casting amorous glances in the direction of Jimmy Stewart. Over on the "Seventh Heaven" set, where they're playing the roles which made Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell famous, Simone rushes out every day during the afternoon recess to procuureuu au bottle of soda pop for her leading man. If that isn't love, as the saying goes, it'll have to do until the soda pop man comes along. Next thing you know she'll be calling him Jimmy Jimmy.

■ ■ ■

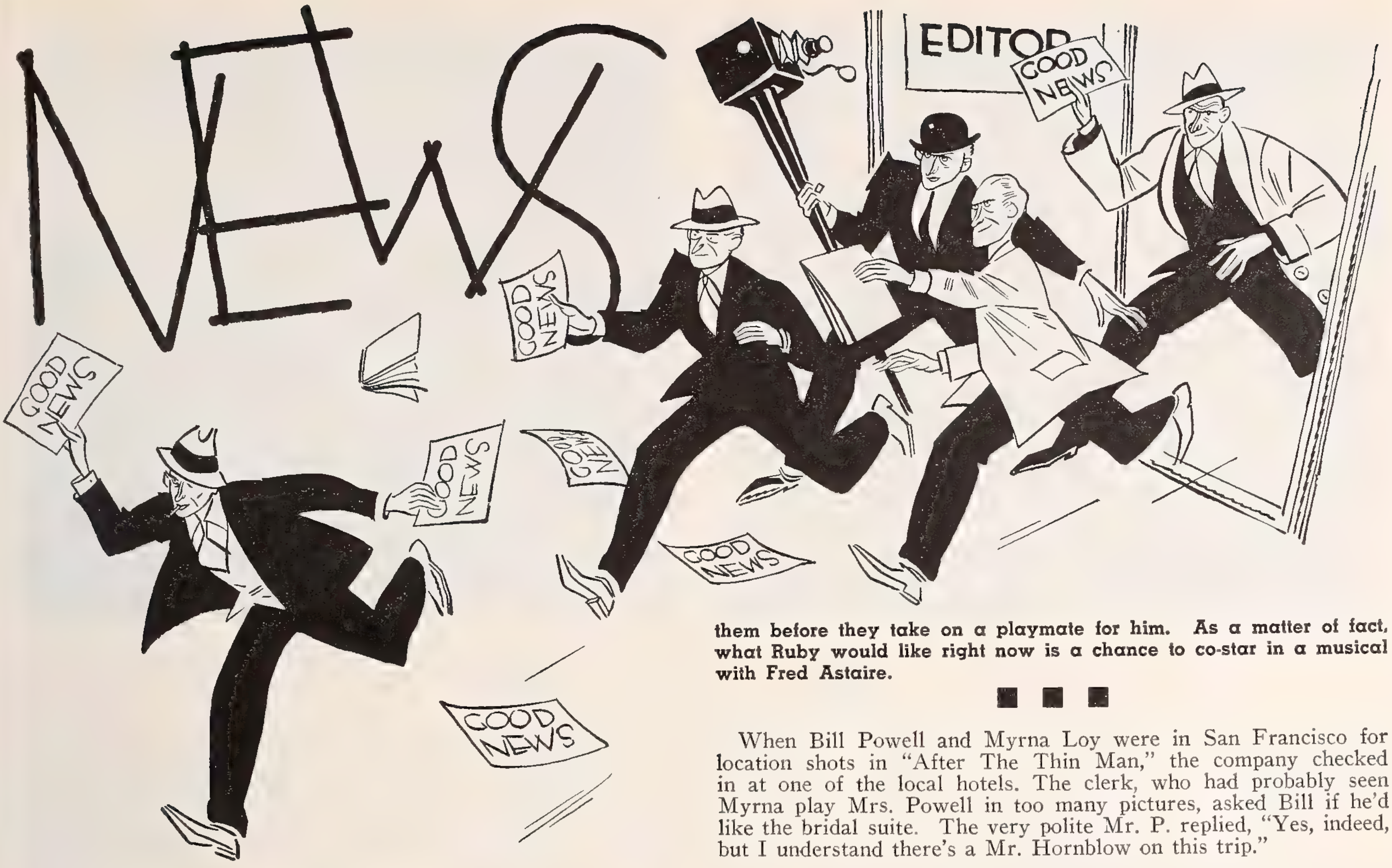
Despite the French barrage, Jimmy Stewart seems to maintain his reputation as the most getting-around guy in Hollywood. You see him everywhere, and usually with a different gal. Of late, however, he's been confining his attentions more or less to Anita Louise. It all started when he took her to the Gene Raymond party, and the way things look it may turn out to be one of those permanent Hollywood romances which last for weeks.

■ ■ ■

Housewarmings in Hollywood are always the best excuse in town for a hangover. But the Arthur Hornblow, Jr.'s, first entertainment in their new home didn't provide any alibis. It was strictly tete-a-tete for one thing, and for another refreshments were limited to ham and eggs. Myrna decided she couldn't wait another month for their Cold Water Canyon home to be completed. So she staged a celebration for her husband in the only finished room in the house. It happened to be the laundry room and the Hornblows breakfasted one Sunday morning on a plank laid over the laundry tub, while the little woman concocted the meal on a camp stove.

■ ■ ■

Shirley Temple went to Palm Springs to recover from a cold during production of her new picture, "Stowaway," so Mack Gordon, one of the film's song writers, went down to teach her a few numbers while she was convalescing. Shirley was back on the set a few days later, looking well and happier than ever. "Poor Mack," she explained, "he's in bed. He said I gave him temporary exhaustion."



Irene Dunne, Allan Jones, Anne Shirley, Harold Lloyd and Irene Hervey at the gay Raymond affair.

Hearts and Flowers: Although Nelson Eddy is seldom linked romantically in the public prints with this fair lady or that, it is known that he pays his most constant court to the divorced wife of Director Sidney Franklin. Mrs. Franklin, shortly after her divorce, was rumored about to marry Conrad Nagel, bu she's been seeing no one but Nelson.

■ ■ ■

Talked to Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler one day recentl lovely home in Encino, about fifteen miles from Hollywo Jolsons have an orange grove in their front yard, a swimm in the back, and their proudest possession, Al, Junior, pr everywhere. Al and Ruby deny reports that they are adopt another child—they want Junior to get better acquai

them before they take on a playmate for him. As a matter of fact, what Ruby would like right now is a chance to co-star in a musical with Fred Astaire.

■ ■ ■

When Bill Powell and Myrna Loy were in San Francisco for location shots in "After The Thin Man," the company checked in at one of the local hotels. The clerk, who had probably seen Myrna play Mrs. Powell in too many pictures, asked Bill if he'd like the bridal suite. The very polite Mr. P. replied, "Yes, indeed, but I understand there's a Mr. Hornblow on this trip."

■ ■ ■

Lily Pons is still struggling with her English, but she insists she's improving. On the set of "That Girl From Paris" one day the sound man played back one of her scenes for her. "Do you like it?" he asked. "Oh, but yes," answered Mlle. Pons. "I can understand every word I say!"

■ ■ ■

Worst Joke of the Month: On the "Souls at Sea" set at Paramount, Henry Wilcoxon and Frances Dee were rehearsing a scene when lunch was called. Wilcoxon yelled to a prop boy to come over and chalk their positions so they'd know where they stood when they returned from

'Tis said it will be an altar trip for Alice Faye and Tony Martin. They look doting enough.

The screen's favorite wife, Myrna Loy, tips hubby Arthur Hornblow's hat for him

no attention, so Wilcoxon, quick as a flash, said: "Oh, so you won't chalk, eh?" Do you blame the prop boy?

■ ■ ■

And what about Jean Harlow? For the past month or so she and Bill Powell have taken very little part in Hollywood night life. New night clubs have opened and old ones have been redecorated, but it seems to make no difference to La Belle. She's turned out to be a home girl. All of which is a fine thing, because we think there ought to be a Harlow in every home—but it would be nice if her mother would let her out just once in a while.

■ ■ ■

The Errol Flynn-Lili Damita situation still puzzles everyone —including, perhaps, Miss D and Mr. F. Two days after they announced a separation they flew to New York together for a second honeymoon which was to include a trip abroad, after which Errol was to brave the wilds of Borneo with gun and publicity. Then came a call from Warners that he was needed for lead in "The Prince and the Pauper" so Errol cut short the

leaving Lili to follow him

rced—or if they

Talked with Bette Davis out on the "Marked Woman" set at Warner Brothers. Bette's well-publicized feud with Warner Brothers—final score: Warners, 48, Davis,—$50,000—is packed away on the studio shelf and forgotten. "I'm really glad to be back at work again," said Bette. "I've been over a year without salary, and even actresses have to eat." She also took time out to deny there was any friction between her and hubby Harmon Nelson. He's in New York working for a theatrical agency. When he learns the business he'll return to Hollywood and Mrs. Nelson.

■ ■ ■

Miriam Hopkins and Mrs. Fred Astaire had never met socially until recently, when they got together with a bang in Beverly Hills. Miriam's car smashed into the Astaire limousine, causing no end of commotion. The two gals admit their acquaintance didn't get off to such a good start, but everything is patched up now—including two broken ribs for Mrs. Astaire's maid and a wrenched shoulder for Miriam.

■ ■ ■

Barbara Stanwyck now divides her time between Bob Taylor and her new racing stable. With the wife of Zeppo Marx she has taken to raising race horses on the Marwyck ranch in Van

The on-again-off-again Errol Flynns register a ruce at the Lamaze Cafe. Lili is a bit aloof ut maybe she doesn't like cameramen!

More romantic rumblings: Jean Muir and Gordon Oliver at the Trocadero.

Al Jolson, looking hearty again, beaus his best girl, Ruby Keeler, to the Zukor Jubilee.

Nuys. At the ranch-warming party each guest was presented with a bucket of paint along with the first cocktail, and each was assigned fifteen feet of brand new fence to paint. Zeppo finished first and was awarded the prize—an extra fifteen feet of unpainted fence.

■ ■ ■

When Kay Francis left for New York recently, Connie Bennett and Gilbert Roland were on the same airliner. It looked like a foursome for a while, since Michael Whalen had been enjoying a cocktail with the party a few minutes earlier in the lounge. Leaving them, he wandered out to have his ticket validated—and discovered everything swell except that he was at the wrong airport.

■ ■ ■

Natives of Palm Springs and the desert region had their thrill of the year when "Camille" was world-premiered at the new Plaza Theatre there. Many of the stars flew down for the occasion—among them Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, who were separated for an hour after the show by swarms of fans demanding autographs. And there were so many lights that hardy desert rats from miles around hiked in, thinking the town was on fire.

■ ■ ■

Out on the "John Meade's Woman" set, Edward Arnold blew up in his lines eight times straight. Stumbling block was the line: "I love you, darling, I love you!" After the eighth error, Eddie turned to the director. "Sorry, old boy," he said, "but I haven't said anything as silly as that for thirty years."

Kay Francis and Delmer Daves gave snapshooter Muto the wave as they took off for a trip to Europe. Maybe they're wed now.

■ ■ ■

Many a Hollywood star does her shopping attired in last year's slacks and a pair of dark glasses, because shopkeepers have a way of doubling their prices when little Miss Glamor Girl comes in. Gloria Stuart, for instance, had been shopping for furniture in full disguise until one day she dropped into the shop as is. "You look enough like Gloria Stuart to be her twin sister," said a clerk, "except, of course, that she's cross-eyed. Never comes in here without thick-lensed glasses."

■ ■ ■

We watched Carole Lombard swishing around on the "Swing High, Swing Low" set at Paramount the other day, attired in two inches of white chiffon and two carloads of white ostrich feathers. We thought it all looked pretty elegant, and couldn't understand the worried look in Travis Banton's face. "These gowns give me the jitters," he said. "They're strictly honky-tonk fashions, but Lombard makes them look so modish that I'm afraid every woman in the country will copy them—and probably look like a herd of ostriches."

■ ■ ■

The hairdresser came up just then to arrange Carole's blonde curls for a close-up. "This wave won't stay in place unless we dampen it again," she announced, calling to a prop boy for a pan of water. "Never mind the water," said the glamorous Carole. "Just spit on it."

■ ■ ■

June Lang is still nervous about it. The young lady who went through the war in "Road to Glory" and the jungles in "White Hunter," without so much as a quiver, has finally lost her composure. It all happened during the Hollywood Hotel broadcast following the preview of "One In A Million." The preview and broadcast were held on one of the sound stages at 20th Century-Fox studio, and at this particular moment Louella Parsons was bouncing up and down the aisles, microphone in hand, hunting celebrities. She spotted Miss L. and gushed, "Oh, June, won't you please tell me the date of your wedding with Victor McLaglen?" June blushed, Louella blushed, and there are no reports on the condition of Vic Orsatti, Miss Lang's intended groom.

■ ■ ■

"One In A Million" introduces a new star to the screen. She is Sonja Henie, the former Olympic skating champion. Sonja brings an entirely new type of personality to Hollywood, and her studio is planning to take off her skates immediately and star her in dramatic roles. Incidentally, she's quite charming off the screen, too, according to Tyrone Power, who has monopolized all of the little lady's evenings. He even packed her into a plane and flew her to Cincinnati for Christmas so she could meet his family.

Pat O'Brien congratulates bridegroom, John Barrymore and bride, Elaine Barrie. Mrs. Jacobs, the bride's ma, looks on.

Out on the "Holy Terror" set, the young lady playing the title role was enjoying a race around the sound stage with a playful prop man. The young lady, who was Jane Withers, suddenly sprawled flat on her face on the floor. "I didn't trip," she said to the guy. "You musta pushed me." But the prop man pointed out the fact she had been a couple of yards in the lead. "Well, I apologize," said Jane. "But don't do it again."

* * *

The Warner Brothers, stockholders and board of directors, went into the biggest conference of the year the other day. Closeted for several hours, they finally emerged, weary but relieved. A momentous decision had been reached. Dick Powell, by official vote, can now shave off his mustache. It seems Joan Blondell wasn't half as crazy about the mustache as she was about Dick, and you know how it is when the little woman makes up her mind. What really swung the pow-wow in Dick's favor was a written statement sent in by him after the conference looked like a deadlock. The note said: "I can't be happy behind it."

Brian Donlevy and Marjorie Lane are married now.

* * *

At the preview of "Banjo on My Knee," the Barbara Stanwyck-Joel McCrea river rhapsody, we sat behind Miss S. and the ever-present Bob Taylor. The fact that Stanwyck and Taylor are constant companions seems to have enhanced Barbara's popularity with audiences, for at the picture's finish there was considerable applause for her. Even her critical companion must have liked her performance, for he favored her with an affectionate pat on the head. And a pat on the head from Taylor is a lot better than most girls are doing these days.

* * *

People thought Carole Lombard was going Garbo on them when she had the "Swing High, Swing Low" set closed to visitors. As a rule the Lombard sets are wide open to anyone with a pass and a desire to watch the Lombard antics. But when "Swing High, Swing Low" started, nine-tenths of the visitors cornered Carole to ask her about the Clark Gable romance. So now Lombard is behind locked doors where she can keep her romance and her acting to herself.

* * *

Gayest social affair of the month was Gene Raymond's dinner party for some 250 guests at his new home. Almost everyone, who is anybody in Hollywood, was there, plus a number who aren't anyone at all. Two hundred and fifty is a lot of people to ask over to the house for dinner, but Gene had evidently informed the cook of his plans, for everyone had a merry evening of it.

* * *

Man Bites Dog Dept.: Reversing the using procedure, the 150 extras in the cast of Universal's "Top of the Town" pooled together and bought packages of Scotch for Director Ralph Murphy and his assistants. Seems they all had had four weeks steady employment, something novel in the life of an extra, and it sort of went to their heads.

* * *

Questions without answers: What prominent screen actor is rumored to have married his bride only because in a generous moment he had previously signed over his property to her? By marrying the gal, under the California law, he is entitled to half of his own property.

* * *

When they make a picture at Warners everyone works hard and fast, but Henry Fonda didn't know it until he was loaned out by the Walter Wanger studio for a part with Pat O'Brien in "Slim." At the end of the first day's shooting Henry dropped in at his home studio to say hello. "How's the picture coming?" he was asked. "Coming!" said Henry. "We're half through!"

The Gene Markeys (Joan Bennett) attend a recent premiere.

Your surprise of the month will probably come when you see Janet Gaynor in the new Technicolor picture, "A Star is Born." For the first time in her screen career, Gaynor doesn't play a demure little gal who spreads sweetness and light wherever she goes. In private life, Miss G. is hardly the demure type, but ever since her first success in "Seventh Heaven" her producers have convinced everyone she's the sweetest thing since Mary Pickford. Don't tell anyone, but it's been bruited about that in "A Star is Born" she wears—for the first time on any screen—silk stockings. A girl who does that will even smoke cigarettes!

* * *

Is 20th Century-Fox deglamorizing Simone Simon? Now that she has the old Janet Gaynor role in "Seventh Heaven," any reference to the petite pouter as exotic meets with hushed horror at her studio. And no one seems to remember those recent billboards with flaming letters announcing that mademoiselle possessed "The allure of a woman—the charm of a girl."

(*Continued on page* 142)

THE VARIED ACTIVITIES OF

MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, JR.

MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, JR., of Chicago's prominent family, is well-known throughout the Middle West and East for her vivid and active life. She entertains frequently with small, superbly appointed dinners. "Camels," says Mrs. Swift, "contribute to the success of my dinners. Their delicate flavor suits the equally delicate flavors in the food, and they also help digestion. I always allow enough time between courses so that every one may smoke a Camel through."

MRS. SWIFT DINES in the Casino Room of Chicago's Congress Hotel. "Here, too," says Joseph Spagat, Maître de Café, "Camels are the favorite cigarette."

AS A SPORTSWOMAN, Mrs. Swift is world famous. She spent dangerous months in India and Africa hunting wild boars, tigers, elephants. In the States, during the winter season when society is so engrossed with outdoor sports, Mrs. Swift enjoys skiing. "It's fun," she says, "but requires healthy nerves. So Camels are the only cigarette I care to smoke. They set me on my way feeling right."

A few of the distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

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MRS. ALEXANDER BLACK, *Los Angeles*
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MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE II, *Boston*
MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL 3rd, *Philadelphia*
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, *Virginia*
MRS. NICHOLAS G. PENNIMAN III, *Baltimore*
MISS ANNE C. ROCKEFELLER, *New York*
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER, *New York*

Camel's aid to digestion . . . on your busy days!

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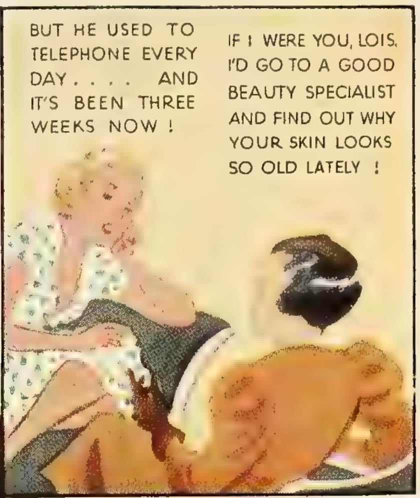
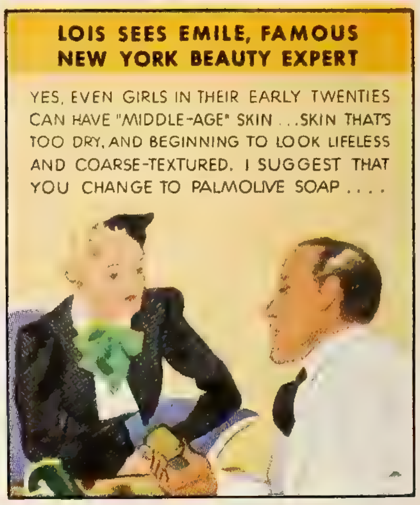
Costlier Tobaccos
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

LOVE Came back to Lois

WHEN SHE GOT RID OF "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN

(Yes! It threatens even girls in their twenties!)


BUT HE USED TO TELEPHONE EVERY DAY . . . . AND IT'S BEEN THREE WEEKS NOW !
IF I WERE YOU, LOIS, I'D GO TO A GOOD BEAUTY SPECIALIST AND FIND OUT WHY YOUR SKIN LOOKS SO OLD LATELY !


LOIS SEES EMILE, FAMOUS NEW YORK BEAUTY EXPERT
YES, EVEN GIRLS IN THEIR EARLY TWENTIES CAN HAVE "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN . . . SKIN THAT'S TOO DRY, AND BEGINNING TO LOOK LIFELESS AND COARSE-TEXTURED. I SUGGEST THAT YOU CHANGE TO PALMOLIVE SOAP . . . .

WHY EMILE RECOMMENDS PALMOLIVE SOAP TO OVERCOME "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

"Palmolive is made with Olive Oil, a real beauty aid. And its Olive Oil makes Palmolive's lather gentler, more soothing . . . gives it a *special protective quality* all its own. Thus Palmolive does more than just cleanse. It protects your skin against the loss of those precious natural oils which feed and nourish it . . . that's why Palmolive keeps your complexion soft, smooth and young!"

Emile

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SWEETHEARTS AGAIN
THANKS TO PALMOLIVE!

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Use Palmolive regularly. For Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, does more than just cleanse! Its gentle protective lather prevents your skin from becoming dry, lifeless, old-looking . . . keeps your complexion soft, smooth and *young*

Does the soap you are using give you this same protection? Do you know what ingredients go into it? Are you *sure* it is as pure, as gentle and safe as Palmolive?

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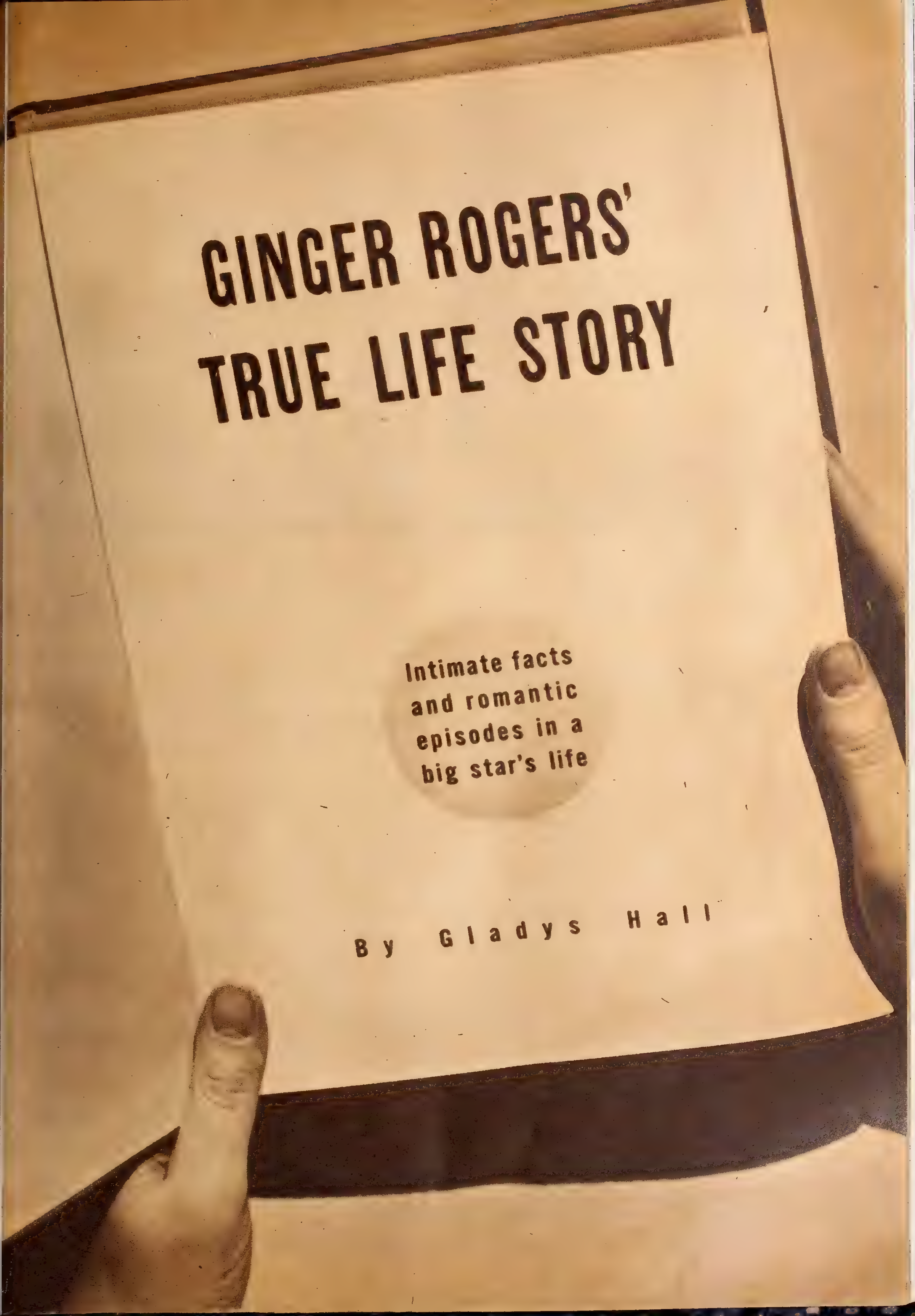
What a beauty lesson there is for you in the fact that Dr. Dafoe chose Palmolive exclusively for the Dionne Quins! If this fine beauty soap, made with Olive Oil, is safest and gentlest for their tender skin, isn't it safest for your complexion, too?

MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP COMPLEXIONS YOUNG AND LOVELY



GINGER ROGERS' TRUE LIFE STORY

Intimate facts
and romantic
episodes in a
big star's life

By Gladys Hall

Meet Miss Virginia Katherine McMath who, at one year, faces the camera like a trouper. Can't you see the resemblance to the Ginger Rogers' of today?

This quiet picture of Ginger with her father, Eddins McMath, gives no hint of the stormy battle he later waged for the child's control, even going so far as to kidnap her.

AT TWO-THIRTY on the morning of July 16, 1911, in the little town of Independence, Missouri, a little girl was born. She was christened Virginia Katherine McMath.

The circumstances of her birth were singular.

All that night, preceding her birth, the heavens had been in convulsions, thunder roared and crashed, lightning made fire flowers in the skies. And then, just before the first small cry was heard, a *star fell*. A hush, a peace descended upon the earth. And the baby was born.

She weighed six and a half pounds. She was bald. Her blue eyes, dewy then as they are now, held that look of slight surprise when they looked into the triumphant eyes of her mother. There was, otherwise, nothing remarkable about her.

The mother, the good country doctor and the baby were alone in that little white frame, four-room cottage at the end of the little trolley line in Independence for, several months before the child was born, Lela McMath had "eloped," so to speak. She deliberately cut herself off from her family—her mother and father, her husband and mother-in-law—so that she might live the kind of a life she felt she must live in order that the child might survive. For there had been another baby girl, born shortly after Lela Owens' marriage to Eddins McMath. The baby had lived only a few hours.

And so, when the small Virginia Katherine was on her way, the young mother made up her mind that this time it should be different. She believed in prenatal influence. She believed that the prenatal period should be one of peace. And there was not, even then, peace between the young McMaths. This time, she vowed to herself, she would create peace with her own hands and brains and energies. She had her own ideas of the life she wanted to live, while waiting for her child. There had to be no irritations, no opposition and clash of wills and temperaments. It had to be her life—and the child's.

And so, one day, without so much as leaving a note on the pin cushion, with only twenty dollars in her purse, without telling anyone she was going, and hardly knowing where she was going herself, Lela McMath boarded the train out of Kansas City. When, evening approaching, the train stopped at Independence, Lela got off. She felt they would be less likely to look for her here, so comparatively close to home, than farther afield.

THERE WAS a trolley near the station. Lela boarded it, still without the faintest idea as to her destination. She only knew, and only cared, that she was free. The trolley bumped along until it came to the end of the line. There seemed to be no place further to go, so Lela McMath got out. There, in a field at the track's end, was a small, white frame cottage. On the door was a sign which said "To Let—Furnished." The people next door were the owners. Lela McMath rented the cottage, paid a five-dollar deposit and moved in that night.

The next morning, bright and early, Lela went forth to look for a job. The first place she came to was a newspaper office. That was fine. She had always wanted to be a writer. She applied for the job of general reporter—and got it.

"I honestly can't say," said Ginger's small, remarkable mother, "that I dreamed of a child who would be famous, who would save the world or perpetuate his name in enduring stone. I thought the baby would be a boy. I didn't care especially one way or the other. I just wanted the baby to come into the world, born of a happy, active mother—a baby who would live. That baby came to me. And so, on that July dawning the baby was born. Shortly before her birth, Lela McMath had had occasion to go into Kansas City to report an Art Exhibition for her paper. There, awaiting a trolley on a main thoroughfare crowded with people, she found herself staring down at a man's feet. A man's feet with something curiously familiar about them. She looked up. The man was her father.

There was, of course, a dramatic meeting. Where had she been? How could she have done so terrible a thing to her mother, to her husband and to him? They had been frantic. They had searched everywhere. They had employed detectives (but they had not found her, in Independence, less than twenty-five miles from home!), And then the father's eyes, shocked and troubled, took in the situation. Lela begged him not to give her away, implored

Lela Owens McMath with her new baby daughter of ten weeks. Even at this early stage, Ginger looked to her mother for approval and guidance.

At three years, Ginger's sparkling personality began to manifest itself. Her red hair, blue eyes and freckles added to her baby charm.

him not to tell at home that he had seen her. She reminded him of the death of her first baby, that her husband hadn't wanted that baby and didn't really want this one. She assured him that she was happy, had a job, was safe and would keep in touch with him if only he would keep faith with her, keep secret her whereabouts.

But the father, fearful of such unprecedented behavior, told Lela's mother. And Lela's mother, conservative, old-school, firmly believing that a woman's place is with her husband and nowhere else, felt it her duty to tell Lela's husband. And so, a day or so after the baby's birth, the husband and father, Lela's mother and mother-in-law descended upon her. They formed a vigorous body, protesting that they had never heard of such outrageous goings-on. Was she temporarily insane? Didn't she know that in her condition she should have been sitting quietly at home, not tramping the streets as a reporter? And the pool of peace in which Lela McMath had lived while her baby was coming, was shattered. Fortunately, too late to do any harm. For Lela McMath, looking at the sturdy, rosy mite in the crook of her arm, knew that she had scored her point, could afford to concede the next point if she had to. It seemed that she did have to.

AND SO, shortly after the baby's birth, temporarily defeated, Lela allowed the family to take her back home to Kansas City again. There, for the first several months of her life, Virginia Katherine (for she was called by her full two names during her babyhood and childhood) began to experiment with life.

She began to talk at the age of nine months. Her first word was "Mackey," which was her name for her mother. She began to walk at the age of fourteen months. She never cried. She was always smiling, serene and good natured. There was nothing, her mother says, remarkably outstanding about her except, perhaps, her sunny disposition. Trifles, then as now, never bothered her. If some child took a toy away from her, she didn't cry and whine about it, she got another toy. It was as if, even then, she could discriminate between the trivial and the important. For if, on the other hand, anyone attempted to remove her food before she was finished she put up a big fight for it.

Even now, Ginger Rogers has an amazing faculty for putting big things first. She never dissipates her energy in tempers over minor things. If she slams a door on her hand she doesn't carry on as though she had undergone a fatal accident. If her cook or chauffeur is late, she tells them to watch the clock—and forgets it. If she is invited to a party on a date with Jimmy Stewart and can't go because of work, she shrugs it off, knowing that parties and dates are not as important as work. On the other hand, if something is really important she will go to bat about it with vigor and unshakable determination. As when, recently, a certain leading man was named for one of her pictures. Very quietly but very firmly she stated that she did not want him, would not have him, and why. She explained that there was nothing personal in her stand. She simply did not consider him the type for the part, for the picture. It was a battle. She went to battle and won.

PERHAPS, TOO, her infant rage when food was removed from her was another one of the few portents pointing to the Ginger Rogers of today. For Ginger loves to eat and is one of the few stars who will admit it. When she is hungry she is frank about it. She never has dieted in her life. She likes everything to eat but if she ever is in doubt, she always orders eggs in some form. She drinks quarts of iced tea on the set and during rehearsals.

And also then, as now, she entered into life and its various activities with good will, genial interest, enthusiasm. She was from the beginning, a giving-of-herself little girl, warm and eager and friendly. She always made friends.

"There were no routines, no baby schedules in the days when Ginger was a baby," her mother told me. "We just loved 'em and reared 'em then. Wherever I went, Ginger went. If I went to a party, she went to a party. If I went to church, she went to church. If we had company, she stayed up with me until I went to bed. She was like a pocketbook which I carried with me everywhere, putting it down and taking it up as I went.

At fourteen, Ginger tried out for the Charleston Contest in Fort Worth, Texas. Her winning of it started her on her career.

A pocketbook (of all descriptions for an infant!) into which, I think, Lela McMath put the sterling silver and gold coins of her own honesty and fearlessness, determination and sense of fair play, her gallant credo of living.

Ginger's father, Eddins McMath, was an electrical engineer in Kansas City where, with singular significance, he first met Lela Owens at dancing school! And they became engaged when Lela was about to accompany her engineer father to Utah. They were married on Lela's eighteenth birthday, which happens to be Christmas Day. The ceremony was performed in the parlor of a little house in Salt Lake City, whither Eddins McMath had followed his bride-to-be. And the windows of the parlor fronted on the famous Joseph Smith house, that sturdy Mormon of the eight sons and numerous wives.

Young Lela and her husband did not live happily ever after. It was a marriage destined to be fraught with drama; a marriage which predestined the amazing career of Lela McMath and the subsequent stellar career of the small Virginia Katherine.

NOT LONG after the marriage, Eddins McMath accepted a position in Ennis, Texas. It was that of electrical engineer for Hetty Green's railroad. He worked at the round house, testing, repairing. Lela and the baby kept house. And then Lela roused suddenly to the realization that they were living on the wrong side of the tracks and that her husband was that hated thing, a strike-breaker. She most emphatically did not want to live on the wrong side of any tracks nor have her daughter live there. Something had to be done about it. And with the initiative that is Lela Rogers', she took on a small, twelve-year-old girl to care for the baby and, she herself, got a job playing the piano in a picture house. The added funds would, in time, enable them to move to the right side of the tracks.

In the meantime, and some twenty months after the birth of Virginia Katherine, another baby girl was born to Lela—stillborn. Attempting one morning to move a heavy piece of furniture, she slipped, the bureau slipped, too, and the fatality resulted.

With the birth of this third baby—the death of her first baby—Lela McMath found herself saying, "Somewhere in the world there is a better life for me and for my baby. I am going to find it."

And as before, reckoning consequences only in terms of her own energy and resourcefulness, Lela moved out of her husband's house and into the local hotel where she took the job of public stenographer. She put up a clothes basket with a little fence about it next to her desk and there the baby played and gurgled at strangers, made friends of all and sundry, young and old, even as the grown-up Ginger does today.

And there, from that clothes basket, close to her mother's desk, occurred the first kidnapping of Ginger Rogers.

For one harrowing day the young mother turned back from taking dictation over the telephone and found the clothes basket empty. No one had seen the child go. No one needed to. Lela McMath knew that the kidnapper of her child was the child's own father She had fought for the child's life before she was born. She was fighting for the child's livelihood after she was born and she could fight, too, for the child's possession.

By devious methods, with the clue of a letter from a woman the father had employed to care for the child, Lela found out that her baby was in Bessemaye, Texas. The nurse wrote that the child was neglected, dirty, not properly cared for save in the intermittent times when she had charge of her. The baby, she wrote, kept crying for "my Mackey." Surely she would find the means to come to her.

Lela found the means. She had, first, to barter, badger and cajole a man to drive her. No one wanted to have any part of it, sensing a kidnapping. But she finally succeeded. And then began the long, torturous drive of 86 miles which took 36 hours to cover. That car took unblazed trails, manned only by a somewhat enfeebled middle-aged man and the small, blonde dauntless Lela. There were streams to be bridged and forded. There were tree stumps to be hewn down and carted out of the way before the car could get through. They dared not shelter anywhere lest their pilgrimage be noted and a warning issued. They ran out of food and were hungry. They ran out of gas, were stranded and had to trek miles to the nearest gas station. And there were no "nearest" gas stations in that desolate country. But Lela, armed with a gun, knowing that at the end of the trail was her baby, uncared for and crying for her "Mackey," would have scaled the Matterhorn, swum the Hellespont, crossed the Sahara on foot to get to her.

AND SHE did get to her. When, at long last, they skirted Bessemaye, Lela reconnoitred, mapped out in her mind the positions of the hotel, the place where Eddins McMath was employed, the house in which he lived. And only after many hours of watchful waiting did they dare pass the house. And there on the front porch, alone in her highchair, sat the baby. She was sticky and unbathed and her little dress was stained and smudged. She was covered with insect bites. For the first time in her baby life there were streaks of tears on her poor little face.

And at that sight Lela McMath was out of the car, up the shale path, on to that front porch, the baby clasped fiercely in her arms. And then and there she discovered that she had a fight on her hands. She was stunned by the sudden appearance at the screen door of—her mother-in-law. She had not counted on this, had not known that her mother-in-law was there. And then, with her baby under one arm, her gun under the other, she began what amounted to a physical tussle. She managed to wedge her foot against the screen door so that the elder and enraged Mrs. McMath could not get out. And then, counting on her own swifter motions, she made a dash for the car. But the elder Mrs. McMath moved swiftly, too. For while Lela still held the front door fast with her foot, the older woman made a dash for a side door which also opened on the porch and caught up with Lela and the baby just as they got into the car. Lela screamed frantically at her terrified and compulsory "chauffeur" and conspirator. "Start going!" she cried. "Move! Get on!" The car, with dramatic appropriateness, took this occasion to stall. At any moment Eddins, so short a distance away, might hear the clamor and come to his mother's aid. Then, indeed, all would be lost.

Lela tried to disengage the clinging hands from the car. The older woman was shrieking, "You can't do this. It's kidnapping!" Lela laughed at that. She must have thought

After her divorce from Eddins McMath, Ginger's mother later married John Rogers and they moved to Fort Worth, Texas. Here is the house on Cooper Street where they lived. Ginger took her step-father's name.

This gay, young flapper is Ginger at seventeen. She was appearing with Paul Ash and his band at the Oriental Theatre in Chicago.

of the pot calling the kettle black. But she didn't have time to think. The situation called for action. She could not, obviously, push her mother-in-law into the road and possibly under the car. The man at the wheel was whimpering, "Keerful, now, keerful!" And at last Lela reached out, pulled the protesting woman into the tonneau and said, "Very well, then, you go with us, at least until we get out of town." They drove on. On the way Lela advised her mother-in-law to reconsider, to get out while there was still time and opportunity to get a lift back to Bessemaye. Realizing that her daughter-in-law meant business, the elder Mrs. McMath reluctantly and with many threats and intimidations consented to be dropped.

Thus the first spectacular kidnapping of Ginger Rogers—though not the last.

Back in Ennis, Lela received word from her family. Many words and strong words. She must come home, they said. What was she thinking of with such Annie Oakley-ish goings-on? It was disgraceful. It did no good to the baby. She was to return and live with them. She was to make up her mind what she wanted to do and above all behave herself.

Back in Kansas City, then, there was a gathering of the clans, the clans of McMaths and Owens. A council of war with a few peace terms—and those not kept. A divorce finally was agreed upon. The agreement stipulated that Lela was to have custody of the child, with permission granted to the father to have her on Sundays.

He did have her on Sundays. He also, Lela began to suspect, had her more often than Sundays. Somehow he was contriving to see her either at kindergarten or while she was at play. For Virginia Katherine would, occasionally, exhibit a shiny dime or a fifty-cent piece and when asked where she had got it would say, "My Daddy gave it to me." The child had no ill feeling toward her father, nor has she now. For Lela Rogers, wisely and kindly, has never talked against Eddins McMath to his daughter.

There came, soon, the occasion of the second kidnapping.

THERE CAME the Sunday when the baby did not come home. The appointed hour came and passed. Dusk deepened into night, but no baby. And as night fell, Lela went to the boarding-house where, at the time, Eddins and his mother were living. She was told that Mr. McMath and his mother had checked out that morning, bag and baggage, destination unknown. Virginia Katherine was, at this time, between three and four years old.

Days passed. Eventually there came a letter mailed from Nebraska. Lela had a pretty shrewd idea that the letters were mailed from Nebraska but NOT by Eddins

When Ginger was sixteen, she married Jack Pepper, a handsome boy she had admired for years. They appeared in vaudeville together during the brief span of their ten-months' marriage.

McMath. He would not be likely to give her so explicit a clue. At any rate, the letter said, substantially, that possession is nine points of the law; that he intended to make this a test case and that Lela would never see the baby again until "the case" had been settled once and for all. But the case had been settled by the divorce, which awarded the mother complete custody of the child, granting the father permission to have her Sundays.

Lela was, at this time, a sort of half-partner in an office supplies house. She had invested most of her savings in the business and they were prospering nicely. She went to a detective agency, fully aware that the expense attached would exceed her small invested capital, force her out of the business. It did.

The detective who worked on the case, a man by the name of Ely, has since become famous. He did not realize then that he was working on a kidnapping case which, only a few years later, when a mere threat of kidnapping is made, becomes front page news the world over.

After some three weeks, Eddins, his mother and the baby were finally located in St. Louis. Lela's detective got there just in time. Just in time to discover that the child had been entered at a convent and was to have been sent there the morning after their arrival. If this plan had been accomplished, it might have been years, it might have been that never would Lela have had her baby again. The child might have been entered under a different name. There were all sorts of means by which her identity might have been lost to the world—and to her mother. "I think I would have found her even in the catacombs," Lela says fiercely, even today, "but certainly if they had got her into that convent, it would have doubled my difficulties, delayed things for, who knows, how long."

But Detective Ely arrived in time and brought the trio back to Kansas City. And after a stormy battle, the winning side, aided and abetted by the child saying to the

Ginger's first musical comedy role was in the Broadway show, "Top Speed," in 1931.

Opposite, "Girl Crazy" proved a hit for Ginger. Here she is with her leading man, Allen Kearns (right).

From the early productions, above, emerged this fast-stepping, successful star whose red hair now gleams with gold and whose freckles are beauty spots.

One of Ginger's first moving pictures was with Ed Wynn in "Manhattan Mary." Later she asked a release from her Paramount contract and got it only too quickly!

Judge, "I want to live with my Mackey," the court finally and forever deeded the custody of the child to the mother, ruling even the father's Sunday privileges out.

"The night before we went to court," Mrs. Rogers reminisced, with a slightly wry smile, "Ginger spent in jail. She was the charge of the court, you see, her possession undecided, and so she could be with neither her father nor me."

And there again is a screaming headline lost to the world. What a press sensation it would be if, today, the papers banner-lined GINGER ROGERS IN JAIL!

There was one more attempt made at kidnapping the baby. But Lela and her family were made wise by experience and the attempt was frustrated. And after that, no more. Eddins McMath died when Ginger was eleven years old. They never saw him again. But in later years both Lela and Ginger saw Grandmother McMath. Ginger cared for her and, in her old age, the elderly woman admitted that she and her son were wrong, that she deeply regrets all that happened and that Lela was within her rights. Grandmother McMath joined her son three years ago.

AND SO Lela had her baby again. They continued to live at home with Lela's parents. Small Virginia Katherine went to public school—she has never been to a private school in her life—in the old 6th Ward of Kansas City. She was five when she entered school. And she went back and forth with her mother's little sister, her own very young Aunt Jean aged, at the time, eight years. The young aunt, whose full name was Genevieve, is now Mrs. Vinton Haworth.

Virginia, her mother recalls, simply adored school. She really loved to "do lessons." She would refuse to go to bed and she would even refuse to be read to or played games with until her problems were all done, her spelling and reading perfect. Arithmetic was her bugaboo but she never, says her mother, let it lick her. She would wrestle with it valiantly, tongue protruding her small cheek, until she had got her answers and proven them. She was especially interested in geography. She loved anything that had to do with travel, anything that told her of foreign lands and peoples. She would spend long absorbed hours poring over maps and one of her favorite possessions was a globe of the world. She took many a long and venturesome journey on that globe with the tracing tip of her finger.

She loved poetry. She loved to have it read aloud to her—even wrote some herself. There were no evidences, her mother reports, of an Edna St. Vincent Millay in her. Ginger was not a child prodigy in any sense of the word. She was just a very regular, rather tomboy little girl. Which is the way Mrs. Rogers wanted her to be. Not until Ginger actually took the ribbons in her own hands, so to speak, and literally Charlestoned out of Texas, with her mother in tow, did Mrs. Rogers ever remotely dream of a career for her. Instead Lela wanted a career for herself so that Ginger could go to school and to college, marry and settle down.

"Ginger," her mother went on, "was more a creature of hobbies than of habits or plans. She always had, as she still has, one hobby after another. To each in turn she gives lavishly of heart and interest. When she was about seven her hobby was dolls—an assortment of them. The only doll-stipulation was that they had to be tiny. And for each midget she labored over complete wardrobes, with every accessory included, even to tiny, hand-hemmed hankies, almost finger-nail size."

She gave up dolls for—fudge. Not because of the gustatory delights of fudge but because she wanted to earn money and help her Mackey. So Virginia Katherine and Maurine, her best friend, set themselves up in business.

Through Mervyn LeRoy's urging, Ginger took a small part in "Gold Diggers of 1933." Below you see her in a scene from the musical with Warren William. It helped her career considerably.

Just one sentence from "Young Man of Manhattan" brought Ginger fame, "Cigarette me, Big Boy!" Norman Foster was the "Big Boy."

They made their own fudge from their own special recipe. They delivered it by hand to their customers, riding on bicycles. There were weeks when they took in as much as three dollars. In a short time business was so good that it lost its challenge for Ginger. And with the illogical impulse which is still hers, she jumped from commerce into Art.

It was later, in Fort Worth, Texas, that Ginger began her passionate, persistent thumping on the piano. After several weeks of bearing with this her mother, in self-defense, employed a teacher. Nor was it only a measure of self-defense. Lela knew that her child had no ear for music. She couldn't tell just what this passionate concentration on the piano might mean. She might be harboring an angel of the ivories unawares. Thus the teacher—and then, for over three months, Ginger all but slept at the piano. She did eat her breakfasts there before leaving for school. Friends nodded sage heads—an infant Paderewski, they omened, had been born into their midst.

CAME THE night of Ginger's first recital. With outward confidence, if inward tremors, the child mounted the platform and rendered McDowell's "To a Water Lily." The rafters in the Fort Worth op'ry house shivered with applause. The six more remaining "pieces" were then delivered, thunderously, the child bowed gravely to the tumultuous audience and—never touched a piano again.

And it is significant to note here that all through her childhood Ginger danced in the bathtub (with a total result of incalculable bumps, bruises and black-and-blues), danced on front porch steps, danced on the school playgrounds, danced on her bed. It is almost as though these other hobbies were experiments which her agile, exploring nature tried out and discarded, the while the real pattern of her life ran consistently, persistently, like water under ground.

The hobbies of Ginger rode on apace. There was the time, later, when Ginger and her mother were on tour with "Ginger and Her Redheads" that toys became the hobby of the hour. All kinds of toys—dolls, games, an iron bear that weighed pounds, in fact every gadget marketed by the dime stores of the country. There was also, remembered Mrs. Rogers a little wearily, Frekus. Frekus was a Turkish doll, half as big as Ginger herself, so big that she couldn't be packed in anything. So Ginger carried her herself.

And since then, there have been badminton, golf, tennis —with Ginger going on voracious shopping orgies, staggering home laden with golf clubs, badminton sets, racquets, volley balls, medicine balls, tennis equipment, monopoly, parchesi—all in due and lavish sequence as one hobby gives right of way to another.

By the rich diversity of her hobbies, by the abundant zest and eagerness she brings to each and every one of them, could be traced the whole life history, the development and the psychology of the girl. Her hobbies would be all an eminent psychiatrist would need to know about Ginger.

And the same ever-moving life within her prevents her, in her work, from being typed. It is the rich and restless variability of her nature that prompts her to demand that she do so many dancing pictures a year with Fred Astaire and so many straight dramatic roles a year on her own.

BUT TO go back again to the small Ginger who loved school, wrote poetry and collected dolls. She loved, especially, to recite poetry to her mother. She learned by heart most of the "Child's Garden of Verse," the poems of Eugene Field and Whitcomb Riley. First, and best of all, she loved "Hiawatha." She always wore a feather in her hair when she delivered this.

At this time, too, Lela's ambition to write began to focus itself. Mrs. Owens fitted up the attic as a studio for her daughter and there, with small Virginia industriously sewing her dolls' clothes and muttering her poems over to herself, under her breath, Lela wrote a scenario called "The Honor System." For Lela, just then, had begun to

A contract with Pathe took her to Hollywood. "Suicide Fleet" with Bill Boyd was one of the first films she made there.

Ginger made two pictures with Joe E. Brown. The first one was "The Tenderfoot" in which you see them both at right above.

Mervyn LeRoy helped Ginger greatly in her screen career. Hollywood insisted their friendship was love, but both married other people.

Who can forget "Flying Down to Rio"? It started the Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers rage. Here they are with Gene Raymond.

Such giddy antics as this whirled Ginger and Fred to dizzier heights in "The Gay Divorcee." Edward Everett Horton, Ginger and Alice Brady are pictured here.

focus on Hollywood as the ultimate market for her writings. Never for Ginger did the mother think of Hollywood—only for herself.

And this first story, "Honor System," was the beginning of the trail which led to Hollywood. It was a strange trail. For when it was done Lela, shrewdly, sent it to prison wardens and governors of adjoining states—to the men who could best and most practically judge of its value, its authenticity. She sent it to, among others, a prisoner in the Arizona State Prison, an editor by the name of Eitinge, who was still editing his magazine from behind prison bars. And he wrote her an encouraging, stimulating letter. He told her that she was years ahead of her time, in her vision, in her projected plans for the honor system. This letter was the first of many.

Another who wrote to her, showing keen interest, was J. J. Saunders, prison censor. When she wrote him that she would like to go to Hollywood to write for the movies, he wrote back that he had friends in Hollywood and would give her letters to William Fox, Raoul Walsh and others. But hope ran ahead of practicability this time. For Lela realized that she had not the money to make the trip nor to finance herself after she got there. She wrote and explained to Mr. Saunders why she was not going, why she could not take advantage of his kind interest.

And then occurred one of those beneficences which are so heartening in that they prove that the human race does "help one another" now and again, just because of belief in a fellow creature or an impersonal desire to hold out the helping hand. For Mr. Saunders, multimillionaire, who had never laid eyes on Lela Rogers, and did not have any idea that she was small, fair or blue-eyed, more beautiful than Ginger has ever been—advanced her the money, financed the trip.

Ginger was five when her mother went to California. They were separated for a year. During that time the child remained with Grandmother and Grandfather Owens and the young Aunt Jean. She wrote daily letters to her Mackey, understanding, with the common sense which is Ginger's today, that what must be must be, and why.

In Hollywood, as six years before in Independence, Lela met with rare good fortune. Fox films bought "Honor System" as a title. Subsequently they used the title, too, though the story was entirely changed. And in the course of that first year she worked and wrote for Mr. Horkheimer of the old Balboa Studio. There were gathered so many of the famed of yesterday: Roscoe Arbuckle, the genial and generous; Lillian Lorraine, Ruth Roland and Henry King who was an ace director then as now.

In a short time the enterprising Lela quit Horkheimer to work for Fox. She wrote a story for Theda Bara and one for Gladys Brockwell. Then she began to write for Baby Marie Osborne, the Shirley Temple of her day. When Baby Marie became a corporation, Lela was sent for and asked to write exclusively for the child. She resigned from her Fox commitments and when the "corporation" saw fit for her to write in New York, she entrained for the East, picking up the small Ginger en route.

For Ginger it was, by this time. A small cousin, Phyllis Fraser, who could not quite get her tongue around the four syllables of the name Virginia had, with infant inspiration of which she was all unaware, named her Ginger.

Ginger was, at this age, her mother freely and laughingly admits, a freckle-faced, gangling little youngster, all knees and elbows and rust-red hair—and with so few pretensions even to mere prettiness that, when Lela met one of her old beaux again after several years and proudly displayed her progeny, the old beau said with truth if not tact, "Oh, is *that* it?"

MOTHER LELA also discovered that her unruffled infant had developed something of a redheaded temper. The prompt maternal action in checking this development has a deal to do, I daresay, with the enormous popularity of the Ginger of today. For when, on the first occasion, Ginger defied her mother and then threw herself on the floor, screaming and kicking, her mother promptly slapped her face.

Ginger, it transpired, had been reading fairy tales at that time. And she had read how proud and royal ladies always turned the other cheek in such humiliating circumstances. Whereupon she rose from the floor and suiting the action to the word announced, "I turn my other cheek!" Mrs. Rogers took full and instant advantage of this crowning, if comical, impertinence by smacking "the other cheek" soundly and more roundly than she had smacked the first. Ginger never lost her temper again. And it may interest parents who fear the after effects of Spartan discipline to know that Ginger says she is very grateful to her mother for that memorable lesson.

"Twenty Million Sweethearts" was the extravagant title of the picture which Dick Powell and Ginger made together.

More dramatic parts like this with Francis Lederer in "Romance in Manhattan" (above left) are Ginger's ambition. She'll do more this year.

Here's a special shot for the gents! Ginger's lovely limbs as revealed in a scene from "Sitting Pretty" with Jack Oakie.

In New York, Lela took quarters for herself and Ginger at the Hotel Bristol. Ginger went to public school on 46th Street, next door to where her mother worked. Everyone in the Bristol became her personal friend—the guests of the house, the chef, the manager, the bellboys and the chambermaids.

Ginger's first little sortie into pictures marks an amusing milestone in her life and, incidentally, in the annals of the movies. It came about in this way. Lela came home from work at the Fox Studio in New York one day to find a note saying that Mr. Burton George (director) and Lela's friend, had taken the baby over to the Fort Lee Studio, in New Jersey, to work in a picture. Lela was furious. She didn't want her little girl in the movies. How dared he put such notions into the child's head? Although Lela, who was writing for and so capably managing the then-thriving career of Baby Marie Osborne, hadn't the faintest idea of her own little girl doing likewise.

When, that evening, Director George brought Ginger home, telling the mother rampant that she had worked all day in a George Walsh picture, he was told that that was the beginning and the end of Virginia Katherine McMath's screen career! Mr. George protested. Ginger would have to go back the next day, he said. They needed her to carry on the scenes she had begun. If she didn't appear it would mean that they would have to destroy all the film shot that day and begin all over again with another child, which would be both bothersome and expensive. But Lela remained adamant. She was sorry. Had she been consulted Mr. Walsh and his company now would not be subjected mained adamant. She was sorry. Had she been consulted and her child would never again appear in pictures.

And so, the first reels of film ever made of Ginger Rogers were deposited in the waste-basket.

THEN THE War hit the world. Lela Rogers saw flags wave, saw the boys marching off, heard the anthems of the Allies resounding in the streets and—enlisted with the Marines! She was on twenty-four-hour call, so in the first twenty-four hours after enlisting, she sent young Ginger back home again, to Grandmother Owens in Kansas City.

Lela went to Washington and served as clerk in the Headquarters of the Marine Corps. While there, she wrote a story for the Marines' magazine which led her Colonel to say to her, "Why did you enlist as a clerk?" And then and there he transferred her to a department where her writing and reporting abilities would be utilized. There, in company with Courtney Riley Cooper, the artist Leyendecker, and other notables of the pen and brush, she worked during the remainder of the War.

Each and every day there arrived a letter from young Ginger. Not one day in all that time did the daily letter fail to appear, and in the same morning mail. To everyone in her department, though the nations of the world were at war, Lela Leibrand (which was the name she used at that time) showed these letters, until she became everywhere known as "Mother Leibrand."

She was, later, handed the cutting and titling of pictures brought from overseas. And the stories she did in conjunction with her other activities—reporting everything from political cabals to crimes passionel, stories which were widely syndicated—brought her, when the Armistice came and she was discharged from duty, an offer from a Baltimore syndicate. She had to refuse it. Her vigorous health, her abounding vitality in so tiny a frame (she only comes about to Ginger's shoulder) was at last depleted. She was sent back home to her mother and to her small daughter on the flat of her back.

Shortly thereafter occurred the next most significant milestone in the lives of Lela and Ginger Rogers. For back home in Kansas City, Lela met John Rogers, who had been a childhood sweetheart. And they were married. Ginger, at the time, was a bit over seven. The marriage lasted for seven years and was the real marriage, the only deep love of Lela Rogers' life.

John Rogers was an insurance broker and his business took him, shortly after his marriage, to Fort Worth, Texas, so that once again, Lela and Ginger returned to the Lone Star State.

There followed several happy, normal years for Ginger. She loved John Rogers with a devotion which he warmly and deeply returned. Now, the editor of a paper, he frequently refers to Ginger as "my daughter." She was not his daughter in the accepted sense of the word; she was his daughter in love and congeniality and respect. She took his name then and has used it ever since, greatly to his pride and satisfaction. They still correspond. And John Rogers, though married again, to another childhood sweetheart, follows Ginger's career consistently.

It was through the music that John Rogers wrote in those days, when he was first married to Lela, that Ginger was inspired to become interested in singing. Now and again, there in Fort Worth, they used to appear on the radio together—half-hour programmes during which they sang the music he had written and other popular songs.

At about this time, too, Ginger had her first beau. Charlie Cartwright was his name and the adolescent "romance" was conducted thus: Ginger would stand on her front porch. Charlie would stand on his front porch. Charlie would manage to become articulate enough to say something, after which he would blush a fiery brick red. Ginger would gulp several times and become articulate enough to answer him, after which she would blush a fiery, sunset red. This state of affairs continued, without notable development, until Ginger left Fort Worth.

LELA, MEANWHILE, was again with a paper. She was holding the twin position of dramatic and society editor of the *Fort Worth Record*. And also, drawing upon her experiences in Hollywood, she wrote plays for the Fort Worth Central High School (which Ginger was attending) and Ginger frequently played the leading parts. Her first dramatic appearance on any stage was in "The Death of St. Dennis," a three-act play which her mother wrote, drawing its theme from Texan history. Ginger played the wife of that historic figure.

Lela Rogers, as has been said, was society and dramatic editor of the *Fort Worth Record*. As dramatic editor her duties took her, frequently, backstage. And with her went Ginger. And to Ginger, as to every imaginative boy and girl, "backstage" was a place of mystery in which moved magic shapes and other-world sounds.

So, while Lela sought news, Ginger sought adventure. All unconsciously, young Ginger breathed deeply the mingled odors of grease-paint, powder and moth balls—and she loved it. She explored stage and loft, wings and dressing-rooms and orchestra pit. For long hours, hidden in the wings, she watched hoofers rehearse their complicated routines, create new steps, over and over and over again. And some of that patience and tirelessness must stand by her now when, for hours upon hours, she and Fred Astaire work today. And this, she has often admitted, did thrill her. She would feel the narrow soles of her own feet twitching, a sensation as though "little wings were groping," she said. Rhythm runs in her veins along with her blood.

It was during those backstage excursions that Ginger met Santry and Seymour. She liked them enormously. And they liked the slender child, just beginning to suggest that peculiarly poignant turn from awkwardness to willowiness. They were friends of Lela's, too, and so they saw a good deal of Ginger.

CAME THE time for the Charleston Contest. Both Santry and Seymour suggested that she enter it. Did they do it only to please the eager girl whose young body already

The fans loved "Roberta," which brought this grand trio together. Fred Astaire, Ginger and Irene Dunne in an amusing scene from the picture.

swayed gracefully to the strains of dance music? Or could it be that, however subconsciously, they sensed in the young Ginger the marvelously skilled young star who dances today to world applause?

Whatever their motive, suggest it they did. And Ginger, rich with enthusiasm, took the suggestion to heart with her usual complete ardor and abandon. She wanted to dance the Charleston. She wanted to enter that contest, too, and if possible, win it. But most of all she, who had never been to dancing school in her life, wanted the fun of dancing the Charleston.

Lela Rogers, it so happened, was not present when this history-making suggestion was made. As a matter of fact, the manager of the Majestic Theatre, entering into friendly conspiracy with Ginger, made all arrangements for her to enter the contest without Mrs. Rogers' knowledge.

Then, as is the way with conspiracies, the secret leaked out. It reached Lela's ears. Lela was quite coldly and terrifyingly the reverse of enthusiastic. She proceeded to throw cold water. She pointed out, with pitiless logic, that Ginger had no clothes, that Ginger had got herself "into a pretty pickle." Ginger had the usual and requisite number of pretty party dresses, but nothing in any way suited to so important an occasion as a Charleston contest.

The situation was desperate and Ginger was frantic. Mr. Santry did not seem, at the time, to be helping when he suggested that Ginger had better show up since she was formally entered. Ginger assured him that she would move heaven and work havoc on the earth in order to get into the contest. This, it began to appear, was easy compared with the contest of wills which went on when Ginger began persuading her mother to provide a new dress for the big event.

Lela Rogers had not wanted Ginger to enter that contest. She felt the girl was too young. She felt, too, that if Ginger should win, there would be offers of vaudeville engagements. If Ginger accepted the vaudeville offers she would next, and logically, begin to consider the stage as a career. Then, her mother knew, she would be obliged to give Ginger the chance to follow her desire. Also it would mean that she would have to give up her position on the *Fort Worth Record* and accompany Ginger on tour, since she was too young to go alone. And, far more important, it would mean the end of all the dreams she had for Ginger, all the plans she had formed and worked so hard to make posible. It threatened Ginger's safety and peace,

Who can forget the infectious swing of the Piccolino which Fred and Ginger danced in "Top Hat"? Here they are whirling through it.

Fred Astaire gives Ginger a sample of a new Irving Berlin hit in their gay opus, "Follow the Fleet."

Ginger has one of those warm, friendly natures that embraces everything from friends to her pet Siamese cat.

Ginger and her mother, Lela Rogers, often confer between scenes on the set, as shown here.

Lew Ayres beams on his bride, Ginger, as they leave the church.

which from the beginning, before the child was born, she had so terribly wanted for her.

Things came to a standstill and remained that way. Came the night before the contest. Ginger tasted despair. She had used all her pleas, said all her passionate prayers, for the first time in her life, in vain.

She could not face defeat. The latent trouper in her triumphed. She braced her failing spirit, went in to play the greatest dramatic part of her life for that loving, embattled little lioness, her mother.

SHE WAS cool, passionless, logical. She marshalled and presented her facts, bare-faced. She said that her instinct told her that this was her "chance"—and not only to win a Charleston contest. All that she was to be, she said, rested now on her mother's ultimatum—to buy or not to buy a dress.

And when she had done, she also had won. Her mother sensed that the child was battling for an essential now. And so, with few words, but graciously admitting defeat at the hand of her little girl who, overnight, was a little girl no longer, Lela Rogers hastened downtown. She bought several yards of white crepe romaine, a quantity of brilliants. She worked all night and in the morning Ginger found, spread on her bed, the alluring costume in which she won the Charleston Contest and—danced her way to the side of Fred Astaire.

Perhaps that first white gown was the forerunner of the one white gown, or white and silver gown, which Ginger insists upon wearing in at least one dance number of every picture she makes. Save for that established rule that there be one white gown, Ginger wears any color—except red. She is especially fond of blue, green or brown for tailored clothes. She loves pretty clothes, but has often said she would despise to be known as "The Best Dressed Woman in Hollywood." She has a habit of getting one dress she especially likes and wearing it until it is worn out. Other frocks, in the meantime, will hang in her closet until they are completely out of style. She doesn't like clothes that are stylized or freakish or the least bit faddish.

She never wears make-up on the street, save for a trace of lipstick. She uses a specially prepared face oil in place of powder and is always sufficiently sun-tanned so that she doesn't need to use rouge, which she detests. She is the most natural-looking star in Hollywood, with the possible exception of Maureen O'Sullivan. For the very good reason that she *is* natural, she seldom wears jewelry. When she is working, she always wears overalls or slacks (item: $1.00) and a washable shirt (item: $1.00), plus flat-heeled sandals and a ribbon 'round her hair.

But to go back and record history: Ginger went into the contest there in Fort Worth—and won it. This was truly triumph!

AND THEN happened what Lela Rogers expected. The prize for winning the contest was four weeks with the Interstate Circuit at $100.00 a week. The momentum of that Dallas success had been such that there was, Lela recognized, no going backward. A prize had been won.

On the Interstate Circuit with them Mrs. Rogers and Ginger took two of the defeated Charleston competitors, a boy and a girl, both redheads. Lela was shrewd enough to realize that assisting talent could do no harm and maternal enough to figure that they would save Ginger's strength by staying on stage while she was changing and getting her breath. The act was billed "Ginger Rogers and Her Redheads."

It was while she was on the Interstate Circuit for a return engagement three years later that Ginger Rogers made her first marriage.

Little has ever been said, almost nothing has ever been known of this first, brief marriage. It was like this: The young husband had been a friend of Ginger's family for several years. He had been, indeed, a beau of that young Aunt Jean with whom Ginger had first gone to school back in Kansas City. "It was one of those things," Ginger told me, "where they practically used to give me dimes and quarters to leave the room." The young man had paid no attention then to the little niece who was always in the way. The only attention he had paid her was to get her *out* of the way. But Ginger, adolescent, had paid him considerable and idealizing attention.

She dreamed that "some day when she was grown up . . ." And then the "some day" came, in Dallas, Texas. She wasn't very grown-up, even then. But she was on the stage.

And so they met again and, three weeks later, were married in New Orleans, Ginger had a three-week- lay-off and then, after that brief honeymoon, reported back for work. Theirs was a travelling marriage. They never made a home together, and they separated after ten months.

THE CAREER, meanwhile, was pyramiding. From Memphis, Ginger went to St. Louis where, for thirty-two weeks, she headlined a show with Eddie Lowry. She went then to the Oriental Theatre in Chicago to sing and dance to the music of Paul Ash. After an eighteen-weeks run, Paul Ash went to New York.

Came, eventually, a call from Paul Ash asking Ginger to join him at the Paramount Theatre in Brooklyn. She accepted. On the day she accepted there came a call from Kalmar and Ruby, who were about to produce a musical. They wanted a comedienne.

Ginger opened in "Top Speed." She was, she admits, a little frightened, not a little impressed to be in musical comedy which was "the tops" to her. She did a little self-pinching to verify the fantastic fact.

It was while she was in "Top Speed," however, that she made her first movie, "Young Man of Manhattan," with Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster. This was the picture in which she played the famous vamp-flapper role (it took her two years to live *that* down) and in which she spoke the oft-quoted line, "Cigarette me, Big Boy." She was tag-lined with that line for months.

She made five pictures for Paramount, in New York. She did some radio work over the Rudy Vallee program. And—she played a lead in "Girl Crazy," her second musical comedy on Broadway.

"Then, when my show closed, I got a wire to come to Hollywood to do pictures for Pathé," said Ginger.

It was at about this time that Ginger met Director Mervyn LeRoy and the friendship which lasted for more than two years began. And it was Mervyn LeRoy, Ginger admits today, who was largely responsible for the next upward steps of her career. They went everywhere together. Never a column that didn't include their linked names; never a party which they did not attend together. It was, or so Hollywood thought, a romance that would, inevitably, culminate at the altar. It didn't.

DURING THE time of her friendship with Mervyn LeRoy, Ginger went to Warner Brothers and made "42nd Street," "Gold Diggers of 1933" and others. The pictures were due, without doubt, she says, to Mervyn LeRoy's influence.

She's a great hobbyist and one of them happens to be tennis.

There were a couple of pictures at Fox and then free-lancing, with one or two independents, and a picture at Universal called, ironically, "Don't Bet on Love"—for Ginger made it with Lew Ayres. It was after that picture that Ginger signed a three-picture contract with RKO-Radio. And there began the reel roster which has put her on the box-office throne she occupies today.

Ginger met Lew, not on the set of "Don't Bet on Love," as has been said, but at a party. It was not "love at first sight." "I do believe," Ginger told me, "that love at first sight is entirely possible, but it didn't happen that way with Lew and me. We had met, casually, several times, before we began to go out together. I liked him. I know that he liked me. But it definitely wasn't love—at first.

"The first date we ever had was the night of the big earthquake. We made a date to go downtown to see 'Of Thee I Sing.' We kept the date and during the first act the temblors began and proceeded to shake the house, to shake us right out of our seats, finally. In between acts—and quakes—we went window shopping! I should have known it was love when it never occurred to me that the gigantic buildings might, at any moment, topple down on our hapless heads and extinguish both love and life! After the theatre, we decided to drive down to Long Beach to see the devastated areas, but we were stopped by the police so we went back home, to my house, and made coffee and sandwiches, got Mother out of bed and sat around, talking until dawn.

"We had a lot of fun together—for a time," Ginger said, her blue eyes reminiscent. "We were always doing crazy things or crazy things were always happening to us. Like the time Lew lost his top hat going up the steps of the church the day we were married, with the fans looking on. And just before the ceremony, as I was driving to Pasadena, all beruffled and afraid to take a deep breath lest one of the ruffles wrinkle, I beheld my bridegroom and his best man, Ben Alexander, perched on stands in front of a hamburger 'jint!' 'Twas a pretty sight! We used to go on spur-of-the-moment picnics, too. We used to do fool things like driving to the desert and bumming it down there for a day and a night—often visiting old deserted gold mines and playing we were prospectors or something. No telling what we'd do, or when or how . . ."

You fans still trip to the catchy tunes of "Swing Time" wherever you go to dance. This dancing school scene with Ginger trying to teach Fred Astaire to dance was a riot.

Ginger and Lew were married in the Church of the Flowers, in Pasadena, the following November. And no girl ever entered a marriage with a more profound hope for its success, a more abiding faith in its beauty than did Ginger on that November day.

Then things went wrong. Two years later that marriage made in Heaven was sundered here on earth. And that the sundering was painful and has left a residue of pain, is evident in the quieter voices and graver eyes of the girl and boy who came out of that marriage not quite the same.

There have been many "explanations," many theories, more surmises and gossip about the "why" of their separation. Hollywood took its somewhat unholy interest in the affairs, the home life, the well-being, or the reverse, of the limelighted young couple. And that was probably one of the causes. They didn't have a chance. They didn't have privacy. They had the "audience reaction" throughout.

They were, when they were first married, in quite different positions, professionally, from those occupied when they came to the parting of the ways. For when they were married, Ginger was not the tops as she is today and—Lew was a big star. Then the screen scene see-sawed, as it has a habit of doing. Ginger began her amazing career. She teamed with Fred Astaire, but Lew was not working as steadily any more. It is a tribute to Lew, and not the reverse, to assume that perhaps he couldn't quite take it. He, like many before him, could not endure being called a "Mister Ginger Rogers," even in the good clean fun with which those things are said.

Ginger's activities increased with her mounting fame. She spent long hours, days, weeks, rehearsing with Fred Astaire. She tapped and routined her way through dinner hours, holidays, birthdays and anniversaries. There was no more time for expeditions to the desert, for suddenly planned picnics. No time to share Lew's interest in astronomy; no time to share his hobbies and pursuits. There was, actually, no time to be a wife.

LEW AND Ginger were, I think, psychologically mismated. Ginger is gay and warm and friendly. Lew, on the other hand, is quiet, reserved, ultra-studious, not adjustable, not what is commonly known as "a good mixer." They might have adjusted their differences; they might have worked out the problem which was themselves if they had had the time. They didn't have it and they didn't have the privacy.

Ginger told me, "My mother once said a very wise thing. She said, 'You can eliminate everything from a marriage, if you can laugh alike.'" There came the time when Ginger and Lew couldn't laugh alike. They didn't share enough things to laugh at.

"And so," Ginger told me, eyes a little wistful, "I shall just drift along for a time. We are not divorced as yet. That will come soon. I have no marital plans for the future, but none whatsoever. I go out with Jimmy Stewart now and then, with other boys occasionally.

"I may marry again, someday, if that love comes to me. I shall certainly never give up my career.

"I am drifting, romantically; I am working very hard, professionally. I hope and intend to make one or two dramatic pictures a year instead of all dancing pictures. Mother and I are building a home on Beverly Crest—a sort of stylized farmhouse, I'd call it. It's very small, sort of rambling and homey and fun.

"I just live each day as it comes, do the best I can with it, watch it die without regret. I put what is past away."

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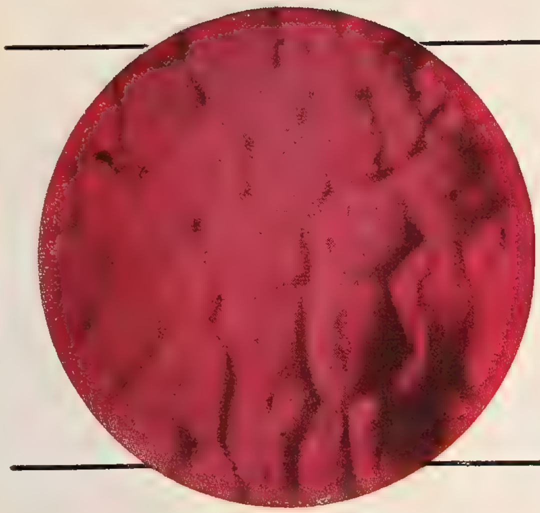

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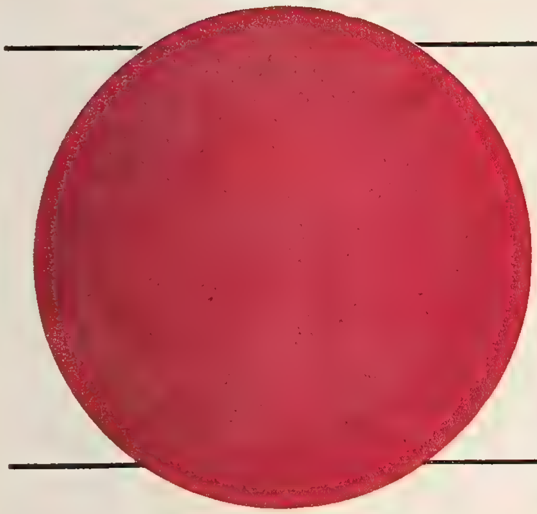

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He Has a Private Life

(*Continued from page 47*)

sun but Ian Hunter. He made no effort to be mysterious, but he gracefully changed the subject when it happened to be himself; he deftly parried my questions; he effectually blocked every attempt to get beneath the surface.

After lunch I returned to the publicity department and demanded to know something about Ian Hunter, but a thorough canvass of the bell ringers brought forth the same answer: "We don't know him."

Ten years ago an actor of this type wouldn't have stood a chance in Hollywood, but today a new type of actor is catching the fancy of the public and Mr. Hunter is a fair example. He isn't an attention-getter off the screen; he isn't a great lover and he isn't good copy. He seems to avoid publicity.

For instance, upon his arrival in Hollywood he was put immediately to work in "Midsummer Night's Dream," in which he played Theseus, Duke of Athens. When the picture was finished, the studio heads thought it an excellent opportunity to introduce him to the public as the Master of Ceremonies at the gala premiere of this picture. In the advertising and in the program Mr. Hunter was billed in that capacity. The only thing they forgot to do was to consult Mr. Hunter about it until the day of the opening, when they mentioned it to him.

"But I can't do it," he said flatly. "I'm no good at that sort of thing."

That was that. No amount of persuasion would induce him to change his mind. What any other actor, particularly a newcomer to Hollywood, would have considered a great opportunity, Mr. Hunter shunned as he would a bill collector. He is an actor who is content to rely entirely on his ability in a business where, until very recently, almost any other quality than a talent for acting would help a player to success. He cannot be unaware of the value of publicity, but a natural reserve plus a definite talent—probably a heritage from his Scotch ancestry—for saving words makes him definitely no help to a publicity department. He makes no effort to be seen about where "the crowd" dines and dances. In fact, he even lives as far as he can from Hollywood at Santa Monica by the sea. But in spite of being deficient in publicity angles, he has made rapid and consistent strides toward stardom since he arrived in Hollywood.

IT was my impression, which I verified later, that Mr. Hunter was an important actor on the stage in England. I wondered how it happened that he would give up stardom there to come to Hollywood and play secondary roles in pictures. In many pictures he has been content to be the best friend of the star.

"It's a simple matter of arithmetic," he explained. "I can earn as much in Hollywood in a year as I can on the stage in England in a lifetime. I want to make as much money as I can. I have a family to take care of, two children to educate. The theatrical profession is a peculiar business. One minute you are on top. The next minute you may be out. You don't know why or when you are going to be through. While I'm on top it's fine. I'm preparing for the time when I won't be. I'm holding onto my money. It goes into the bank every week. I want to work as long as I can but when there is no more work for me, I want to be prepared to step out gracefully and have a feeling of security."

His father was a wine merchant in Cape Town, South Africa, where Ian was born, and his youth was particularly carefree and happy. He had no ambition for a career of any kind but was very interested in having a good time.

His one ambition then, and one which he still has, was to sail on and swim in all the different waters of the world. His record to date is quite imposing. During his boyhood he swam in the tepid waters of the Indian Ocean in the morning and in the icy waters of the South Atlantic in the afternoon. They were less than twenty miles apart. He attended high school at Grahamstown, South Africa, and went on to college at Aldenham in Hertfordshire, England. While there he explored all the waters about the British Isles and those of France, Spain and Germany.

Probably the most dramatic event of his life occurred during the War. He had been given leave and, of course, rushed to Paris to have a good time. One evening, when meeting a group of people for the first time, he suddenly heard himself being introduced to his own brother.

"It was like meeting a stranger," he told me. "My brother had left home when I was too young to remember him at all. We were both very surprised and we both felt very strange about it. He was on leave, too, and we spent the remainder of our holiday getting acquainted."

Indirectly, it was the World War that caused Ian Hunter to become an actor. The war had stopped his education before he had decided on his life work and the end of the war found him unprepared to earn a living at any profession.

One day an actors' manager in London looked up to see Hunter, a youth of nineteen, standing in his office. The boy had just received his discharge from the army and, naturally, was out of a job.

"I want to go on the stage," he announced, with all the confidence of youth.

QUESTIONING brought out the fact that he had no experience as an actor. In fact, it had never occurred to him before that he wanted to be an actor. His two older brothers, Kenneth and Colin, had been very successful in the theatre before the war and had resumed their work after getting out of the army. It seemed to this boy that it was a good racket to get into.

The agent knew of the family, knew the boy's background. He also knew the scarcity of "white collar" jobs at the time, but he hesitated.

"Will you get me a job on the stage?" young Hunter persisted.

"Don't do it, my young man, don't do it," the agent advised kindly. "Go back to school or you'll regret it all your life."

"But he got me a job in a play and I played half a dozen different parts in it," Hunter told me. He never left the stage from that time on, except to make a few pictures in England, until he came to Hollywood. He toured the Provinces with stock companies and later became one of London's popular matinee idols.

Ten years ago Mr. Hunter married Casha Pringle, former English actress, and they have two sons—Jolyon, aged nine, and Robin, aged six.

"Jolyon has definitely decided to be an actor," Mr. Hunter said, "and he must be serious for he hasn't changed his mind in a year. He thinks he'd like to be an actor because they make a lot of money," he laughed.

"Just now I'm more interested in teaching them both to swim in the surf and sail a boat," he added.

The Hunters live always on or near the water. "I feel that I've lost something when I'm not near some kind of water," he explained. "And it's quiet there," he added, admitting that his pet hate is noise of any description.

He is so rabid about noise he refuses to have a radio in the house and even the telephone bells have been removed and replaced by a light that blinks when there is a call on the wire. In this home, too, there is a soundproof room, in which Mr. Hunter reads and writes.

When it comes to race horses and good wines, Mr. Hunter forgets his Scotch ancestry, but he economizes by turning off lights and he is saving his vacations until enough have accumulated to enable him to take a long sea voyage. Mr. H. doesn't believe in the skimpy holidays which most stars have to be contented with.

A few years ago a young Basque sailor tied up his sixteen-foot boat to the Battery wall in New York and announced that he had crossed the Atlantic Ocean—all alone in his small boat. He had arrived unheralded. Putting out from Lisbon, Portugal, he had negotiated the treacherous waters of the Atlantic in three months via the northern route.

The day after his story had been verified, the young man was famous. Among the congratulatory cables he received was one from Ian Hunter, at that time a star on the London stage. This cable read: "You have done what has been my life's ambition. Congratulations."

SO don't be too surprised, when his vacations have accrued, to hear some day of Mr. Hunter starting out on such a trip. He will not attempt to make the crossing alone, however, and says he would choose for his companion in such a voyage, Erling Tambs, noted Norwegian sailor and adventurer.

Differing from most actors, who clamor for more publicity, Ian Hunter even complains about the nature of squibs printed about him. There was the very amusing incident concerning his mongrel dog, Hamish, who became very seasick on the way over from England. His master gave him a bit of champagne, which is considered a sure cure for *mal de mer*. The champagne cured the dog of seasickness, but left him with an incurable taste for wine.

"I wish they hadn't printed that story," Mr. Hunter remonstrated.

"Why, isn't it true?" I asked him.

"Oh, yes," he said, "it's true, but it's so silly."

Again, upon his arrival in Hollywood he discovered that a reputation for being the "handsomest man in England" had preceded him here, and he was no end upset and embarrassed. However, the rumor proved to be no boomerang and experts are inclined to agree that he fulfilled all expectations. His work since he has been here doesn't leave you wondering why he was a favorite in England.

He is regarded by his co-workers as amiable, without temperament, as Warner Baxter said, "a grand guy."

If you'd like to get acquainted with this man whom "nobody knows," just try asking him a few questions about himself. He knows all the answers: "yes" and "no."

Don't be a fade-out!

SAYS

Jane Heath

• Do you always seem to fade into the background when some more glamourous girl arrives? Don't let her get away with it! A woman's most expressive feature is always her eyes . . . so play *yours* up! A careful touch of SHADETTE on the outside corners of your eyelids is absolutely imperceptible in daylight, but how it does bring out the natural color of your eyes! SHADETTE offers 12 subtle tints, with gold and silver for evening. 75c.

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(*Please print plainly*)

She Does as She Pleases

(*Continued from page 19*)

and as far as she is concerned it is seven in the morning.

There is a story told to this effect: Patsy was hours late for an important business appointment with her New York agent. Knowing her, everyone in the office sighed with resignation and waited. Finally a telephone call came in from her. Before taking the call the agent turned to a friend and remarked, "I'll bet you a dollar she'll ask what time it is," and took the call. Patsy's first words were, "Say, what *day* is this?"

Everyone knows pretty thoroughly the story of her childhood. She has made no secret of her background. She describes it in this way. "I just escaped being born in Ireland. My three sisters were born before we came over and only my brother and I were born here. One of my sisters, I've never seen. She's still in Ireland and lives in County Mayo. She owns eight pubs." No covering up the truth and building a phony but glittering press story here. Her sister owns some "pubs" and that's exactly what Patsy tells. She interrupted her story to say, "I think I'm going over next year." She winks an eye and clicks her tongue against her cheek in pleasant anticipation. "Boy, won't I have fun!

"We were what you'd call poor, but we never missed any meals. We went without shoes, but mother always set a good table. We lived in a tenement, but we were given ten cents a week for a movie." She added with Irish appreciation for a sly one, "I never spent it for that, though. I always climbed over the fence."

When Patsy was around eight, and in the third grade, her mother managed to send her to dancing school. What denials that must have entailed! Patsy repaid her by working frantically and by the time she was twelve she was teaching dancing for Jack Blue. She continued to teach until she was fifteen when her brother got a job dancing in a Frank Fay show.

Patsy went down to the theatre to help him with his routine. Frank Fay noticed her and told her to report for work on the following Monday. Patsy was on the job believing that she was to work with her brother. She was wrong—the brother had been fired and she worked alone.

That was a good start and it would be easy to imagine that all was smooth sailing from then on. But such was not the case. Patsy was no beauty. She could not wear stunning clothes nor glide with the grace of a queen. The breaks did not come easy and it was a long hard grind from there to the Hal Roach studio where they are now grooming her for stardom.

Recently I was on the set watching Patsy and Lyda Roberti make their new picture, "Nobody's Baby." They were working with a new-born baby in the private room of a hospital, supposedly.

There is a soft streak in every person with the blood of Erin in her veins and Patsy is no exception. This was revealed in the tender way in which she looked at and handled the tiny baby. Her eyes were dark and lustrous and her voice was as deep and mellow as the soft, crooning voice of a mother as she cradled him in her arms. The camera ground on, Patsy spoke her lines, and all the time her hand was patting—patting soothingly—the tiny back.

She and Lyda are playing student nurses who become involved in a night club mystery. They solve it and, of course, get themselves into and out of many scrapes.

Lyda Roberti joined us and our conversation turned to the tough assignment Lyda had when she stepped into the spot left vacant by the death of Thelma Todd. Patsy said, "She's doing a grand job and it's been plenty tough. It wasn't a cinch stepping into Thelma's place."

At the mention of Thelma's name Patsy's mood changed to one of depression. No one could have thought more of Thelma than The Kelly. They had been close friends for years. They respected each other not only as troupers but as individuals. Thelma, with her cool, blonde beauty and fine education was a contrasting foil for the voluble and rowdy Kelly. Yet they had hilarious times together, off-screen as well as on. They had teamed together for so long that there was never any difficulty with their scenes. They clicked.

Under the circumstances it would have been natural and human if Patsy had been impatient and critical of Lyda. It would have been understandable had she covered up her sorrow at losing Thelma by being bitter toward the one who took her place. But that's not The Kelly. She saw Lyda's position. She put her at ease, and rehearsed hours off-set with her to make their work smooth.

In speaking of Lyda, Patsy said, "She's very funny. You see, it's simple because Lyda, with her dialect, is so entirely different. She doesn't understand all the English words and that makes for comedy and it's easy to get laughs. The only change is that, where Thelma used to play straight and I did the foil, the positions are reversed—I play straight and Lyda does the foil."

Patsy can't be serious long and she shook herself out of her somber mood and began to squirm. Suddenly she shouted, including everyone within sound of her voice, "Anyone want a soda? Speak up. Come on, let's go over and get a drink." Seven of us trailed over to the studio cafe.

We distributed ourselves on high stools and ordered. Patsy kept up a running fire of hilariously funny comments about her father whom she refers to as "The Sheik of Eighty-eighth and Columbus," as we drank our drinks.

Finished, Patsy began to search through various pockets and down the front of her uniform for her money. It could not be found. While she fumbled, becoming wilder and wilder, Joe from the casting office, wearing a long-suffering air, paid the check, barely making it from small change in his pocket.

Patsy was off the stool, her hair disordered, frantically making a last desperate search as she muttered, "Now, I had that. What'dya suppose I did with it. I didn't eat it. Well—" Her voice broke off as she touched the money in her most convenient pocket, "Oh—oh, here it is. Gosh, I thought I'd lost it."

Joe said, "I paid it."

Patsy said, "You did? Well, say, that calls for another drink." She climbed back up on her stool, anchored herself to it by wrapping her legs around its base, twisted her misplaced nurse's apron from under her right ear to something near its correct position, pushed her hair back of her ears, and slumped comfortably over the drink which was put in front of her.

Patsy was "being herself," forgetful and hoydenish. She was doing as she darn well pleased.

Lines... Dry Skin ARE UNDER-SKIN FAULTS

Miss Sela Krebs: "A dry-looking skin is easy to avoid with Pond's Cold Cream."

To keep skin young looking —learn how to invigorate your UNDER SKIN

Hard to believe—but those little lines that look as if they'd been creased into your skin from the outside, actually begin *underneath!*

First, hundreds of little cells, fibres and blood vessels *underneath* begin to function poorly. Then, the under tissues sag. That's what makes your *outside* skin fall into creases.

The same way with dull, dry skin! It's little oil glands *underneath* that function faultily—and rob your outside skin of the oil it needs to keep it supple, young looking.

But think!—You can invigorate those failing under tissues! You can start those faulty oil glands functioning busily again. That's why you need not be discouraged when lines and skin dryness begin.

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Start to rouse your underskin with Pond's "deep-skin" treatments. Soon you'll see lines smoothing out, skin getting supple, young looking again.

Every night, pat Pond's Cold Cream into your skin. Its specially processed fine oils go deep, loosen dirt and make-up. Wipe it all off. Now the rousing treatment—more Pond's Cold Cream briskly patted in. Feel the blood tingling! Your skin is glowing . . . softer. Feels toned already! You are waking up that underskin.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat. Your skin is smooth for powder.

Do this regularly. Soon tissues grow firm again. Lines fade out. Your skin is smooth—supple. It looks *years younger!*

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Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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Good Bad Man

(*Continued from page 51*)

youngster, to see the stage stars who came to San Francisco. Many of them hailed from there, and she knew some of them personally. That was how I first got the urge, I suppose."

However, it took years for the footlight fever to develop into a rash.

"For five years, I went to Santa Clara Academy. About the only play ever presented there was 'The Bells.' I had the lead in that, and called myself an actor."

He finished high school at Santa Clara, meanwhile winning "a bunch of elocution contests." One of the awards was a medal, which he later lost in a fight. Then, for a year he went to "coaching school"—apparently a localism for "preparatory school"—and entered Stanford University.

Lloyd had a cousin, a great athlete, who threatened to "knock his block off" if he went out for football. This cousin had suffered an injury that made it painful for him either to lie down or sit down, and later cost him his life. But Lloyd disregarded the advice and tried to become Freshman fullback. Ernie Nevers, later All-American, was out for the same position. That meant that Lloyd was practically glued to the bench.

No one warned him against acting. Despite that fact, he tried out, in his Freshman year, for the Senior play. He won the lead. That led to his becoming a member of the University Players, who put on twelve plays a year, in which he did everything from melodrama to musicals. And that led, after two years, to his flunking out.

STANFORD has a rule that no flunkee can be readmitted until a year has elapsed. It was during that year of waiting around that he was first paid for acting. It happened more or less by accident.

"I started out to see the world, and with a fraternity brother, I shipped on a liner making a world cruise. I was an understudy to an officer, at a salary of twenty-five cents a month. At least, that's what it seemed like. And it took tall talking to get the job. The line had had too much experience with young cubs who quit after the first trip. Which, by the way, was what we intended to do.

"Nothing much happened on the cruise, except work, until we reached New York. The ship burned up there. My pal and I had dressed in shore clothes and had gone to a show on our first night in port. We were due back on the boat at twelve. We came in sight of the pier at ten of twelve—and were the first to see the fire.

"I rushed on board, and waved an empty hose around for about ten minutes, until I cracked wise that something was wrong with the water pressure; then headed for shore, along with a cloud of smoke.

"We had three dollars and thirty-six cents. We spent three dollars getting to the Hotel McAlpin. We expected his mother to be there and come to our rescue. But she wasn't there. That meant that, without cash or luggage, we had to try to talk ourselves into a room.

"We talked ourselves not only into a room, but a suite, with two exposures. We tipped the bellhop a quarter with a grand gesture, and had eleven cents left. We had no toothbrush, no comb, no clothes except those on our backs—we were lucky to be in shore clothes when the fire happened.

"If his mother hadn't appeared in the morning, probably the steamship line would have bailed us out. The line was big-hearted. It offered to let us work our way back to San Francisco on a freighter. We had heard about freighter food. I wired home, 'Miscalculated financial status by about five thousand miles. Please send money.' "

A month after his return home, his father died. Lloyd suddenly was strictly on his own.

With another ex-Stanfordite, who had written a skit about radio, he went into vaudeville. Lloyd was the stooge of the act—his was the voice that came out of the unpredictable microphone.

"That lasted four months," he continued. "And I didn't like it much better than I liked swabbing decks. The routine of it was deadly. We used to try to think up new lines to add to the act, but we were in such a rut that we just couldn't percolate any new ones. I'm glad I didn't stick at that."

By the end of the four months, his year away from Stanford had elapsed.

"I went back—and took any work I could get to pay my way through. I punched tickets at football games, waited on table at the fraternity house and I was a hasher. At the same time, I was still the leading man at the campus playhouse—a hero in make-believe, a menial in reality. That didn't help my self-respect any.

"And that year away hadn't made me any more studious by any means. I had lost respect for authority, for one thing. And I had a bugaboo, for another thing. It's name was chemistry. The class came at 8 A. M., which was bad enough, but I hated the smell of that room. It reminded me of medicine. One failing I have is that I can't stand medicinal odors—or talk of dissection."

A strange idiosyncrasy for a screen "bad man," who, supposedly, wouldn't stop at anything!

CHEMISTRY was supposed to be a snap course, he said. "English was supposed to be tough. Yet I pulled A's in English and F's in Chem. Until finally, President Wilbur told me, 'Your intelligence test is 'way above your marks here. You get good grades in the hard subjects, poor marks in the easy ones. Why don't you become an actor?'

"So, when I flunked out for the second and final time, I decided to take the little money I had inherited from my father and invest it in a year's test of myself as an actor. When you're in school, your family and your friends all tell you that you're marvelous. You're not so sure. You've got to find out—from colder critics.

"I came down here, with an introduction to Gilmor Brown at the Pasadena Playhouse. He was hard up for a leading man. I got the job. I was there a year, working without salary."

The only money he earned during that year was in a brief engagement with Edward Everett Horton's super-stock company, in "The Queen's Husband." That was the first time he ever played a "heavy." The character was a revolutionist.

No, he didn't give a thought to the movies—then. Because:

"I had already had one movie experience, at Stanford. Some Hollywood high-pressure promoter sold Wilbur the idea of a movie about the University, written by undergraduates and played by undergraduates. The epic was called 'Stanford

(*Continued on page 92*)

Her mother taught her
this sensible rule...
Never to let more
than one day pass

Years ago her mother taught her the importance of regular habits of elimination.

Ever since she can remember, there has been a box of Olive Tablets on the bathroom shelf just as a reminder not to let more than one day go by without doing something to assist Nature.

Originally the formula of Dr. Edwards, an Ohio physician, Olive Tablets are now widely recognized as a standard proprietary.

Mild and gentle in their action, one little pellet is usually all you need to take to get desired results. Thousands of women have made Olive Tablets their favorite laxative. Three sizes: 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All druggists.

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THE LAXATIVE
OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

GLAMOUR? She has it... and good sense, too

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"Maid of Salem"

She keeps her complexion exquisite—guards against Cosmetic Skin—with this simple care . . .

"USE COSMETICS? Of course I do," says lovely Claudette Colbert. "But I always use Lux Toilet Soap!"

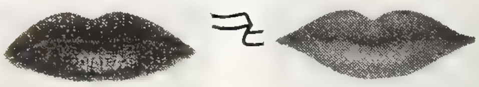
9 out of 10 other lovely screen stars use this famous soap. Lux Toilet Soap guards against Cosmetic Skin—enlarged pores, tiny blemishes. Its ACTIVE lather goes deep into the pores, *thoroughly* removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Use Lux Toilet Soap before you renew make-up during the day, ALWAYS before you go to bed. "Soft, smooth skin is very important to charm!" says Claudette Colbert.

For lips that never look old

Through the day use Tangee... watch the blush-rose shade of youth appear...Tangee, with its magic Color Change Principle, changes from orange in the stick to blush-rose on your lips...Paris says, "A painted look is not in keeping with today's fashions." Tangee *isn't paint*—cannot give you a "painted look". Use Tangee Rouge for cheeks. It also has the magic Color Change Principle.

Through the night...Tangee Lipstick's special cream base softens and protects your lips...Tangee Natural Lipstick's special cream base protects lips. Do not confuse Tangee with ordinary cosmetics you must remove at night. Try Tangee. 39¢ and $1.10. Or send coupon below for Tangee's 24-Hour Miracle Make-Up Set.



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Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel
*Name*____________________ (Please Print)
*Address*____________________
*City*__________ *State*__________ MM37

(*Continued from page 90*)

Days.' It's still shown as a curiosity. The three principal characters were an athlete, a student and a girl. I was supposed to be the athlete.

"And was I hammy! Some campus comics brought me great wreaths of shrubbery and vegetables in honor of my performance. I finally saw the picture myself. And immediately gave up all thought of movie-acting.

"Also, when I was at Pasadena, movie scouts didn't have the habit they have now. They didn't cover the Playhouse, looking for talent. And I didn't cover the studios. I didn't have any illusions about my face for films."

After a year at Pasadena, he headed for New York with the idea: "All you need is one chance. Then, if you can deliver, you're set." It took Lloyd Nolan—who had always had such lucky breaks as an amateur and semi-professional actor—six years to find that one chance.

"I beat it for New York while I still had the fare," he recalled. "I didn't know anyone in the theatrical business there except one kid who was doing extras for the Theatre Guild.

"But Jed Harris was sending out a road company of 'Front Page,' which had opened on the day I hit New York. I happened to look a little like Joseph Spurin-Calleia, who was in the New York company. I landed his part on the road. I began my professional acting career in Chicago—not on Broadway. It took me time to get *there.*

"The next summer I went up to Cape Cod, to the Cape Playhouse at Dennis. I started there as a stagehand. At the end of the season, the company put on the 'Cape Cod Follies.' There was a pirate skit in it. Someone had to play the pirate so I was given the assignment. The Shuberts bought the show and took some of us to Broadway with it. I got my Broadway start as a song-and-dance man. Shades of George M. Cohan!"

After that—well, a stage-director friend suggested a small part in a play called "Sweet Stranger." The director thought it might lead to bigger things. What Lloyd didn't know was that another boy had been thrown out of the cast to make room for him.

Also, just before appearing for his first rehearsal with the company, he made the tactical error of indulging in an onion or two.

HE found himself facing scenes with a sweet stranger who seemed to regard him in the same class with prussic acid. She hated him. First, because she thought he had chiseled the other boy out of a job. And, secondly, because of the onions.

That girl was Mel Efird. Today she is Mrs. Lloyd Nolan. In those two sentences is a short short story of the Nolan charm. They were married during the run of the play. He told me:

"Nobody ever knew at the time. We didn't want anyone to know; we were that romantic. We spent three days trying to find a place that didn't require a certain period of residence or some other red tape. Finally, we had a bright idea: Why not get married right in New York? So down we went to City Hall and were married. And had no publicity whatsoever. By the time the press-agent of the show found out, it wasn't news any longer."

After "Sweet Stranger," he had a part in "Reunion in Vienna," with the Lunts. He played in summer stock, both at Dennis and at Scarborough-on-the-Hudson, and had small Broadway parts. The years began marching past. Three, four, five of them.

Finally, he was in another musical—the third edition of "Americana." It was a depression satire, "which was a little too bitter to be funny," he said. Lloyd played a gangster—Nails Mallarkey, Public Enemy Numbers One to Ten Inclusive. That was his first "heavy" role on Broadway. And he was a comedy "heavy." He had no presentiment whatsoever of what was ahead of him, in Hollywood.

Then came the biggest break he had had—the "one chance" he had been praying for. The leading role—the part of Biff Grimes—in "One Sunday Afternoon." (Gary Cooper later played it on the screen.)

"The night the show opened, the cast was broke and the director was broke. The same night, some radical took a shot at Roosevelt. That was all over the papers the next morning; nobody read the reviews. Then the banks closed. No play ever lived through what that play did. It was the only show that ran all through that summer. It lasted almost a year."

The movie scouts were around to see him, as soon as he clicked. He had tests and he had offers. But he didn't want to leave Broadway, just when he was finally getting somewhere.

"I did two more plays," Lloyd said. "One, 'Ragged Army,' was so terrific that it lasted two nights. From that, I hopped immediately into 'Gentlewoman,' which ran two weeks. I said, 'T'hell with Broadway!' and signed a movie contract."

He sat around for almost six months, a forgotten man who was drawing a salary, before he was assigned to a picture—"Stolen Harmony." The role was good; the picture, poor. When the company wanted to take up his option, he was "skitterish." He decided to free-lance; he thought he might keep busier that way.

He was in "G-Men"—on the side of law and order. He was in three other pictures whose titles he can't remember; he has an atrocious memory for names. Then he signed with Columbia, which promised to keep him busy—and did.

In fifteen months, he has played fourteen roles. Only seven of them, believe it or not, have been "heavies." But they are the ones that have made him stand out.

"I'm just getting used to the camera, just beginning to find myself," he said. "I've just found out, for example, why I was so ponderous when I thought I was only being deliberate. On film, everything you do is one-sixteenth slower than in real life. That sounds small. But you have to make allowance for it."

SO far as he is concerned, the secret of acting is mental relaxation. "The movies scare you at first. They make you too conscious of angles. I'll never forget one scene I did with Ruth Chatterton. I had to look at her soulfully, from an uncomfortable angle. Every time the camera went into action, I would get a cramp in my neck. That's funny now, but it was a nightmare then."

He likes the movies. "You don't have a chance to get into a role, as you do on the stage. You don't have the rehearsals. But, on the other hand, your performance has the merit of freshness and spontaneity. You don't become a phonograph, saying your lines, as you do during a long stage run."

He likes the movies for another reason. "You know where you sit. The stage is a pretty ungrateful business. It offers you a thrill, yes—but precious little security. Here in Hollywood, youth is in the money. . . . The stage is dying. I imagine it will eventually become something subsidized

(*Continued on page 94*)

IS A MOTHER'S LOVE ENOUGH?

BEDTIME . . . and mother caresses the tiny injured hand that she bandaged only this afternoon . . .

"There, darling, mother will kiss it and make it well."

But will she? Can she?

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That blond chap is Franchot Tone, just in case you didn't recognize him. And the lady in feathers and tulle is Katie Hepburn. All these trappings are for "Quality Street."

(*Continued from page 92*)

like opera, by people who like the old personal touch. More and more, it will become just a training school for the movies—and television."

Unlike most of the movie "names," he lives right in Hollywood. The house belongs to somebody else, but the furniture belongs to Mel and himself. "So that when we do build, we won't have to pay out anything to furnish the new place, anyway."

They have no children. Their closest friends are Billy and Boots Mallory Cagney, the Fred MacMurrays and some Stanford people. They don't go out much. Mel rides horseback every day; Lloyd golfs every day; evenings, both of them like to read. "I'm on the wagon, so I don't get any fun out of going to cocktail parties or night-clubs. The only time we go is when Mel wants to show off some new dress. Which isn't often."

His favorite game used to be handball. "I played it until I was blue in the face. And kept putting on weight. So I took up golf. I've lost twenty pounds in eight months." He plays at Lakeside, where Bing Crosby is club champion.

His favorite clothes are sport clothes—which he seldom gets a chance to wear on the screen. He doesn't suggest an actor, either in appearance, accent or mannerisms. He is minus affectations.

Yet he is likely to be an actor for a long, long time.

That seven-year contract, with no options for three years, sounds like career insurance, even to Lloyd. "If a studio builds up a player, it wants to reap the benefit of its build-up. I think they'll keep me in good pictures, in good parts. They won't be capitalizing on their investment if they don't."

That's Lloyd Nolan, who has, as a "heavy," what it takes to become a star. You'll be seeing him.

With Thanks To Broadway, N. Y.

(*Continued from page 37*)

Schuster-Martin School of the Drama there. He attended the Sisters of Mercy Academy, St. Xavier Academy and later was sent to the preparatory school of the University of Dayton, in Dayton, Ohio, for two years, after which he returned home and graduated from Purcell High School in 1931, at the age of seventeen.

Then followed the usual family conference about college which Tyrone ended by insisting firmly that he wanted to begin his career as an actor.

His father had been engaged for a short season in Shakespearean repertoire in the Chicago Civic Auditorium for the early fall of 1931, and he decided to give his son the opportunity he wanted so much. With that in mind he took Tyrone with him to his summer camp in Quebec. There, during the summer, under the direction of his father, the boy was given intensive study and rehearsals in the small roles he was to assume in Chicago in the fall.

It is likely that until the day he dies, Tyrone Power, Jr., will recall as the most pleasant period of his life, the summer in Canada with his father.

"It is a heavenly place," Tyrone told me, as we sat in a corner of the set where he was making "Love Is News" with Loretta Young and Don Ameche. "Father's camp was near the little village of Ile-Aux-Noix, on the Richelieu River. I have a little plot of ground there and when I get money enough I'm going to build a summer home on it.

"Every day we would get into a canoe and as we floated down the river, father would read Shakespeare to me and rehearse me and correct me as I read to him. Probably it was all for the best that the country was not very thickly populated, for people might have thought us a little

(*Continued on page 96*)

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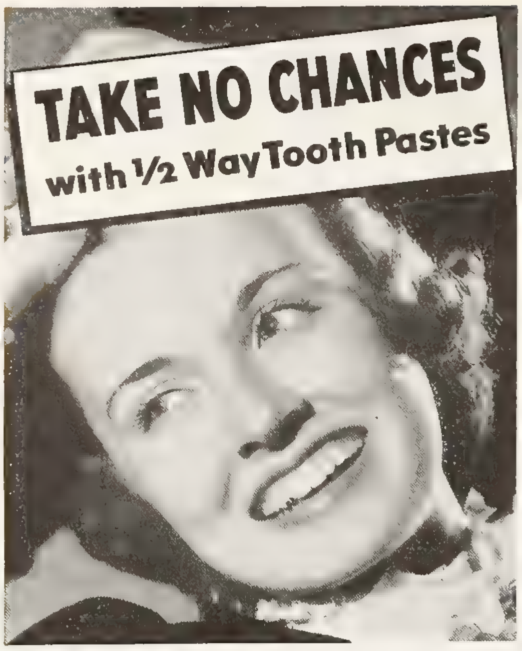

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(*Continued from page 94*)

queer, out on the river every day reading Shakespeare to the fish.

"The inhabitants of the village were mostly simple French people and Indians," he continued. "Father had some small moving pictures, which he would run off in our cabin at night and all the village folk would come to see them. The crowd and the smoke would be so thick we could scarcely see the screen but they loved it. Father stood at the side and kept up a running narrative, explaining everything in the pictures. It was marvelous," he added with a faraway look in his eyes.

I WAS never self-conscious with father," he told me, "because he had never been a father to me. That is, we had never lived together, and he seemed to me more like a wonderful friend and pal. I worshipped him and worked very hard because I wanted to show him that I was serious and ambitious. I wanted to justify his spending so much time with me."

At the end of the summer, Tyrone and his father returned to Chicago for the Shakespearean season. Tyrone's first role was as an old man, friend of the Doge of Venice, played by his father in "The Merchant of Venice."

At the conclusion of the season, Mr. Power was engaged to go to Hollywood to star in Paramount's talking version of "The Miracle Man." Tyrone was promised a small role in the picture and accompanied his father West. The picture was barely under way when Mr. Power was taken suddenly ill on the set. He continued working but at midnight he collapsed and a few hours later died in his son's arms.

The production went on with another star but Tyrone's "small role" never materialized. His mother and sister came on from the East to be with him and then followed a miserable two-and-a-half-year period, during which Tyrone tried desperately to gain a foothold in Hollywood. He knew plenty of people—producers, directors, influential people. He went the rounds of the studios in an effort to get work. He offered to play bits, to do extra work.

"Of course I was willing to do small parts," he laughed when he told me about it.

But his friends invited him to their homes for dinners and parties and were sorry they had nothing in pictures for him.

"I would be called for interviews and rush out full of enthusiasm only to discover that instead of a job, some friend of my father's wanted to talk about him and tell me about the time they appeared in a show together. They meant to be kind," Tyrone admitted, "but what I wanted was to work."

FINALLY, in desperation, he told his mother he was going to New York to try to get on the stage. Wisely, she made no attempt to dissuade him. On the contrary, she told him to watch his diction and to remember to send his shirts to the laundry.

He stopped off in Chicago to visit friends. The Century of Progress Exposition was in full swing and Tyrone got a job with the Circuit Theatre productions. That led to radio engagements.

His stay in Chicago wasn't all "beer and skittles" and there were, at times, long periods when he had no work, but he gained experience, and toward the close of 1934, he was engaged to play the part of Freddie in "Romance," which starred Eugenie Leontovitch at the Blackstone Theatre. The piece ran eight weeks and, feeling very affluent with eight weeks' savings in his pocket, Tyrone thought it was time for him to continue on his way to Broadway.

In New York, Michael Strange, the former wife of John Barrymore and an old family friend, provided a comfortable room for him, rent free. He budgeted his savings and allowed himself five dollars a week for his other expenses and started the rounds of producers' and agents' offices in search of a job.

He had loads of friends and life was very agreeable, socially speaking, except that always he found himself popular with people who had money when he had none. This led to frequent amusing situations like the time he walked down Broadway at midnight attired in tails, white tie and top hat, carrying his shoes in his hand.

"Well, my feet hurt," he explained, "and as I didn't have a nickel to pay my fare on the subway, I took off my shoes and walked."

Another time he was asked to join some friends at a house party in Charleston. He didn't have the railroad fare, but when one of the party bemoaned the fact that one of them would have to drive the car down, Tyrone offered.

"They asked me if I had enough money for gasoline and I assured them I had, but I didn't know how that car could use gas and I didn't know that Charleston was so far away," he told me.

"A hundred miles from Charleston I bought gas for the last time and had about a dollar left. The rest of the way I drove at 25 miles an hour in order to use as little gas as possible, and arrived in Charleston with the tank almost dry and my friends not due until the next day. I had never met the people we were going to visit, so I was faced with the problem of getting something to eat and finding a place to sleep.

"I dined on a hamburger and coffee and then found a nice quiet coal yard, where I parked the car, curled up in the back seat and spent the night.

"Next morning I was awakened by hearing someone talking. I sat up and there stood an old tramp, talking to himself. When he saw me he said it was a fine morning. I agreed with him and asked him to have a cup of coffee with me. He accepted and so my last dime went for two cups of coffee. Then I went to the station to meet my friends, and learned that on account of a wreck their train would be five hours late.

"What a blow that was!" he exclaimed. "My clothes were wrinkled, I needed a shave and I was hungry! I found a copy of 'Mutiny on the Bounty' in the car and I read that from cover to cover and finally the train arrived and with it my friends. They were astonished at my appearance and soon got me cleaned up and fed," he laughed.

"That is just one example of the experiences I had. At times it occurred to me that I had made a mistake; that I should have gone on to college."

HIS first "break" was provided by Helen Menken, whom he had met in Chicago during his Shakespearean season. She recommended him to Katharine Cornell's husband, Guthrie McClintic, and when Tyrone—on a hunch—asked for a pass to see Katharine's show, "Flowers of the Forest," he was given the pass and also two parts to take home and read. The next day he was assigned to understudy Burgess Meredith, the leading man, and another player, and spent the rest of the season waiting for an opportunity to go on. That chance never came but he learned enough by association with the

(*Continued on page 98*)

Alice Faye BELIEVES "PRINCE CHARMING" WILL LIKE HER BEST IN LUXABLES

"I get hopping mad if anybody dares to wash my things with anything but Lux flakes," says Alice Faye . . .

Don't miss this Fox star in "On The Avenue"

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"THERE'S an aura of daintiness about freshly Luxed wearables that always appeals to men," Alice Faye declares. Hosts of admirers affirm she's right. And when "the" man comes along . . .

"It wouldn't be hard to live in a cottage," she says. "Money is nice, but I know how to get along without a lot.

"When I was in the chorus, I learned to keep clothes lovely at very little expense. Lux was my stand-by. I found I could afford beautifully sheer stockings if I Luxed them every night. That way I hardly ever got runs. Naturally I insist all my washables be cared for in the very same way now!"

Clever Alice! Cake-soap rubbing and harsh soaps that may contain harmful alkali often fade colors—wear nice things out too soon. Lux has no harmful alkali. Safe in water, safe in Lux!

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Designer ROYER, of Fox Studios, says: "Caring for costumes properly is as important as their original creation. All the washable costumes on the lot are Luxed. Lux protects colors, keeps costumes new longer!"

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(*Continued from page 96*)

company to make it a very profitable period, and in his pocket was a contract to appear in Miss Cornell's production of "Romeo and Juliet" the following fall.

When the show closed he went to West Falmouth, Massachusetts, to play with a summer stock company, and when reports of his popularity there began to get around, Hollywood scouts were on his trail.

But now Tyrone had the upper hand. He didn't have to accept Hollywood's offer; he had a contract. He was learning more about acting every day and he decided he would not return to Hollywood until he could write his own terms.

He appeared with Miss Cornell in "Romeo and Juliet" and was re-engaged by her to play opposite her in "St. Joan." It was while he was appearing in this play that he was persuaded to go to Hollywood and sign a long-term contract.

Although he likes New York better than Hollywood, he thinks he can stand it here at the salary he is getting. "What is there to do here that is fun?" he asked good-naturedly, and given his first vacation, he rushed off to New York where Sonja Henie was, too. In fact it looks like love. But—

The much-publicized romance between Tyrone and Sonja Henie is largely in the imagination of the gossip columnists and actually is just a gay friendship. That's what Tyrone says! But if it isn't love the young man is giving a darn good imitation of it.

Anyone who has seen Sonja must have noticed a gorgeous diamond and sapphire clip, fashioned like a pair of skates, which she always wears. Tyrone was amazed one morning to read in the paper that it was a present from him.

"Holy smoke!" he exclaimed. "That clip cost more money than I can make in six months."

When I lunched with him our conversation was interrupted with depressing regularity by incoming telephone calls. Each time he returned to the table with an amused expression on his face, and took, good-naturedly, the jibes of Loretta Young, who sat at the next table. However, in spite of the fact that women run after him, he is very popular with men. He will never be called a "pretty boy" by the columnists.

In spite of the fact that his mother is justifiably proud of his accomplishments, he is no pampered boy at home by any means.

"My mother never tells me how good I am," he laughed. "When I get home from work at night she asks me if I remembered what she had told me about my diction. You can be sure I'll never get a swelled head.

And he is glad she does, and grateful. Because of his background and knowledge of the business, his personal observations and the hard knocks he himself has endured, he is appreciative of his chance on the screen. He realizes that now is his big opportunity and he is going to let nothing stop him. He wants more than anything in this world to be a good actor.

"I'd like to be as good an actor as Sonja Henie is a skater," he said earnestly, which was just his way of saying that he'd like to be the best actor in the world.

This Caballero Can Cook!

(*Continued from page 15*)

Carrillo, yas suh," until the end of his days.

"I SUPPOSE we should start our cooking lesson with Chili Con Carne," Carrillo began with a gay, mischievous smile, "only it really should be called Carne Con Chili, you know, or Meat with Chili. But whether or not you anglicize the name does not matter so long as the dish itself is prepared in true Mexican fashion. In making it, I grind the Chili peppers in a *metate* or stone mixing bowl with a stone crusher—just as the Mexicans have done for countless years. A satisfactory result can be obtained, of course, with Chili Powder," he hastened to add.

Just to be on the safe side, I'm going to give you both methods in the recipe leaflet, so that Californians, Texans and residents of other states bordering on Mexico can make their own essence of Chili while others can achieve the desired bitey flavor with the more generally used Powder. Gebhardt's is the brand suggested by Mr. Carrillo. For family consumption or party refreshment nothing will prove more welcome than this well-known, well-liked dish of the American Southwest.

"With the Chili," continued Carrillo, "we serve Frijoles (Spanish beans), and Tortillas, of course, since they take the place of bread. Usually for parties there is also a gigantic pottery bowl of Mexican Rice. I believe that this rice dish somewhat resembles what is more generally known as Spanish Rice. I say 'somewhat,' however, for in my opinion, the resemblance between other ways of preparing rice and this one is slight indeed.

To top off this dinner you should have fruit—fresh fruit or fruit-filled Empanadas, according to my host. Generally, an Empanada is a small meat-filled pie of the turnover variety, I was informed. But when Willie's extra-flaky pastry is filled with a special fruit mixture instead of with meat, it is changed into a dessert dish. The filling suggested by Mr. Carrillo has some of the characteristics of Mince Meat, only it's easier to make, by far. You'll be amused to know that this Californian is true to his native state even in the ingredients he includes in his recipes. Among the things called for in these Empanadas are lemons, raisins, walnuts and oranges—though these last are in the form of candied peels, which, as you know, can be purchased in small boxes at your grocer's.

The same fruits that I have just mentioned, with the addition of prunes, are made into a delicious conserve for which Mrs. Carrillo also provided a recipe. It's called California Conserve aptly enough, since it features so many of that state's products. But its real appeal, I suspect, will be for non-Californians because this conserve can be made in the dead of winter when other fruits are out of season in all other sections of the country.

THIS conserve recipe alone would make it worth your while to mail in the coupon, but in addition I can promise you recipes for the more strictly Mexican dishes that the Carrillos feature on their menus, the Empanadas, the Chili Con Carne and that highly recommended rice concoction. They're all in the leaflet—and they're all free.

There are many other recipes which were given me by Mr. Carrillo in rather sketchy form. These recipes, unlike the others described above, were not quite clear as to amounts of ingredients to be used. So, although those already familiar with Mexican cooking may be able to follow them, others may remain somewhat puzzled. However, I thought I'd include Mr. Carrillo's directions at the end of this article anyway, for the good of the initiated and the general interest of the uninitiated. Besides many of these foods contribute to the success of the famous Carrillo Barbecues—invitations to which are eagerly sought by stars, directors and society folk alike—so I'm confident you'll want to know more about them.

"For our barbecues," Mr. Carrillo told me, "the menu is not fancy but the servings are gigantic. People seem to develop the most amazing appetites as they gather around the barbecue pits. Here we prepare huge hunks of barbecued steak, liberally doused with Salsa Sauce, which is made of green peppers, tomatoes, onions and vinegar, all highly seasoned. Here, also, we roast corn and toast French bread, which is first buttered and then rubbed with garlic. Sometimes roasted potatoes are included on the menu and always coffee is served in copious quantities. While the food is cooking, we sing Mexican songs and dance to the strumming of a guitar. This is lovely, especially when the sun goes down and the moon rises over the nearby hills, for then it is a place of enchantment. After the meal we adjourn to the living room of the ranch house or gather around the fireplace in one of the patios where we tell stories and sing more songs.

UNDER the low-tiled roofs of the rambling house are deep, recessed windows like those of the old adobe houses of Mexico. There are numerous patios flagged with stone and huge rooms with white plastered walls, heavy doors and raftered ceilings. The furniture is of heavy Monterey style with many deep couches and chairs, covered with bright colored fabrics. Floors and walls are bright with Mexican rugs while colorful pottery is displayed on every side.

In two wall recesses are little figures of the Virgin of Guadalupe—patron saint of Mexico. Everything, in fact, is Mexican rather than Spanish, supplemented by a wonderful collection of early Californian trappings such as ropes, saddles, stirrups and branding irons. Carrillo's study is full of these things while on the walls are pictures of his friends—cartoons which he himself has made of them. There is also a bar decorated with Mexican motifs with bright Mexican pottery and glassware. Carrillo likes nothing better than to explain his interesting collection, unless it's giving parties, which he does on every possible occasion—always of an informal nature, at which the host entertains with songs, for which he plays his own accompaniment on the guitar or cello and then relinquishes the role of entertainer for that of caterer with equal skill and enthusiasm.

Small wonder that the beauty of his home, the delightful quality of his hospitality and the fame of his cooking cannot be topped in the whole movie colony. Even less to be wondered at is the reluctance with which I dragged myself away from these lovely surroundings once I had the detailed, carefully written recipes for the leaflet and the other, rather sketchy ones, which I'm giving you here, in Carrillo's own words.

(*Continued on page 107*)

MY HUSBAND LOVES A SPAGHETTI MEAL. WE HAVE ONE OFTEN!
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Fruit Cup Sugar Cookies
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●

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AT YOUR NEWSSTAND

If You've Only a Little to Spend

(Continued from page 58)

costume are pictured. Anita Louise wears the very new looking bolero jacket suit. You'll meet up with boleros at every turn this spring for they not only appear in the suit field but for all sorts of daytime and evening combinations, too. Anita Louise's skirt and bolero are made of a bright navy blue wool, the jacket cleverly trimmed with the red, blue and yellow print of the challis blouse.

A mixed woolen fabric is used for Sylvia Sidney's tailored suit. Helen Taylor designed this for her to wear in "You Only Live Once." The striped piping for the lapel and collar is a different detail and the matching scarf makes an effective vestee. Her small felt turban, trimmed with grosgrain ribbon is an excellent hat style for right now when you need a new hat to bridge the gap between winter models and the first straws.

For costume number three, there's the important silk dress. This is one item that can't be interchanged with something else. It has to be included with any list of four you may wish to select. The less fussy detail it has and the simpler the cut, the more ways you can change its personality with accessories, belts, jewelry, etc.

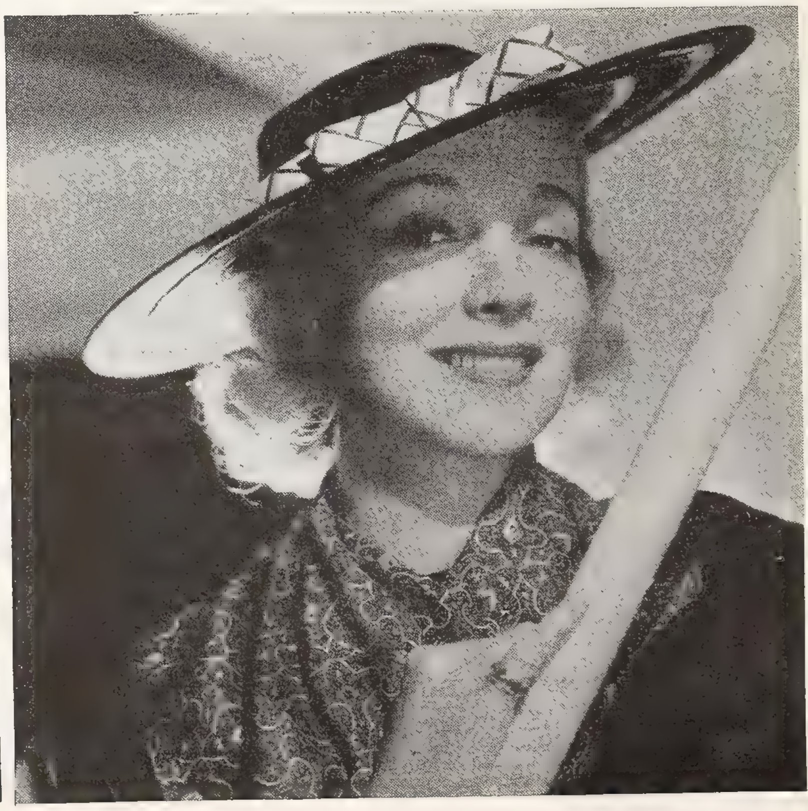
Elissa Landi's beautifully cut black silk is just what the budget wardrobe cries out for. The fabric and the cut make the dress. The fabric is self-patterned with a sheen that gives it the look of taffeta. And the slim skirt will be smart long after the exaggerated "swing" skirts are forgotten. The elbow-length sleeves, so new this winter, will make Elissa's dress look spring-like later on. Gold or colored beads, pearls, clips, flowers and belts are all tricks to keep this charming dress going smartly from one season to another.

As I said earlier, I have put an evening gown on my list to make the fourth costume. But this is entirely optional depending upon your individual needs. The perfect budget evening gown is a simply made crepe one with moderate cut to the neckline and no exaggerated silhouette details. Julie Haydon's black crepe gown with gold beaded net bolero is an excellent example of what I mean. A gown similar to this can be had for as low as ten dollars. And the bolero is one way to change its party character. Like Elissa's afternoon dress, this simple gown can be varied by its accessories so that none can say, "Mary's wearing that old black crepe again!"

CHOOSING four such reliable basic costumes is only part of the budget story. Once you have them in your closet, you've got to use the extra pennies on accessories. If your funds are dwindling fast, figure out just how to get by with the least possible bag, hat and shoe changes. A good beret can double for everything from sports to afternoon clothes if you pick a plain dark one that can be tricked up with pins, clips or a feather. If you can't afford more than one handbag, choose a good shape in calfskin rather than the more perishable suede or antelope. And, believe it or not, one pair of suede pumps and one pair of calf oxfords will take you through a fall and winter, provided you help them along with brushing, polishing and new lifts for heels the minute they wear down.

Speaking of shoes, be sure to look closely at the two pairs shown on page 58. They are the first smart steps toward spring and a perfect investment right now. If you would like to know the prices of these and where to buy them, just send in for my March Shopping Bulletin, the coupon's at the end of this article waiting for your name, address, etc. New spring shoes go in for most attractive fabric and color combinations. Instep cuts remain high and there are loads of cut-out details to give the airy open look that will be so popular. Take that step-in pump, pictured. It's made with a very dainty, feminine silhouette. The body of the shoe is navy blue gabardine—a fabric that will rate tops in all sorts of shoe models this spring—and the trim is navy patent leather, intricately patterned.

The tie is a perfect suit shoe and it



This gay bonnet of Virginia Bruce's is like the first robin; it brings you news of spring! It's a tricky combination of brown linen trimmed with bandings of brown and white bamboo. The broad brim, shallow crown effect is smart.

shows both the contrast of leathers and color. Beige suede for the top of the shoe with the toe and heel in reddish tan calfskin. This particular tan is a variation of the London tan of last spring—it's deeper and more adaptable to spring costume colors. The interesting laced trim of this tie is typical of the careful attention to detail which you'll find in all your spring shoes.

Straps will be very good again this coming season, some have a short T strap design that is new and flattering to the foot. Look for loads of patent leather, both forming whole shoes and used as trimming. The patent leather pump with perforations is being pushed as a classic suit shoe.

The spring shoe colors run something like this: for street—black, navy, brown, Chaudron (tan) and gray, also much beige used in contrast with other colors and especially black. You'll find beige is going to be very big both in accessories and costumes.

While talking about shoes and their colors, would you like to know what stocking shades to pick for your early spring shoes? There's a new stocking shade that has a definite gold cast to it and it is suggested for wear with more formal costumes now and with pastels and white this summer. Two coppery tones will be popular, one has a rosy cast and the other is a really radiant copper shade. The rosy colored copper is suggested for wear with spring blues, coral and reddish rust tones in clothes and with blue and russet colored shoes. The brighter copper tone is for costumes in the new rust and copper tones, greens, navy, beige, brown and black.

The rage for beige in clothes and accessories brings out a showing of beige in the stocking lines, too. These hosiery beiges run the gamut from a warm but light tone, through the grayish shades to the darker beige colors.

GLOVES take up the beige note, too, and three distinct shades of it will be popular for your new gloves. There's a pale coffee color which will be particularly effective with brown, black and the bright shades in costumes. Then there's a very feminine looking pinky beige for more formal afternoon and evening costumes. Also a neutral beige for general daytime wear. The glove designers stress the point that beige gloves are *not* to be worn with beige costumes, rather they are to contrast with the bright and dark shades of your clothes—they can match your hosiery, if you like.

Buttons, tucking, stitching, perforations and embroidery play a big part in glove design, reflecting the details of costumes and being allied with the trimmings of shoes and bags.

Boleros and short jackets, either in plain colors or with gay braid and embroidery trimmings are an inexpensive and slick way to perk up both silk and wool dresses you are beginning to tire of. If you are good with your needle, you can have a supply of these jackets to vary all your daytime and sports costumes. Remnants of material can be picked up at this time of the year which will make just such jackets at a minimum of expense. That black crepe evening gown of Julie's, for instance, could well have four or five different jackets, introducing bright color accents.

Anne Shirley has different strings of flower necklaces, or leis as they are called in Hawaii. These are all made of artificial flowers and cost but little to make. What they do for a plain evening gown is worth dollars to the budget. The whole secret of stretching your four basic cos-

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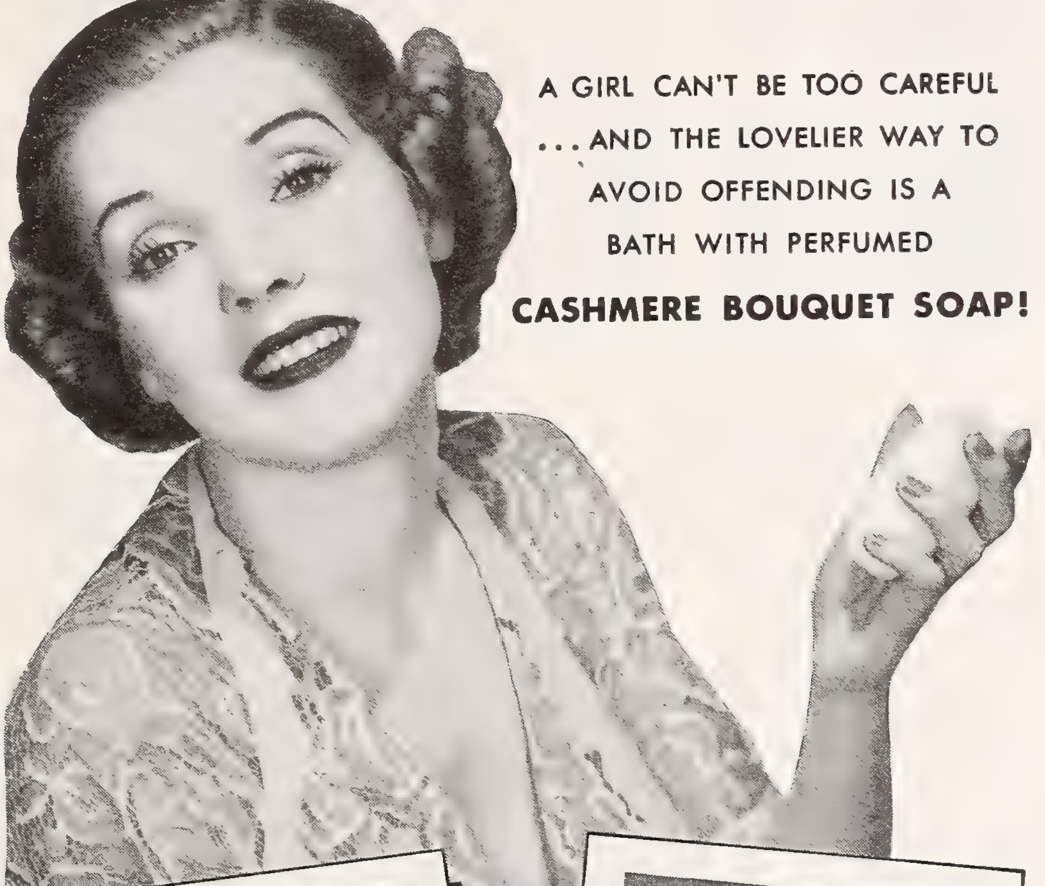

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tumes into a large wardrobe, is to be on the lookout for fashion ideas and tricks that can be copied for a song.

For daytime clothes, the gay peasant accessories give a definite lift to the picture. Scarfs, painted wooden jewelry and buttons, all the colorful gadgets of Tyrolian and Dalmatian inspiration lend themselves to such practical pepping up of your clothes. The Dalmatian peasant theme has an edge on the Tyrolian at the moment. It can be spotted in military looking jackets and sleeveless boleros worn over brightly colored frocks—these are braid trimmed and embroidered. Flat, pillbox hats of bright felts are part of this, too. If you add only touches of these trends to your four classic costumes, you never run the risk of investing too heavily in a fad that will wane and leave you with unwearable clothes on your hands.

Before signing off, I want to mention that next month I am devoting my article to news about fabrics and silhouettes for spring. You know how important it is to have some sure-fire guide to lines of dresses, suits and coats, as well as what sort of fabrics will be the best investment for you. Lots about silk prints, suit and coat woolens, rayons, et al.

Adelia Bird,
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Love Comes to Mary Pickford

(Continued from page 59)

have known. The young laughter of Marilyn and my brother Jack, when they were married here. The baby laughter of my cousin Verna Chalif's boy, when he was christened here. The gentle laughter of my mother, when she was pleased. The gay laughter of Gwynne and her young friends as they played, talked and studied. The parties we've had. The plans we made. Jack Gilbert's electric laughter and the kind, wise voice of Will Rogers . . .

"But now it is finished," Mary said, "and a new life begins for me. I want it to be new, in every way.

"I believe that we will build something very sweet and very sound, Buddy and I. Our tastes are fundamentally simple. We are not 'party' people. We both love books and gardens, music and games, a few friends about us and family life. Neither of us cares for formality or ostentation. Both of us have worked hard and saved our money 'against a rainy day.' Both of us are family people, loving our own, devoted to them. One of the things that first drew me to Bud was his family life. For Buddy and his mother and father, brother and sister, remind me of the way Mama and Lottie and Jack and I used to be when we were all together—so close, so all for one and one for all. I feel a member of the Rogers' family now, and that's so warm, so *nice*.

"Yes, we have the real things in common, I think. He is so sweet with me, so protective, so gentle."

"Isn't he," I said, "just a little bit in awe—oh, not of you, really, of course—but of marrying Mary Pickford who is, after all, a world figure?"

Mary laughed aloud at that one. "If he is," she said, "he certainly manages to conceal it beautifully. He—why, he *bosses* me!"

And Mary in a white crepe de chine slack suit with navy blue tie and belt, her famous fair hair clustered thickly about her earnest, happy face, did not look very awesome. She did look quite childishly bossable.

"No," Mary said, in answer to my next question, "no, I really didn't know that we would be married until a very few days before Judge Rogers broke the news in the papers back in their home town of Olathe, Kansas. He was so cute about it, the Judge. They tell me he looked like a small boy who expects to be spanked. He just couldn't keep it in, that's all. And it really didn't matter. What difference did it make? It was *so*.

"I was uncertain about our marriage only because I felt that if Bud had to travel with his band we couldn't have any kind of a home life. And I do not believe in long separations, in long-distance marriages. I certainly would not want Bud to give up his band, either. He has worked so hard with it, built it up and he loves it. He should not have to give it up—no man should give up his work. But now I think that he may go on the air with it, broadcasting from Hollywood. And if that works out, our home life can be, for the most part, uninterrupted!"

And I couldn't help thinking, as Mary spoke of Buddy's band, of her desire for him to continue with it even though to do so might have meant the sacrifice or postponement of their marriage. I couldn't help thinking how little people change in their essentials and of how like Mary this is. I couldn't help thinking, too, how false and silly were the rumors which said that Mary's refusal to travel with Douglas Fairbanks was the major reason for their separation and subsequent divorce.

For Mary did travel with Douglas, practically the world over. I know, I remember through the years a long series of saying hello and goodbye to Mary as, from ports East and West, she set sail with Douglas. She travelled with him when, between you and me, to do so meant the sacrifice of her health. She sailed for the Orient when she was ill and came back weighing ninety pounds. She travelled with Douglas by plane when to do so was definitely risky, not to say dangerous. She travelled with him when she should have remained in Hollywood making pictures. Douglas was wont to make one stupendous big production a year. One was all he needed to make, all he could afford to make on the magnificent scale of his operations. But Mary, making smaller, less spectacular pictures should have made two or three a year. She didn't. She deliberately sacrificed her career in order to "pick up and go" with Douglas.

All of which is past history and "off the record," really. An intensely dramatic part of Pickford history, and the truth about it, which has never been told before. Never really realized before, I think. And it is analogous to this story only because it reminds me, so forcibly again, of how Mary has been, always, the woman before the actress, the wife before the celebrity.

"I want to live in Buddy's house," Mary was saying. She laughed and added, "If a man *wants* to build a home for his bride, the least the bride can do is live in it—and want to!

"Bud owns some property in the San Fernando Valley. And this is our plan (it was to be kept secret, but I'll tell it to you). We hope to build a house in the valley, a new house, with everything in it new. It will be a ranch type of house, comfortable, not too rustic. A low, rambling and friendly house. It will not be formal and it will not be pretentious, but it will be comfortable. Everything in it will be the best—the important things, I mean, especially. We will have the nicest rugs and carpets. We will have the finest linens and silver, the gayest and most decorative china. Not priceless things nor museum pieces but comfy, livable things. We'll have big, deep chairs. We'll have all kinds of games and bright lamps to light them properly. And we'll have big, practical fireplaces upstairs and down.

"I shall take very little with me from Pickfair. A very few of the things I myself found and bought when I was abroad. And the gifts from my friends all over the world. I'll take an original Adam settee in the lower hall, my mother's portrait, one or two fine old mirrors and chests and things I have grown to love too well to leave. And a few of the books. That is all."

And without a sigh, without a shadow of regret on her face Mary's eyes rested on the priceless, beautiful table from the Barberini Palace in Rome, on boxes and chairs and divans from the palaces of kings.

The Dick Powells (Joan Blondell) step out to a premiere of "Lloyds of London." Dick looks contented, doesn't he?

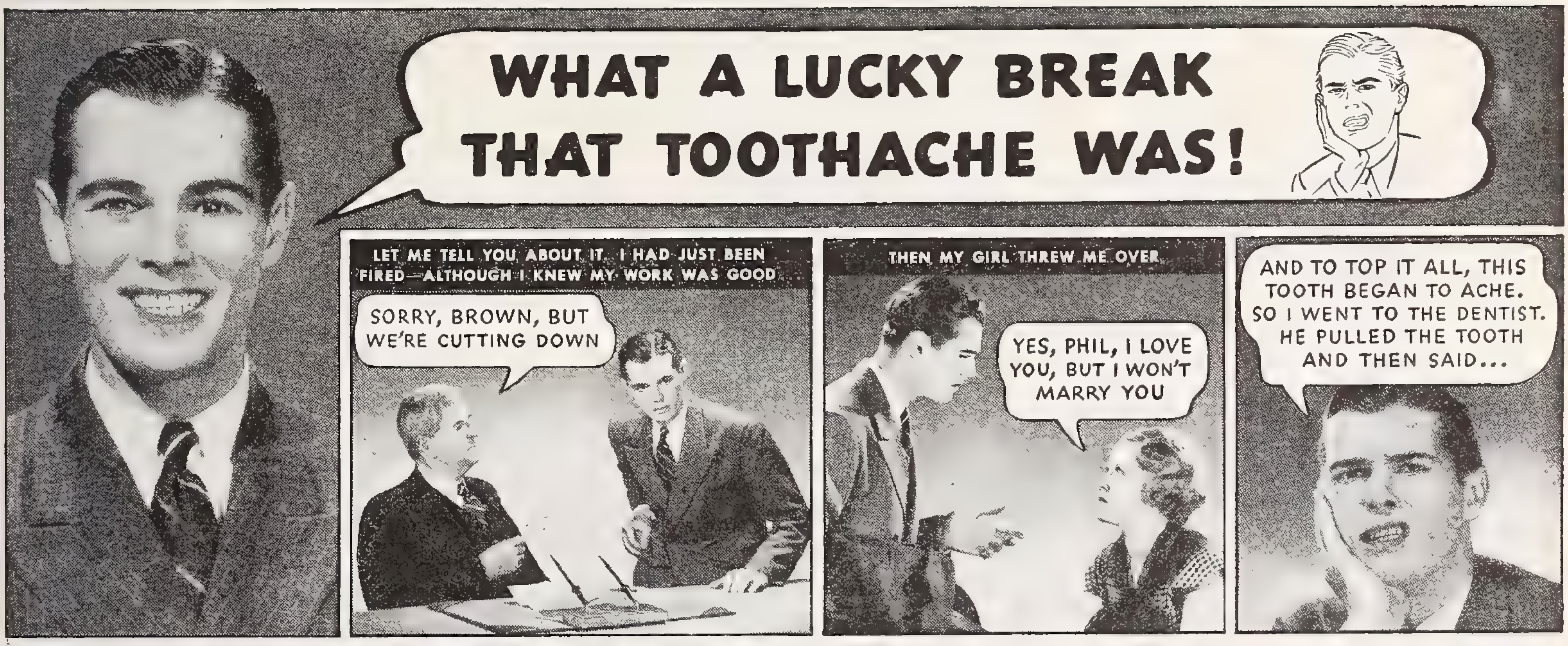
"Gwynne will be with us, of course," Mary said. "She is very fond of Bud and he of her. And she is so happy for me. Mrs. Lewis, my secretary and dear friend, will be with us, too. And I shall take most of the servants of Pickfair, who are members of the family now.

"We plan to raise polo ponies on the ranch. Bud loves polo, you know. He is playing this afternoon. And I shall be interested in the ponies, too, as I am interested in all young, growing things.

"And then, I'll have my garden. When I walk about the gardens of Pickfair now and watch the growing things and realize that next year I shall not be here to see the acacia trees turn golden, see how the roses are 'doing,' I might well be a little sad—and then I remember that gardens are perennial, that I shall be planting new gardens and watching things grow. And I realize that all that matters is that there *is* a garden.

"There is, happily," smiled Mary, "another Eden for me. Not the same. Different, of course, as no two friendships are identical so no two loves are identical. But because they are different does not imply that they are less beautiful, less precious, one than another.

"It will be fun, making a new home. I think we shall have several homes, as a matter of fact. Well, three or four, anyway. We'll have the ranch. Then we'd like to have a place at Arrowhead, a big, comfortable place all stocked with tinned goods and things. A place to which we could go and to which, also, we could give the key to our friends and say to them, 'Go on up and have a rest. You'd better take a bottle of milk and a steak with you but you'll find everything else there.' And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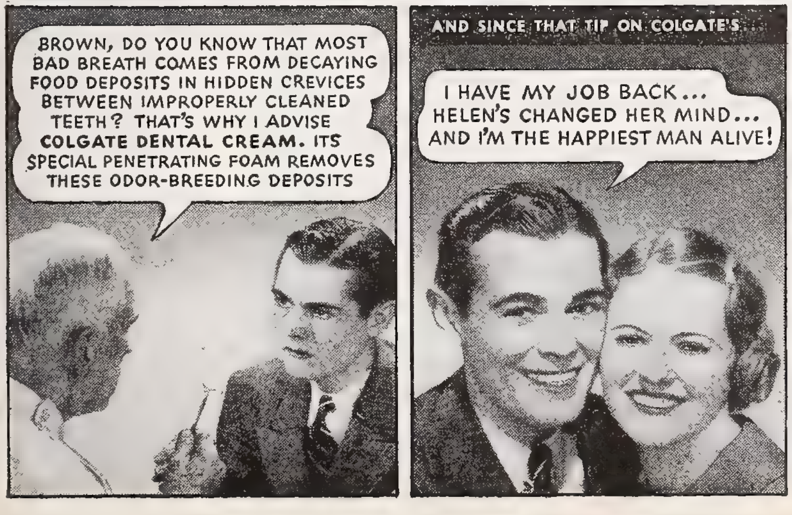
LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT IT. I HAD JUST BEEN FIRED—ALTHOUGH I KNEW MY WORK WAS GOOD
SORRY, BROWN, BUT WE'RE CUTTING DOWN
THEN MY GIRL THREW ME OVER
YES, PHIL, I LOVE YOU, BUT I WON'T MARRY YOU
AND TO TOP IT ALL, THIS TOOTH BEGAN TO ACHE. SO I WENT TO THE DENTIST. HE PULLED THE TOOTH AND THEN SAID...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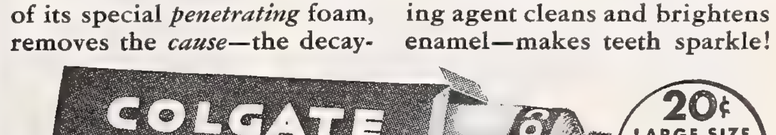
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then, perhaps, a beach house," Mary continued, "and homes, all of them.

"I'll love shopping, planning and consulting together. I love homemaking and so does he. I always have had a passion for linen closets, lavender-scented, for arranging flowers and planning menus. I'll have a new home," Mary said, with her bright, brand-new happiness lighting her eager face, "where all kinds of lovely things will grow and not," she said quietly, "not only flowers. . . . "

I said, "But you'll entertain as you always have, won't you?"

"Of course, we will," said Mary (she always says "we," never "I"). "My friends will come to us as they always have come. I've had such lovely wires, cables and letters from everyone since our engagement was announced. I was a little afraid, you know, before we announced it. I always am afraid when I take any new step, however much I may want to take it. But everyone has been happy for me.

"Yes, we'll entertain in the same way as I did at Pickfair. For Pickfair, as I think you know, and contrary to opinion, has never been a formal place. I've always left my guests free to do as they pleased, when and how they pleased. And there are no people more informal and loving informality more than titled persons, famous persons of all kinds who have to be formal most of the time. I remember," laughed Mary, "one time when a young Duchess was a guest here. We were comparing heights. I told her that I am five feet. She took the idea of the five feet literally and believed that it meant five times the length of her own foot. She straightway stretched out on the floor of my bedroom and put one foot on top of the other five times and then exclaimed, 'Why, that is only *half* as tall as you are!' I had to explain that a foot in our language is twelve inches! It was really very funny to see her stretched out there on the floor, dinner gown and all. And I have been at many a formal function where distinguished guests have whispered, 'Let's get out of here, we're bored stiff. Let's go and have some fun!'

"We will have fun," Mary stated, earnestly, "in the home which Bud and I will build.

"I have no definite plans about my future work. Neither what, nor when, nor how. Bud will have his band and he will make pictures. I will produce again. I may make a picture even. I may go on the air and I may write. I certainly shall do something. I believe that everyone should have his work, his own interests, not be dependent entirely upon the interests or work of anyone else. That kind of marriage runs the danger of becoming too possessive, too parasitic.

"I plan to close Pickfair—or sell it. I couldn't lease it. It has been suggested that Pickfair should be made into a museum because so much interest has been shown in it. Many thousands of tourists have entered these gates, which have never been closed. But I feel that the money it would take to endow it and maintain it as a museum should be put to more practical use. The world today needs homes even more than it needs monuments and museums. I should like to use the money for a home for picture people—but not Pickfair, it isn't suitable, it isn't adaptable to this use— a home for actors and actresses of the screen who are old or ill, tired and discouraged. A place to which they could go, paying a little or not at all. A home to which they could feel that they had the right, earned by all the amusement, all the laughter, all the surcease they had given the world in bygone years, in better times.

"I should like it to be a place where my people could be together, not strewn about, lonely, in boarding houses and hotel rooms. I'd like the home to have projection machines so that the 'family' could see current pictures, keep in touch with things. I should like to have a game room called the Jack Pickford Room. I should like it to have a living-room, sunny and warm and hospitable, called the Charlotte Pickford Room. And over the fireplace, in that room, I should like to hang my mother's picture. This, to me," said Mary, "would serve a far better purpose than perpetuating Pickfair as a musuem.

"I should like to sell Pickfair. But if I sell it, it must be to the right people, to people I can feel 'belong.' I should like a family to buy it, a happy family with young people so that laughter would remain within these walls. I would like sensitive, appreciative people to buy it so that they might find pleasure in the lovely things and in all the love and care which have gone into Pickfair. I would want the people who live here after I have gone to be happy."

Later, we stood together on the white portico, overlooking the hills. Mary said, "I didn't intend to talk about our marriage at all. And then I thought I'd like you to tell all of my friends how it is with me."

Gail Patrick need never worry about her next meal for she's just married Bob Cobb, manager of the Brown Derby!

My Daughter, Myrna Loy

(*Continued from page 35*)

IT is my theory that parents do not deserve the privilege of picking their children's futures. I wished that my son would be a doctor, but he wanted to be an artist. Myrna first believed she would be a great dancer. Her father said it was all right for her to go to dancing school; he recognized that aesthetic dancing embodies the finest ideals of art and music. He declared she might dance at benefits, at Elk banquets to which we went. But "No daughter of mine is going to be a chorus girl!" He fancied all professional dancers were just chorus girls, and of questionable morals.

When Myrna was ten we took a trip to California. We were shown through one of the major studios and watched them take an elaborate sequence in which a small girl broke out of a fancy egg and danced exquisitely. That inspired Myrna; she saw what she might do if she could excel in dancing.

We spent the next winter in California. Then back to Helena where Myrna continued dancing lessons at a convent. A year after Mr. Williams' death I had a severe attack of pneumonia and the two children and I came West again for the warm winter. We bought a house in Beverly Hills, the same one I still live in, and stayed on permanently. My sister joined us, and Auntie Lou has been like a second mother to Myrna.

I sent her to Westlake, an exclusive girls' school in Los Angeles, and then to Venice High School. She hated mathematics, but was crazy about dramatics and English.

Myrna never had many dates all the time she was in high school. She didn't want them—not enough, at least, to powder over her freckles and use make-up and turn flapperish. If you've assumed that all film actresses must be gaudy butterflies, you're wrong. Myrna wasn't, and isn't.

She had her silent crushes that she'd tell only me about. But she was too shy and indifferent to let boys guess that she was interested.

High school boys were too carefree to hold her interest. She admired men who had an aim in life, who were diligently preparing for splendid tomorrows. Indeed, with one exception Myrna has always been attracted to older men.

SHE graduated from high school when she was sixteen. She was very restless, yearning to do something but not sure where her destiny lay. Then one morning a girl friend came over and said she had had a call from Grauman's Egyptian Theatre, then the show spot of the state. Why didn't Myrna come along and try out for the new prologue, too? Here was something tangible, and Myrna rushed to me.

Well, I asked myself, why not? She would most likely not get a job, but why spoil her fun! However, I sincerely felt she had a true talent for dancing. I had taken her to see the great dancers when they gave recitals. She had gone into ecstasies over Pavlowa. I had accompanied her at the piano when she danced at benefits, and when there was an orchestra I had even gone into the pit and played especially for her.

When the telephone rang later that day I learned she had been hired and her

● *"Good grief, Mr. Giraffe, what a perfectly terrific rash you've got! You're broken out all over, even on your tail. And your neck's a sight! When a person has so much neck, it must be awful!"*

● *"I can remember when I used to have rashes... Boy, did I itch! In those days before we had Johnson's Baby Powder, there were times when I felt like jumping right out of my skin!"*

● *"But take a look at me now! Not a rash or a chafe anywhere since we've been using that soft, downy Johnson's. You try it—and see if it doesn't knock the spots off you, too!"*

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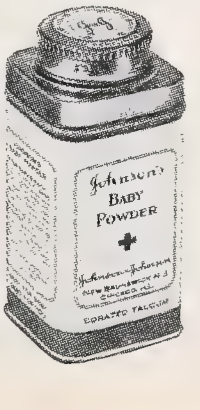

● *"Feel a pinch of my Johnson's—isn't it smooth and slick? Not a bit gritty like some powders. It keeps my skin as fine as silk!"... That's the best protection against skin infections, Mothers! And Johnson's Baby Powder is made of the finest Italian talc... no orris-root. Always keep Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil in your baby's bath-basket, too!*

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friend hadn't! And so Myrna began careering. She danced twice a day in the prologues for a year and a half. Those girls she met at Grauman's weren't cheap. Sid Grauman was very particular about his troupe, and Myrna always came straight home after performances.

She isn't socially inclined, but she isn't shy with friends. We always had a houseful, it seems. The other striving youngsters Myrna met, artists and musicians and embryonic movie stars, came to our place. We didn't entertain formally; they'd roll up the rugs and dance to phonograph records. They'd play silly games, crowd into the kitchen to make candy. They all had burning artistic ambitions, and they shared their plans with her.

We haven't lost track of those old chums. Some have succeeded, some haven't. Many an old friend pops up unexpectedly, to Myrna's delight.

CERTAINLY, I can't forget the episode of the Valentinos, noticing portraits of Myrna at a Boulevard photographer's. She never hides her freckles, and she won't fuss with make-up for the street. But she's always been a dreamer, lured by her active imagination into visualizing herself the opposite of the straightforward self that she is. The lovely dancing costumes in one prologue captured her eye, and she had some photographs made in similar costume. The Valentinos had a sudden hunch that she could become the captivating exotic they needed for the picture Natacha Rambova Valentino was to make.

Myrna had done some extra work meanwhile. The girls at the theatre occasionally danced in pictures. She was fascinated at the idea of this new future. So she serenely quit her job, although Natacha and Rudy hadn't absolutely promised her the coveted lead.

One of Myrna's salient traits is her optimism. She's had discouragements, but I've never known her to be dismayed for more than a few brief moments. She is endowed with a quiet self-confidence. But more valuable is her dogged determination. She never relied on mere luck. I know she hasn't been lucky! She has worked for every advance she's had. She was never lazy, nor moody, as are many artists. Oh, she's grateful for the help she's had. Of course, no one gets anywhere without recognition and boosts from those who are convinced of one's possibilities.

She won the role in Natacha's production, but Rudy died and the film was never released. However, Warners signed her, much to her surprise and joy. She isn't superstitious, by the way. That first contract came on a Friday, the 13th!

Her father's family was furious with me. They wrote, demanding to know why I was permitting Myrna to go ahead like this. Her father had left us enough to live on; she didn't have to do bits in the movies, be "exposed" to the pitfalls of a career. I didn't pay any attention to them, for I sympathized with Myrna. I knew that no one could hurt her against her will. Today, all those who were so upset are so proud of her progress.

Many mothers question me as to what I advised my daughter about men. I was frank with Myrna. Not overly so during her adolescence, because I didn't want her to be calloused to the emotion of love when it eventually sprang into her life. I explained what was necessary and so I retained her full confidence. She knew that she could talk things over with me and that I'd be as sympathetic as a girl friend, and would have more wisdom.

I never put fear into her heart. If I were anxious, and I was once in awhile, I never let her realize it. I never warned her; I never had to. She was blessed with common sense. When she was waiting for buses or street cars to come home after the show, for instance, no one tried to give her a ride. Obviously, she didn't want to be picked up. It's trite, but a man treats a woman as she wants him to.

Myrna always felt she was in love with this one or that one—those silent crushes I mentioned. One time a friend of mine, in the oil business, said he had an acquaintance, a prominent business man, whom Myrna would find just the sort she wanted for a husband. I told him to save his breath. For Myrna was so wrapt up in her profession that she couldn't care for a man who wasn't in it, too. When she met Arthur Hornblow, and I began hearing about him, I knew that at last she had really fallen in love.

Her husband isn't an opposite type. He and Myrna like the same things. He's a student, just as she is. He, too, would rather read than fritter away time. He has a genuine respect for the arts; his father was a producer of the best dramas in the theatre and he is carrying on in the same way in the pictures he produces.

He is a home man, also, and that binds them together in a common bond. They are completing a beautiful Early American farmhouse in Hidden Valley, a forty-minute drive from the city, and they've schemed out every minute detail together. It isn't to be a Hollywood palace; it centers about a five-acre farm where they can establish a family life to their liking. The outstanding word I can think of to describe it is that it will be comfortable. Myrna's like a child about the swimming pool—they've built it exactly like an old swimming hole!

THEY entertain moderately. As a producer, Arthur naturally has certain obligations, but Myrna still doesn't care for night clubs and dress-up parties. Personally, I've always been very fond of dancing and mixing with people. I used to feel she was missing something by being so studious. But she'd reply, "How can I miss what means nothing to me?"

Myrna hasn't had to acquire style. Being so artistic, she's had a natural eye for proper lines. But she isn't the least bit extravagant about clothes. She buys many dresses ready-made in Los Angeles stores. She wears sports things mostly. When she went to Paris two years ago she didn't return with a lot of clothes; she isn't awed by labels and she didn't like what she saw as well as our American modes.

She didn't have a great deal of fight in her when she started. She still isn't forward, but she has developed spunk as she's climbed, realizing that she has to speak up for her rights in such a competitive business.

Today, she still drives her own roadster, and it's a medium-priced one. She's still canny with her salary, investing it carefully. She isn't a show-off at all and that's why she hasn't much jewelry. Her favorite piece is a funny little bracelet Arthur gave her. Strung on it is a pin-point diamond engagement ring, a tiny wheelbarrow as a memo of the gardening they're doing, and a couple of other little symbols of their happiness. She would rather vie with him as to which one of them can cook the best dish on the servants' night out than to dine in glamorous state at the Trocadero.

I treasure the compliment she paid me the other day. She said, as we were driving out to see the final touches on her new home, "You never put a stone in my path, Mother."

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This Caballero Can Cook!

(*Continued from page 99*)

FRIJOLES

Take small pink Spanish beans. Wash well, drain and put into large saucepan. Cover with water, about two inches over the top, add a pinch of soda and soak overnight. Next day add as much water as has evaporated and boil three hours in the same water—or until beans can be crushed between thumb and forefinger. Fry a couple of finely chopped onions in vegetable shortening. Add the beans which have been well drained, crushing them slightly with the flat of a spoon. Add salt and ¼ pound ordinary store cheese, grated, also 1 tablespoon chili powder or essence of ground chili. Cook gently until cheese has melted and mixture is well blended.

SALSA SAUCE

Take peeled tomatoes, green peppers and onions, chop very fine and cook in a little water with some vinegar added to it. Season highly with salt and pepper.

BARBECUED MEAT

Get the biggest, tenderest steaks you can lay your hands on and cut about three to four inches thick. Cook on iron bars over barbecue pit, filled with glowing coals. While meat is cooking, you swab it with a sauce made of olive oil, parsley and garlic, using a little stick on which is attached a rag, if you'd be really Spanish. Serve with Salsa Sauce.

TORTILLAS

Take flour, water and butter, or lard. Knead very thoroughly, then make into little balls about half the size of your hand. Flatten these out on hot griddle to about the thickness of a blotter. When partially browned, flop them over and brown partially on other side. Corn meal or part corn meal may be substituted for the flour.

(*Note:* As Mr. Carrillo forgot to mention the proportions of flour, water, etc., I'm going to suggest that for your Tortillas you try a recipe that I have used which calls for 2 cups of flour, 1 teaspoon of salt, 2 tablespoons shortening and approximately ½ cup warm water. Mix in the order given, knead well, allow to stand at room temperature for ½ hour, knead again and proceed as directed in previous recipe.)

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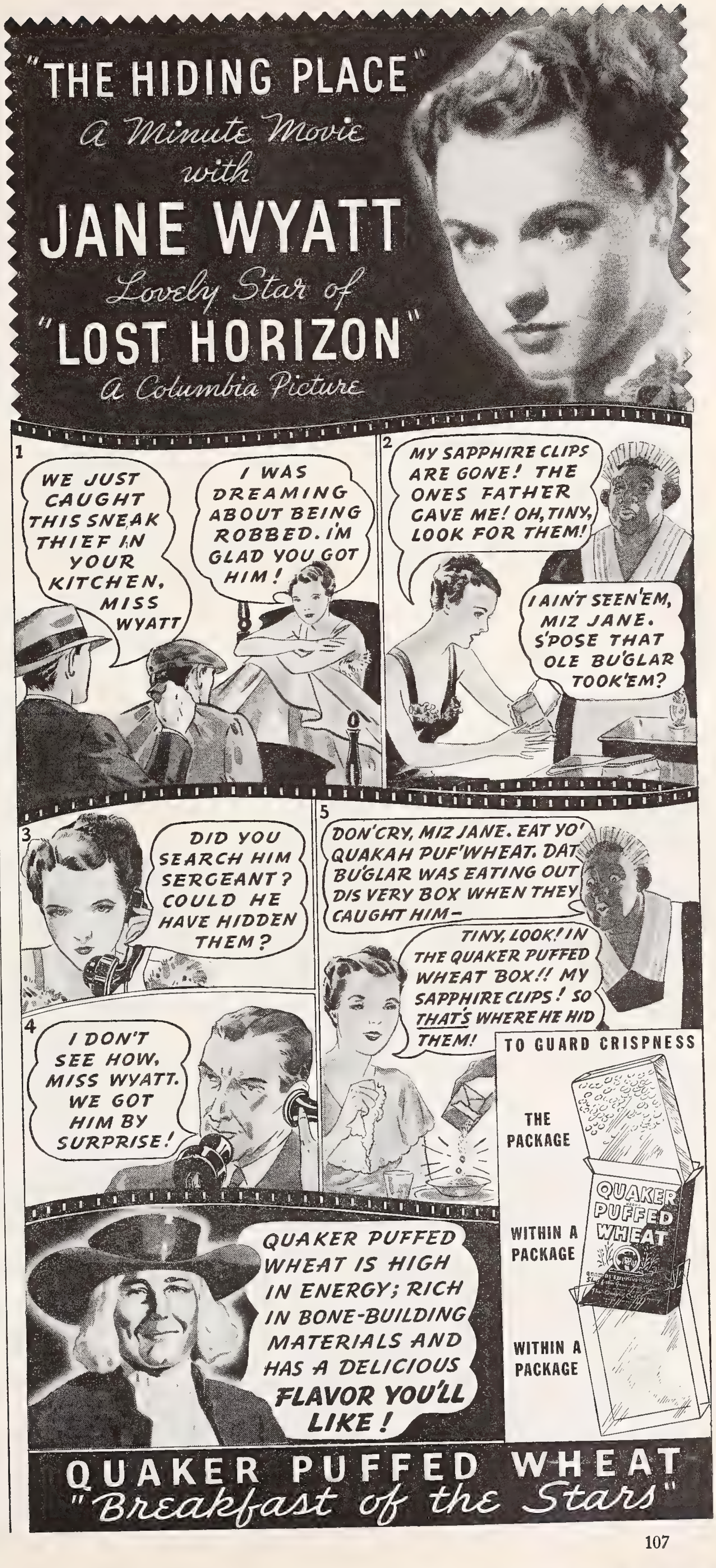
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I WAS DREAMING ABOUT BEING ROBBED. I'M GLAD YOU GOT HIM!
2
MY SAPPHIRE CLIPS ARE GONE! THE ONES FATHER GAVE ME! OH, TINY, LOOK FOR THEM!
I AIN'T SEEN 'EM, MIZ JANE. S'POSE THAT OLE BU'GLAR TOOK 'EM?
3
DID YOU SEARCH HIM SERGEANT? COULD HE HAVE HIDDEN THEM?
4
I DON'T SEE HOW, MISS WYATT. WE GOT HIM BY SURPRISE!
5
DON'CRY, MIZ JANE. EAT YO' QUAKAH PUF'WHEAT. DAT BU'GLAR WAS EATING OUT DIS VERY BOX WHEN THEY CAUGHT HIM—
TINY, LOOK! IN THE QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT BOX!! MY SAPPHIRE CLIPS! SO THAT'S WHERE HE HID THEM!
TO GUARD CRISPNESS
THE PACKAGE
WITHIN A PACKAGE
WITHIN A PACKAGE
QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT
QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT IS HIGH IN ENERGY; RICH IN BONE-BUILDING MATERIALS AND HAS A DELICIOUS FLAVOR YOU'LL LIKE!
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Man of the Auer

(*Continued from page 43*)

radically different from the Russian notion, where an old injury rankles within a man's mind for years. Also, American humor seemed to be founded on ridicule of the adversities of life. It was easy for me to launch into that vein, anxious as I was to forget the life that I had led in my childhood. Around home I clowned. In the theatre, though, which I joined when I was nineteen, I was always cast in tragic or villainous roles. After eight years in Hollywood, the films have at last discovered that I am a comic. But when I act funny for the camera, I am not acting. I am doing just what I do around the house or at parties. I'm getting paid for being myself, not for acting."

If Auer's professional problem seems complex, the break that brought him cinema attention is not. If Gregory LaCava had not remembered, as he was making "My Man Godfrey," that one of the members of his cast, namely, Mischa Auer, had a panicking "gorilla act," and that he had seen it eight years before at a Hollywood party, Mischa would probably still be not more than a glorified bit player.

There is one reservation to this. About the time of "Godfrey," Rouben Mamoulian cast Auer as a strong, silent Indian, with marked satiric overtones, in "The Gay Desperado." All Auer had to do was to walk around with a heavy expression, a colorful blanket, dank locks, a sugar-loaf hat perched atop his head (in 133-degree-Arizona-desert temperature) and, without saying a word, express disapproval at the waning savagery of Mexican banditry. Auer said for a month he did nothing but lift heavy lids and drop them, witheringly, until he was ready, in his own words, to "commit suicide from boredom."

Mischa didn't do away with himself, however. Instead, when the two films, "My Man Godfrey" and "The Gay Desperado," were released, one on the heels of the other, a new discovery loomed on the Hollywood horizon.

CHESTNUT-HAIRED, pale-faced and black-eyed Auer accepts the news that he is Hollywood's newest funny man with the same fatalism that he accepted his mother's death, of typhus in Constantinople; his flight from Russia with her when word reached them that she was on a Chekov (Bolshevik Secret Police) execution list; that his father had died on a battlefield of the Russo-Japanese War; that, at twelve, he was to be taken with a trainload of children to Siberia as a Communistic child-rearing experiment.

Utterly modern, entirely disillusioned, but not at all lacking in a warm, friendly interest in the human race, Auer furls his mournful eyelids and hopes that his success doesn't mean that he will have to attend Hollywood premieres. While he likes a lot of *chi-chi* about his dinner table —gold plates, fine porcelains, finer linens, he lives simply, dresses simply, and is entirely happy with his Canadian-born wife, the former Norma Tillman, and their three-year-old son, Tony.

"I didn't marry for love, you know," he answers a question. "I married for companionship. My wife is the grandest and the funniest person in the world. She clowns around as much as I do, and we're always laughing," continues Auer.

Mischa Auer has other claims to fame besides his recent film success. He is a grandson of the late Leopold Auer, Hungarian-born, Russian-naturalized violin instructor to Jascha Heifetz, Mischa Elman, Efram Zimbalist. More than that, with his parents' tragic deaths, his grandfather, who died in 1930, legally adopted him and Mischa assumed his name. Young Auer's real name is Ounskowski. His mother was Leopold Auer's daughter. Mischa, which is short for "Michael," has it figured out that he has Hungarian, Russian, Swedish and Jewish blood.

"Little Michael" was born in St. Petersburg. To this day Mischa (pronounced "Mee-sha") refuses to mention the city of his birth by any other name, although through successive political changes it has become Petrograd and Leningrad. In 1917, when he was twelve, the Red Revolution burst with all its horror upon Russia.

Mischa's family was "petty nobility." They were entitled to a crest and a crown with five prongs on it. Barons had seven prongs on their crowns; counts, nine. Tastefully, the Ounskowskis made no use of their small title, preferring to remain upper-class bourgeoisie. Nevertheless, when revolution broke, Mischa and his mother were immediately listed as aristocrats.

To make all men equal was the Communists' ideal, so, with a number of other children of aristocratic families, Mischa, at twelve, was hauled off to Siberia to be raised according to Communistic principles. Fortunately for the children, it was spring when this idea took form. Spring in Siberia is not as bad as winter in that far north land. It was bad enough, however.

But the children, as youngsters often do, became their own saviors. They snatched food as they could, robbed, stole, begged, and soon proved a nuisance to the very people who had high hopes for their transformation from little aristocrats to little Communists. They were soon bundled back onto a train and returned to their homes.

MISCHA'S joy at being again with his mother was short-lived. Soon they were fleeing for their lives. In the days of the Czarist regime, Madame Ounskowski had been active socially. One of her activities had been that of patroness for a musicale. The list of patrons had been headed by one of the Grand Dukes. Scouring about for signs of treason on the parts of their newly-created comrades, the Chekov discovered an old letterhead listing the sponsors of the musicale. The Grand Duke's name was enough to direct suspicion to the patrons and patronesses. Soon the police were searching for all persons whose names appeared on the letterhead.

Weeks later the Ounskowskis found themselves in Turkey. They made their way to Constantinople, then occupied by the British Expeditionary Forces. By the time he was fourteen, Mischa was serving the British Army. He was not actually fighting, but there was plenty of leg work the eager youngster could do in Constantinople.

His mother, too, soon founded a hospital on a nearby island in the Black Sea. It was for refugees, and Mischa joined her there. But the story of Mischa's life, which should ordinarily end on a fairly happy note, speeds on. In Mischa's fourteenth year typhus raged in Southern

Europe. People died like flies. One of the victims was Mischa's mother.

Grief might have overwhelmed many a youngster of his age, but Mischa had long since stopped shedding tears. Crying was a waste of time in the midst of the colossal desolation that his generation had been born into. Mischa prepared to do the last thing he could for his mother . . . bury her. It was Sunday, and the Sabbath in Turkey is religiously celebrated. Not a shop was open. No one worked. He could get no dray to carry a casket to where his mother's body lay. He walked to the casket-maker's shop and carried his mother's casket home on his back. It was a muscle-tearing, heart-breaking task, but he did it.

Left alone in the midst of pestilence, Mischa thought how he might escape. A few jewels remained in his mother's belongings, which he sold. Then he found his way to Florence, Italy, where a girlhood friend of his mother's lived, married to a local attorney. They welcomed the haggard lad; fed him, clothed him, then cabled his grandfather, Leopold Auer, in New York. The music master sent for his orphaned grandson.

HERE, again, should come a happy ending to a terrible childhood, but, no. Grandpa Auer's secretary met the wrong boat, and Mischa was shunted into Ellis Island. Mischa's first impressions of America were not pretty. Characteristically, he holds nothing against anyone for that experience. Incredible episodes in his life have left him numb to trivial discomforts. Then, too, don't forget the natural fatalism of the Russians, "What is to happen, will happen, and nothing you can do will stop it . . ."

In New York, Mischa's life at last became that of the normal youngster. He enrolled in the Ethical Culture School, a private institution, concerned with progressive ideas in education. At nineteen Mischa went on the stage. That seemed to be his life work. Now he wants to become a director. He is not without experience in this work. In the East he conducted his own summer stock company, giving one-act plays. On Broadway, he appeared in "The Wild Duck," "The Riddle Woman," "The Kibitzer."

Touring with the Bertha Kallich players brought him to Los Angeles in 1928. Once there, he entered films; displayed villainy in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," "Clive of India," and others. Now, under long-term contract, Universal has him doing a comedy Hamlet in a night club set-up, with a negro Greek chorus, interpolating and adding the syncopated note, in "Top of the Town." He recites the Soliloquy, and the skull is electrically lighted, the eye sockets blinking on and off. Mischa, with irony, relishes the idea immensely. Also, he relishes the part of the "ham" film actor that he is doing, at the same moment, for Hal Roach's "Pick a Star."

The Auers are naturalized American citizens. His favorite author is the typically American Gene Fowler. Auer's biggest surprise, besides that of his sudden picture popularity, came when an Eastern publisher turned down a lengthy version he had written about his hectic life. The publisher undoubtedly thought that he was exaggerating. That is exactly what Mischa would not bother to do. Why should he, when, in his case, truth is more devastating than fiction?

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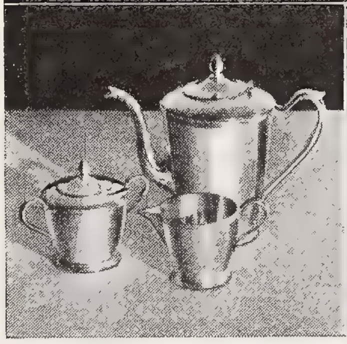

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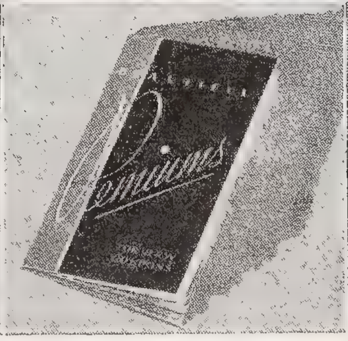

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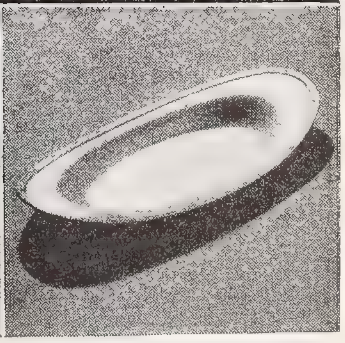

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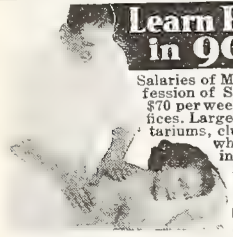

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Don't Talk About It—Do It!

(*Continued from page 53*)

fattening foods the same way. Don't jolt and jar your pampered system by a world-shaking change in diet right off.

I would say that two weeks after your big resolution goes into effect, you ought to be on a sensible reducing diet, sticking to it faithfully, and not minding it a particle. That means fruit or fruit juice, a slice of thin toast, and one cup of black coffee for breakfast. Clear soup and a salad for lunch. A dinner consisting of a decent-sized piece of broiled or roasted lean meat, two or three green vegetables—all you want of them—and a non-fattening dessert. According to the urgency of your weight-losing problem, you can tighten or slacken this diet schedule. If you're not such an enormous person, you can have a piece of pie or cake or a small dish of ice cream now and then or a couple of soft-boiled eggs at breakfast time.

THIN girls should be eating three healthy, nourishing meals a day and liking it. A breakfast of fruit, cereal with cream and sugar, two boiled or poached eggs (if you can eat eggs), a couple of slices of toast with butter and jam, and a beverage. Luncheon may be light, but must be nourishing. A thick soup. A salad of greens or mixed fruits. Or some hot dish instead of the salad, these cold days. A simple dessert and a glass of milk. Another glass of milk, or a malted drink with an egg beaten up in it, in the middle of the afternoon or when you leave the office. A dinner consisting of a soup, any broiled or roasted meat (and liver is good for you, if you're anaemic), two green vegetables with butter on them, a starch, a salad if you want it, and for dessert a light pudding, ice cream, plain cake, or custard. No coffee at night.

If you're worried about your complexion, remember that diet is half the battle. Green vegetables, fruit, and fruit juices should form the bulk of your diet, with a couple of glasses of milk every day if you're not a fat girl. Drink lots of water. Try cutting down to a minimum on coffee and cigarettes and see if that muddy look doesn't disappear like magic.

Please don't be lazy about cleansing your face thoroughly and meticulously before you go to bed. Most of the skin damage in this world is caused by dirt and ingrained make-up. And, aside from that, if your skin is over-dry, over-oily, or broken out, you should apply corrective measures to do good work for you while you're asleep. And that reminds me of a swell new beauty whats-it which has many virtues and no faults, as far as I can find. Maybe I'd better start a new paragraph on this, for I want to explain one small point rather carefully.

THERE'S an excellent cream and powder made by these people. Both the cream and powder have antiseptic, corrective qualities and are just the thing for you if you want to doctor your skin and at the same time, not have to go around looking like a fright without make-up. I have some samples of the powder which I will be glad to send to you. I haven't any samples of the cream, but would be glad to give you the name of it if you wish to buy it. It isn't expensive and it really is good—worth every penny.

Now here's what I want you to do, if you'd like a sample of the powder and the name of the cream: Fill in the coupon at the end of this article and address your request to Beauty Department, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Leave off the Mary Marshall entirely. This is simply to speed up the handling of these requests. You needn't enclose return postage in your requests for this sample, either. No, remember that: if you want the sample, just fill in the coupon and paste it on a penny postcard, if you like, addressed to "Beauty Department," as I've told you. If you wish to write to me about other things, then address another letter to Mary Marshall and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The powder, incidentally, comes in all the regular shades, so state what shade you desire. Use it just like any powder—but pul-leeze, pul-leeze, if your skin is in bad shape, use fresh bits of cotton to powder your face and toss away that grimy, if beloved, old puff. I know—I know— nothing gets powder on as slick and smooth as that dear old dilapidated lamb's wool puff, but you must expect to make some sacrifices in this world, you know.

Here I am, as usual, with eighteen things I want to talk about and insufficient time to do any one of them justice. But M. M. does want to say a thing or two about general grooming.

First, if your funds are limited, do everything you can do well enough all by yourself. Shampoos. Waves. Manicures. I'm not trying to put the beauty parlors out of business, but I do think, when you must count the pennies, that beauty parlor assistance should be saved for the time when you really need it. And *then*—and then, my hearties, don't skimp and pinch by going to a cheap, second-rate place. You can't economize on a permanent, as I've said five thousand times. But any gal can shampoo her own hair. And, if she's handy at all, she can learn to set a wave. She can get a professional manicure every two weeks, instead of every week, and keep her nails up to par herself in the interim. The too-common method is to dash to the manicurist of a Saturday afternoon—have beautiful looking mitts for two days—and then let the old wear and tear of soap and water or typewriter keys or what-have-you do their dirty work without attempting in the least to keep one's nails looking presentable. The cuticle oil made by that well-known manufacturer of manicure aids is grand for keeping the nails looking nice. The cream polishes are so easy to apply that you can change your polish frequently. Likewise, the various wave-sets will do wonders to help you keep a permanent in order—and you save that fifty or seventy-five cents every time you use it. The soapless shampoos are grand for the quick shampoos in between the thorough shampoos. The little net caps to wear to bed of nights will "save" a wave a surprisingly long time. Oh, yeah, sure, you read about these things in beauty columns and in the ads and you think, "I'll get one of those—some time. I'll do that—some time." Don't talk about it—do it!

ANOTHER point of general grooming: remember that others can see you from every angle. We're too much inclined to regard ourselves in one dimension only. Your hair, for example, may look swell, front view, with that bang, but scrutinize it carefully from a side view and don't wear the bang with a hat. If you have a roll curl at the back of your neck, make sure it doesn't cut you off too much—

make you look as if you had no neck, in other words. Remember to blend the powder down into your neck when you powder your face. How many necks I do see of a slightly different shade from the face. It looks very odd, to others, even though you don't think of it yourself.

A little while back I said I was going to refer to the five gals on pages 52 and 53. Well, on further reflection, I don't know just exactly what helpful suggestions I can cull from them. They're picture people, after all, and they live in a picture world. They have advantages which you have not. But these few things may give you an inspiration or two.

The first time I met Olivia de Havilland, she was no more like the girl she is today than I'm like Shirley Temple. That quiet, rather mousey, not particularly well dressed youngster, is now an exquisite girl. You might think nothing could change those lovely soft brown eyes, but careful eyebrow grooming has enhanced them. And she has learned to speak more slowly. And she wears her hair off her face. These seem like small points, but they've definitely glamorized her personality. Olivia's hair is the same color it has always been and she doesn't wear a lot of goo and make-up off-screen. The changes she has made in herself have been natural, sensible changes.

I can say nothing in praise of young Beverly Roberts except that, one year ago, I'd never heard of her and now I know she's going places. The only answer to that is the amount of work the youngster has put in in one year. Dancing lessons, singing lessons, lessons in speech. And when she's not working, she's sitting on the set watching others work and learning what she can from them.

When Rosalind Russell started out to carve a career for herself, she chose one thing to specialize in. She wore good clothes. She realized sensibly that, though good-looking, she wasn't world-shakingly beautiful. She had faith in her own talents—but there are thousands of talented girls. So she concentrated on clothes and theatrical producers came to depend upon her when they wanted a smart, chic person, if it were only for a "bit." And now, as you can see for yourself, Roz ain't playing bits no mo'.

Gail Patrick has always been a really strikingly good-looking girl, but nobody paid much attention to her until recently. I think it's because she has pared off all trimmings from her clothes and has made her coiffure rather simple and severe.

And, finally, my chillun, Alice "Cutiepie" Faye offers a small hint to all small, cute, cuddly girls. Alice is still small, cute and cuddly, but changing the violent platinum hair to a more believable shade has helped to make her sweeter—more—well, I guess "refined" is the only word.

Beauty Department,
Modern Screen,
149 Madison Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

Please send, at absolutely no cost to me, a *sample* of the powder in ....shade and the *name* of the cream recommended by Mary Marshall.

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Complexions that need coaxing bloom at the touch of these

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THIS LUSCIOUS COLD CREAM
helps prevent Blemishes and Dryness . . . Vitamin D Ingredient brings New Vitality to the Skin

Why let searing dryness age your skin or blemishes shadow your beauty? Keep your skin fresh and smooth with the help of Woodbury's Germ-free Creams.

Many blemishes start as germ-infections. Germs are inescapable, but the damage they do to sensitive complexions can largely be avoided.

As you smooth on Woodbury's Cold Cream, it softens dry patches, leaves your face gloriously fresh. And quickly its germ-free antiseptic destroys blemish-germs which may be nesting in the tiny cracks and fissures of your skin.

A new ingredient now in Woodbury's Cold Cream, Sunshine Vitamin D, stimulates the youthful breathing of the skin, helps keep it active, alive!

You'll find Woodbury's Germ-free Facial Cream an ideal base for make-up. It guards your skin from blemish, wind and dust. Each cream only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ in jars; 25¢, 10¢ in tubes.

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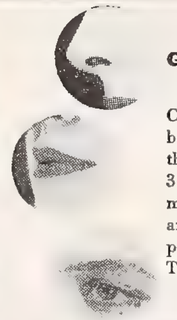
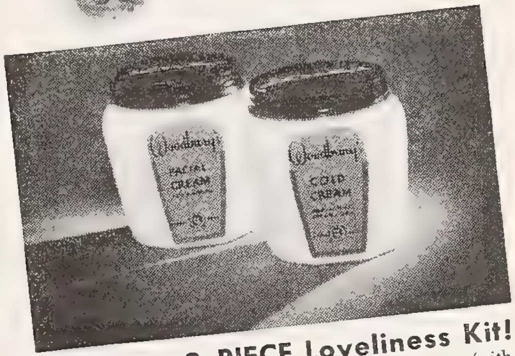


GERMS CAUSE BLEMISHES MOST OFTEN HERE

Clogged pores on the nose . . . invisible breaks in the dry skin near the mouth . . . the tiny hair follicles of the brow. At these 3 places, especially, blemish-germs are most likely to invade the skin and set up an infection. Woodbury's Creams help protect you from germ-caused blemishes. They're lastingly *germ-free!*



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It brings you trial tubes of Woodbury's Cold Cream (with Vitamin D) and Woodbury's Facial Cream; also guest-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap; 6 generous packets of Woodbury's Germ-free Facial Powder. Send 10¢ to cover mailing costs. Address John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6775 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.

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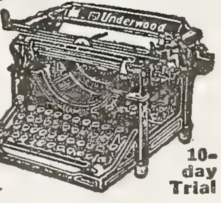

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The Farmer Takes the Show

(Continued from page 49)

important enough to her to stand all this, Frances said, after she wrote an essay in her sophomore year at high school.

"It was entitled 'God Dies'," she chuckled, "and won me the disapproval of the faculty and students, while I was thoroughly ostracized from the Epworth League. But the really important thing I won was a hundred dollars from the Scholastic Journal for my brain-wave. I decided then and there to become a writer. And," she added with a grin, "since I made up my mind at this time to write nothing but classics, I thought a college education might be a help."

But a position on the college paper changed the course of her ambitions. In a dramatic review she criticized a college play so thoroughly that the irate leading lady suggested that Miss Farmer try to do as well. So in the next college play Miss Farmer did considerably better. And from then on she devoted every spare moment to dramatics.

And how, we wondered, did Frances have time to find a spare moment?

"Well, I saved time in different ways," she explained. "I didn't join any organizations for one thing. Even the dramatic ones, after I found that hours were spent consuming tea and speculating on what the 'theatah' was coming to. I was regarded as kind of peculiar around the campus, I guess, because I didn't waste time doing anything I didn't want to."

We asked how it felt to go back to Seattle as a successful moving picture actress when "Come And Get It" was previewed there. Frances and all the principals were sent up there by the studio, you know, when the picture had its world premiere.

"It was an awful experience," was Frances' surprising answer. "A mere handful of people knew me when I left town, and then I came back to find fans swarming all over the place. It does something to you. You wonder how people can get like that. Of course, I had my real friends there, but the ones who made the greatest demonstration were those who had barely known I was in existence previously.

BUT that's what this picture business does," she continued thoughtfully, "they 'go Hollywood' all over the country in connection with movies. I know they expected me to turn up looking pretty glamorous, and even though I looked just like I did when I left, they were convinced that I must have changed in some mysterious way. And the truth of the matter is, that I'm just as I was at that time—rather bad at clothes, pretty sloppy, and forgetting to put any make-up on half the time. And I still drive my rattle-trap car, live in a very modest house, do most of my own housework, and haven't gone to a night club yet."

Lots of things had happened to Frances since she left her home town a year ago. She had traveled 12,000 miles to make that 1200 mile trip from Seattle to the film capital. The detour had been to Russia, —a trip won through a Seattle newspaper contest.

"But I really went to Russia to get to New York—and ended up in Hollywood!" she laughed. "You see, when the opportunity came for this trip it looked like a long shot to me, because I'd been dying to try out the New York stage ever since my first interest in dramatics."

A communist paper in Seattle had offered the prize for the best essay written by a Washington student. The winner was to cover the May Day celebrations in Moscow and come back to enlighten the university students on the joys of being a Red.

"But I'm afraid I was rather a bad bet," Frances said ruefully. "Guess I developed into too much of a radical, because I not only failed to come back and spread the light, but I didn't come back at all."

On the boat she met a man who arranged a screen test in New York for her and suddenly Frances found herself in Hollywood under contract.

"I'm still a little vague about the whole thing," she said. "The entire trip took less than three months and I really didn't

Richard Dix tells the Missus a good one at the Zukor Anniversary dinner. They're a seldom publicized but very happy couple. Mrs. Dix's coiffure has a flight of birds across the front—very fetching realize how much fun I'd had until I got back and had time to think about it. It wasn't exactly a de luxe trip," she added, "since I went by bus to New York and third class all the way, but it seemed like a millionaire set-up to me."

FRANCES isn't a bit sorry that Hollywood was her stop instead of New York, though she still has one main ambition in life and that is to act on the New York stage. She's under a six-year contract at the studio and in that time feels that she will receive invaluable training for her ultimate goal.

From the first day at the studio Frances Farmer was regarded as someone to be reckoned with. Not because she showed signs of genius or temperament, but because she had all the marks of being an individual—who intended to stay that way. Invitations to night spots, premieres and other festivities were turned down by Frances right and left, with the announcement that she preferred her own company to most of the young men around town and vastly preferred a good book to a good drink. The studio tore its hair—how were they to get this new actress in the gossip columns if she spent her evenings with books—and particularly good ones?

Frances also let the publicity department know that she would not pose for bathing suit pictures known as "leg art" in the Hollywood vernacular—and the studio's sure-fire method of getting new actresses in the papers.

"Marlene Dietrich didn't refuse," she was told icily.

"'Legs Dietrich' has a definitely more glamorous sound than 'Legs Farmer'," responded Frances equally icily.

"Ha!" said the publicity department, "then we'll change your name to something more enticing. How about Lotta Latour? Then you'd be known as Legs Latour—how's that, eh?"

"Thanks," said Frances, "but when I get ready to change my name I'll do it myself." And the next week she did just that. Much to the consternation of the studio's harassed publicity department, she quietly eloped to Yuma one week-end with another Paramount player—a six-foot-four Viking named Leif Erikson.

Hollywood is perhaps the most blasé town in the world, but this elopement caused genuine surprise. For it had been just a short time since Frances had announced herself as entirely unimpressed by the masculine element in Hollywood.

"I prefer my own company," she had said, "to the company of any young men in this town. I certainly don't care for the crop of boys who arrived to show me the town on my arrival."

Then came the morning a couple of weeks later when Frances Farmer changed her mind. Late for work, she and her Ford came tearing up the street and turned in to the Paramount gates. So did another car, coming as fast and rattling as hard. With a screeching of brakes the two antiquated models skidded to a standstill and their respective drivers turned to glower at each other.

"Seems to me you could look where—" the handsome young man in the other car began growling.

"Well, it seems to *me*," began Frances in her most ominous voice.

There was a deafening toot of horns and the two turned to look angrily at the cars lined up behind them—all limousines with disdainful chauffeurs. Leif began grinning and Frances' mouth quivered. Then they looked at each other and burst into helpless laughter.

"Go ahead!" said Leif, waving Frances through the gate. *"But wait for me!"* he yelled after her.

It wasn't the March wind that chilled him...'twas the touch of her dry, chapped Hands

IT HURT WHEN JIM SAID he hated rough hands. Mine *were* chapped and harsh all winter — kind of old-looking — but what could I do?

THEN... MY SISTER TOLD ME Jergens Lotion keeps a girl's hands soft because it goes down into the skin. Now I use Jergens, too, and Jim says, "Your soft little hands keep my heart."

HANDS need Special Moisture *inside the skin cells*

YOUR hands chap and roughen when the skin cells lose their moisture. This moisture easily dries out—from wind, cold or water. And most women have their hands in water up to sixteen times a day.

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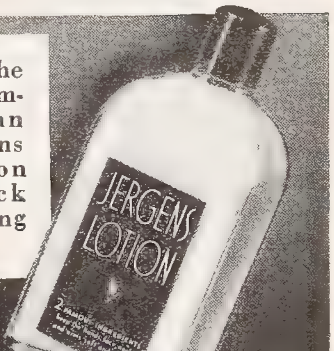
The two famous ingredients in Jergens are the same as skin specialists use to soften and whiten skin. Your first application smooths roughnesses, soothes chapping. Use Jergens faithfully and you'll soon have charming hands your man will love. Jergens leaves no stickiness. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—$1.00 for the big bottle—in any drug, department or 10-cent store.

Sinks into the skin more completely than other lotions tested—soon gives back youth-giving moisture.



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Four Lovely Shades. 10c and 20c at All Ten Cent Stores

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● Any complexion can be made clearer, smoother, younger with Mercolized Wax. This single cream is a complete beauty treatment.
Mercolized Wax absorbs the discolored blemished outer skin in tiny, invisible particles. Brings out the young, beautiful skin hidden beneath.
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USE Saxolite Astringent — a refreshing, stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel.

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Hollywood's debutante set is a very active crowd. Billiards is a favorite evening pastime—here are Barbara Pepper and Anne Shirley showing how it's done in sister act effect.

"And from that minute to this, we've had grand times together," said Frances. "Working or loafing we seem to get along like the best of friends. Of course, I suppose any girl could get along with Leif—but I'm glad I was the one to get the chance!"

Leif Erikson had been under contract to the studio just a few months longer than Frances. With music his main interest in life, he had started out as soloist with Ted Fio Rito's famed orchestra in San Francisco. Then he was offered a role in Max Reinhardt's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in the Hollywood Bowl and after touring with this company for several months was signed by Paramount. He had played small roles in several pictures, but was still taking dramatic instruction from Phyllis Loughton, the studio's coach, when he met Frances. It developed that Frances was studying, too. From that time on they arranged to be rehearsal partners.

"We were terribly serious about our work," said Frances, "even to devoting our evenings to practicing our roles for the next day's lessons. One night Leif came over to my apartment with a script. We started in with too much enthusiasm, though," she added with that low, merry laugh so typical of Frances. "It called for me to berate him in no uncertain tones. I did this with such dramatic fervor that we didn't hear the pounding on the door until it was suddenly opened and in streamed half a dozen tenants. They told Leif either to act like a gentlman or leave the place at once!"

It was a month after their first meeting that the two decided on their Yumatrimonial trip. They drove to the little Arizona desert town one week-end and were quietly married by the justice of peace.

"It was a terrifying experience to have such a fuss made over our marriage when we returned," Frances said. "But even if I was in Hollywood I wanted to marry the man I loved. I just can't exactly see this idea of giving up matrimony because it might cause a slump in your fan mail."

In spite of the tumult and shouting, the Eriksons went about finding themselves a home. They chose a small place in Laurel Canyon, close to Hollywood, and set up housekeeping.

"That is after a fashion," amended Frances. "Our first investment wasn't an overstuffed set for the living-room but a rather rickety second-hand boat so we could explore the neighboring sea coast. You see, Leif comes from sea-faring people—his father was commander of a fleet of ships in the North Pacific. And I'm crazy about anything to do with the wild waves—the wilder the better."

That's what Frances thought, but the studio thought it plain reckless, particularly after these two collided with an oil tanker one dark and windy night, and had to be rescued by a fishing barge when their skiff capsized.

There are clauses in studio contracts, you know, which prevent players from doing anything that might prove hazardous to their careers. The Eriksons were reminded of this little legal technicality and the suggestion was made that they get rid of the boat. So they traded it in for a motorcycle. With a side-car attached they planned to take week-end jaunts into the desert and mountains and sleep under the stars.

"Leif had never driven a motorcycle before, so I was a little surprised to see him drive up in it the first day," Frances explained. "However, we went on a grand ride and enjoyed ourselves immensely."

The next day when they drove merrily to work in it, the subject of clauses was again brought up. Needless to say, the Eriksons and their motorcycle parted company.

"It really doesn't matter to us, anyhow," she laughed, "because we can have just as good a time in a hundred other ways. Fortunately, we both like the same things—hiking and swimming and pot-luck suppers with friends, or just dashing off to the movies. Simple things, all of them, and stupid compared to Hollywood's ideas of a big time. But we like to go our own way.

"In fact," said Frances Farmer thoughtfully, "I don't think my husband, my marriage or myself are in any danger of 'going Hollywood.'"

She's in Debt

(*Continued from page 55*)

concerts. She opened a door for me and, although she blinded my young eyes with the light she let through, she did show me that light."

Gladys paused a moment, her dark head bent in thought. Frank Chapman said, "The football players come next. Don't forget them."

"You were a football player yourself," laughed Gladys, her laughter loving him, "a football player turned singer. But before the football players there was the flutist—"

"We will *not* discuss the flutist," said Frank, firmly. "There is nothing romantic about a flutist."

"But he was the very best flutist," pleaded Gladys.

"The flutist is out," affirmed Frank. The flutist was out. But in the tender mockery in the eyes that Gladys turned upon her husband, I gathered that the flutist, though blue-pencilled, had contributed some color to the girlhood memories which Gladys Swarthout remembers today.

THE football players, then," smiled Gladys, "accomplished a paradox in my life. They nearly ruined my career forever and, at one and the same time, they gave me my career.

"It was like this: I was a football fan, the most rabid of the species. I never missed a game. At every game, of course, I yelled my lungs out. I screamed until my throat was scraped raw. I not only went to all the games, with first one football hero and then another, but I also went to the dances and parties afterward. I neglected my practicing. Miss Vickers, my mother and sister were frantic. They saw my career going down in the dust of the football field. They began to take action. They did take action and so . . ."

"And so you really owe your voice, your career to your football players," supplied Frank. "Had it not been for them and the danger that threatened your voice, you might have remained indefinitely in Kansas City and on the concert platform."

"That is true," Gladys said. "And then comes the Harroun family. This wealthy Kansas City family, two sisters and a brother, believed in me to such an extent that they backed me financially. They sent

Jack La Rue took Chris London to the "Lloyds of London" preview. They kinda resemble one another, don't they?

No
Orchids
FOR HER!

ORCHIDS from the one and only man! The girl never lived who didn't thrill at the thought.

But there's one girl who can never have this thrill — for men avoid her.

She is the girl who is careless about herself; who has allowed the disagreeable odor of underarm perspiration to cut her off from good friends and good times.

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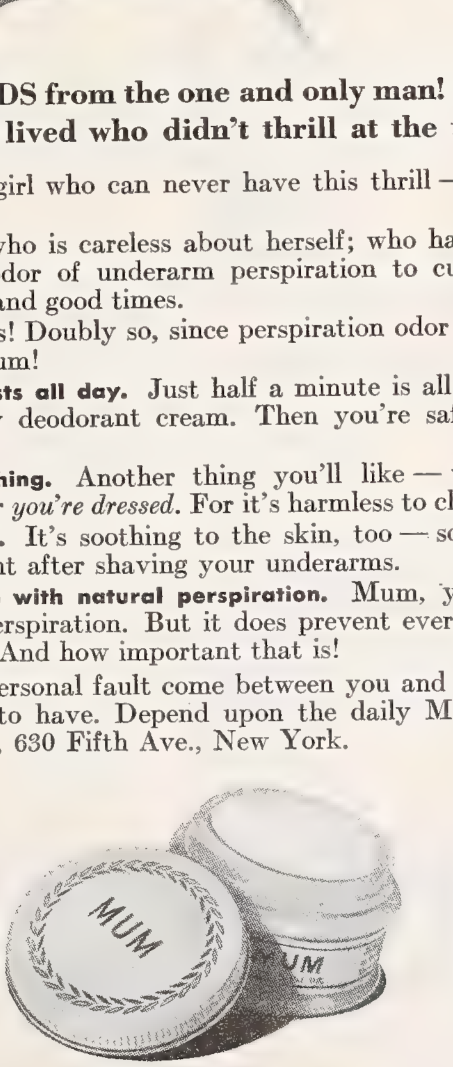

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Eddy-MacDonald fans! Here's a perfectly grand shot of your favorites from "Maytime." Nelson looks unusually handsome and Jeanette is charming in the costumes of the period.

me to Chicago to study. They sent not only me, but my mother and sister as well. They spared no expense and imposed no restrictions. I have repaid the financial debt in full. On the night I made my debut at the 'Met' I signed the check which cleared my monetary debt to them. But the debt of friendship, the debt I owe them for their belief in me, goes on my list of forever unpaid debts. One of the sisters passed away just before I went back to Kansas City to sing. This very morning a wire came telling me that the other sister is gone. So, tonight, I am trying to repay that debt a little in my thoughts, in my memory, in my heart. Even though they are gone, the debt remains. Perhaps I can repay it only by realizing that I never can, if you know what I mean."

A silence fell on the quiet room. The butler removed the tea things. Gladys rose and sat, curled on the fireside stool, her back to the flames.

She continued, "Oddly enough, the man who is now President of Paramount Pictures is my next creditor. He gave me my first job on any stage, in Chicago, in the movie houses of which he was the head. I acted, danced and sang. For years I was ashamed to talk about this, I think it was because my mother, a very strict churchgoer, felt that pictures, dancing, acting in a theatre were in the nature of a sin. At any rate, to Mr. Balaban, who has doubtless forgotten all about it, I owe my first job. I also owe to him the opportunity to take two days leave of absence so that I might go to Minneapolis and sing with the Minneapolis Symphony. His understanding the willingness to give an 'employee' a chance when that chance presented itself, was something to be thankful for.

"Don't forget Mr. Rider," reminded Frank.

"Oh, I won't. Mr. Rider knew everyone connected with music in Chicago, and he saw to it that I met them, too. He dragged me almost literally by the hair of my head, to the Chicago Auditorium, the 'Met' of Chicago, to have an audition. I protested every inch of the way. I still held fast to my vision of opera—some day. But that was still very far in my future, I thought. I didn't know one operatic role. Nevertheless, he took me. I sang arias. I was engaged. That summer I learned twenty-three operatic roles. So to Mr. Rider I owe the debt of making my vision not just a nebulous thing, but a definite one. He made me realize that there is no time like the present. His insistence that I have that audition actually opened the gates of opera for me.

DURING that first season in Chicago, I sang with Mary Garden and Chaliapin and, oh, the debts I owe to them! At that time I knew very little about dramatics. What with learning all my roles and rehearsing them and studying languages, I had no time to be coached in the acting end of it. And to Miss Garden I owe what I learned then. She took such an interest in me. She advised me to watch every rehearsal I was not in so that I might learn what not to do.

"The first stand-in part I ever had was for her. She was singing 'The Love of Three Kings.' There was a scene where the King had to lift her from a marble bench, dead, and carry her from the stage. She had to be limp, her hands flopping lifelessly. She wanted to see how a limp body would look. She asked me to do the role for her while she sat out front and observed. I did it. To Mary Garden I owe the debt of thoroughness.

To the one and only Chaliapin, I owe the sense of responsibility, the debt," laughed Gladys Swarthout, "of being nervous every time I step onto the opera stage, the concert platform, a movie set or into a broadcasting station. You may say that this is a sorry debt and one not to be valued. Oh, no.

"You see, that first season in opera, in Chicago, I was never nervous on the stage. I sang more roles than anyone has ever sung in any one season, I believe. Not a tremor did I have. It was the casualness of youth, I suppose. It was a matter of where there was no sense there was no feeling. Whatever the reason, I had no sense of stage fright, no self-consciousness, no pit-of-the-stomach fear.

"One night when I was about to go on as Siebel with Chaliapin, in 'Faust.' I was standing by waiting for my cue when I saw Chaliapin pacing up and down, off-stage, shaking, his face green. I was afraid. I thought he had been taken ill. I asked someone what ailed him. I was told that was Chaliapin, that he was always nervous before he went on, so nervous that he shook, because he felt that he must sustain his previous attainments. He felt the full sense of that great responsibility. And I remember standing there, realizing that I was learning a new lesson. For there was the great Chaliapin, shaking, nervous lest he fail, and there was I, cool, casual, romping confidently onto the stage.

"From that night on, I have been nervous before every performance, of every kind, everywhere. I suffer stage fright. I suffer from a sense of responsibility, not so much to myself as to my cast, to my audiences. Chaliapin taught me that only out of pain can you give the best that is in you.

"Do you see what I mean?" Gladys asked. "Do you see how little I am myself, alone? I am made up of component parts, each part given to me by the people who have been my donors. I am simply the sum total of the gifts they have given me."

WITH her eyes on the eyes of Frank Chapman, who gave her an affirmative nod, she continued, "I owe a debt I can never repay to the man who was my first husband. He was older than I and so very wise. I owe him a debt which can never be cancelled—not on this earth because he is gone. He gave me the gift of believing utterly in myself and in the gift he felt that I had to give to the world. No sacrifice was too great for him to make for that gift. I might easily, when I married, have given up my career. He would not let me do this. He gave me the humble conviction that my career was not a thing to be sold for gold, but a trust imposed upon me, a faith I must keep.

"I owe to Frank, perhaps more than anything else, the debt of knowing that the living of life is good—a life in which everything is shared. For we do share everything, our work, our ambitions, our plans and problems and even our innermost thoughts. Frank cured me of my inhibitions."

Frank, at this point, muttered something about a phone call which had to be made and departed. Gladys said, smiling, "He needn't be modest and retiring about it. It's all true. He gives me our home life which is peaceful, normal and organized. I can't imagine what it would be like to be alone, so absolutely are we together in everything. We work every morning from nine until twelve. An accompanist comes in and we take turns in our practicing.

We lunch together and discuss our mornings' work, in detail. In the afternoons we play tennis or golf, ride, go shopping or just sit in the sun and talk. We never seem to tire of talking endlessly, together. We always go shopping together. I wouldn't dream of buying a frock or even a pair of gloves unless Frank were with me. I bought five hats, alone, sort of by accident, last week, and Frank sent every one of them back—but every one. We like the same people, have the same friends. We entertain at dinner and dine out. Usually with the Fredric Marches, Grace Moore and her husband, Rhea Gable, or the Bob Montgomerys.

"People argue about whether there is such a thing as the truly good life," said Gladys Swarthout with the happy smile of the woman who is content. "I owe Frank the debt of knowing that there is—because we live it together."

THERE are our friends in Hollywood, new friends who have become old friends already. Gloria Swanson, for instance, has been a friend. She has given us her sound knowledge of the business in all of its complicated phases. She has helped us work out our problems. She has introduced us to her friends who have become our friends also.

"I owe Marlene Dietrich a debt, too, for when we first went to Paramount she was friendly and welcoming. She was always popping in and out of our dressing-room with little gifts—flowers and home-made cakes she made herself. She went out of her way to make us feel at home."

"She often," contributed Frank, who had returned by this time, "would stand with me outside the door when Gladys was recording. I have seen her eyes fill with

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Stories about Jeanette MacDonald, Herbert Marshall and Kay Francis in our April issue.

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tears as she said, 'If only I could sing like that!"

"There is Jan Kiepura," grinned Frank. "Don't forget him. All right, I'll say it for you. Your only outburst of temperament was caused by him. You should really acknowledge that debt, you know."

"Oh," said Gladys, "perhaps we shouldn't—but you see, we'd been having such difficulties with 'Give Us This Night.' Kiepura kept going up on his lines and going up. We shot one scene sixty-four times and he went up every time. I was tired and I finally lost control. I stood there on the sound stage and for the first time in my life, I went prima-donnaish. I shouted, I'm afraid, and said that we were not children but adults who were getting good money for what we were doing and that it was up to us to do it and that if we didn't I would walk off the stage and the scene would never be taken. The next take was a *take!*

"We owe Hollywood many debts, really. A debt of gratitude for the lovely home life it gives us, for me—" Gladys looked at Frank and laughed.

"Gladys means for the checks she receives," prompted Frank. "She still can't believe it's true. Each one is a new surprise to her."

"Do you wonder that I say I am in debt? Head over heels in debt? Do you wonder, now, that I asked a little help of you and of MODERN SCREEN in helping us to repay our debts which can never be cancelled while we are alive?"

Gladys Swarthout has paid her debts but she is lovelier because she doesn't know it.

A Schoolmarm Looks at Hollywood

(Continued from page 39)

and intrigue. I wanted to be a Mata Hari, if necessary. I wanted to be enmeshed in international conspiracies. If this did not work out, I wanted to be an actress. Either career seemed to me then, as now, the most colorful, most vital, most powerful life I could discover for myself.

"And power is what I want," said the beautiful Madeleine. "I wanted it then. I want it now. My ambition for power has never changed. I knew that I could never be content to be a wife and mother and nothing else. There are many women who are satisfied with wifehood and motherhood, and more power to them. But I am, whether fortunately or unfortunately, not made that way. I want children, of course, but I want my career, too.

"But my father's wish compelled me to continue my studies. He was a teacher of languages and his dearest dream was that I might win such scholastic honors that, eventually, I might attend the Sorbonne in Paris from which he had graduated."

Madeleine didn't attend the Sorbonne, but she was a precocious child and she did win an entrance to Birmingham University at an age when most girls are looking ahead to high school. After receiving a Bachelor of Arts degree from Birmingham, establishing a brilliant record in the study of French, and, more than incidentally, an equally brilliant record in university theatricals, she accepted a teaching position in a girls' seminary at Brighton.

"I kept my bargain with my father," Madeleine was saying, "to enter the field of pedagogy for a year. And, then, the year about up, and lacking as much as the seven dollars railway fare needed to take me to London, I answered an ad in a newspaper for a tutor and got the job. My pupils were the six children of a secondhand clothing dealer. My salary was three dollars and fifty cents a week. I worked just long enough to be able to get to London and to keep myself there for a few weeks.

"I went to London to be an actress. I went, also, to privations, discouragements, actual hunger. I know what it is to live on 'fish and chips.' I know what it is not even to have 'fish and chips.' I ate only when I couldn't stand the pangs of hunger any longer. When I was literally down to my last cent, I landed a small role in a play called, fittingly, 'The Lash,' which was being cast for a tour of the provinces. My salary was fifteen dollars a week. When the company disbanded, after appearing in third-class theatres almost everywhere, I modeled hats while waiting for another stage job.

I TRAMPED the streets of London between hats. I made the rounds of agents and producers. I was too thinly clad. I was hungry. I was friendless. I looked as I look now, perhaps a bit spiritualized from lack of sustenance. No one cared. I didn't care either. I didn't care because I was living at the quick. Hunger and loneliness and fear and job hunting, even discouragement and despair, are basic emotions. They are the prods and pressures of necessity and necessity is life. I was far happier than I was in the days when I had had my snug little weekly salary at school, my board and keep.

"I want to live while I am alive," Madeleine told me. "I want to live dynamically, dangerously. I'd rather starve than stagnate.

"It was Seymour Hicks, the actor-producer, who finally gave me the job that started me. He coached me and gave me increasingly important roles in his touring company. When I had a bid to play opposite Robert Lorraine in London, he graciously gave me permission to accept the part. It was during rehearsals that, one of one hundred and fifty applicants, I made my first screen test and was chosen for the leading role in a screen drama called, 'Guns of Loos.' I next made 'The First Born,' directed by Myles Mandets. This was, undoubtedly, the real turning point of my career. Then the fan mail began to come in and the British fans became Carroll-conscious.

"I've never been hungry again," smiled Madeleine over her vegetable luncheon. "I did many stage plays. I made for the screen 'What Money Can Buy,' 'The Crooked Billet,' 'School for Scandal,' 'Young Woodley,' 'I Was a Spy,' 'The 39 Steps,' 'The Secret Agent,' and others. Then I came to Hollywood.

"If you really want to know what an ex-British school teacher thinks of Hollywood," smiled Madeleine, "it is that everything which has been said about it and a great deal which has been thought about it are false.

"Yes, the glamor of Hollywood has been stressed. One hears of the gay parties, gay people, vast and incredible sums of money, swimming pools, fantastic people living fantastic lives. Hollywood money. Hollywood hysteria. Hollywood madness.

But that is not Hollywood at all—not as a British school teacher sees it.

"I see Hollywood," said Madeleine trenchantly, "as the seat of great power. I see it as a power which might be used in almost any way, any direction. I see it as a mighty and muscular hand with ability to shape and guide and mediate peoples and problems and policies—everywhere. I see it as an influence, the substantial weight and strength of which has never been used or tried. I see Hollywood as a supreme world dictator, a dominant and controlling force.

"We, on the screen, have a far greater power, I think, than we have fully realized or half used."

"You mean," I said doubtfully, "political power?"

"It could be used for that," said Madeleine. "It could be used in almost any way we might choose to use it. Most of us have chosen to use it only in the emotional sense.

"When I was in England recently, I accepted an offer to tour and lecture in cinema theatres in Northern England. I spoke of political matters, of war and peace. The reaction which I got from that brief experience was fiercely illuminating. I got that reaction because I was Madeleine Carroll, screen actress, whom the power, prestige and the press of Hollywood had made an international figure. I could have stood, my whole life through, on school platforms and given my heart and brain away and never have achieved half of what I did achieve as Madeleine Carroll from Hollywood.

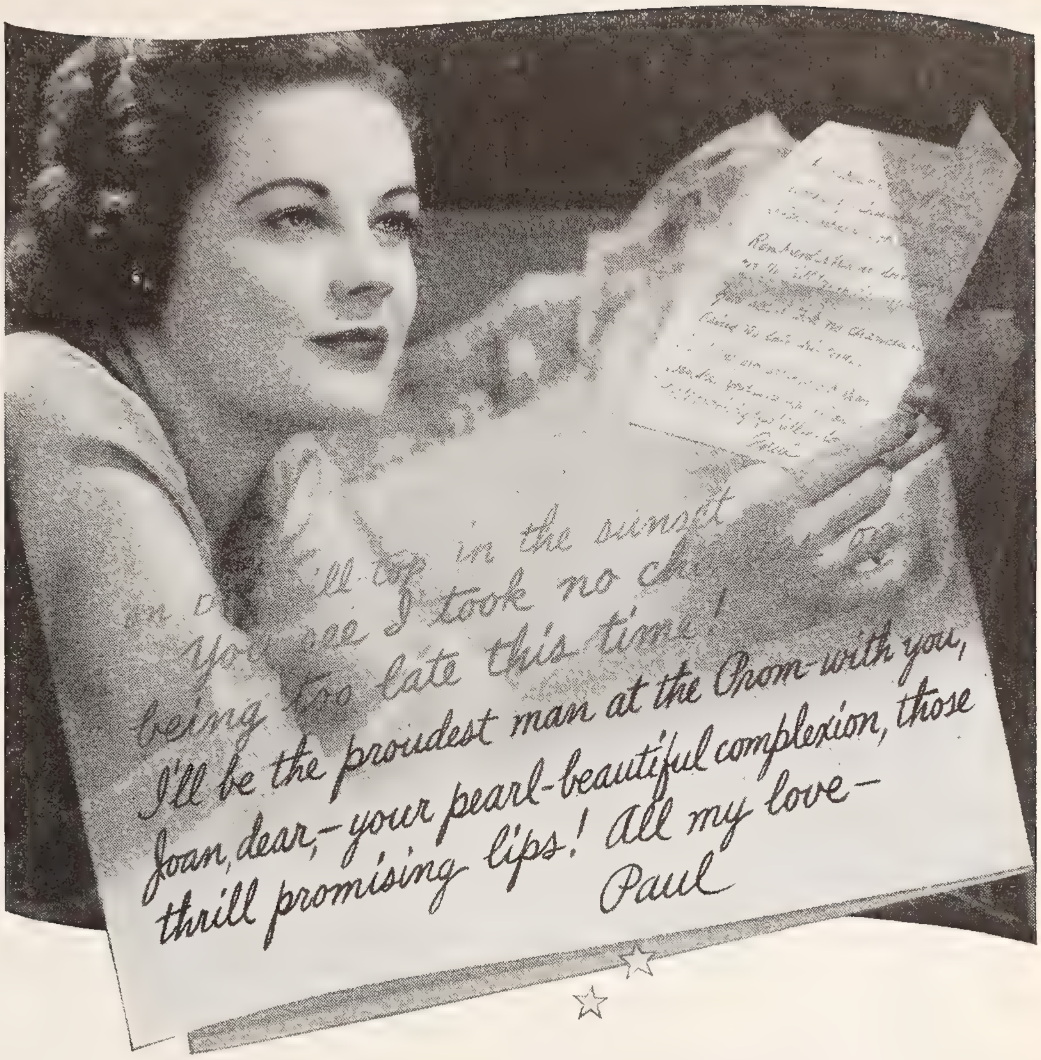
IT has often been a source of amazement to me that the fans do not resent us, especially after the recent difficult years when, impoverished, the world might well resent Hollywood and its denizens, their affluence, their luxuries, their opulent housing and gowning and furring and jewelling. But I am beginning to understand. They do not resent us because they feel that we belong to them. Our luxury is their luxury; they share it with us. Our loves are their loves. I am accessible to the millions of men who see me. To the millions of girls who see Robert Taylor, Clark Gable, Gary Cooper they are their boy friends, too. They may, if they wish, be in their arms. They belong to them. One does not turn upon one's own. One rejoices and shares in the common fortune.

"No," laughed Madeleine, "this school teacher cannot be prissy about Hollywood. This school teacher is not a bit ashamed of being a movie actress, she is proud of it. I boast about it. I feel not only its glory but its power.

"I find it a warm and generous place. In England, if a man, say, loses his job or if he produces a play and it is a failure, his friends will rally around him, stand him a drink, clap him on the shoulder, be comradely and helpful. But if that man gets a substantial raise, puts on a play that wows the town, his friends will avoid him, look the other way, give hollow praise if at all.

"Hollywood is just the reverse. Hollywood helps, but it looks the other way when there is failure. Hollywood is the only place I know of which does not rejoice at failure. Hollywood is with you when you are successful, proud of your success.

"I see no petty jealousy in Hollywood. I have seen no back-biting, no mean rivalry, no knives hurled in the dark. Everyone seems to bask contentedly, even joyously, in the success of everyone else. Time and again I've heard one star say of another, 'His new picture is terrific—he's great in it!' No, I am sure, a Jean Harlow doesn't envy a Myrna Loy; a Myrna Loy doesn't resent the success of a Garbo. On the con-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☐ Raspberry
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☐ Rachelle
☐ Creole
☐ Brunette
☐ Peach
☐ Natural
☐ Blanche
☐ Suntan

trary, each seems to bask in the sunlight of the other's place in the sun. There seems to be elbow room for everyone in Hollywood. And if there isn't room someone will graciously move over and make room.

"I have been asked," smiled Madeleine, "whether I really mean all the nice things I say about Hollywood or whether I say them 'for effect.' I do mean them. I have racked my brains to try to find some fault with it, some criticism that will add a dash of vinegar to the sugar.

I SEE no silly, conceited popinjays strutting about Hollywood. I see about me, everywhere, hard-working, earnest, intelligent young men and women, older men and women. All of them seem singularly unaware of their beauty, their fame, their glamor. They do not behave as 'professional charmers.' I think," laughed Madeleine, "that this can be explained by the fact that so many of them have arrived in Hollywood via a long and bitter route. They didn't suddenly, with a wave of the wand, become the Dietrichs and Colberts and Lombards of today. They aren't too vain of their beauty because they were beautiful, too, in the days when no one cared. No one was blinded by their beauty. It took Hollywood to frame them and hang them on the wall for all the world to see.

"I can't imagine complaining about anything in Hollywood. I have heard a few complaints because of being asked to be on the set at seven in the morning or after dinner at night, perhaps. What of it? I wouldn't complain if I were asked to be on the set at five in the morning and to do a little dusting while I waited. I'm getting paid, well paid for my work. Far too well paid to make any complaints of any sort about anything.

"And Hollywood is so grateful. Hollywood bears out my mother's teaching that graciousness pays its dividends. Grateful because, they say, it is 'gracious' of me to be always on time, never to keep cast or director waiting, never to complain about long hours.

"I see Hollywood as a place generous in every respect. There are no rigid 'clicques' out here. Nor have I seen any of the 'wild parties,' the bawdy revels of which outsiders, at least in the past, heard so much and suspected so much more. If any such orgies do go on I have been rigorously excluded. And I don't think this is the case. If anything, the tempo is a bit unexciting. We all have charming homes and charming home lives, plenty of sun and sea and air and tennis and books and friends. At most of the parties to which I go we play Monopoly or word games, we sit and talk, we swim or play tennis.

SOME of us—and I am one—have to undergo long-distance marriages, which is unfortunate. I am peculiarly fortunate even in this in that I am married to the most understanding man in the world."

And I thought, then, of the romantic engagement of the lovely Madeleine Carroll and Captain Philip Astley. I thought of the marriage of the beautiful Madeleine and the dashing Captain, a marriage which took place at the Captain's villa on Lake Como, the moon of Italy rising on their nuptials. I thought of how Madeleine was presented at Court, and of the castle they have bought in Spain where they spend their leisure moments together.

"We have," Madeleine was saying, "rather a perfect marriage. When we were first married, you see, Philip made me a most generous settlement—an extraordinary one, too, since it has no strings attached to it. It goes on for life, whether we are together or apart. And when I began to make money, not wishing to be outdone in the matter of the 'beau geste,' I had it so arranged that all of my money is paid over to Philip. I never even see my own checks. My manager gets them, sends them direct to Philip, and I live on the settlement my husband made me as I would do if I were nonprofessional. This saves us, I think, from the problem which wrecks so many professional marriages—the problem of the husband being submerged by his wife's financial supremacy. Philip has more money than I. My money is handled and invested by him. He explains what is done with it, though I never ask, of course, and that is that.

"Despite the inconvenience of our enforced separations, Philip wants me to keep on with my career. He knows me. He says to me frequently, 'With your vitality you must have something to do, something vitally interesting and your own. If you didn't, you might get into mischief. I would prefer you to have your career in which I, too, can take so keen an interest.'

"He knows," said Madeleine, "the child who wanted to be the torch!

"Even our separations," she said after a moment, "constitute more living than if we were sharing a flat, a house, an estate, drinking coffee together every morning, dining in or out every night. I am omniverous when it comes to living keenly, sharply. I would rather be fiercely in pain than flatly at peace. I would rather know the suffering of love than the satiety of love. I am," smiled Madeleine, her gray eyes star sapphires with fire in their depths, "a Latin at heart, you see."

I said, "Yes, I see." But I didn't.

The TRUE EXPERIENCE of RITA KOCH
OF OZONE PARK, N.Y
NOBODY Goe
READ RITA' OWN STORY
DON'T YOU CARE DARLING – WE'LL SHOW THEM – EMMA TOLD ME TODAY YOU OUGHT TO EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST EVERY DAY FOR THOSE PIMPLES. IT CLEARED BOB'S UP FINE – REMEMBER...
HE HASN'T ANY NOW, HAS HE? I'D BETTER START RIGHT OFF AND GET RID OF MINE!
LATER
– BUT DON'T BREATHE A WORD ABOUT IT – THIS PARTY'S TO BE A BIG SURPRISE –
IT SOUNDS LIKE HEAPS OF FUN
MY BUT IT'S GRAND TO BE IN ON THINGS AGAIN

The Things They Want to Forget

(*Continued from page 41*)

hopeless. The people who were employing him told Bert they wouldn't keep him any longer. His studio told Bert that they wouldn't permit this man within their gates.

Bert gave his friend his fare to New York. His heart was chilled with sorrow as he did so. He was sure now that there was no hope for this man. Bert would like to forget that bitter failure of his, but there is nothing on earth that can wipe out the memory of the man whom he once called friend, and in whom he once believed.

GLENDA FARRELL also has her bitter memories, memories she finds it hard even to talk about. Many times love has failed her, but bitterest of all her memories is the time she failed love. There was a stage actor whom she loved in the days before she ever dreamed of Hollywood, and whom she foolishly cast out of her life.

She was such an idealistic person, this young Glenda. Too idealistic perhaps. She believed that people in love ought to have eyes for no one but each other. It was inconceivable to her that a man who loved one woman could be tempted by another.

When Jimmy (that wasn't his real name, of course) had to go out on a road tour, they promised each other that they would never "date" anyone else. Glenda kept that promise, preferring to sit at home twiddling her thumbs rather than break her word, for that would be betraying their love for each other, she thought

While Jimmy was on the road, rumors began drifting back to Glenda. Rumors that Jimmy, her Jimmy, was being attentive to another girl in the company. Her head held high, Glenda laughed at those rumors. She couldn't and wouldn't believe them.

Then Jimmy came back, and eagerly asked permission to call on Glenda. While he sat in her room, trying to tell her how much he loved her, her 'phone rang. A shiver ran down her back as the voice of a strange woman asked for Jimmy.

Jimmy's voice was annoyed when he answered. "I can't speak to you," he told the girl impatiently. "I told you I couldn't see you in New York."

The woman's voice, warm and gushing, persisted. Jimmy hung up.

Then he turned to Glenda. Her eyes were darkened by a fleeting shadow, and her little pointed face was drawn with pain.

"Glenda," he said, "I swear this is the truth. I went out with her a few times on the road. I couldn't help it. I told her that it was you and only you I cared about."

He was evidently telling the truth, for other people in his company told Glenda the same story. It wasn't his fault really. And yet—

She refused to consider Jimmy as a suitor after that. With pretended lightheartedness she laughed at him, when he tried to make love to her. She closed that chapter of her life forever, and never turned the page back upon that romance.

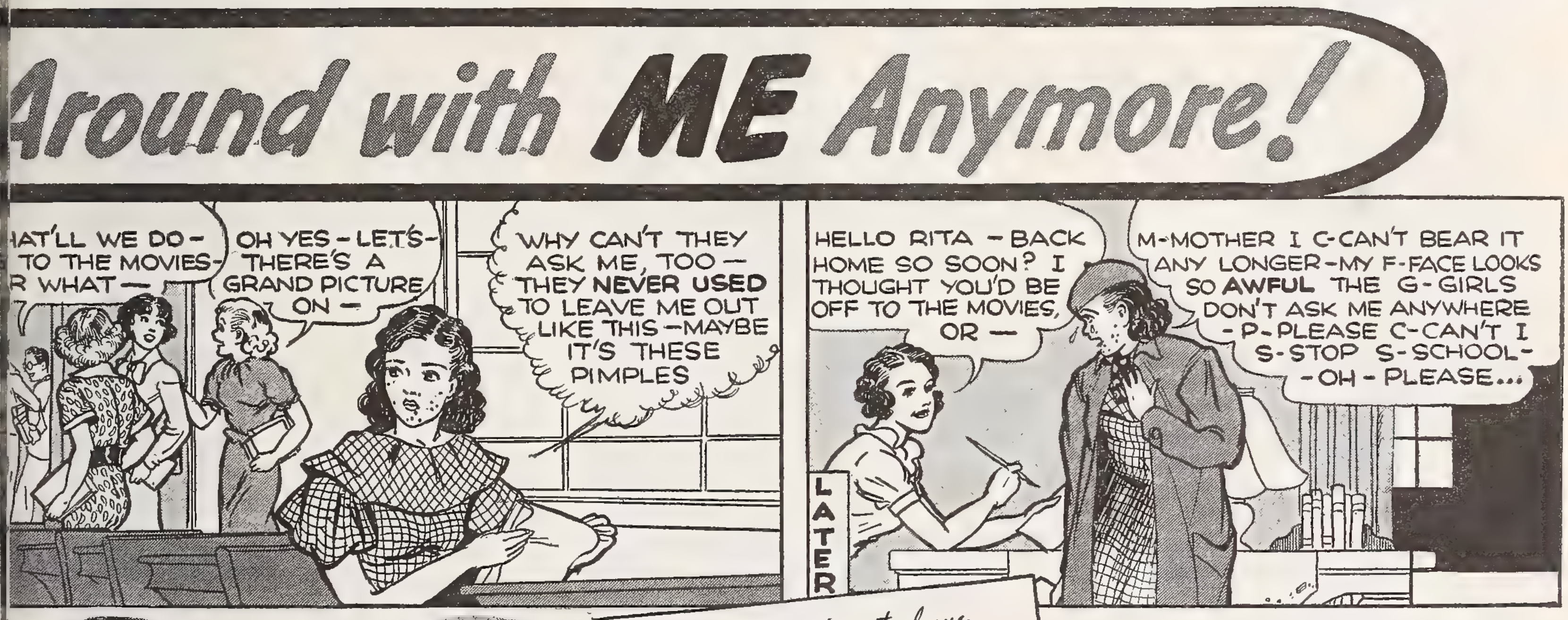
"Now I realize," she told me, "that I acted like an idealistic child, and that I gave up a romance that might have meant something for an ideal I had created out of thin air."

Bela Lugosi's is one of the saddest regrets of all.

"If I could forget just one thing," Bela Lugosi said—and I have never seen a man look as he looked at that moment, wild with regret and wretchedness— "I would try to forget the way I treated my mother. For ten years I never wrote her a line. I left Hungary filled with bitterness against my country. I was furious at the injustice I thought I had suffered. You see, I had had an important position there in the National Theatre. Then I helped the Revolutionists. They failed, and so, I was fired from my job as an actor. I should have reasoned that I had taken that chance and I should have taken my medicine like a man. But I didn't. When I left Hungary, I decided to turn my back forever upon my native country. I would have nothing further to do with it.

"Of course, I didn't deliberately decide never to write to my mother. But that made no difference. Intentions aren't what count in this world. I thought that in some vague, indefinite future I would write her of my life in this New World. But I kept on postponing that letter. It was never written.

"Ten years after I left Hungary, I re-


Around with ME Anymore!
AT'LL WE DO — TO THE MOVIES — R WHAT —
OH YES — LET'S — THERE'S A GRAND PICTURE ON —
WHY CAN'T THEY ASK ME, TOO — THEY NEVER USED TO LEAVE ME OUT LIKE THIS — MAYBE IT'S THESE PIMPLES
LATER
HELLO RITA — BACK HOME SO SOON? I THOUGHT YOU'D BE OFF TO THE MOVIES, OR —
M-MOTHER I C-CAN'T BEAR IT ANY LONGER — MY F-FACE LOOKS SO AWFUL THE G-GIRLS DON'T ASK ME ANYWHERE — P-PLEASE C-CAN'T I S-STOP S-SCHOOL — OH — PLEASE...

E WAY I LOOKED BEFORE

took Fleischmann's east. I couldn't bear to ave people look at my imply face."

RITA NOW

—skin clear. "It is wonderful the way Fleischmann's Yeast got rid of my pimples," she says.

I know how hard it is to have to go around with a pimply face. That's why I'm glad to have this chance to tell how wonderfully Fleischmann's Yeast cleared up my skin.

I wish every girl or boy who has trouble with pimples would eat Fleischmann's Yeast like I did. I'm sure it would fix them up.

Rita Koch

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

CLEARS UP ADOLESCENT PIMPLES

AFTER the start of adolescence, from about 13 to 25, or even longer, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The entire body is disturbed. The skin, especially, gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—with the cause removed—the pimples go!

Just eat 3 cakes daily—a cake about ½ hour before each meal —plain, or in a little water, until your skin clears. Start now!

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JUMBO CAN
ALL COLORS
EASY OPENER
10¢

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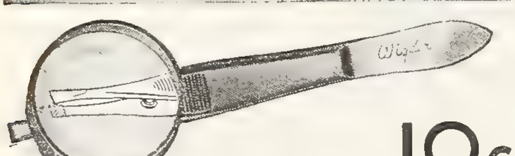


10c

Well-trained Eyebrows really show the beauty of your expressive Eyes. Wigder Finger Rest Grip Tweezers with their light, easy Spring Tension make "tweezing" effective and pleasant. They quickly take away extra and uneven hairs. Made with the "Lock-Grip," a WIGDER feature, under the Finger Rest, will not allow the jaws to spread or cross under normal pressure. Jaws are serrated or "criss-crossed" for positive grip and hairs come out easily and quickly. On sale at all drug and 5 and 10 cent stores.

Wigder quality costs no more
NEWARK NEW JERSEY
NAIL FILES • TWEEZERS • NAIL CLIPS • SCISSORS

ceived a letter from my sister. In it, she said simply, 'Mother has just died. Her last words were, "Why doesn't Bela write? Why hasn't he ever written?"'

"There were no reproaches in that letter. Only my mother's last words. They were enough. They have been branded on my heart ever since. I would forget them if I could, forget my own unintentional cruelty to her. But I know that I can never forget"

WARNER BAXTER would like to forget—and devotedly wishes his pals would forget—that he ever went in for producing shows when he was an enterprising eight-year-old in Columbus, Ohio. He says he will never hear the last of it—can't live it down! A pal of his went in for eating flies as a gag to thrill his playmates. Warner decided that since it was such an attraction for the kids in the neighborhood he would cash in on the stunt. So in the back yard of his mother's home on High Street, young Baxter made a tent of gunny sacks. He announced that he was putting on a show—admission one penny. Warner took in the cash and doubled as a barker. For one penny his "actor" would consume a fly; for two pennies he would nonchalantly devour an angle worm. Business was brisk until his mother learned what he was doing. The show folded, but the "advertising" by word of mouth has come on down through the years.

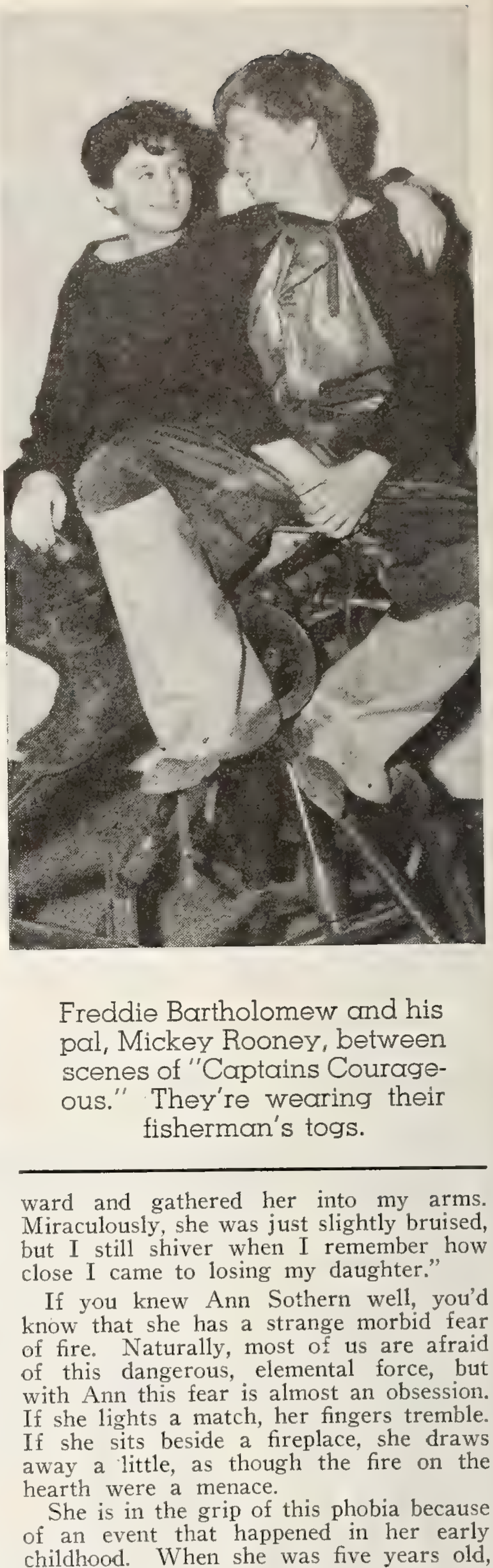
Janet Gaynor would like to forget how frightened she was when she performed on a trapeze for a scene in "Four Devils," a silent picture made years ago under the direction of the late Fred Murnau. She worked with Charles Morton, who was her leading man, at the top of a real circus tent and actually swung on the trapeze as she was supposed to do in her role of a circus acrobat. Suspended in the air between life and death, she felt chill horror grip her many times. It was a hazard any way one looked at it.

George Raft wants to forget the first picture he ever made in Hollywood. He played a very small role, a tough guy part, and following the preview he went home and actually packed his bags to beat it back to New York. He was that bad—as an actor. He doesn't even want to remember the name of the picture.

Gladys Swarthout would like to forget the time she appeared on the opening program of the San Diego Exposition. On a few hours' notice she was persuaded to sing over a radio hook-up following the dedication by President Roosevelt. She drove 130 miles through rain and had to walk half a mile from the exposition gate to the outdoor organ. The time was so limited that she could not rehearse with the organist. And five minutes before she was to sing, an attendant revealed that he had lost her copy of the music. She had to read the words over the organist's shoulder and the organ was so loud she could not hear her own voice.

"IF I could forget anything I chose, I would like to forget the earthquake in Los Angeles," Edward Arnold told me. "I can still see that scene as clearly as if it were happening right now. I remember my wife was getting dinner ready. The house shook. Suddenly the lights went out. In the semi-darkness I caught a glimpse of my small daughter, the littlest of my children, running toward the kitchen door. Directly in front of her, a chandelier attached to the ceiling suddenly tumbled down.

"Her life was at stake! I started to warn her, but before I could say anything, the fixture had crashed to the floor, grazing the back of her neck. I rushed forward and gathered her into my arms. Miraculously, she was just slightly bruised, but I still shiver when I remember how close I came to losing my daughter."



Freddie Bartholomew and his pal, Mickey Rooney, between scenes of "Captains Courageous." They're wearing their fisherman's togs.

If you knew Ann Sothern well, you'd know that she has a strange morbid fear of fire. Naturally, most of us are afraid of this dangerous, elemental force, but with Ann this fear is almost an obsession. If she lights a match, her fingers tremble. If she sits beside a fireplace, she draws away a little, as though the fire on the hearth were a menace.

She is in the grip of this phobia because of an event that happened in her early childhood. When she was five years old, she and her mother were visiting her grandmother in the Middle West. While Ann was playing in the kitchen, she found some matches and lit one against her shoe, as she had occasionally seen her mother do. But something went wrong! Her shoe caught fire! The flames spread, enveloping her! She screamed. Her mother came in, grabbed her, rolled her in a rug. She tried to keep the fire from Ann's face, but it had already left its marks on her body.

For a month Ann lay in bed with her arms propped up. A month of horrible, enforced rest.

There are still scars on Ann's body, scars that fortunately do not show in the pictures she makes. But they are a constant reminder to Ann Sothern of the thing she wants to forget.

Read—"Frances Langford, a Small-Town Girl on the Big Time" in April Modern Screen

There's a Mr. X in Sylvia's Life

(Continued from page 45)

period when the role of Juliet was an obsession and he was the willing, if awkward, Romeo emoting around Sylvia's kitchen while his bright-eyed cousin went into the lines of the historic heroine.

In the beginning, the four years difference in their ages made a wide span which was bridged as both grew older. She read the literature which interested the serious student and, while she had no official education and few contacts, she was a cultured person at sixteen because of her association with him and his work.

The fact that Sylvia Sidney became well known in the theatre at sixteen "without question turned her head," so her cousin says, but he adds quickly, "she arrived at early maturity and then got a true sense of values." He admits, too, that Sylvia's association with him and their complete interest in their work, to the exclusion of other activities, "spoiled her for young men" in that period of her life when young girls are usually intrigued with romance, college dances and parties.

That the efforts of these two toward successful futures were not in vain has been proven by the accomplishments of both. Not, however, that each has not had setbacks which might have defeated them if they had been of weaker stuff. There was the time when the young scientist's best friend, aside from Sylvia, died of the bite of a mad monkey before Mr. X had discovered a serum which could effect a cure. The loss left a mark on his life, but like his lovely cousin's experiences, it spurred him to such intensive research that he conquered the infection.

WHEN Sylvia went to Hollywood in 1928 with a successful record of stage roles behind her, she was so miscast and her possibilities so disregarded that she returned to Broadway embittered by her contact with the cinema world. She saw herself in one picture "Through Different Eyes," and became so terror-stricken with the screen figure of herself that she jumped her contract and took the first train out of California. She screened so badly that sometime later, when her mother was making purchases in a New York shop, another customer, hearing her name blurted out, "Oh, Miss Sidney, I saw you in your picture, but I think you look younger off the screen."

When Sylvia's mother was told she looked younger than the screen personality of her nineteen-year-old daughter, Sylvia thought it was time to say goodby to that sort of medium. But she went back later to a series of successes that have made her one of the most important of the Hollywood stars.

Not that she has completely forgotten the theatre.

"I had planned to take a stage engagement this year," she explained, "but the producers have such good things lined up for me this year, I couldn't stay away from pictures now."

She can submerge herself completely in a role, while she is working, and then dismiss it from her thoughts, so that two weeks after she has completed a picture, she doesn't remember it at all. Nor is she an inveterate movie-goer. She has had trouble with her eyes, as she says, and waits until there is a picture which par-

My day couldn't have been More Perfect!
. . . YET IT MIGHT EASILY HAVE BEEN SPOILED BUT FOR THE 3-WAY PROTECTION OF KOTEX
A fast game of Table Tennis
Shopping with Sue
Dinner Downtown

1 CAN'T CHAFE
The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.

2 CAN'T FAIL
The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton. A special "Equalizer" center guides moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping.

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The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no tell-tale lines or wrinkles.

3 TYPES OF KOTEX
ALL AT THE SAME LOW PRICE
—Regular, Junior and Super—for different women, different days.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX A SANITARY NAPKIN *made from Cellucotton (not cotton)*

ticularly interests her before okaying it.

The first view she had of "Fury," in which she made such a success with Spencer Tracy, was at a showing in London, long after it had been seen by her American fans. There's an advantage in being able to dismiss a role from her mind when she is through with it, because she has a fear of becoming a screen type or of being afflicted with a screen mannerism, a hangover from one production to the next.

Her face is tiny with its tilted nose and wide mouth and her eyes are strange, mellow, keenly alive eyes of an unusual hazel with a sizeable brown spot in the right one. She's five feet three when she wears shoes with the highest heels she can buy. Her figure, off the screen, is slight and graceful, and she weighs 104 pounds. It looks even less than that in the trim, dark, tailored suits and plain shirts she wears away from Hollywood. When she's willing to discuss any matter she talks frankly but, when the subject is not to her liking, she is either silent or deftly turns the conversation into other channels.

Sylvia loves the New York where she first met success. She eagerly had anticipated a ten-day holiday in Manhattan when she returned from England. But a few hours after her arrival, her boss asked her if she would take the next plane to Hollywood. She wanted at least a few days in the East and definitely she would not plane back, she told him. So, she stayed four days and went by train.

SYLVIA is off flying—but definitely. She used to commute by air across the continent frequently but she had so many forced landings, she claims, that the only thing that would get her up into the clouds again would be the necessity to reach her mother in the quickest possible time.

"I flew to my own wedding and look what happened," Sylvia said with a rueful smile. The marital union of the star and Bennett Cerf, young New York publisher, was short-lived, ending after a brief trial when both discovered they couldn't make a go of it. The bridegroom maintained it was impossible for a man of his professional interests to remain successfully married to a Hollywood wife with a career.

The much-admired Miss Sidney is one star who ate her way to slimness. The cameras used to do mean things to her figure, as she recalls—always made her look heavier than she was.

"When I saw myself on the screen I was disgusted," she said. An opinion no one else shared with her. However, it took an impacted wisdom tooth to accomplish her present enviable proportions. The tooth was so troublesome it necessitated an operation in Hollywood and, when the wound refused to heal, she hurried to New York specialists. They agreed she was in bad condition and the prescribed treatment was one to strike terror to the heart of any movie beauty. She had to stop work for three months and her daily menu was one that read as though it were intended for an emaciated creature who just couldn't gain a single pound. During the three months Sylvia relaxed at the beach, she ate three heavy meals a day with potatoes and cream and desserts, to say nothing of large glasses of fruit juice between meals. When friends saw what she consumed, they protested vehemently.

"You can't eat like that, Sylvia. You've got to make a picture soon and you'll weigh a ton." Sylvia had her misgivings, but she continued on the daily orgy. The miracle happened—she ate and ate but her clothes continued to fit, and when her mother visited her as the vacation was drawing to a close, she exclaimed in amazement,

"Darling, you're much thinner!"

And indeed Sylvia appeared slimmer but the scales indicated that her weight hadn't dropped at all. What had happened was that the little flesh which had concentrated in a few places had been more evenly distributed and her figure photographs more attractively. Also, as she says, she felt like a million dollars, but she wouldn't recommend that regime to any other girl trying to slenderize. Not all of them have the stomach trouble which afflicted her.

The way that Sylvia Sidney has taken her life has been eminently satisfactory to her—no qualms about courses she has pursued and no regrets for the lesser things she has passed by. Her work is her all-absorbing interest and whatever else comes along must of necessity be a lesser attraction. She hasn't changed much since the early years when she and Mr. X mapped out their futures and gave all they had to the business of making dreams come true.

She still is intensely interested in his work, feels that if she were not an actress she would like to be a doctor. And Mr. X, happy in his chosen field and the fact that he was a principal factor in helping his cousin to fame, knows that if he couldn't be a scientist, he'd keep on trying anyway, because Sylvia's acting career is enough for two dreams that were shared.

Let Mary Marshall help you with your beauty problems

GENUINE
IRONIZED YEAST
50 TABLETS
IY
NO SKINNY WOMAN HAS AN OUNCE OF SEX APPEAL
BUT SCIENCE HAS PROVED THAT THOUSANDS *DON'T HAVE TO BE SKINNY*

Posed by professional models

NEW "7-POWER" YEAST TABLETS GIVE THOUSANDS 10 TO 25 LBS.

in a few weeks!

THOUSANDS of skinny people who never could gain before have quickly put on pounds of solid, naturally attractive flesh with these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets. Not only that, but they've gained naturally lovely color, new pep, new friends and popularity—*in almost no time!*

Scientists recently discovered that hosts of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite, and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now one of the richest known sources of this marvelous Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant little tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to aid in building you up, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Note how quickly they increase your appetite and help you get more benefit from the body-building foods that are so essential. Then day after day watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. See better color and natural beauty come to your cheeks. Soon you feel like an entirely different person, with new charm, new personality.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and iron, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time, and note the marvelous change. See if they don't aid in building you up in a few weeks, as they have helped thousands of others. If you are not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, money back instantly.

Only be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast. Don't let anyone sell you some perhaps cheaper yeast and iron tablet which is not the original Ironized Yeast that has been so successful. Look for the letters "IY" stamped on each Ironized Yeast tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 33, Atlanta, Ga.

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2. Hearty appetite to enjoy plenty of good food is assured those who specifically need Vitamin B.
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Not To Be Ignored

(*Continued from page 42*)

plenty, if I flopped. He stuck right by me, gave me a free hand, said I could do anything I wanted—while I was getting the freeze on all sides and he was taking a lot in the way of criticism. Yeah, man, do I love him!

"Well, to make a long story practically unbearable, the studio was all for tossing me out on my ear in the nearest alley, and I was getting ready to agree. Speaking of mental hazards—one of the best is to keep right on doing something everybody says is wrong."

Then the make-up man joined my side; that helped a lot when you consider what make-up can do for a pan like this. He was very kind and encouraging—kept saying 'just be yourself.' And Norman would add, 'That's a lot of self.'

"This business I do—there's no halfway about it. Either it is too perfectly stinking awful, or it gets over. You can't just *be* there. You have to let down your hair and tear up the scenery. So—I did. That contract I had dreamed about seemed to fade into the distance and the train whistle got louder.

YOU know that drunk scene in 'Rhythm'? Well, it's my own; I wrote it. I feel tender about it, like a relative. I used to say the 'Who do you think you are anyhow'? line when I was but a girl (I'm twenty now—cross my heart). I played it in lots of night clubs, with variations—sometimes getting paid, sometimes not. It went into the scene without a syllable changed. Why, after all, at a time like that, should I get dignified or something?

"Then came the preview—came the dawn, came the millenium, came the Marines—it's all the same to me. Yeah, man, this is no time for false modesty. That was my moment and I loved it, I wouldn't kid you. The next day there were all the mysterious 'Theys' wreathed in smiles, saying, 'We are glad we were wrong for your sake—and ours.' And 'Will you please sign this five-year contract on the dotted line? Just make a mark if you can't write,' and 'What color do you want your dressing-room?' and 'Would you like to drive your car on the lot?' (me and Dietrich) and 'How will you have your eggs?'"

We met, the first time, over at Glenda Farrell's. Glenda's cousin and Martha's romance is Jerry Hopper; Jerry had the flu. He allowed as how he would like a cup of nice hot tea.

Martha shooed everybody out of the kitchen. "He's my Jerry and I want to make his tea. Poor darling!"

Enter Aunt Margaret to fill a hot water bottle for poor dear Jerry. "Heavens to Betsy!" shrieked Auntie, holding up the tea kettle. "It's full of tea!"

"Of course. Where else would you make tea?" spoke up Martha, calmly. "It was such a small package," she added, anxiously, "do you think it will be strong enough?" Just then the spoon Jerry was stirring with, melted.

As a cook, she's a grand comic. Not much else was revealed on that occasion, except a few illuminating sidelights on the romance.

"At first," Martha said, "we didn't get along together. I saw Jerry at different places and in the music department at Paramount, where he works, but he just sort of didn't pay any attention to me. Well, I'm not the sort of a girl to be ignored. Anything but that. I had to ask him to take me out, and he got shy and said, 'Well, when do you want to go out?' So I said 'tonight.' It was already tonight. He said, 'I didn't get paid yet.' 'That's all right,' I said, 'I got money.' So we went out."

We bumped into her again at a place called the Palomar—a kind of a night club highly favored by the younger generation.

Near us was a table of high-school sheiks and their gals. We had just about ordered our lemonade when a very worldly gent, about fifteen, zoomed over and asked Martha to dance. Seems he saw her in a picture and figured he'd like to dance with her. He didn't ask how she felt about it.

They danced—if you could call it dancing. The boy hunched up his shoulders, got a good grip and off they went, collegiate as all-get-out. Then it got to the fancy stuff—they threw wing-dings all over the place and looked as if they were continuously knocking each other out.

Martha came back, gasping, and at that moment—very good timing—another lad appeared. He was all of sixteen. After all, she danced with one of the party, didn't

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she? A girl couldn't play favorites.

The boys' girl friends sat there trying to look pleased about the whole thing. And Jerry, back at home base holding onto his dignity, not without a struggle, didn't get a dance all evening. Martha danced with the whole high school. She had a grand time. They asked her to join their basketball team. Said she'd consider it.

SHE loves to go out and have fun. An evening at home is her idea of a total loss. Really, it's rather refreshing after this recent cult of young lady actresses who love nothing better than an evening among their "book."

Martha got home at five A. M. the day she made her big scene in "Rhythm"—the scene which was to determine the fate of her picture career. She went to the studio at six—and done all right, as they say at Harvard. Heaven knows what would have happened had she gone to bed at ten P. M. Usually when an actress says, " I have a big scene to play tomorrow," you cross yourself and walk away on tip-toe.

She was on the stage at the age of three, that must account for the hours she keeps. Her parents were in vaudeville, and so was Martha for some years. She has performed in three plays and countless night clubs, including one (now closed) called the Southern Surf, referred to by Martha as the Scum and Scurf. Seems the entertainers seldom got paid.

She happened to mention it during lunch at the Paramount commissary one day. That's about all she had time to mention, because the table might as well have had a STOP sign on it. There arrived a bevy of pretty little blonde things from a musical number who fell upon Martha with glad cries. It seems they were in the "line" of a New York night club where Martha was the chief performer. When things got too bad, Martha moved in and bunked with them and it was all very cozy with a waiting list for the bath tub from here to there.

The bevy was scattered by an extra woman selling Christmas cards, followed by the handsome leading man who demanded how come Martha took advantage of his absence over the week-end to get engaged. (It was in the morning papers.) And if so, where was her ring? "I'll get it, don't push me," Martha advised, winding up her face and throwing the ring at him—a very good trick if you can do it, but one that takes talent.

Martha Raye was born in Butte, Montana, because her parents happened to be playing vaudeville there at the time. Though she was only a kid, she appeared in a vaudeville drama with her parents, and was a serious actress until the age of fourteen. At fourteen, she saw Mary Wigman dance, and it changed her whole life.

FASCINATED with admiration, Martha decided this was her real métier—she would be an exponent of the modern dance. She went to Harold Kreutzberg, foremost dancer of the Wigman school, and begged him to take her as a student. He agreed, if she would study with him for a year at the minimum. A year—goodness gracious, that was nothing. She would study forever. She was, even at that tender age, passionately moved by modern symphonic music.

Well, it appears that young Martha neglected to let her good parents in on this new ambition, and when she began practising the angular, abrupt patterns of the modern school before her mirror, Mr. and Mrs. Pete Reed, her parents, were baffled, to put it mildly. Then they were amused in a nice way, but pretty soon their control gave out and they roared.

"I just didn't have the face or the figure to go with it," Martha admits sadly, with a deep sigh. And that was how she discovered she was a comedienne.

It didn't take long for the fans to fall for little Deanna Durbin whose golden voice is amazing for a fourteen-year-old. She has loads of charm and beauty to boot.

The passion for music stayed with her, and it is no pose, as is the case with some of our leading stars—the girl has a collection of modern classical records that really is something. Martha goes on worshipping her own gods, willy-nilly. It is pretty much in contrast to the "yeah, man" girl who is the best whooper-upper in many a long dreary day. Heaven knows, she wouldn't care to have anyone get the idea she's a highbrow! Not that Martha is apologetic for loving good music—she just figures nobody will believe it anyway.

Aside from that, she goes to Italian red-ink joints for dinner and floors the waiters by speaking Italian. Same thing happens in Olvera Street with the Mexicans. In any group, she moves right in without wasting time on needless formalities. She calls Glenda's dignified, white-haired Aunt Margaret "Margie," and Aunt Margaret loves it. Glenda's dad, known as "Unk Nunkie," was having a bout with lumbago, but Martha told him he was sex-starved. He perked right up and began looking around.

Martha is allergic to cats and begins sneezing right away if she sits in a chair after one. (She sneezes often in Hollywood.) She is an even combination of Irish and Jewish, is a naïve child in many respects, and she did not arrive in town with a contract under her belt. A few performances in a local night club fixed that. She is never sorry for herself—can have the world's worst cold and keep right on clowning.

She has a white car and a colored maid named Lulu—two of her life's ambitions lately realized. (Lulu taught her the truckin' step.) She has been engaged three times—but never in love before. And she can't cook—but who cares?

Scoreboard

(Continued from page 20)

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Pennies From Heaven (Columbia)	2★
Pepper (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
The Petrified Forest (Warners)	4★
Petticoat Fever (M-G-M)	3★
Piccadilly Jim (M-G-M)	3½★
Pigskin Parade (20th Century-Fox)	3★
The Plot Thickens (RKO-Radio)	2★
*Plough and the Stars (RKO)	2★
Polo Joe (Warners)	2★
The Poor Little Rich Girl (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Postal Inspector (Universal)	2★
The President's Mystery (Republic)	2½★
The Preview Murder Mystery (Paramount)	3★
Pride of the Marines (Columbia)	1★
Private Number (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Professional Soldier (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Public Enemy's Wife (Warners)	2★
Rainbow on the River (RKO)	3★
Ramona (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Red Wagon (Alliance)	1½★
Rembrandt (London Film)	4★
Reunion (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Revolt of the Zombies (Halperin)	1★
Rhythm on the Range (Paramount)	3★
Road Gang (First National)	2½★
The Road to Glory (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Roaming Lady (Columbia)	2★
Robin Hood of El Dorado (M-G-M)	2½★
Romeo and Juliet (M-G-M)	5★
Rose Bowl (Paramount)	2★
San Francisco (M-G-M)	4★
Second Wife (RKO)	1½★
Secret Agent (GB)	3★
Seven Sinners (GB)	3★
Shakedown (Columbia)	2★
Show Them No Mercy (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Silly Billies (RKO)	2★
Sing, Baby, Sing (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Sing Me a Love Song (First National)	3★
The Singing Kid (Warners)	3★
*Sinner Take All (M-G-M)	2★
Sins of Man (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Sitting on the Moon (Republic)	1½★
Sky Parade (Paramount)	2★
Small Town Girl (MGM)	3★
Smart Blonde (Warners)	1★
The Smartest Girl in Town (RKO)	2★
Snowed Under (First National)	2★
A Son Comes Home (Paramount)	2½★
Song and Dance Man (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Song of China (Douglas MacLean)	3★
Song of the Saddle (First National)	2★
Sons O'Guns (Warners)	3★
Special Investigator (RKO)	2★
Speed (M-G-M)	1½★
Spendthrift (Paramount)	2★
Stage Struck (First National)	2½★
Star for a Night (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
*Stolen Holiday (Warners)	2★
The Story of Louis Pasteur (Warners)	4★
Stowaway (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Sutter's Gold (Universal)	2½★
Swing Time (RKO)	4½★
Sworn Enemy (M-G-M)	2★
Tarzan Escapes (M-G-M)	3★
Thank You, Jeeves (20th Century-Fox)	1★
*That Girl from Paris (RKO-Radio)	3★
The Texas Rangers (Paramount)	3★
Theodora Goes Wild (Columbia)	3★
These Three (Samuel Goldwyn)	4★
They Met in a Taxi (Columbia)	2★
Things to Come (United Artists)	3★
13 Hours by Air (Paramount)	3★
36 Hours to Kill (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Three Cheers for Love (Paramount)	2★
The Three Godfathers (M-G-M)	2★
Three Live Ghosts (M-G-M)	2★
Three Married Men (Paramount)	1★
Three Men on a Horse (Warners)	3★
Three on the Trail (Paramount)	2½★
*Three Smart Girls (Universal)	3★
Three Wise Guys (M-G-M)	2½★
Ticket to Paradise (Republic)	1★
Till We Meet Again (Paramount)	3★
Times Square Playboy (Warners)	1★
To Mary—With Love (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Tough Guy (M-G-M)	2½★
Trailin' West (First National)	1★
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine (Paramount)	2½★
Trapped by Television (Columbia)	2★
Trouble Ahead (Pathe)	1½★
Trouble for Two (M-G-M)	2★
Two Against the World (First National)	2★
Two Fisted Gentleman (Columbia)	2★
Two in a Crowd (Universal)	1★
Two in Revolt (RKO)	2½★
Two in the Dark (RKO)	2½★
Under Two Flags (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Under Your Spell (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Unguarded Hour (M-G-M)	3★
Valiant is the Word for Carrie (Paramount)	2½★
The Voice of Bugle Ann (M-G-M)	2½★
The Walking Dead (Warners)	2★
Walking on Air (RKO)	2★
Wanted: Jane Turner (RKO)	2★
Wanted Men (British & Dominion)	½★
Wedding Present (Paramount)	2★
We're Only Human (RKO)	2★
We Went to College (M-G-M)	2★
We Who Are About to Die (RKO)	3★
Whipsaw (M-G-M)	2½★
The White Angel (First National)	4★
White Fang (20th Century-Fox)	2★
White Hunter (20th Century-Fox)	1★
White Legion (Grand National)	1½★
The Widow from Monte Carlo (Warners)	2★
Wife vs. Secretary (M-G-M)	3★
Wild Brian Kent (Lesser-RKO)	1★
Winterset (RKO)	4★
Without Orders (RKO)	2★
The Witness Chair (RKO)	2★
Wives Never Know (Paramount)	2★
A Woman Rebels (RKO)	2★
Woman Trap (Paramount)	1½★
Yours for the Asking (Paramount)	2★
Your Uncle Dudley (20th Century-Fox)	2★

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Between You 'n' Me

(*Continued from page 23*)

To be frank, we fans were thoroughly disgusted with Dick's "Jerome Bonaparte," we despise mustaches, we abhor domestic complexes in our romantic cinema heroes, particularly crooners. We prefer sweet, refined little Ruby any time to the buxom, blasé Joanie as Dick's real sweetheart. We like Joan as the "Gold Digger" or "Three Men on a Horse" heroines, but please leave the shy violet dramatics to adorable Keeler.—Mrs. E. Franzeen, Ursa, Ill.

Honorable Mention

Three Cheers for the Raye Gal

Oh, boy, what a star! Personality, ability, talent, they all spell just plain Martha Raye. I saw both "Rhythm on the Range," and "The Big Broadcast." After seeing her steal both shows, I'm convinced that she is one of the biggest finds of the year and absolutely the best commedienne of any year. Hold on to her, Hollywood, you've got something there.—Catherine Campbell, Evansville, Indiana.

Them's Fighting Words

Isn't it about time to call it quits for the Rogers-Astaire pictures? You find the same characters, the sameness in Miss Rogers' clothes, almost the same plot in every picture and the same sing-songish songs. "Roberta" wasn't bad because it had lively Irene Dunne in it, but to star Rogers and Astaire is a great mistake. Neither of them has a good voice, and Ginger goes through the same "hand movements" in all her dances, while Mr. Astaire can't compare with Charles Collins in grace, good looks, poise or dancing.

Please team Charles Collins and Jessie Matthews, Mr. Movie Producers.—Jane Brennan, Bloomfield, N. J.

Taylor Looks "Chopped Off"

The supposed idol of the hour is the one and only Robert Taylor, but if Taylor has set the world afire—I say, give me vanilla.

He has looks, if you like his type. His build is nothing to write home about because he looks "chopped off," and as for acting, anyone can do what he does. All that his roles call for is a handsome face. —Marianne Wood, Blackstone, Va.

What's Happened to Shirley?

After seeing "Dimples," my child disappointedly said, "Momie, that wasn't such a good Shirley Temple movie, was it? There were so many big people talking, and no ponies, or ducks, or dolls, or anything. She just danced and sang, and didn't play at all."

"Dimples" is an adult story, with adult characters and adult lines. Children understand little of the plot, and miss the usual childish delights. Imagine a Temple picture without a single animal, doll, toy or childish joke, with more tears than smiles!

Some of my little girl's happiest memories are the pony-in-bed scene, and Shirley's innocent "Oh, my goo'ness" of "Curly Top"; the birthday party, and apple-eating scenes with Lincoln in "The Littlest Rebel"; the live dolls and happy night with the Italian family in "Poor Little Rich Girl."

Please give Shirley back to the children. She belongs to them, and, after all, grown-ups are children at heart.—Mrs. Clifford Holand, Forest Hills, N. Y.

Why Ballyhoo Stars' Private Lives?

I do honestly just adore Modern Screen and wouldn't miss one issue of it for worlds—especially your little corner which follows through the whole magazine, depicting your originality, impartiality and humor.

There is one question which bothers me tremendously. Why is it that publicity agents play up so noisily the various changes that take place, from time to time, in a star's private life? After all, our interest in them is really impersonal—wholly focused on their ability to act, their beauty and poise on the screen. Why aren't they entitled to indulge in their own individual whims of character?

I, for one, think Jean Harlow is a marvellous actress, despite the fact that she prefers to live in a homey, comfortable house more adapted to her honey-colored locks rather than a huge white mansion suitable to her platinum crown. She is a clever actress, nevertheless. If Clark Gable dislikes to don his soup and fish and dashes impulsively to the old fishing hole, he is still the perfect screen lover.—Aileen Conlon, Ontario, Canada.

Bits From Your Letters

Although I am far away in Tasmania, I hear lots of talk about Robert Taylor. Every girl is just mad about him, and wouldn't mind if he played in every talkie. We never tire of seeing his handsome face. I think it's a shame he can't take a trip to our beautiful land.—Margaret Kinsella, Ulverstone, Tasmania. I wish Errol Flynn would relax and quit threatening to leave for Borneo—or else leave for Borneo.—D. H. Chapman, Los Angeles, Calif. Self-respecting persons have always resented portrayals on the screen of cads striking women. There's nothing very brave or he-mannish about slapping down someone who is defenseless. Even such a grand picture as "The General Died at Dawn" put Gary Cooper in the embarrassing situation of hitting a girl. It cheapened the character—and weakened him.—Phil Marden. Something should be done about putting Robert Taylor into a role such as was given him in "The Gorgeous Hussy." We've been worried and upset ever since. Also, putting so much history into the movies, just to satisfy complaints made by school teachers and old maids, is getting us down. It's getting so a girl can't even drown herself in a movie without being reminded of her history quiz the next day.—Lillian Merritt, Cincinnati, Ohio. Give me stars like Myrna Loy and Merle Oberon. There are so many blondes with large, dreamy grey eyes that it's quite a relief to see stars with a charm that doesn't only come from looks, but from a vague mysteriousness that seems to hold Myrna and Merle in its grip. I like naturalness.—Diana Richardson, Ontario, Canada.

Information Desk

(Continued from page 8)

The organization was large and stifling, cramped his style, was inclined to dictate. Since that time he has joined Grand National, which allows him to name his own terms. Cagney is married to Frances Vernon. He is five feet nine inches tall, weighs 155 pounds, has flaming red hair, freckles in the summer, and alert brown eyes. His current picture is "Great Guy."

JEAN ARTHUR (First printing; total number of requests. 225.) They hid Jean Arthur's light under an apple pie, back in those early days of slapstick comedy. That it was extravagant to waste such beauty had not occurred to some director, with a genius for miscasting. So the girl who had posed as a model for Howard Chandler Christy, languished year after year as the heroine of two-reel comedies and inconsequential Westerns. But the flame of Jean Arthur's ambition was not easily dimmed. To escape from the roles for which she had been typed, she decided to free lance, moved from one small independent company to the other, playing in anything and everything except Westerns and two-reel comedies. She broke the jinx. Paramount signed her, gave her big roles in productions such as "The Sins of the Fathers" with Emil Jannings and "The Canary Murder Case." Still Jean did not feel that her star had reached its ascendant. Obeying the axiom that movie stars are made not in Hollywood, but on Broadway, she left pictures. Once more Jean had made the correct choice. Broadway casting directors showed more discretion than had Hollywood. She was given one fine dramatic role after the other . . . proving that if she was to be typed at all, it was as a versatile performer equally at home in poignant drama and farcical comedy. With beauty alone, Jean might still be a model . . . with ambition alone she might still be a slapstick queen . . . but she had brains as well . . . and now, crowning her tactical efforts with success, Columbia awarded her a contract, made her a star. Her work in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" has done the rest. has elevated her to a position of equal footing with such glamorous stars as Claudette Colbert and Carole Lombard. Jean Arthur is a New York girl. She was born October 17, 1908. She's of Norwegian descent, and as you would expect, has very blonde hair and eyes as blue as the fjords. She's slightly built, 5 feet 3 inches tall, and weighs only 110 pounds. Scheduled for her next picture is "History Is Made at Night."

GENE AUTRY (Last printed May 6, 1936. Total number of requests since then 321.) Why "Singing Cowboy" Autry is by far the most popular of the Western stars is soon told. It has to do with Gene's genuineness . . . nothing synthetic about him . . . the personality isn't a mask which he removes as soon as the camera stops turning . . . he's neither a singer taught to ride badly nor a rider taught to sing badly. As a matter of fact, Gene would be hard put to tell you which of his two prime talents comes more naturally to him. Born, Sept. 29, 1907, in Tioga, Texas, heart of the cattle country, he rode before he walked. At the age of twelve he was bulldogging steers in the Achilles, Oklahoma, rodeo. Meanwhile singing in the choir of his grand-daddy's Baptist church had laid the foundations for a voice that is today more popular than Bing Crosby's. A restlessness bred of the open range prompted Gene to leave home at fourteen to seek his own fortune. For a year he traveled with a medicine show, singing and playing that steel guitar of his. Then at the end of the year, Gene began to feel that he was old enough to

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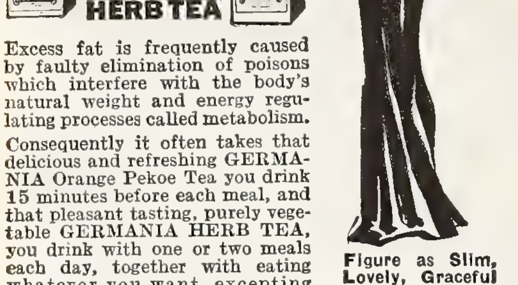


Happy Relief From Painful Backache
Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

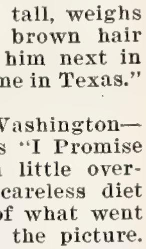
The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

take a more serious view of life. So he settled down, this fifteen-year-old, and became telegraph operator in the railway station of one of Oklahoma's most desolate cattle towns. He took the work seriously, began to think of singing as a hobby . . . a bit frivolous at that. But a handsome offer from a Tulsa radio station soon cured the young sobersides of his telegraphic aspirations. From then on, Gene's story was not that of the struggling young artist, but rather of the successful entertainer who could choose his employment at his own terms. After several years in vaudeville and radio, during which he had been featured on such programs as the Alka-Seltzer Barn Dance, he was assigned to a Ken Maynard Western. His very first picture clicked in a big way, and he was immediately given star billing. Gene likes to give much of the credit to his horse, Champ, who is probably the best dressed horse in pictures. The total cost of his trappings runs well over the three thousand dollar mark. However, Gene can afford to be generous. He has a very remunerative hobby. He writes his own songs . . . words, music, 'n' everything, and the sales run up into the millions. Gene is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 165 pounds, and has reddish brown hair and blue eyes. You will see him next in "Old Corral" and "Roundup Time in Texas."

MRS. D. B. BARNES, Seattle, Washington—Chester Morris' next picture is "I Promise to Pay." If Chester looks a little overstuffed, don't blame it to a careless diet at home. It's all on account of what went on in filming one sequence of the picture. The poor fellow had to eat nine full-sized meals before the cameras in making a cafe scene! Swell for a starving man but not such fun for a well-fed one like Chet.



TYRONE POWER (First printing; total number of requests, 105.) A month ago, before the release of "Lloyds of London," you didn't know who he was. Two years ago a Hollywood casting office refused him a seven-dollar-a-day extra job. And yet this charming boy, with the quizzical dark eyes, is an experienced trouper, a descendant of a long line of actors, and made his stage debut at the age of eight. Strictly speaking, Tyrone was not a stage child, in the sense of being a stepchild. He had a substantial home in Cincinnati, his birthplace, and as much education as he wanted. He didn't want college, preferring instead to join with his father in Fritz Leiber's Shakespearean company. A year or so later, after Tyrone senior's death, he joined Don Ameche in Chicago radio programs. But Broadway is the Mecca of all young thespians, and Tyrone couldn't resist its magnetism for long. A three months siege at five dollars a week was relieved by an understudy role in a Katharine Cornell production. Tyrone remained under the aegis of Miss Cornell's group for two more productions, and it was his work in "St. Joan" which brought him to the attention of 20th Century-Fox. If you saw "Girls' Dormitory," you will remember him as Simone Simon's cousin. He next appeared as the fickle young count who breaks Loretta Young's heart in "Ladies in Love." And then, of course, "Lloyds of London," the turning point of his career. To date, he has been too busy getting to the top of the heap to take time out for love. So that gives all you girls an equal chance. His next picture is "Love Is News."

ANNE SHIRLEY (Last printed July, 1935. Total number of requests since then, 201.) Anne Shirley is the exception proving the rule that good child actors make poor adult actors. Professional life commenced at the very immature age of fourteen months—as a department store model, posing in swanky baby clothes. At the age of three, pretty little Dawn O'Day (the original moniker) had made her first picture, "The Miracle Child." Followed years when the baby bread winner and her mother felt the pinch of hardship. The family budget stalled at ten dollars a week . . . hardly an inspirational wage for a struggling artist with dependents. Despite the slender finances, Dawn managed to attend both professional school and regular school. What's more she graduated from high in 1933. RKO-Radio provided her with her first important ingenue role in "Finishing School." And then came the long deferred payment for the weary years of struggle . . . the lead in "Anne of Green Gables." The three-year-old star had become the sixteen-year-old star. It was at this time that the legal death of Dawn O'Day took place, and Anne Shirley was born . . . the latter, by the way, being the name of the character she had played in the "Green Gables" production. To round out the story of youth and beauty, we must have love. And Anne's romance with Owen Davis, Jr., fills the bill. Anne is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 100 pounds, has arresting hazel eyes and gorgeous titian colored hair. Her hobby, you might say, is to watch over the famous collection of dolls given her by stars with whom she worked as a child. Her latest film is "Make Way for a Lady" with Herbert Marshall.

Reviews

(Continued from page 61)

Loy and Asta, Mr. P. bobs up in the final scene with the answer. The co-stars are at their comic best, playing delightfully funny scenes as though they enjoyed them to the hilt. Notable in the cast are Jimmy Stewart, Joseph Calleia, Jessie Ralph, Elissa Landi, Teddy Hart and Sam Levene.

Preview Postscript

This marks the sixth celluloid matrimonial venture of Myrna Loy and Bill Powell. Myrna and Bill were first wedded in "Manhattan Melodrama," but nobody cared particularly until "The Thin Man" came along. The resultant enthusiastic clamor is the reason for this film. It's directed by Woody Van Dyke again . . . Having been married to too many handsome men to count on one hand in reel life, Myrna put off the real thing until a few months ago. Arthur Hornblow, Jr., producer of pictures at Paramount, is new boss. And he claims Myrna is really like her Nora in the "Thin Man" series. What's more, Myrna admits trying to be like her off-screen, too . . . Elissa Landi, Myrna and all the women on this picture had no time to waste on talk, bridge or tea between shots. They were busily at work on little things—crocheting, knitting and sewing a complete layette. After some days of aggravating silence, they finally broke down and admitted the new outfit was intended for Myrna's personal maid Theresa, who is expecting a baby in the near future . . . Following the completion of this picture, Bill Powell left for a rendezvous with his pals, Ronald Colman and Dick Barthelmess. He met them some 150 miles out in the Pacific where they were fishing off the Barthelmess yacht. A plane dropped their new guest at the door . . . Whether Elissa Landi is actually Mrs. Nino Martini these days is keeping Hollywood guessing. The two are constantly together, and the dark-eyed singer was a frequent visitor to the set.

★★★ That Girl From Paris
(RKO-Radio)

Lily Pons' new picture is worth seeing just to hear—if you get what we mean. As a comedienne the diminutive star comes through in a big way, though responsibility for most of the laughs rests on the ample shoulders of Jack Oakie. Gene Raymond provides the heart interest and shares blonde honors with Lucille Ball, who is comely and capable in a minor role. Frank Jenks provides some excellent comedy, while Mischa Auer swipes every scene, as usual, when he comes within camera range. The story is a rather feeble one designed to get the most out of the able comedians and utilize Lily Pons' pert attractiveness and golden voice to best advantage. That the picture falls short of the mark in several instances isn't to be wondered at with such requirements. The plot has something to do with Lily leaving her wealthy groom flat at the altar and falling for Gene Raymond, a penniless orchestra leader. She decides to follow him to America and smuggles her way on board the ship where he and his orchestra, composed of Oakie, Jenks and Auer have a job. Familiarizing yourself with "That Girl From Paris" won't be time lost.

Preview Postscript

Chief fun-maker was Lily Pons herself. Everyone called her "Snooky." She had determined to learn ten more words of English every day from the people with whom she was working, but it soon turned out that everyone on the set was learning French from her instead. Appearing in a small role in this one is Lily's mother. She speaks no English, so she just went in front of the camera as part of the scenery and for the thrill of being a movie actress. Andre Kostelanetz, to whom it is rumored Miss Pons is married, had charge of all the recordings on the picture in which the star sang. And if you don't think that was a job, consider how Mr. K. managed this between Monday and Wednesday broadcasts for the Chesterfield Hour in New York City. He spent every week-end in Hollywood, and flew back and forth gaily between his various jobs. Kostelanetz had a small piano made to order for her birthday. It can fit into any nook or corner of her dressing-room or studio set. . . . Jack Oakie is soon to become a proud father. Venita Varden, Mrs. Oakie off-screen, has been resorting at Palm Springs and Jack was busily flying between Paramount and the desert spa to his wife . . . That comedy dance of Lucille Ball's was anything but funny to her. She was laid up in bed for three days after the afternoon spent shooting the scene—because she really took everyone of those tumbles. Lucille is the girl who used to look at you from those cigarette ads. She landed the job of posing for the manufacturer after he had spotted her in the back row of Ziegfeld's "Rio Rita." Born in Montana in 1911, Lucille went to New York determined to be a great dramatic actress, and spent two years modelling clothes before she even landed her first job. After the ad modelling, though, she was contacted by a studio for a screen test, and made good.

★★★ Three Smart Girls
(Universal)

This picture won't take you by surprise as it did the Hollywood preview audience, since by this time you've no doubt heard about Deanna Durbin. A Los Angeles school-girl, Deanna makes so promising a cinema debut here that she is undoubtedly slated for stardom in short order. Besides this attraction, there is good work by other members of the cast, including Bin-

ARE YOU A
"POWDER SWITCHER"?

Switching face powders may do you an injustice—Make you look years older than you really are!

How to find your most becoming face powder

By *Lady Esther*

Do you try one face powder this month and another the next? Do you choose face powder because this girl or that uses it? What may look good on one girl may look bad on another.

Hit-or-miss methods of selecting your face powder, or your shade of face powder, put you at a great disadvantage. It means you have one complexion one day and another the next. It calls attention to your make-up all the time.

If the shade you happen to choose is the wrong one, it makes you look years older than you really are. What you want, first of all, is the right *kind* of face powder. Secondly, the right *shade.*

No. 1. The Right Kind of Face Powder

A face powder must be soft. It must be smooth—absolutely smooth. Only a smooth powder will go on evenly and blend perfectly.

Only a smooth powder will act as a blotter on the skin. It is the blotter-like qualities of face powder that absorb excessive oil and perspiration and prevent shine.

Lady Esther Face Powder is soft—extremely soft and smooth. It contains no rough or sharp particles whatever. This you can prove by my famous "bite test."

Because it is *so* smooth, Lady Esther Face Powder goes on evenly and blends perfectly. It also acts as a blotter on the skin. It absorbs the excessive oil and perspiration that causes that hated shine.

No. 2. The Right Shade

First, the right powder—then the right *shade!*

There is only one way to tell which is your most becoming shade and that is to try on all five basic shades. You must not assume that because you are a blonde or a brunette or a redhead that you must use a certain shade. Any artist or make-up expert will tell you that.

You may be a blonde and yet have a very dark or olive skin; or a brunette and have a very light skin; or vice versa.

What you want to do is NOT match your skin, but improve your appearance. You want, NOT a matching shade, but a *flattering* shade.

I Say "Try," not "Buy"

In my five shades I provide the most becoming one for you. What it is neither I, nor anyone else, can tell you in advance. You must try on all five shades.

But I don't ask you to go into a store and buy all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. No, indeed! I say: "Here, take all the five shades of my face powder and try them all on! Let your own eyes tell you which is your most becoming shade."

Today!

Decide today to make this telling face powder test. Mail the coupon below and by return mail you'll receive all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try on all five shades.

Notice that one shade will instantly declare itself the one for you. Notice, too, how smooth my face powder is, how long it stays on and how well it prevents shine. One test will tell you volumes!

The coupon below waits your mailing!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (31) **FREE**

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Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a purse-size tube of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

*Name*__________

*Address*__________

*City*__________ *State*__________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

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★ Best of all, Blue Waltz Perfume lasts and lasts!

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(1 Minute)

Apply "Hide-it" on blemish. Dust with face powder and proceed with usual make-up.

Now! See how perfectly blemish is concealed. Your skin looks smooth, flawless.

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I enclose 10c (Canada 15c) for "Hide-it" in shade checked: ☐ Light ☐ Medium ☐ Brunette ☐ SunTan

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Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES

nie Barnes, Alice Brady, Nan Grey, Barbara Read, Mischa Auer, and Ray Milland. The dialogue is exceptionally bright and the competent direction and acting has turned it into a screen-play that holds your unswerving interest. Determined that their mother and father shall not be divorced, the three sisters—Deanna, Nan Grey and Barbara Read—set out to thwart the fortune-hunting female who is after their father's heart and pocketbook. You will hardly find it in your heart, however, to blame Pater Charles Winninger when you see Binnie Barnes, the female under question, all done up in her new blonde hair. But with three such determined daughters, Mr. W. is finally persuaded to give up any notions he might have been entertaining. There are a couple of fresh young romances tucked in, and plenty of laughs, pathos and suspense for good measure.

Preview Postscript

The most important "prop" on this set was the portable dressing-room which had been turned into a schoolroom for the use of the three young girls in this picture, Deanna Durbin, Barbara Read and Nan Grey. Much to their disgust, they found that the California school laws are as strict with movie actresses as with any other girls under eighteen years of age . . . Deanna Durbin is really a local product, having lived in Los Angeles from her first year. However, she was born in Winnipeg, Canada, fourteen years ago. Deanna can never complain about her thirteenth year being an unlucky one. For in this period of life she became both a movie star and a prima donna on a national coast-to-coast hook-up and is now being considered for a Metropolitan debut. But you'd never think that all these things had happened to Deanna to look at her. She's quite unimpressed with herself—and hasn't even seen what she looks like on the screen. The studio didn't want her to see the "rushes," being afraid she might catch on how good she was. . . . Nan Grey simply hates movies, but loves working in them. This arises from the fact that her father is a motion picture projectionist back in Dallas, Texas, and Nan has been brought up on movies. Two years ago, when she was fourteen, Nan and her mother took a trip to the Coast to get away from pictures—and ended up by signing a contract for Nan. An agent had seen the girl while shopping and made arrangements for a screen test. She had four offers from different studios the next week . . . Barbara Read was under contract at Columbia, but sat around waiting for something to happen. When nothing did after six months, she inquired about the reason. More experience, she was told, that's what's needed. Barbara marched out, with the remark, "Is that all?" Having friends living in Laguna Beach, some eighty miles away from Hollywood, she decided to visit them and get experience in the famous Little Theatre at Laguna. She got about ten years' acting experience in one year—playing in twenty-four different sketches and plays in that time. Fredric March brought Barbara to the attention of an actor's agent after admiring her performance while on a visit to Laguna.

★★★ Gold Diggers of 1937

(Warners)

The big news here is that they've discarded the ancient plot about the little chorus girl who gets her chance on the opening night of the big show after the leading lady gathers up her sequins and walks out of the part. This time things are concerned with a life insurance agency whose president is full of progress and epigrams. Dick Powell, the company's worst salesman, meets Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell at a convention—the gals are stranded chorus girls —and through them he signs an aging producer to a million-dollar policy. The producer's conniving assistants (Osgood Perkins and Charles D. Smith) hope to cash in when the old boy dies, so it becomes Mr. Powell's job to keep him hale and hearty. Anyway, there's a legitimate excuse for the customary big show and the usual extravagant and not so novel Busby Berkeley numbers. Dick Powell sings several pleasing songs. Glenda Farrell steals the female comedy honors, and in the men's department the laurel leaves go to Victor Moore, who makes the aged producer a very funny guy. There is first-rate tap dancing by Lee Dixon, and a fine satiric bit by William Davidson as head of the insurance company.

Preview Postscript

Dick Powell had to keep his hands in his pockets for three days on this picture. The reason being that one thumb was all bandaged up due to his enthusiasm for amateur photography. While splicing film he cut the finger severely, then forgot to do anything about it except wind a handkerchief around it for a few hours. Blood-poisoning nearly got Mrs. Powell's new husband on that one . . . Work on this picture marked the beginning of Joan's sixth year for the Brothers Warner. She was rewarded with a really elegant portable dressing-room, furnished with the last gasp in chromium and ivory radios, a gift from Dick, so she can listen to his broadcast while she's at the studio . . . Glenda Farrell's still going very steadily with Drew Eberson, but vaguer than ever about any matrimonial plans . . . Lee Dixon's practice room was known as "Dixon's Nudist Colony." The dancer flatly refused to practice strenuously with any clothes on. So a special practice hall had to be assigned the new dancing star and while practicing with the chorus he had no less than four electric fans going for his exclusive use every minute. Dixon also holds the record for consumption of food on the lot —he ate eight meals a day, and snacks in between.

★★ Great Guy

(Grand National)

There's much of the old Cagney wallop to this first picture he has made under the Grand National banner. Picking the story himself, Jimmy wisely followed the type of thing which has endeared him to his public. As Chief Deputy of the Department of Weights and Measures, James has a chance to wade right into all sorts of skullduggery. He mixes with a new racket, food dealers who are chiseling their customers by an elaborate system of phoney weights.

As Johnny Cave, ex-puglilist, he is deputized to get the higher-ups in control of the racket. Janet Henry (Mae Clarke), his girl-friend, who is trying to get him to save enough money for them to marry on, is secretary to one of the city's leading citizens. It doesn't take much film footage for Cagney to suspect Mae's boss of monkey-business in the food racket. Mae is indignant, pointing out that Canning for years has been one of the city's greatest philanthropists. When Cagney faces Canning down, the fun begins and he practically loses Mae and his own hide in the excitement.

It was a smart move to pick such an unusal racket for the plot background because it sustains your interest through some rather elderly wisecracks and a few trite situations.

Cagney is swell and Mae Clarke plays up to him expertly. P. S. She doesn't get socked once! The supporting cast is well chosen. So all in all, it's a welcome return to the screen for Jimmy although not a spectacular one.

★ Crack-Up

(20th Century-Fox)

Loaded to the hilt with intrigue, airplanes and international spies, this film will appeal to lovers of weird melodrama who aren't too particular about plots and plausibility. Its main asset is a fine portrayal by Peter Lorre in another of his horror roles. By day Mr. L. is a simple soul who wanders about a metropolitan airport apparently doing nothing but furtively blowing on a small tin horn. He is regarded as a harmless half-wit by the boys around the hangars, but in his own circle he is "The Chief," head of a spy ring. "The Chief" hopes to lay hands on the secret plans for a new type of transport plane—a set of plans considered highly desirable by an un-named foreign nation. His progress in obtaining the papers will not be related here, but it may give you a clue or two to know that the rest of the cast includes a crooked aviator (Brian Donlevy), his young co-pilot (Thomas Beck), the plane's inventor (Ralph Morgan), and the sweet young thing (Helen Wood), who loves the honest young co-pilot. It's Peter Lorre's picture; the rest of the players have little chance to demonstrate their wares.

To SEE and be SEEN!

YOUR BOSS IS HANDSOME MARRIED?
NO, BUT HE NEVER EVEN SEES ME
YOU JUST LEAVE EVERYTHING TO YOUR "AUNT" WENDY
BUT WENDY... YOU KNOW I'M COLORLESS
NOW JUST A BIT OF WINX MASCARA ... NOTICE HOW IT BLENDS SO NATURALLY WITH WINX EYE SHADOW
I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT'S ME
MISS GRAY ... YOUR EYES, WELL THEY DISTURB ME ... YOU'RE FIRED!
OH! INDEED
...SO YOU SEE, DARLING, YOU'LL HAVE TO MARRY ME!
(TO HERSELF) WENDY'S THE DARLING!

WINX 3-Way Blend

Colors either blend or clash. In make-up, this means "naturalness" or that harsh "made-up" look. To eliminate any appearance of hardness particularly around the eyes, WINX has made its colors to blend 3 ways. 1. With complexion. 2. With eyes. 3. With each other. For example, WINX Blue Mascara blends perfectly with WINX Blue Eye Shadow or Eyebrow Pencil. Likewise, its tonal values are so balanced as to make it complementary to all other WINX colors. Thus, WINX gives you the secret of "natural" eye make-up.

IT'S amazing the way WINX mascara transforms the appearance of eyes. One moment—just attractive eyes. The next—an exotic, glamourous glance that stirs the emotions—the glance that men adore . . . and women envy. WINX truly glorifies the eyes. Makes lashes seem long, silky and shadowy as dusk. Keeps them soft, too. So try this harmless mascara today. In three balanced shades (Blue . Black . Brown) and in three convenient forms (Cake . Liquid Creamy). On sale at department, drug and 5 and 10 cent stores.

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POPULAR

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GOLDEN HAIR WASH

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Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN EFFECT of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle.

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Address..

City.................................State.................................M.G. 337

★ The Great O'Malley
(Warners)

Pat O'Brien again dons uniform and goes through his usual paces when thus outfitted. We've come to the conclusion that Pat's style is definitely cramped the minute he dons any kind of uniform, since he's always straining to live up to something or other and forgetting to be human. In this case he's living up to the ideals of the police department and making himself quite obnoxious. Duty is the rule by which he measures his life and for the next 15,000 feet of film, you're led to believe that this cop has no heart at all. But being movie-wise, you know that he'll break down before the final reel, so Ann Sheridan's coming into the picture is no surprise. Ann is a schoolmarm—and a warm-hearted one. Before she gets through with Pat she has him attending school-picnics and loving all the little children as much as the potato salad. Sybil Jason also helps with the break-down, being a little crippled girl, whose mother takes in laundry and whose daddy has been sent to jail by our Mr. O'Brien. Well, maybe we're short on heart ourselves, but this whole set-up left us cold.

★★ Banjo on My Knee
(20th Century-Fox)

Life on the shantyboats, along the lower Mississippi, is taken apart and put together again with such humor in this one that the result is an entertaining film with more than its share of fun. Co-starring Joel McCrea and Barbara Stanwyck, it gives both of them ample opportunity to display their special talents, even going so far as to allow Miss Stanwyck a song-and-dance number. When Barbara, a land girl, marries Joel, a river boy, there's an ominous feeling in the air that the thing won't go. Among the river characters who hope it will last are Buddy Ebsen, a droll sort of river rat, and Walter Brennan, Joel's father, who is anxious to become a grandfather. On the other side are Katherine De Mille, who would like Joel for herself, and Walter Catlett, a city slicker who's trying to lure Barbara to New Orleans. Sprightly dialogue and catchy music serve to make "Banjo on My Knee" worthy of your attention. Good songs are "Where the Lazy River Goes By" and "There's Something in the Air." There is also a swell rendition of "St. Louis Blues" by the Hall Johnson Choir. Walter Brennan steals the picture with a comedy character role which equals his Swan in "Come and Get It." Joel McCrea is completely believable as the river lad, and Barbara Stanwyck's work will add to her recently increasing popularity. Buddy Ebsen works in some nice comedy and a few fancy tap numbers, and there is some excellent singing by Tony Martin. On the whole, an enjoyable picture.

★★ God's Country and the Woman (Warners)

Warner Brothers have done themselves proud on this Technicolor picture. The story, with the big timber country of northern Washington as its setting, is admirably suited to the color medium. The vivid colors of northern streams, skies and vegetation blend well with the intense tones to which the color camera is still addicted. Though definite progress is being made with color photography, as proved by some scenic shots of breath-taking beauty in this film, there is still room for improvement in the photographing of characters, since harsh skin tones make one so "color conscious" that story, action and characterization assume secondary importance. The plot here has to do with a flippant young man, George Brent, who goes North to work in a lumber camp which he owns. Not because he wants to, but because his brother, Robert Barrat, thinks this the last chance to make a man of him—George having spent all his time and most of his fortune on wine, women and singing for the past few years. Out where men are men and women are, too, as George points out on their introduction, he meets Beverly Roberts. Beverly runs a rival camp, and has lumber on her brain to the exclusion of all romance including heart-breaker Brent. The outdoors, however, in the next eight reels makes a man out of George and a woman out of Beverly, so everybody's happy. Good support is given the leading characters by Alan Hale, a warm-hearted lumberjack, Barton MacLane, the meanie who stirs up all the trouble, and Vic Potel among others. Comedy is nicely handled by El Brendel, Roscoe Ates and Billy Bevan.

★★★ Stowaway

(20th Century-Fox)

If you've thought Shirley Temple was slipping, you should see this and find out how wrong you can be. For she comes back in what is undoubtedly her most entertaining picture to date. This time you can enjoy not only a good story, but every minute of Shirley. The little gal is an orphan, and when she accidentally stows away on board a liner travelling the China Seas, the complications come thick and fast. One of them is that Robert Young, a millionaire playboy, wants to adopt her. But it seems that without a wife a man can't do things like this. So he convinces Alice Faye that she should marry him and obtain a divorce when the boat docks. Of course, they're madly in love, really, but the fact that Alice has a fiancé on board, to say nothing of her future mother-in-law, has prevented them from admitting anything more than their mutual adoration of Shirley. There's a grand wind-up in the divorce courts when their adopted daughter takes the witness stand and proves her parents are acting like spoiled children and shouldn't be granted a divorce. Robert Young and Alice Faye give thoroughly sympathetic characterizations. Helen Westley, representing the mother-in-law problem, is excellent, as is Arthur Treacher, who this time valets for Mr. Young.

★★ The Plough and the Stars

(RKO-Radio)

Add "The Plough and the Stars" to the recent deluge of films glorifying revolution in Ireland. This film, directed by John Ford, who made "The Informer," will be a distinct disappointment to most of his followers, for it lacks the vitality, the excitement and the fine performances which made "The Informer" one of the best pictures in the last several years. Barbara Stanwyck, in the role of the young wife who sees her dream of happiness shattered by the tragedy of the revolution, doesn't seem to be quite as inspired as usual in the part. Her acting is rather subdued throughout. Preston Foster's portrayal of the young husband is honest and sincere, but most of the high points of the picture are furnished by Barry Fitzgerald, of Dublin's Abbey Theatre Players. As a doddering but belligerent barfly, he brings to the screen a distinctly new type of comedy. Erin O'Brien-Moore is effective in a smaller role, and there are excellent bits by Una O'Connor and J. M. Kerrigan.

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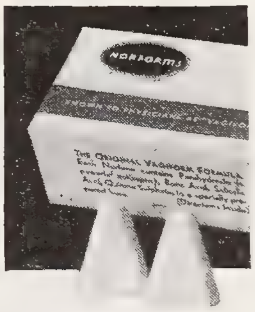

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★★★ One in a Million

(20th Century-Fox)

This serves to introduce Sonja Henie, Olympic skating champion, to the screen public. Although the skating sequences—of which the picture has several—are marvels of rhythm and grace, Miss Henie's assets aren't confined to the ice. She photographs beautifully, she possesses a fetching Scandinavian accent, and her acting is more than acceptable. All of which means the screen has a distinctive new star. Plot of the picture concerns an American girls' band which is stranded in Switzerland. The band's conductor, Adolphe Menjou, and his wife, Arline Judge, furnish a good share of the film's comedy, and the Ritz Brothers have several frenzied scenes which will convulse their fans. Best of their numbers is "The Horror Boys of Hollywood," in which they impersonate Karloff, Laughton and Lorre. Don Ameche, portraying an American newspaperman in love with Miss Henie, is sincere and believable in the romantic scenes and a bit uncomfortable when he's the wisecracking reporter. Jean Hersholt contributes his usual ingratiating performance as Miss Henie's father, Leah Ray offers several pleasant songs, and Ned Sparks adds his dead pan touch to the comedy department. Borah Minnevitch and his harmonica band furnish three or four diverting musical novelties.

★★★ Lloyds of London

(20th Century-Fox)

Waving the flag for England, at which Hollywood producers are so superior to their British cousins, reaches almost a new high in this very entertaining film, which toys sufficiently with history to bring romance into the insurance business and show how closely interwoven were the fates of England and Lloyds. Done in the "Cavalcade" manner, this picture, with the help of Mr. Zanuck's private historians, shows how a boyhood friendship eventually saves the English Navy from a bitter defeat at the hands of Napoleon. The boys are Jonathan Blake and Horatio Nelson. Jonathan Blake grows up to become the most powerful member of Lloyds' insurance syndicate, and Horatio emerges as Admiral Nelson, the British naval hero.

"Lloyds of London" is superior screen fare largely because of several highly dramatic incidents, although a good deal of its appeal is due to its excellent cast. Freddie Bartholomew and Douglas Scott, as the two young friends, make the picture's early scenes memorable, and Tyrone Power as the grown-up Jonathan Blake, has all the attributes of a new screen hero. George Sanders, imported from England, is admirable as the villain of the piece, and there are fine performances by Sir Guy Standing, J. M. Kerrigan and C. Aubrey Smith. Madeleine Carroll, in the feminine lead, is both beautiful and competent, although the work of Virginia Field, as an alehouse maid, has more warmth and fire.

★★ Rainbow on the River

(RKO-Radio)

Bobby Breen, the boy sensation of the air waves, casts his magic spell once more on the screen in a film so dripping in sentiment that it will no doubt send women weeping from all the theatres in the land. Little Bobby, who has the singing mannerisms of a latter-day Al Jolson, is cast as an orphaned son of the old South who is mothered by an aging Negro mammy. This, of course, gives him an opportunity to display his mature vocal talents both in the cotton fields and in the local church where, as a choir boy, he furnishes the picture's high spot with his rendition of Schubert's "Ave Maria." It may not surprise you too much when the news comes that Bobby is really a member of a wealthy Northern family. When he is taken to New York he is, at first, not favorably received by his grumpy old grandmother (May Robson) and her scheming niece (Benita Hume). Seems Miss Robson's niece has a child of her own (Marilyn Knowlden), whom she hoped would eventually get the Robson fortune. Bobby's personality and his Harry Richman-like singing soon win the hearts of his grandmother and her comedy butler (Charlie Butterworth), and all ends as well as could be expected.

Critical comment on Master Breen is useless; either you like him or you despise him. May Robson comes through with her customary gruffness, Marilyn Knowlden is excellent as the spoiled brat and Charlie Butterworth lends humor to a thankless comedy role. Alan Mowbray is wasted in a small part.

★ White Hunter
(20th Century-Fox)

Before a background of obviously studio-manufactured jungle, Warner Baxter struggles grimly and silently with the elements. The wind and the rain and the elephants aren't nearly as formidable as the story, so Mr. B., who handles the storms and the livestock with expected ease, goes down to defeat at the hands of an impossible script. Embittered because his diplomatic career in London had been ruined by enemies, Baxter has become a white hunter—a guide to African tourists. The monotony of guzzling liquor and gazing at the horizon is ended when he is accidentally engaged by the very person who caused all his trouble. From then on revenge is his motive, but revenge eventually dissolves into love because of his enemy's beautiful daughter, June Lang.

Miss Lang, you will recall, is the gal who went through the entire war in "Road to Glory" with nary a smudge on her pretty pan. This time she's smudged a bit, but she manages to look at all times as though she had just dropped into the jungle on her way home from the beauty parlor. Warner Baxter's portrayal is convincing, but he acts as though he knew the odds were against him. Gail Patrick is properly menacing as the wife of Baxter's nemesis, and Alison Skipworth tries in vain to lend comedy to the piece. Suggested new title, "June in Jungle Land."

★★ Stolen Holiday
(Warners)

The Brothers Warner caution that all characters and events in Kay Francis' latest dramatic effort are "entirely fictional." Therefore, don't go comparing this film plot to the notorious swindling scandals that rocked France not long ago. It won't get you anywhere. The story won't either, for that matter, and merely serves as a platinum setting for the beauteous Miss Francis to display several coiffures, any number of fine gowns, and other properties exclusively hers. As a master swindler, Claude Rains dominates the cast in the part of the scoundrel, Orloff. Guilefully, he entangles Nicole Picot, a Paris mannequin (Kay Francis) in his affairs by making her an innocent accomplice to his first shady deal. In five years the arch-rogue is a millionaire; she becomes one of Paris' smartest couturiers. Their friendship, of course, is purely

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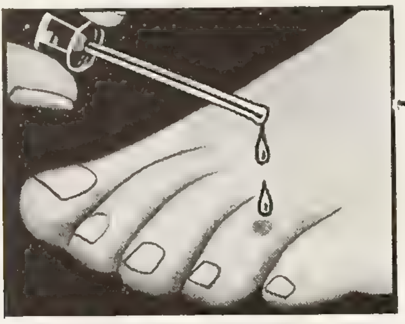

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platonic. It isn't until Ian Hunter makes his appearance, struggling manfully to make the role of Diplomat Wayne credible, that Nicole knows Love. And then Love takes a terrible drubbing, as Orloff's financial kingdom topples; he forces Nicole into marriage to save himself. A convenient bullet solves Nicole's problem, but we're not going to tell you who gets the baby shrapnel. If you like lavish settings, fashion shows, Kay Francis in another sympathetic role tailored to her talents, you will see it anyway and find out for yourself. Alison Skipworth contributes necessary humor to the proceedings as Nicole's chaperone.

★ Champagne Waltz

(Paramount)

"Champagne Waltz" is a disappointment. With a cast headed by Gladys Swarthout, Fred MacMurray, and Jack Oakie one expects a gay and charming piece full of laughs and good music. The result, instead, is a rather dull, old-fashioned operetta which never lives up to the promise of its title. Theme of the story is the battle between waltz music and jazz. A descendant of Johann Strauss, Miss Swarthout and her grandfather operate a waltz palace in Vienna. Business is good until Jack Oakie opens an American swing palace featuring Fred MacMurray and his band. Miss Swarthout, unaware of MacMurray's identity, falls in love with him. It all ends up in a super-colossal night club in America featuring 200 musicians combining symphony and jazz—so terrific there's no room for customers. Miss Swarthout's lovely voice is not too well recorded, and her acting needs polishing. Fred MacMurray is acceptable as the American band leader, and Jack Oakie's comedy is the picture's greatest asset. Veloz and Yolanda perform several swell dance numbers, and Vivienne Osborne does nicely as a phoney Russian countess. One of the picture's minor mysteries is that Frank Forest, one of Hollywood's finest tenors, is not allowed to sing, while Fred MacMurray, who will never make the Met, has several vocal assignments.

★★ Sinner Take All

(M-G-M)

A fast-moving, well-paced murder mystery, that remains completely baffling until the denouement. Or maybe you're smarter than we are. Anyway, the film is distinguished from its contemporaries in that the police inspector is *not* dumb; he's as smart as the bright crime reporter (Bruce Cabot), and sometimes a step ahead of him in finding the archfiend who is popping off the Lanpiers, one at a time. Apparently David is killed first, then brother Stephen; finally their millionaire poppa, Aaron (Charley Grapewin). This leaves daughter Lorraine (Margaret Lindsay) as the last of the Lanpiers. But David doesn't actually die in the plotted auto crack-up.

■ ■ ■

Out on the "Love Is News" set Loretta Young was just melting into the strong arms of Tyrone Power when a prop man rushed up and whispered something to her. "Whoops!" yelled Loretta, disappearing into her dressing-room and bringing forth a clothes basket full of candy boxes which she breathlessly distributed to everyone on the set. The reason: Loretta had just become an aunt. Sister Polly Ann, who is Mrs. J. Carter Hermann of Pasadena, had just given birth to J. Carter Hermann, Jr. "This is the second time for me," said Loretta, "but I can't seem to get used to it." Sally Blane's and Norman Foster's daughter, Gretchen, caused the commotion last time.

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ADLERIKA ST. PAUL, MINN.

He lives to be killed later, in what appears to be a suicide. (P. S. It isn't.) This gives you an idea of the devious windings of the really swell plot. Nicely blended with Manhattan night life and Park Avenue pomp, the Whitman Chambers novel has been given intelligent attention by M-G-M; outfitted with players who give gilt-edged performances. Outstanding, of course, is Joseph Calleia. So is the stage's Stanley Ridges. There is fine trouping by Edward Pawley, George Zucco, Vivienne Osborne, Theodore Von Eltz, with Eadie Adams torching "I'd Be Lost Without You." Bruce Cabot, paroled from gangster roles, justifies his release. If you are a celebrity-seeker, watch for Dorothy Kilgallen, heroine of the recent reporters' aerial race around the globe. She's a "sob-sister" in the film. It's still good entertainment.

★★ Mind Your Own Business

(Paramount)

If you like Charlie Ruggles' absent-minded cut-ups, you will find this good entertainment. But we'd give you a gilt-edged guarantee that you won't have a dull moment watching this, anyhow. Alice Brady is the reason for such a seemingly rash statement. She is the Ruggles' better-half in this film, replacing Mary Boland—and doing a competent job of it. Charlie is just as devoted to Alice as he was to Mary, in spite of the grief she manages to cause him. Writer of a "Birds and Flowers" column in the local gazette, Ruggles has pursued the even tenor of his ways for some twenty years. But all is changed when he becomes ill, and the little woman takes over the column. Her style packs so much wallop that the townsfolk clamor for its continuance, with a consequence that poor Mr. R. has to turn to collecting gossip instead of posies to keep his readers satisfied. This winds up with gangsters gunning for him, kidnapping and plenty of excitement. Giving good characterizations, when the opportunity occasionally presents itself, are Lyle Talbot, Frankie Darro, Benny Baker, Gene Lockhart and Jack LaRue. But characterization, and even plot, fade into unimportance alongside a combination like the Ruggles-Brady one. They're the whole picture.

★★ College Holiday

(Paramount)

Vaudeville de luxe is here offered for the price of a seat at the movies—loge or second balcony. To give you an idea, there are the following headliners: Jack Benny, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Martha Raye, Mary Boland, Ben Blue and Eleanore Whitney. They're all up to their familiar and inimitable tricks which, combined, almost disguise the fact that what's missing is a story. The situation against which their antics are staged is this: Mary Boland is backing the efforts of Etienne Girardot, a fiend for health, who has a high hope of establishing an institution where romance can be fostered on a strictly eugenic basis. For this noble purpose she loans him her hotel, which is failing miserably under the directorship of Jack Benny. Thinking Jack is a cultist like themselves, the two keep him on the staff after he has rounded up college boys and girls from all over the country to come and stage a show to put the business on its feet. And these specimens are the experimental material for eugenic love. Among those to arrive are Martha Raye, Eleanore Whitney, Johnny Downs, Nick Lucats, and Leif Erikson. Then there's Girardot's daughter, Aphrodysia, who is also Gracie Allen, scouting for her perfect mate. It's good entertainment.

GOODBYE DANDRUFF!

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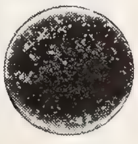
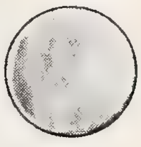


Soap Shampoo

2. All bacteria, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.



Fitch Shampoo

There is a simple, easy way to rid yourself of dandruff with the very first application. All that is necessary is to use a shampoo that completely *dissolves dandruff* and then washes it away.

Repeated laboratory, as well as practical, tests show that *ordinary* shampoos will not dissolve dandruff. Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo dissolves every speck of dandruff instantly—under a money-back guarantee—and then washes it away. It rinses clean in hard or soft water. Equally as good for blondes as brunettes. *Try it today!* For sale at all drug counters. Professional applications at beauty shops and barber shops.

After and between Fitch Shampoos, Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic is the ideal preparation to stimulate the hair roots and give new life, luster and beauty to your hair.

WRITE TODAY to The F. W. Fitch Co., Dept. M1, Des Moines, Iowa, for a generous FREE Sample of Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo.

Tested and Approved ★ 4580 Good Housekeeping Bureau Good Housekeeping Magazine

Fitch's TRADE MARK Dandruff Remover Shampoo

The F. W. Fitch Co., Des Moines, Iowa . . Toronto, Can

SECRETARIES, STENOGRAPHERS and TYPISTS—Become An Expert

STENOTYPIST

Stenotypy... The New Profession

Stenotypists win today's preferred jobs and better pay. Stenotype's machine speed, accuracy and ease make your work faster, better, easier—and you get the credit. Executives welcome this machine way of taking dictation—faster than any man can talk. Stenotypy is easy to learn — easy to write — easy to read. We train you thoroughly at home in your spare time — at low cost and on easy terms. Write for interesting, free booklet, "Stenotypy, the New Profession," describing the many opportunities in Stenotypy and telling how you may master it successfully.

THE STENOTYPE COMPANY

Dept. 3318-ST, 4101 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

How to Remove Leg or Arm Hair

IN 3 MINUTES

Without Danger of Coarser or Stubbier New Growth

Everywhere you go, everyone is talking about or using De Miracle. Its vogue seems to have started when it became known that this marvelous discovery made it simple and easy to get rid of leg or arm hair, without danger of faster, coarser or stubbier new growth.

No Razor—just dampen hair with De Miracle and then rinse hair away with water. It leaves the skin as smooth, soft and hair-free as a baby's. Leaves no dark hair stubble and does not make hair grow faster, coarser, or stubbier. Try it today.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded

DeMiracle

Special Now $1.00 Size...... 67c $2.00 Size Now $1.33

At All Drug and Department Stores

PERFECT POWDER BASE

Chatterbox LOTION

Just isn't sticky

Puts old-fashioned sticky lotions in the discard. Penetrates quickly—leaving your skin satin-smooth. Use freely on your hands, face, arms and shoulders. Soothing and healing after exposure.

10c AT ALL 5c & 10c STORES

ELIMINATE LOOSE WIRES WITH

EASY TO INSTALL

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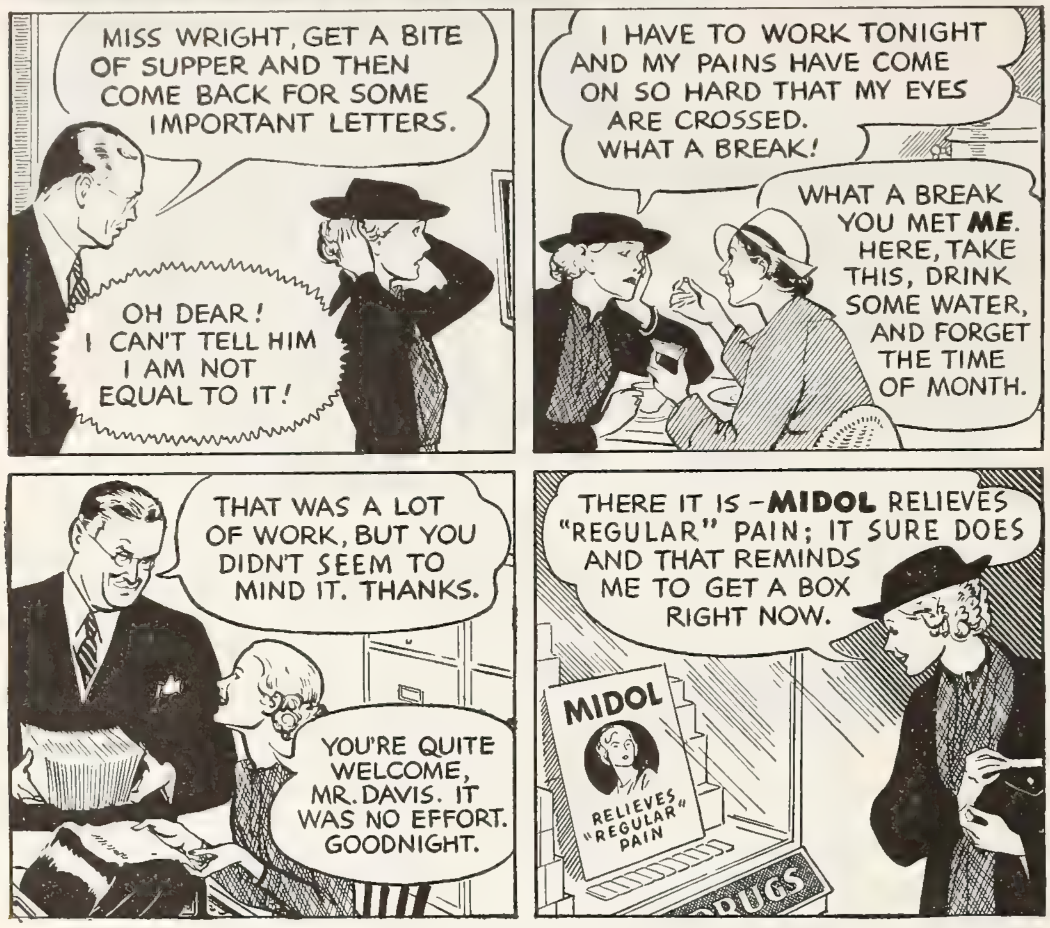
8 FOR 10¢

Quick—easy to install. No tools needed. Set of 8 Push-Clips to match your lamp cords or woodwork, 10c.

FOR SALE AT YOUR 10-CENT STORE

PROTECTING a $40 JOB


MISS WRIGHT, GET A BITE OF SUPPER AND THEN COME BACK FOR SOME IMPORTANT LETTERS.
OH DEAR! I CAN'T TELL HIM I AM NOT EQUAL TO IT!
I HAVE TO WORK TONIGHT AND MY PAINS HAVE COME ON SO HARD THAT MY EYES ARE CROSSED. WHAT A BREAK!
WHAT A BREAK YOU MET ME. HERE, TAKE THIS, DRINK SOME WATER, AND FORGET THE TIME OF MONTH.
THAT WAS A LOT OF WORK, BUT YOU DIDN'T SEEM TO MIND IT. THANKS.
YOU'RE QUITE WELCOME, MR. DAVIS. IT WAS NO EFFORT. GOODNIGHT.
THERE IT IS - MIDOL RELIEVES "REGULAR" PAIN; IT SURE DOES AND THAT REMINDS ME TO GET A BOX RIGHT NOW.
MIDOL
RELIEVES "REGULAR" PAIN
DRUGS

MODERN women no longer give-in to periodic pain. It's old-fashioned to suffer in silence, because there is now a reliable relief for such suffering.

Some women who have always had the hardest time are relieved by Midol.

Many who use Midol do not feel one twinge of pain, or even a moment's discomfort during the entire period.

Don't let the calendar regulate your activities! Don't "favor yourself" or "save yourself" certain days of every month! Keep going, and keep comfortable — with the aid of Midol. These tablets provide a proven means for the relief of such pain, so why endure suffering Midol might spare you?

Midol's relief is so swift, you may think it is a narcotic. It's *not.* Its principal ingredient has often been prescribed by specialists

You can get Midol in a trim aluminum case at any drug store. Two tablets should see you through your worst day.

SENSATIONAL FREE SPECIAL

Opens Up Stopped-Up Nose

ARZEN NASAL OIL

The Great New Head-Cold Fighter

Fights Head Colds

Makes Breathing Easy

On Sale at All Druggists

FREE ENTIRELY FREE

Send No Money—Nothing to Buy—No Obligations

Here is a special advertising offer made solely for the purpose of acquainting you with the remarkable action of this great new head-cold-fighter, a test bottle of which will be sent on receipt of the coupon. Don't delay. Be sure to take advantage of this sensational Free Special Offer at once. No letter needed. Send only your name and address on the coupon, and mail today.

SEND NO MONEY-ONLY YOUR NAME

For Free Sample write name and address plainly and send to ARZEN, 544 S. Wells Street, Chicago, Dept. 83

BUNIONS NEEDLESS TORTURE

The amazing action of Pedodyne is truly marvelous, and a boon to those whose bunions cause constant foot trouble and a torturing bulge to the shoes. It stops pain almost instantly and with the inflammation and swelling reduced so quickly you will be able to wear smaller, neater shoes with ease and comfort. Prove it by actual test on your own bunion. Just write and say, "I Want To Try Pedodyne." No obligation.

Pedodyne Co., 180 N. Wacker Dr., Dept. A-210 Chicago, Ill.

Free for Asthma During Winter

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, Wintry winds make you choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a **free trial** of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

Frontier Asthma Co., 84-B Frontier Bldg.
462 Niagara Street Buffalo, New York

Come to Our Filmland Fiesta!

(*Continued from page 12*)

with your film favorites and enjoying an experience that couldn't be duplicated.

Three delightful afternoon cocktail parties have been arranged. Let's describe one for you in detail—Leo Carrillo's Spanish Fiesta Party.

From the hotel we'll all get into cars and go through Beverly Hills where homes of the stars will be a point of interest, and on to where Santa Monica lazes by the blue Pacific. Here is a cool, green canyon, site of Leo Carrillo's ranch, most colorful and historic spot in California.

Señor Carrillo, in fiesta dress and surrounded by his pals in the colony, will give you a hearty welcome. The star of "Gay Desperado" in person! And can you ever forget him with Grace Moore in "Love Me Forever"?

No more hospitable host could be found for our guests, and his fiesta will be a highlight of the trip. Leo has invited his friends to meet you—Dolores Del Rio, his neighbor across the canyon, Clark Gable, Richard Dix, and a host of other interesting stars.

WHILE the barbecue sizzles Leo will show you his stables, his collection of birds, the deer in his zoo, his rambling hacienda above the creek. This will be a real fiesta with all the trimmings, so don't forget to bring your kodaks and snap the colorful scene. We'll take a group photo of the party with the stars, too, so each will have a picture.

Lack of space prevents our describing this month the rollicking Golddiggers Party at Glenda Farrell's, or the Melting Pot Party at Richard Arlen's Toluca Lake estate, or the list of stars you'll see, but these will be described in a later issue of Modern Screen and also in the beautiful, illustrated booklet containing complete information which is yours for the mere asking.

Few people have a chance to see movies being made, but Modern Screen's vacationers will, through the special courtesy of the new Universal Studios, enjoy this rare privilege. Universal, oldest and largest of the studios, will be official hosts to our tours. Here you'll see acre upon acre of tremendous sets that go back to the time of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," from Western villages where Buck Jones makes his thrilling Westerns, to the huge sets for Hollywood's biggest musical hit, "Top o' the Town," from the German village of "All Quiet on the Western Front" to the 1937 sequel, "The Road Back." Here Robert Taylor won fame in Irene Dunne's "Magnificent Obsession," Margaret Sullavan won stardom, and new stars are in the making every day. Deanna Durbin, the fourteen-year-old singer, is Universal's latest discovery. You'll meet the stars, see them make pictures.

Climaxing the Hollywood round of festivities will be a dinner dance at the Cocoanut Grove, for more than fifteen years the hub of Hollywood night life, famed throughout the world and as popular today as when Bing Crosby first crooned there and Joan Crawford and Carole Lombard won cups as the best dancers. Expensive even for a movie star, the Grove party costs nothing extra; just part of the many thrills planned for you. Many stars have been invited to this sparkling party; Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, Chester Morris and Robert Montgomery, Joe Penner and

Jack Oakie, Alice Faye, Astrid Allwyn, Gloria Stuart, Loretta Young, Lee Tracy—but the list is long and certainly you'll see many stars before this evening is ended! Jean Harlow was queen of our dinner dance last year, and, of course, we hope she can join us again. Fred Keating, that debonair star of "Devil on Horseback," and "Melody for Two," was master of ceremonies and will repeat his kind offices this year.

WITH this brief sketch of the Hollywood doings of the jolly party we must go on to other plans. Your home in Hollywood will be the Hotel Plaza, at Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street, the exact center of filmland. Here's the home also of the famed Cinnabar, most gorgeous night spot in Hollywood, and here, too, will be Leo Carrillo's "Corral," an exact duplicate of a Mexican village erected at a cost of $150,000, with singing señoritas, gay, colorful shops, and picturesque caballeros.

And there are dozens of exciting excursions for those who want to go exploring—Chinatown, Olvera Street, the mountain observatories, Gay's Lion Farm, Uncle Sam's great battle fleet at Long Beach (open to the public on week-ends) and the many amusement piers at Oceanside. A voyage to Santa Catalina Island can be made in a day. For lovers of art, there are the Huntington Library and Art Gallery, famed throughout the world, the Exposition Building, the colleges, Hollywood Bowl with its symphonies, old Missions built before our war of Independence.

The tours will also offer trips through Ranier National Park, Yosemite, Salt Lake City, the Grand Canyon, Seattle and many places that you've always longed to visit.

Here's a vacation you can easily afford to take, and simply can't afford to miss! Write in now for full particulars, or better yet, send in your reservation for a place on our house parties! Remember there are three tours to select from, for an all-expense vacation for two weeks. See you in Hollywood! Use This Coupon.

Mr. Joe Godfrey, Jr., Manager,
Modern Screen Tours to Hollywood,
360 N. Michigan Ave., 18th floor,
Chicago, Ill.

Please send me booklet and full details of the Movieland tours sponsored by MODERN SCREEN.

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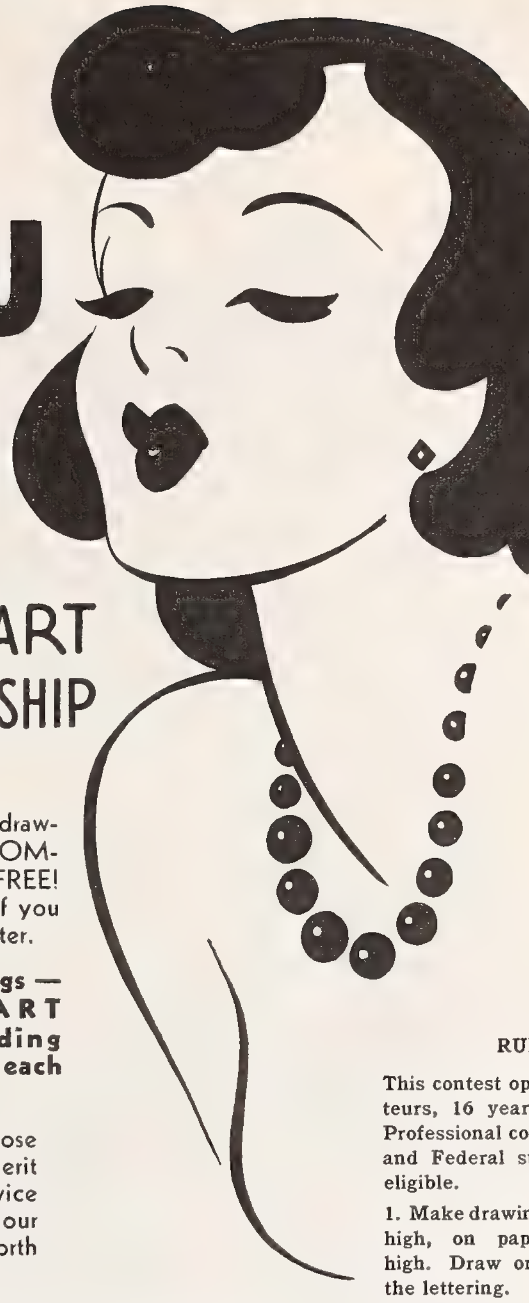


draw me!

TRY *for* AN ART SCHOLARSHIP

Copy this girl and send us your drawing — perhaps you'll win a COMPLETE FEDERAL COURSE FREE! This contest is for amateurs, so if you like to draw do not hesitate to enter.

Prizes for Five Best Drawings — FIVE COMPLETE ART COURSES FREE, including drawing outfits. (Value of each course, $190.00.)

FREE! Each contestant whose drawing shows sufficient merit will receive a grading and advice as to whether he or she has in our estimation, artistic talent worth developing.

Nowadays design and color play an important part in the sale of almost everything. Therefore the artist, who designs merchandise or illustrates advertising has become a real factor in modern industry. Machines can never displace him. Many Federal students, both men and girls who are now commercial designers or illustrators capable of earning from $1000 to $5000 yearly have been trained by the Federal Course. Here's a splendid opportunity to test your talent. Read the rules and send your drawing to the address below.

RULES

This contest open only to amateurs, 16 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible.

1. Make drawing of girl 6 inches high, on paper 7½ inches high. Draw only the girl, not the lettering.
2. Use only pencil or pen.
3. No drawings will be returned.
4. Print your name, address, age and occupation on back of drawing.
5. All drawings must be received by February 25th, 1937. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Federal Schools Faculty.

FEDERAL SCHOOLS, INC.
Dept. 3997, Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy Conversation, Movies, Church and Radio, because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.

DRUM

A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 986, 70 5th Ave., New York

STOP Scratching

RELIEVE ITCHING *In One Minute*

Even the most stubborn itching of eczema, blotches, pimples, athlete's foot, rashes and other skin eruptions, quickly yields to Dr. Dennis' cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.** Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back. Ask for **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.**

KILL THE HAIR ROOT

Remove Superfluous Hair Forever

Remove the hair permanently, safely, privately at home, following simple directions. The Mahler Method positively prevents the hair from growing again. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. Backed by 35 years of successful use all over the world. **Send 6c in stamps TODAY for Illustrated Booklet, "How to Remove Superfluous Hair Forever."**

D. J. Mahler Co., Dept. 36C, Providence, R. I.

Rheumatism Relieve Pain In 9 Minutes

To relieve the torturing pain of Rheumatism, Neuritis, Neuralgia or Lumbago in 9 minutes, get the Doctor's Prescription **NURITO.** Absolutely safe. No opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—and must relieve your pain in nine minutes or money back at Druggist's. Don't suffer. Use guaranteed **NURITO** today.

FOR COLDS

Nature can more quickly expel infection when aided by internal medication of recognized merit

Salicon Tablets

HAVE RECOGNIZED MERIT

At all druggists, or send for a free sample to K. A. Hughes Co., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

BE A NURSE

MAKE $25-$35 A WEEK

You can learn practical nursing at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates. 38th yr. One graduate has charge of 10-bed hospital. Another saved $400 while learning. Equipment included. Men and women 18 to 60. High School not required. Easy tuition payments. Write now.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 233, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name..

City.......................... State....... Age.......

More Good News

(*Continued from page 66*)

Martha Raye is all set. Right now she has a swell contract at Paramount, a weekly radio spot and the most expensive looking wire-haired terrier in Hollywood. We asked her about the hound the other day and discovered it isn't so valuable as it looks. "I wanted the worst looking mutt I could find." said Martha. "So I picked out this one at the dog pound for a dollar. Then I took him home and had him washed, and he turned out to be a wire-haired. So now I'm afraid to wash him again—he might be a Scottie beneath it all."

■ ■ ■

Rumors have been floating about that all is not well between Isabel Jewell and her fiance, Owen Crump. They must be nothing but rumors, however, for we've seen them out together three times within one recent week, and every time we talk to them they seem to be enjoying each other's company.

■ ■ ■

That fancy chin foliage for the extras on "Parnell" made a larger dent in the studio budget than the producers had planned. The initial cost of the beards was fairly nominal, but the fire department insisted that 12-inch cigarette holders be provided for each man. The production delays developed due to the fact that if the extras wanted to eat something besides whiskers for lunch they had to remove the vegetation. So rubber bags were provided for fifty men to allow them to tuck in the scenery and save studio time.

■ ■ ■

There's a soft heart behind the dead pan of Ned Sparks. Going into his apartment hotel one afternoon he saw one of the bellhops being carried past on a stretcher. The boy had had an acute appendicitis attack and was being rushed to the county hospital. Because Sparks happened to be there at the moment the boy was sent to Hollywood's most expensive hospital, with Ned's own doctor in attendance.

■ ■ ■

Here's a sample of Mary Pickford's philosophy, and perhaps it's a tip-off to why America's Sweetheart retains her youth. At the reception honoring her engagement to Buddy Rogers, someone asked her if she thought a difference in ages would stand in the way of a happy marriage. "No," said Mary, "because I firmly believe that in the sight of God we are all sixteen."

■ ■ ■

Lonely Hearts Division: Bob Taylor, lunching alone three days in a row at the Vine Street Brown Derby. (So you can't get a girl, eh, Taylor?) Gaping onlookers outside the restaurant who were curious enough to follow the shiny Taylor Packard discovered that it was visits to a Hollywood office building that caused the daily interim from his chores with M-G-M in Culver City.

■ ■ ■

Olivia de Havilland cried for a day and a half for scenes in "Call It a Day." In the middle of the second day's shooting the little lady's acting got the best of her and she became hysterical. So the company called it a day while Olivia went home and got herself thoroughly cried out.

■ ■ ■

And probably the best Simone Simon story around Hollywood is the one about the chap who knew her so well he called her by her first name.

■ ■ ■

The record for speedy divorces probably belongs to Lola Lane. We talked to her out at Warners on the "Marked Woman" set and she told us she had left work that morning at nine-thirty for the divorce court and was back on the set at eleven. And the only difficulty she had was explaining to the judge that her studio make-up wasn't yellow jaundice. Incidentally, the Lane gal is making herself a screen comeback in this new Bette Davis picture, and she'll surprise you with her swell singing voice—although it shouldn't be too much of a surprise, for her sisters, Rosemary and Priscilla, are doing very well in the vocal department of Fred Waring's band.

Famous as a skater, Sonja Henie makes her bow as a grand little actress in "One in a Million."

■ ■ ■

Harry Albiez, prop man on Director W. S. Van Dyke's pictures for the last twelve years, makes the best coffee in Hollywood—according to Van Dyke. And Bill Powell and Myrna Loy agreed the first few mornings on the "After the Thin Man" set. Then one morning Bill arrived to find no coffee. "You've got to be a blonde to get anywhere with Albiez," explained Van Dyke. Seems the chorus girls in the picture had done away with the morning's coffee supply. So next day Powell appeared in a blonde wig and one of Myrna's gowns and headed the coffee line-up. P. S. He got the Java.

Remember William S. Hart? In his day he was the shootingest two-gun hero the West ever knew. When he whipped out his trusty six-shooters every villain in Hollywood automatically bit the dust, and there wasn't a cattle rustlin' galoot west of Paramount who didn't cringe at the very mention of his name. Well, he has just issued his annual denial that he's about to make a screen comeback. In these days of sound and Technicolor and gowns by Adrian there ain't much left of the old West—and besides, Buck Jones and George O'Brien have pretty well cleaned out the local supply of tarnation varmints.

■ ■ ■

Added Note on the Clark Gable beard situation: Shortly after the battle of the beaver between Gable and Director John Stahl was won by Mr. G. and it was decided he wouldn't wear a beard in "Parnell," a woman in Seattle wrote to Clark offering to send him a sheaf of her own hair which she would like to see glued to the Gable chin. Gable *still* won't wear a beard.

■ ■ ■

Running out of gas on a lonely road outside Hollywood, Hugh Herbert walked into a nearby gas station only to discover he had no money with him. Returning to the car, he tried to hail a ride, but without success. Just to kill time until something happened, he began reading through a pack of fan mail he had brought from the studio. The last letter, Mr. H. swears, contained a dime from a woman who wanted his picture at any price. With the dime he rushed back to the gas station and phoned Mrs. Herbert, who came to the rescue. P. S. The woman got her picture, with a letter explaining what the dime had done for her hero.

■ ■ ■

Gertrude Niesen, in case you didn't know, is an ardent devotee of deep sea fishing. So—a few Sundays ago we braved the briny with her and a party of twelve not-so-gay spirits who had staggered out of bed at six to partake of the sport. Practically the only one of the guests who had ever seen a fish outside the Brown Derby was Craig Reynolds, who brought along a complete set of fancy equipment and spent the day casting, with perfect technique, from all parts of the boat. And guess who didn't catch a thing?

■ ■ ■

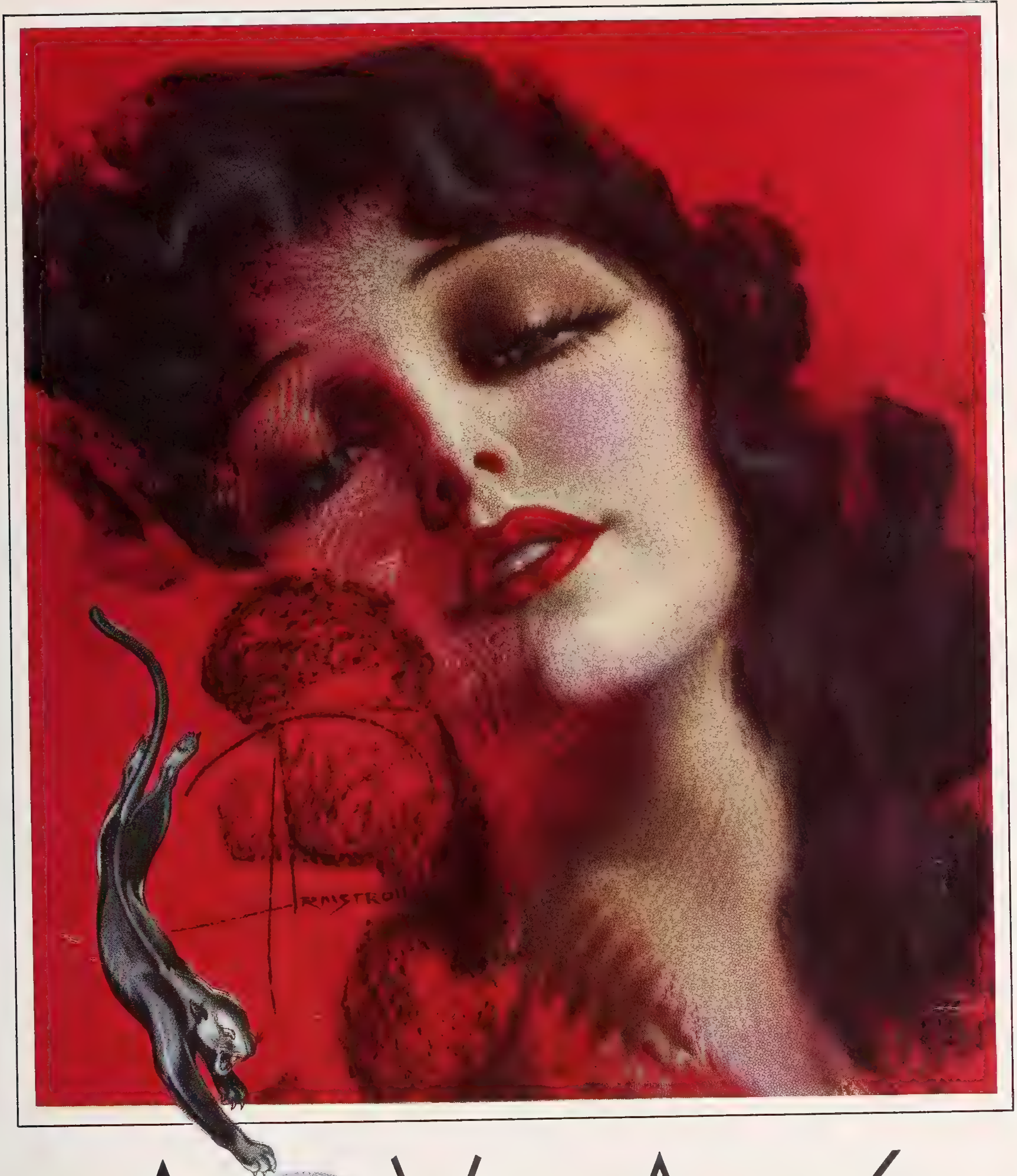
Marlene Dietrich item: The glamorous Miss D., buying a few dozen hats in a London shop, happened to spot a toque of silver fox. "Quite effective," she murmured, tilting it over a famed eyebrow. Then, turning to the clerk, she said: "Will you call the International Fur Shop and ask them to send up a silver fox coat? I believe this hat really needs an extra touch." It's a nice whim, if you can afford it.

■ ■ ■

Economy, however, is not unknown to some of the Hollywood gentry. Elaine Barrie Barrymore has just announced that John's half-million-dollar yacht, The Infanta, can now be had for $50,000. Reports are that Elaine prefers the land, and that John has decided they can have more fun on $50,000 than they can on the yacht.

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

HIGHLY INDELIBLE *Lipstick*



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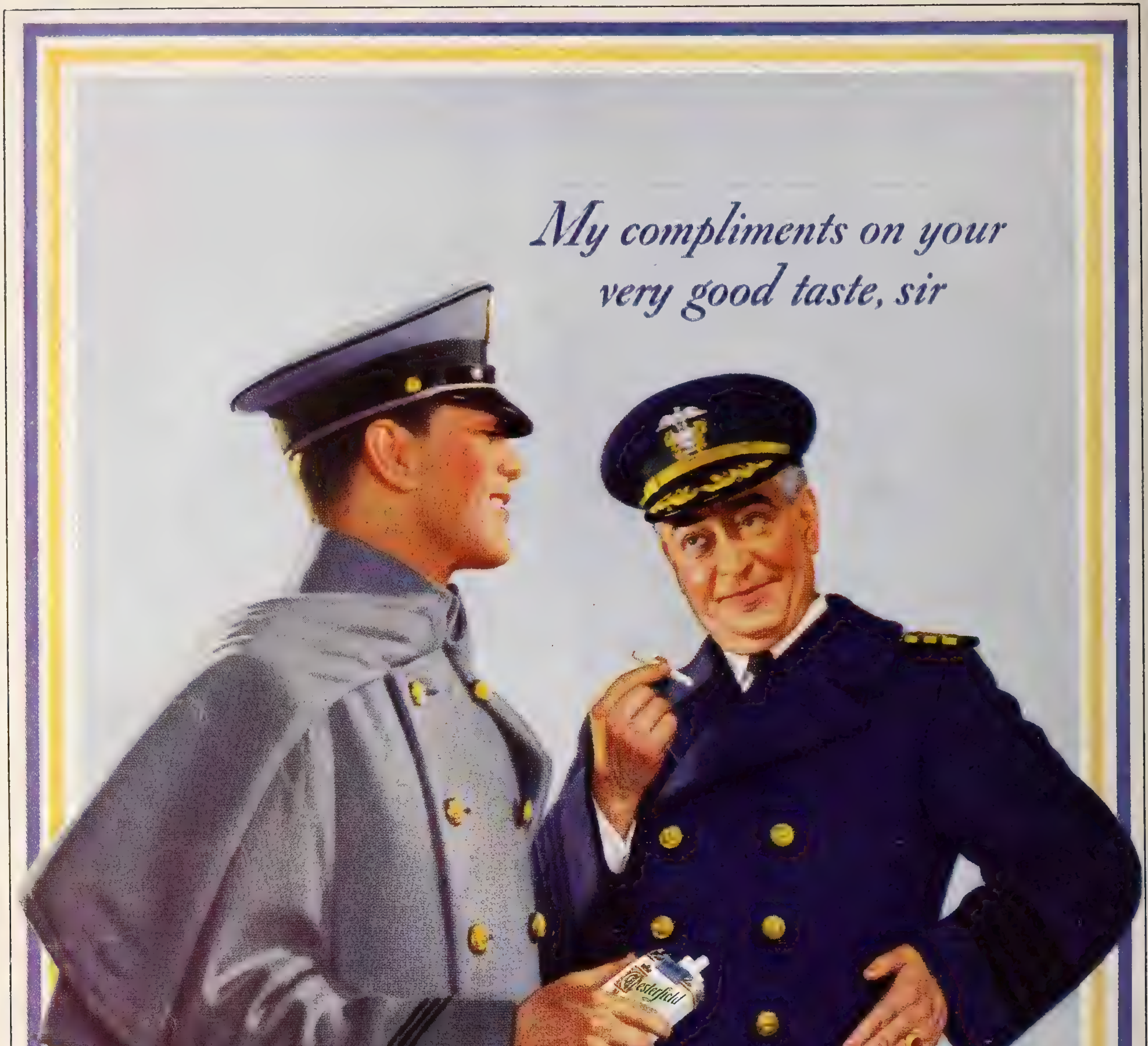
TANGERINE • FLAME
NATURAL • BLUSH
JUNGLE
20c
AT ALL 10c STORES

Strikingly lovely, and sure in their purpose, are the jungle reds of the exquisitely pagan Savage lipstick. And excitingly surprising is the caress of Savage lips . . . for Savage lends them a warm moistness... a tender softness... that is entirely new! Of course Savage is indelible; *truly* so. It clings *savagely!*


My compliments on your very good taste, sir
Chesterfield
Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
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CHESTERFIELD
for the good things smoking can give you
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WHAT HAS SUCCESS DONE TO ROBERT TAYLOR?

Modern Screen

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE

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MAY 1 1937
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SIMONE SIMON DEFENDS HERSELF —AND HOW!

Dainty new vanishing cream

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lets dreams come true

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STOPS PERSPIRATION

A mere deodorant isn't enough. Perspiration wetness is as chilling to hearts as perspiration odor. TABOO completely disposes of both. Keeps underarms perfectly dry...keeps them absolutely odorless ...freshly sweet. And TABOO is as delightful itself as the charm it guards. Not medicinal. Just a smooth, delicately scented, pure white vanishing cream that instantly disappears into the skin, where it remains for days the loyal friend of romance. Remember...TABOO actually *stops* perspiration! Fifty cents at better toilet goods counters!

APPLY ONE NIGHT... BE SAFE FOR DAYS... TABOO..

Hearts were Trumps

[UNTIL SHE SMILED]

She evades close-ups . . . Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm . . . She ignored the warning of "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

THAT chance meeting—what it has done for thousands of girls. That first glance—what it has done to thousands of men. Even before a word is spoken—*an opinion is formed, an impression made.*

And then—*she smiles!* What a triumph if that smile is lovely, winning, captivating. But if it reveals dull teeth and dingy gums, how quickly the spell is broken—how swiftly the glamorous moment is lost.

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

Play safe—*protect your smile!* If your tooth brush has flashed that warning tinge of "pink"—*see your dentist.* For "pink tooth brush" is a signal of distress from your gums. It *may* be the first sign of serious gum disorders—it is *emphatically* something that should not be left to chance.

Don't take chances. You may not be in for serious trouble—*but your dentist should decide.* Usually, however, the verdict will be "just another case of lazy, underworked gums—gums robbed of exercise by our present-day soft and fibreless foods." They need more work, more stimulation—and as so many dentists frankly suggest—the stimulating help of Ipana and massage. For Ipana is a double-duty tooth paste that not only keeps teeth white and sparkling but, with massage, helps gums stay firm and healthier. Rub a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens. Gums become firmer. Your teeth sparkle with a whiter, brighter look.

Change to Ipana and massage today—help safeguard yourself from troubles of the gums. Regular use of Ipana with massage will do much to keep your teeth brighter—your gums healthier. Keep your smile a winning smile—*lovely, captivating!*

• • •

LISTEN TO "Town Hall Tonight," starring Fred Allen. Every Wednesday, N.B.C. Red Network, 9 P. M., E. D. S. T.

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK
IPANA plus massage is your dentist's able assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.

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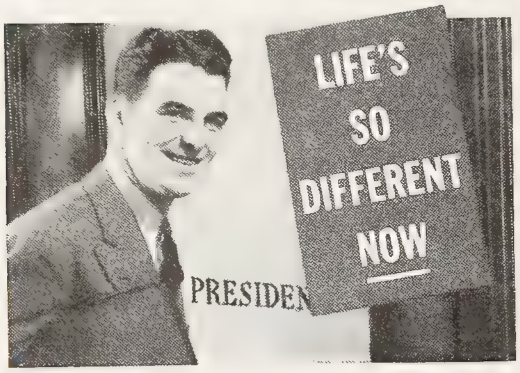
BILIOUS AND UPSET AGAIN!

● One look at my coated tongue told me *why* I was headachy, desk-weary, out of sorts. I was constipated, bilious. But the laxatives I had always taken were so repulsive. Right there and then I decided to stop being a martyr to bad-tasting "doses." I got a box of FEEN-A-MINT, the popular chewing gum laxative my friends praised as *modern*, really different!



● FEEN-A-MINT worked like a charm. Next day I felt like a million. Headache gone. Stomach sweet as clover. Back came the old appetite and pep. I looked better, felt better, slept better. And believe me, FEEN-A-MINT is a pleasure to take. It really tastes good and it certainly acts smoothly! No wonder it's popular.

GOT RELIEF THIS WAY
THE 3 MINUTE WAY!
Three minutes of chewing make the difference

● According to scientists, one of the chief differences in FEEN-A-MINT is the 3 minutes of chewing. This is what helps make it so thorough and dependable. FEEN-A-MINT acts gently in lower bowel—not in the stomach. No griping. No upset digestion. Not habit-forming. Economical. Try FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious mint-flavored laxative used and praised by more than 16 million, young and old. Write for free sample. Dept. Q-10, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N.J.

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THE CHEWING GUM LAXATIVE
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MODERN SCREEN

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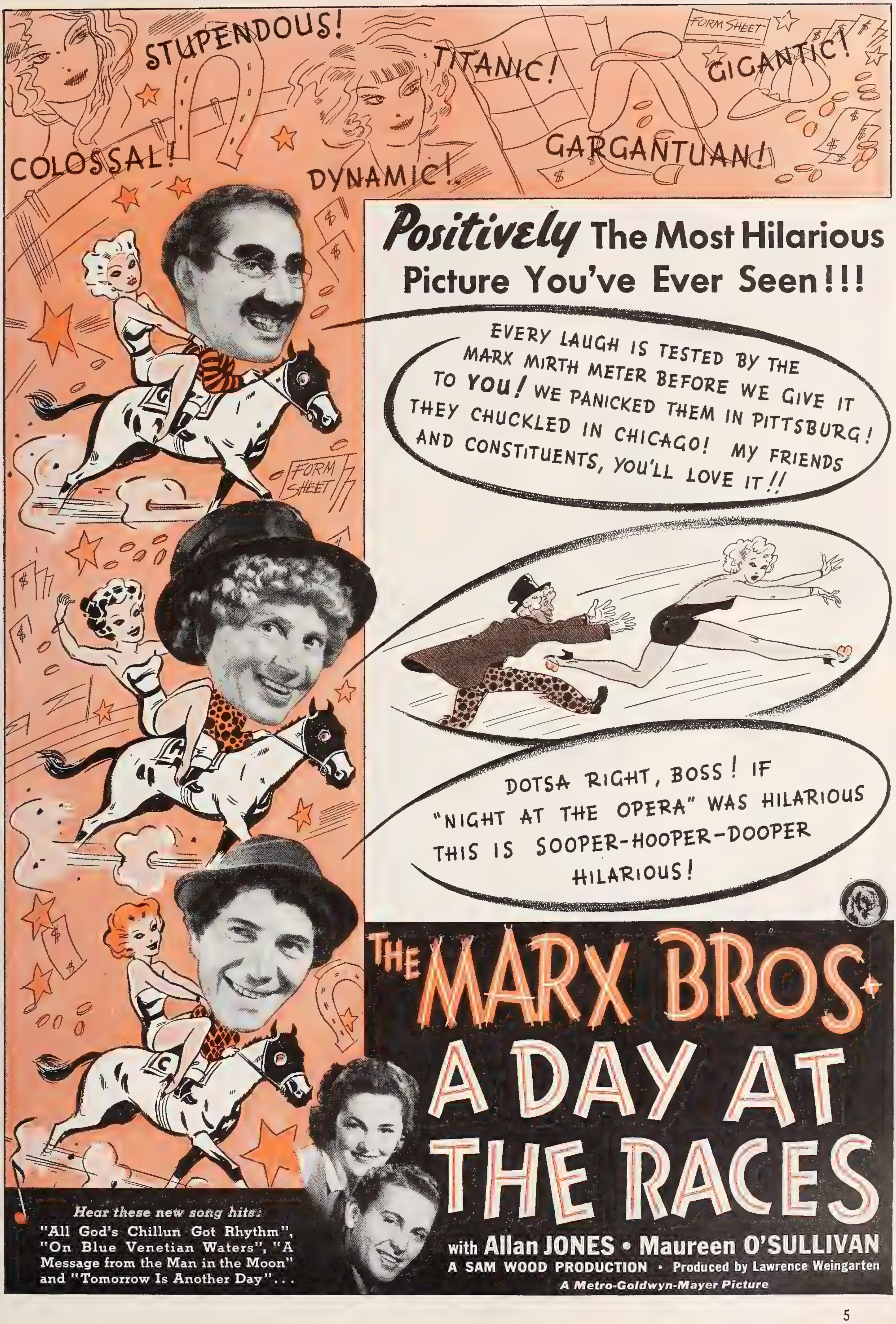
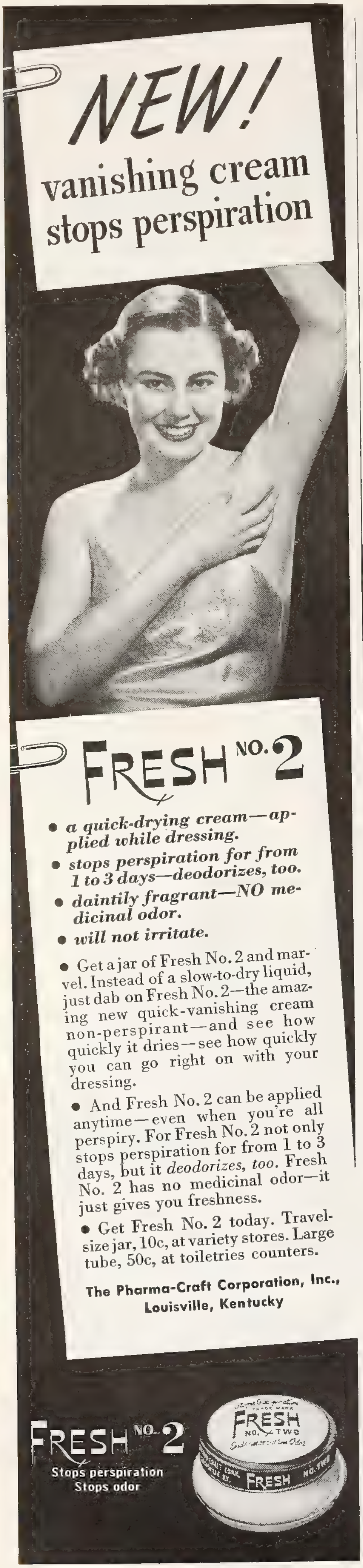

STUPENDOUS!
TITANIC!
GIGANTIC!
FORM SHEET
COLOSSAL!
DYNAMIC!
GARGANTUAN!
FORM SHEET
EVERY LAUGH IS TESTED BY THE MARX MIRTH METER BEFORE WE GIVE IT TO YOU! WE PANICKED THEM IN PITTSBURG! THEY CHUCKLED IN CHICAGO! MY FRIENDS AND CONSTITUENTS, YOU'LL LOVE IT!!
DOTSA RIGHT, BOSS! IF "NIGHT AT THE OPERA" WAS HILARIOUS THIS IS SOOPER-HOOPER-DOOPER HILARIOUS!

Positively **The Most Hilarious Picture You've Ever Seen!!!**

THE MARX BROS.
A DAY AT THE RACES

with **Allan JONES** • **Maureen O'SULLIVAN**
A SAM WOOD PRODUCTION • Produced by Lawrence Weingarten
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Hear these new song hits:
"All God's Chillun Got Rhythm", "On Blue Venetian Waters", "A Message from the Man in the Moon" and "Tomorrow Is Another Day"...



NEW!

vanishing cream stops perspiration

FRESH NO. 2

- *a quick-drying cream—applied while dressing.*
- *stops perspiration for from 1 to 3 days—deodorizes, too.*
- *daintily fragrant—NO medicinal odor.*
- *will not irritate.*

- Get a jar of Fresh No. 2 and marvel. Instead of a slow-to-dry liquid, just dab on Fresh No. 2—the amazing new quick-vanishing cream non-perspirant—and see how quickly it dries—see how quickly you can go right on with your dressing.
- And Fresh No. 2 can be applied anytime—even when you're all perspiry. For Fresh No. 2 not only stops perspiration for from 1 to 3 days, but it *deodorizes, too.* Fresh No. 2 has no medicinal odor—it just gives you freshness.
- Get Fresh No. 2 today. Travel-size jar, 10c, at variety stores. Large tube, 50c, at toiletries counters.

The Pharma-Craft Corporation, Inc., Louisville, Kentucky

FRESH NO. 2
Stops perspiration
Stops odor

OFF TO HOLLYWOOD!

Besides visiting with the stars — and Glenda Farrell is one of your hostesses —our vacationers are in for a treat

By Jack Smalley

Glenda Farrell would like you to visit her!

IT'S GOING to be a party, a Gold Diggers' Party because Glenda Farrell pertly insists that all girls have a touch—just a touch—of the gold digger in them. And you're invited!

No typical feminine excuses such as, "I haven't a *thing* to wear," will get you out of it. Even the somewhat difficult problem of how to get there has been neatly solved by MODERN SCREEN.

It's this way: figuring that everybody, even a poor woikin' gal, has to have a vacation, we've arranged for everything, down to the last detail, and you can now come to Hollywood on a two weeks' trip (or eleven days if you prefer) to see the world and meet the stars in person.

AS FOR the cost of all this, we've figured that out, too. By traveling in a house party, aboard a special train, and getting special rates at hotels, we've found that amazing economies can be made. You can come out for as little as $137! But you'll want to study all these details in the free, illustrated folder which is yours for the asking. It tells the itinerary of each of three trips, so you can arrange your vacation to suit any one of them.

Each tour has its starting point in Chicago, leaving July 2, Aug. 1, and August 15. So start saving or gold digging right now, and make your mind up to going on a vacation this year that you'll never forget!

You'll be crazy about Glenda Farrell. She's the grandest scout in all these here now Hollywoods, and her big home in San Fernando will be the scene of rare festivities when you arrive. She's to be hostess of the second tour leaving Aug. 1, according to present plans. Leo Carrillo is host of the first tour, entertaining at his Santa Monica ranch with a barbecue and fiesta, while Richard Arlen has the welcome mat out for the eleven-day trippers.

GLENDA IS now in England, making a picture at the Warner Brothers London studio, but she'll be back in plenty of time. It's her first trip abroad, and she's getting as big a kick out of her journey as you'll have crossing the Rockies and unlocking all those barred gates in Hollywood. This Farrell girl is forever doing the unexpected. Her friends arrived one night for a cocktail party and found Glenda, dressed in a lovely new evening gown, de-fleaing the cat on the back porch! Her house brims with noisy good humor when the gang drops in. She invited a star over for dinner one night, saying "Stokowski is coming and we'll just have a nice quiet evening."

"At the Farrells?" cracked the star.

One time Glenda got a letter from a high-school boy in Hollywood. He explained he had boasted about "his friend," Glenda Farrell, and now his schoolmates had decided he was just kidding them. So would she go with him to the school dance? And b'gosh, Glenda did! She's really terrific. Can you afford to miss her party?

Then, of (*Continued on page 98*)

In One Thrill-Packed Night

YOU'LL LIVE THE ADVENTURES OF A LIFETIME!

Mark Twain's immortal tale of RED-BLOODED ADVENTURE is yours with its thousand thrills now! . . . It's as exciting, as breathless, as amazing as the strange adventures of the two lads whose story has long stood first in the hearts of the world's readers!

WARNER BROS. present:

The PRINCE and the PAUPER

with

ERROL FLYNN

CLAUDE RAINS

HENRY STEPHENSON

BARTON MacLANE

and THE

MAUCH TWINS

☆ BILLY & BOBBY ☆

Patric Knowles · Montague Love

Fritz Leiber · Donald Crisp

Alan Hale · Anne Howard

Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY

Seven months to film in the world's greatest motion picture studios!

Watch for Mark Twain's beloved story at your local theatre soon!

BOBBY—THE PRINCE

BILLY—THE PAUPER

NEW BEAUTY TREATMENT

For Your Body

Make this body treatment YOUR DAILY BEAUTY HABIT

1. Relax fifteen minutes in tub of warm water. With pores open, cleanse deeply and thoroughly with a pure, bland soap.
2. Stimulate circulation briskly, but gently, with soft-textured towel.
3. Complete this Beauty Treatment with generous powdering of MAVIS. See how velvety smooth, youthful and alluring it makes your skin. All day long MAVIS keeps your body free from perspiration odors, stickiness and chafing . . . protects dainty underthings and *safeguards feminine daintiness.*

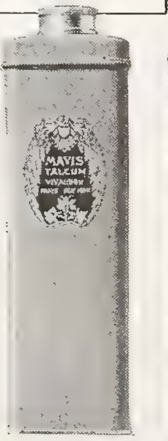
THRILLINGLY DIFFERENT

MAVIS, the luxury talcum, actually finer than most face powders, always leaves a bewitching fragrance that lasts for hours. MAVIS is cooling, soothing, and refreshing. An intimate secret for body loveliness. *Truly invaluable for body comfort and body protection!*

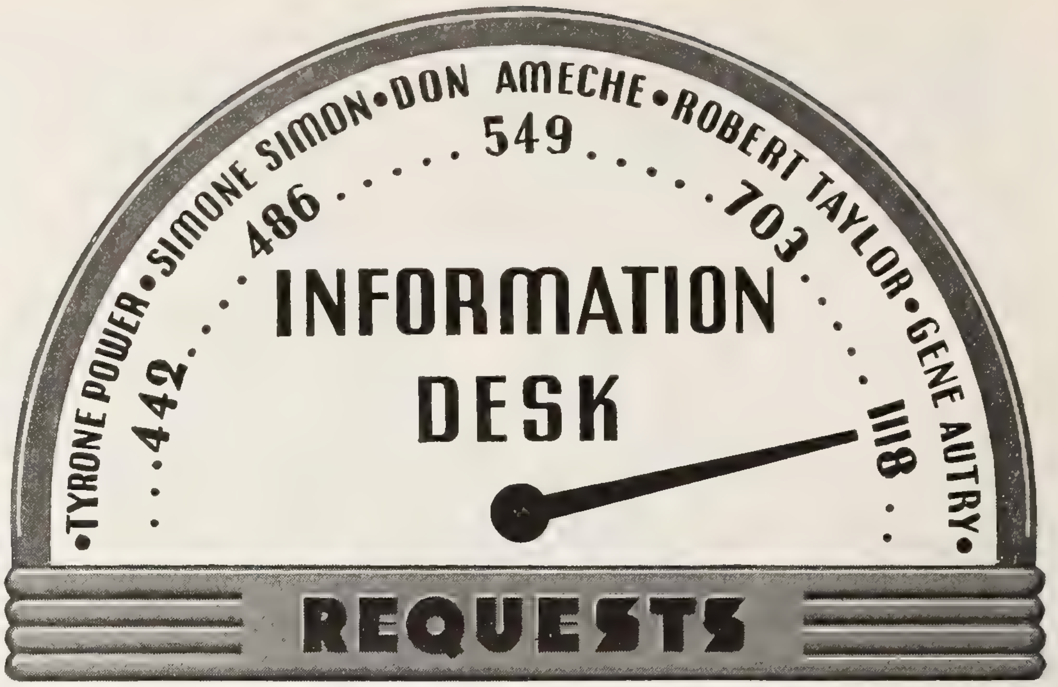
Finer THAN MOST FACE POWDERS

SPECIAL OFFER

Sweetheart Charm Bracelet *with nine miniature reproductions of your loved ones. Read coupon on 25-cent can of MAVIS, at your neighborhood store today.*



MAVIS *For* BODY PROTECTION

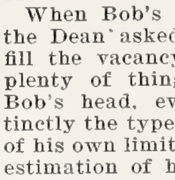


THE BAROMETER TELLS A SIX MONTHS' POPULARITY STORY. ARE YOU BOOSTING YOUR FAVORITES?

Motion picture producers have their eyes on the Information Desk's trusty Barometer these days. They know it's your requests for life stories of your favorites that make the fascinating old needle swing responsively back and forth among the various young stars. .They trust the Barometer implicitly because it's so infinitely much more instructive than any similar poll or questionnaire. Other polls announce who's tops on the first of January of each year. But January first is only one day out of 365. Your Barometer, on the contrary, tells a six months' popularity story, an ever changing story. Help complete the tale the needle tells, the tale the producers must read, by sending in your own requests—as many as you choose!

If you'd like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, and, incidentally, help boost his or her standing in our Barometer, fill in and send us the coupon on this page, or just write. Try to save yourself 2c by using postcards whenever possible. We answer general questions, too, either here or by mail. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

ROBERT TAYLOR (Last printed January, 1937. Total number of requests since then 600.) If success ever goes to Robert Taylor's head, dismayed leopards in every zoo in the country will start changing their spots. Right now, the leopards haven't much to worry about. Bob's personality is too well knit for conceit to alter it. He was brought up to take a serious, level-headed view of life. His earliest recollection is trotting off to medical school at the heels of his daddy, absorbing the ponderous lectures almost before he could talk. As a boy, he hoarded his pennies, not to buy himself a catcher's mitt, but to get his mother flowers. And at the age when a young man's fancy turns a bit prematurely to the opposite sex, Bob's vital interest in life was his music, his public speaking. A high-school speech won him a trip to Detroit—all the way from Beatrice, Nebraska. Later, at Doane College, he won a speaking prize right from under the noses of three ordained ministers, each of whom had been a contestant.



When Bob's music professor left Doane the Dean asked Bob whether he wouldn't fill the vacancy. So you see, there were plenty of things that could have turned Bob's head, even then. But Bob is distinctly the type that's much more conscious of his own limitations than of other people's estimation of himself. Rather than accept the job of youngest member of the Doane faculty, he followed his cello professor out to Pomona College, in California, to learn more. At Pomona, the boys and girls started out by calling Bob "The Sheik," but not for long. There is a certain unmistakable air of importance and purposiveness about Bob that sheds ridicule and flattery alike. And so at Pomona, as at Doane, he became the most respected undergraduate. When, as a result of the striking performances he had given in college dramatics, he was given an interview with Louis B. Mayer, that respect was confirmed.

The rest of Bob's story is history to all except Bob himself. His first pitiful pay check of $35.00; his fateful appearance in "Society Doctor" in the sympathetic but small role of a young interne; the sweeping flood of fan mail that his understanding and sincere portrayal occasioned; the fact that in less than one year he had become a second Valentino. To Bob there is nothing historical about any of this. It has not changed him. He goes on living the way he always did—quietly and very simply. He will not allow his public life to intrude on and destroy his private life, his personality. No one knows this better than "his girl," Barbara Stanwyck, his girl, because she, like himself, removes her glamor with her make-up. Bob's next picture, after "Personal Property" is "This Is My Affair."

SALLY GREBAUSKAS, Altoona, Pa.: You're not the only one who'd like to know who the trailers are in the Information Desk "request poll." As a matter of fact, we're not trying to keep it a secret. It's just that we haven't room in our Barometer for more than five names. If you or anyone else is

(*Continued on page* 89)

INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please print a brief life story of

....

in your department.

Name..

City.............................. State..........

WOMEN WERE HIS IDOLS! MONEY WAS HIS GOD!

Revelling, fighting, marching with the mighty surge of America, they flamed in gaudy glory through the wildest, wickedest city on earth . . . these fabulous "robber barons" of the realm of Rule-or-Ruin ... building railroad empires by day, and flinging away their lives and fortunes on Pleasure's darlings by night!

At last—the blazing romance of glamorous Josie Mansfield and flashing Jim Fisk ... reckless titan who battled his way to a throne of cornered gold, then madly danced with his love down the primrose path to Black Friday . . . The screen sensation of a decade, played by a galaxy of stars in a hell-bent world of wine and women!

EDWARD ARNOLD
CARY GRANT • JACK OAKIE
FRANCES FARMER
in
"THE TOAST OF NEW YORK"

Directed by
Rowland V. Lee

An Edward Small
Production

An RKO Radio Picture

"I was run-down—

"...looked pale...
lacked a keen appetite...
was underweight... felt
tired."

"What did I do?"

"MY intuition told me I needed a tonic. Naturally, I am happy and grateful for the benefits S.S.S. Tonic brought me."

You, too, will be delighted with the way S.S.S. Tonic whets up the appetite...improves digestion...restores red-blood-cells to a healthier and richer condition.

Feel and look like your old self again by taking the famous S.S.S. Tonic treatment to rebuild your blood strength...restore your appetite...and make better use of the food you eat.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health...its remarkable value is time tried and scientifically proven...that's why it makes you feel like yourself again.

At all drugstores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good." © S.S.S. Co.

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Accused (United Artists)	2★
The Accusing Finger (Paramount)	1½★
Adventure in Manhattan (Columbia)	2½★
After the Thin Man (M-G-M)	3★
Along Came Love (Paramount)	2★
As You Like It (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Banjo on My Knee (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Beloved Enemy (Samuel Goldwyn)	3★
The Beloved Vagabond (Columbia)	1½★
Beware of Ladies (Republic)	1½★
The Big Broadcast of 1937 (Paramount)	3½★
The Big Game (RKO)	3★
Black Legion (Warners)	3½★
Born to Dance (M-G-M)	3½★
Breezing Home (Universal)	1★
Brides Are Like That (First National)	2½★
*Bulldog Drummond Escapes (Paramount)	2★
*Call It a Day (Warners)	4★
Camille (M-G-M)	4★
Can This Be Dixie? (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
The Captain's Kid (Warners)	1★
Career Woman (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Case of the Black Cat (Warners)	2★
Champagne Waltz (Paramount)	2½★
Charge of the Light Brigade (Warners)	4★
Charlie Chan at the Opera (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Clarence (Paramount)	1★
College Holiday (Paramount)	2★
Come and Get It (Sam Goldwyn)	3★
Come Closer Folks (Columbia)	1½★
Conflict (Universal)	2★
Counterfeit (Columbia)	2★
Crack-Up (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Craig's Wife (Columbia)	3★
Criminal Lawyer (RKO)	2½★
Dangerous Number (M-G-M)	2★
Daniel Boone (RKO)	2★
*The Great Hospital Mystery (20th Century-Fox)	1★
The Devil's Playground (Columbia)	2★
A Doctor's Diary (Paramount)	2★
*Don't Pull Your Punches (Warners)	1★
Don't Tell the Wife (RKO)	2½★
East Meets West (GB)	2★
Easy To Take (Paramount)	1½★
Espionage (M-G-M)	2★
Everything is Thunder (GB)	2½★
Fair Warning (20th Century-Fox)	1★
A Family Affair (M-G-M)	2★
15 Maiden Lane (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Fire Over England (London Film)	3★
Fugitive in the Sky (Warners)	2★
The Garden of Allah (Selznick-International)	3★
The Gay Desperado (United Artists)	4★
The Girl on the Front Page (Universal)	1★
Girl Overboard (Universal)	2★
*Git Along Little Dogies (Republic)	2★
God's Country and the Woman (Warners)	2★
Golden Arrow (First National)	2½★
Gold Diggers of 1937 (Warners)	3★
The Good Earth (M-G-M)	4★
Go West, Young Man (Paramount)	2½★
Great Guy (Grand National)	3★
The Great O'Malley (Warners)	2★
Green Light (First Nat'l)	2½★
Head Over Heels in Love (GB)	2★
Her Husband Lies (Paramount)	2★
Her Husband's Secretary (First Nat'l)	2★
Hideaway Girl (Paramount)	1★
History Is Made at Night (Walter Wanger)	3★
Holy Terror (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
House of Secrets (Chesterfield)	1½★
*I Promise to Pay (Columbia)	2★
*Jim Hanvey, Detective (Republic)	1★
John Meade's Woman (Paramount)	2½★
The Jungle Princess (Paramount)	1★
Kidnaped in Shanghai (Republic)	2★
Killer at Large (Columbia)	1★
The King and the Chorus Girl (Warners)	3★
King of Hockey (Warners)	1★
Ladies in Love (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Lady from Nowhere (Columbia)	1½★
The Last of Mrs. Cheyney (M-G-M)	3★
Legion of Terror (Columbia)	1½★
Libeled Lady (M-G-M)	3★
Lloyds of London (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
The Longest Night (M-G-M)	1★
Lost Horizon (Columbia)	4★
Love in Exile (GB)	2½★
Love Is News (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Love Letters of a Star (Universal)	2★
Love on the Run (M-G-M)	3★
Luckiest Girl in the World (Universal)	2★
Mad Holiday (M-G-M)	2★
The Magnificent Brute (Universal)	2★
Maid of Salem (Paramount)	3★
Make Way for a Lady (RKO)	1★
A Man Betrayed (Republic)	2★
Man of Affairs (GB)	2½★
*Man of the People (M-G-M)	2★
The Man I Marry (Universal)	2★
The Man Who Could Work Miracles (United Artists)	3★
The Man Who Lived Again (GB)	2½★
*Marked Woman (Warners)	3★
Maytime (M-G-M)	4★
Men Are Not Gods (United Artists)	2★
Midnight Court (Warners)	1★
Midnight Taxi (20th Century-Fox)	1★
*The Mighty Treve (Universal)	1★
*Mind Your Own Business (Paramount)	2★
More Than a Secretary (Columbia)	2★
Mummy's Boys (RKO)	2★
*Murder Goes to College (Paramount)	1★
Mysterious Crossing (Universal)	1½★
Nancy Steel Is Missing (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Navy Spy (Grand National)	2★
Night Waitress (RKO)	2★
*Nobody's Baby (Hal Roach)	1★
Off to the Races (20th Century-Fox)	1★
One in a Million (20th Century-Fox)	3★
On the Avenue (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
The Outcast (Paramount)	2★
*Park Avenue Logger (RKO)	2★
Parole Racket (Columbia)	1★
Pennies From Heaven (Columbia)	2★
Penrod and Sam (Warners)	2★
*Personal Property (M-G-M)	3★
Pigskin Parade (20th Century-Fox)	3★
The Plainsman (Paramount)	4★
The Plot Thickens (RKO)	2★
The Plough and the Stars (RKO)	3★
The President's Mystery (Republic)	2½★
*Quality Street (RKO)	3★
Racing Lady (RKO)	2★
Rainbow on the River (RKO)	3★
Ready, Willing and Able (Warners)	2★
Rembrandt (London Film)	4★
Reunion (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Romeo and Juliet (M-G-M)	4★
Sea Devils (RKO)	2★
Seventh Heaven (20th Century-Fox)	3★
*She's Dangerous (Universal)	1★
Silent Barriers (GB)	3★
Sing, Baby, Sing (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Sing Me a Love Song (First National)	3★
Sinner Take All (M-G-M)	2½★
Smart Blonde (Warners)	1★
The Smartest Girl in Town (RKO)	2★
*The Soldier and the Lady (RKO)	2★
*Song of the City (M-G-M)	1★
*Step Lively Jeeves (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Stolen Holiday (Warners)	2½★
Stowaway (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Strangers on a Honeymoon (GB)	2★
*Swing High, Swing Low (Paramount)	3★
Swing Time (RKO)	4★
Sworn Enemy (M-G-M)	2★
Thank You, Jeeves (20th Century-Fox)	1★
That Girl from Paris (RKO)	3★
*That Man's Here Again (Warners)	1★
Theodora Goes Wild (Columbia)	3★
The Unguarded Hour (M-G-M)	3★
They Met in a Taxi (Columbia)	2★
Three Married Men (Paramount)	1★
Three Men on a Horse (Warners)	3★
Three Smart Girls (Universal)	3½★
Time out for Romance (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Top of the Town (Universal)	2½★
Trailin' West (First National)	1★
Trouble in Morocco (Columbia)	2★
Two in a Crowd (Universal)	1★
Two Wise Maids (Republic)	2★
Under Cover of Night (M-G-M)	2★
Valiant is the Word for Carrie (Paramount)	2½★
Waikiki Wedding (Paramount)	3★
Walking On Air (RKO)	2★
Wanted: Jane Turner (RKO)	2★
Wedding Present (Paramount)	2★
*We Have Our Moments (Universal)	2★
We're on the Jury (RKO)	2★
We Who Are About to Die (RKO)	3★
*When Love Is Young (Universal)	2★
When's Your Birthday? (RKO)	2★
When You're in Love (Columbia)	3½★
White Hunter (20th Century-Fox)	1★
White Legion (Grand National)	1½★
Wild Brian Kent (Lesser-RKO)	1★
Wings of the Morning (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Winterset (RKO)	4★
Without Orders (RKO)	2★
Wives Never Know (Paramount)	2★
The Woman Alone (GB)	3★
Woman in Distress (Columbia)	1½★
A Woman Rebels (RKO)	2★
Woman Wise (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Women of Glamour (Columbia)	2★
You Only Live Once (United Artists)	3★

You'll find this chart simple to follow and a valuable guide in choosing film entertainment. Instead of giving you the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under General Rating, beside each picture. 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. Asterisk denotes that only Modern Screen ratings are given on films not reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

"*It's* THIS NEW MAKE-UP *that is Hollywood's Secret of Attraction*"

ISABEL JEWELL
in Columbia's "LOST HORIZON"

"I've always longed to be more attractive, more lovely...and to think that at last I found the secret in make-up. I could hardly believe that the magic of color could work such a miracle, but now I understand why Hollywood's stars depend on Max Factor's Color Harmony Make-Up."

Just as thousands of girls have experienced this thrill, you, too, can have an adventure in beauty if you try your color harmony in make-up created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. It is powder, rouge and lipstick in harmonized shades for your individual type, whether you are blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead. See how the magic of color harmony make-up will give you new loveliness, make you more attractive, just as it does for these famous stars.

ROSALIND KEITH *—Columbia Star, illustrates Hollywood's new way to remove make-up with Max Factor's Melting Cleansing Cream.*

JOAN PERRY
in Columbia's "THE DEVIL IS DRIVING"

The Rouge adds Glamour of Color

THE delicate, lifelike color harmony shades of Max Factor's Rouge add a touch of glamour to your complexion colorings. You'll be surprised how much more attractive you will be. Creamy-smooth in texture, Max Factor's Rouge is unusually easy to blend...fifty cents.

WYNNE GIBSON
in Columbia's "RACKETEERS IN EXILE"

The Powder Beautifies Your Skin

THE very first time you make up with Max Factor's Face Powder in your color harmony shade you will note an amazing difference. Your skin will appear smoother, lovelier. The warm youthful color tone will be more flattering. And hours later your make-up will still be beautiful. Max Factor's Powder... one dollar.

Lipstick Accents Allure

YOU can depend upon Max Factor's Lipstick to give your lips a lovely color that will add worlds of attraction to your beauty. And because it's super-indelible and moisture-proof, you can be sure it will withstand every lipstick test. Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick...one dollar.

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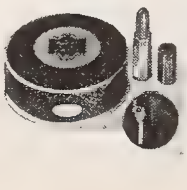

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MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"...... FREE

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NAME__________

STREET__________

CITY__________ STATE__________

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ...☐	Blue .....☐	BLONDE
Fair........☐	Gray.....☐	Light.☐ Dark.☐
Creamy.....☐	Green....☐	BROWNETTE
Medium.....☐	Hazel....☐	Light.☐ Dark.☐
Ruddy......☐	Brown ...☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow......☐	Black ....☐	Light ☐ Dark.☐
Freckled ....☐	LASHES [*Color*]	REDHEAD
Olive ....☐	Light ....☐	Light.☐ Dark.☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark.....☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

NOBODY LOVES ME!

–"why don't I get Mennen Antiseptic Powder to fight off germs?"

"Gosh, I can hardly keep from cryin'. Why do they use ordinary baby powder on me—when they might just as easy give me Mennen Borated Powder—the kind that's Antiseptic. My Doc says this powder keeps a feller's skin safe from germs and infection. And—Gee willikens—that's what I want! Believe me, germs are the things that scare me. Besides . . . my Doc says this Mennen Powder is swell for preventin' chafin', and that it heals up bruises and prickly heat quicker 'n anything else. So please somebody tell my mother to get me Mennen Antiseptic Powder."

More doctors recommend Mennen Antiseptic Powder than all other baby powders combined—that's what a recent survey by a leading medical journal showed.

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THE BABY POWDER THAT HELPS PREVENT INFECTION

BETWEEN YOU

Nine money prizes go to contributors each month. Why not give Lady Luck a chance?

CASH PRIZES FOR YOUR LETTERS

Why can't we send YOU a check next month? Just write a letter about the movies, the stars—choose your own topic, but remember that your subject is movies. If you have something interesting to say, say it in your own way. There are no rules; no deadlines. If your letter doesn't appear in the next issue, watch for it in the following one. Send as many contributions as you like. Prizes: 1st prize, $5; 2 second prizes of $2 each; 6 prizes of $1 each. Address: Between You and Me, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

The music in some pictures is driving patrons crazy. Do you resent it, too?

$5.00 Prize Letter
Would You Have Chosen Them?

Up until last week, if I had had to choose a good-looking quality actor for a serious, youthful, romantic lead in an expensive production, I should have had to choose from three—Gary Cooper, Fredric March and Ronald Colman, the only men, in my opinion, fine enough actors and sufficiently good-looking and young in appearance to win the heart of a connoisseur.

Rarely does one find a handsome, extremely young man who portrays depth of character convincingly. Robert Taylor, although handsome, is no more than a playboy, regardless of his role. Likewise Errol Flynn, who grinned amiably through the serious "Green Light."

However, I have enjoyed another memorable picture—"Lloyds of London"—was captivated by the heavy-lashed, deep-set, expressive, dark eyes and beautiful mouth of the exceedingly young leading man, pleased with his slender figure. I was jubilant to find the all important poise and a speech that was exactly right—not oratorical or stagey, not amateurishly mouthed or annoyingly high-pitched.

May I recommend Tyrone Power as the youngest and most handsome of the quality actors?—L. Golden, Wichita, Kansas.

$2.00 Prize Letter
Shirley Temple, Trouper

Why, with all the popularity that Shirley Temple enjoys, are there people who will not believe that she is really the adorable little angel she portrays? Why aren't they thankful for her loveliness, her really childlike simplicity, and why bewail the fact that she doesn't portray a problem child? Shirley's curls are indeed a bit too perfect; but I have seen such well-be-haved hair before, and natural, too.

Shirley, in growing, has lost her baby-prettiness, but regardless of her knowing what it is all about when she acts, how could she still look the baby of three-and-a-half at the age of eight? She has lost some of her spontaneity, but she has the *joie de vivre* which goes into the making of a great personality, and after over four years of trouping, who wouldn't change?

MODERN SCREEN
ON STRIKE FOR NELSON EDDY

A Yonkers Miss complains 'cause Nelson Eddy doesn't appear in every issue of Modern Screen!

What is detrimental and deplorable in her career is that her sponsors are solely depending upon her appeal to put her over, not giving her the varied material she should have, and letting her get "into a rut."—Leontine Brennan, New Orleans, La.

$2.00 Prize Letter
Treat Gene Autry as a Parlor Hero!

First, I am an infatuated young thing of sixteen, and since I am as giddy as the

'N' ME

rest of the species, nothing I say or do will be held against me, will it?

I respond to knee jerks, have no spots before my eyes, and no one ever dropped me in my younger days, yet there must be something dreadfully wrong—because my favorite movie star is a cowboy!

GENE AUTRY'S FAN CLUB
NO MEMBERS
PRESIDENT

What, Gene Autry, ain'tcha got no Fan Club? Well, one of this month's winners is going to fix that.

Results of Between You 'n' Me Popularity Poll appear on Page 88.

The object of my adoration is one who has created the most popular type of cowboys in movie history—singing cowboys—and the most popular type of Westerns—musical Westerns. I am referring to that singing, smiling, oh-so-charming, Texan heart-breaker, Gene Autry.

Please, please, won't you treat Gene as a "parlor hero" and print portraits of him and interviews, 'n' everything? Puleeze! If I said "Please print a BIG picture of Gene Autry," you wouldn't bat an editorial eyelash, would you? But if I said the same thing nine hundred and ninety-nine times, count 'em—(*No, we're not mathematically inclined, so we just glanced at those twenty-seven and a half pages of "Please print a BIG," etc. and decided that one of us must be mad.—Editor's Note.*)

Now, maybe you might print a big picture of Gene Autry . . . maybe . . . huh?—Grace Dugan, Gene-Autry's-Fan-Club-President-without-a-Fan-Club, La Crosse, Wis.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Too Much Music in Pictures?

The music in the greater percentage of motion pictures is so loud as to drive one who sits and listens to it for an hour or more almost mad. I have actually sat in a theatre and held my ears to shut out some of the blaring so-called music. I have seen otherwise fine pictures ruined simply by the music which was played during the entire picture and even during dialogue, when I have had to strain my ears to hear what the actors were saying.

There certainly is no relaxation in going to a picture that puts one under such a strain. I believe that music has its place in every production, but why doesn't the music director realize that much of the music is too loud and that there are many places in a picture where there should be absolutely no music.

I feel that I voice the opinion of many in this letter and hope that it may have a good influence toward softer and less music in pictures.—Mrs. J. F. Remaley, Du Bois, Pa.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Tanx, Pat

Fetch me my sun glawses! I'm positively dazzled by that April issue of MODERN SCREEN, of course. It was colossal, gigantic, magnificent—oh, gee, it was scrumptious. That scoop—Off Their Guard—was delicious and the Good News was so newsy—I just et it up. The snapshots of the stars "here and there" are always swell.

But, oh, yes, there's always a but—something vitally important was missing in that almost perfect issue. There was nothing about Nelson Eddy in it.

Also, have a heart and make the crossword puzzle just a leetle easier. I was in a sweat trying to figure out this one. And you can imagine my surprise, amazement, astonishment, etc., when I discovered that Greta Garbo was the girl in the picture. My, how you've changed, Greta.—Patricia Madden, Yonkers, N. Y.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Picture Stealer No. 1

Just recently I forgot to watch what the stars were doing in "The Gay Desperado" because my attention was called to the scenes where a dirty, unkempt-looking Indian did nothing but sit around looking very glum. Once or twice he favored the audience with a sneer or a very disgusted look. He spoke a few lines also. When

(*Continued on page 14*)

fast colors but no boiling

FOR tints, use only warm water! For dark colors, even black, just *simmer*—the difference of 40° is easier on your clothes, easier on *you!* There's a special penetrating substance in Rit that makes the color soak in quickly, evenly. Gorgeous colors are easy now. If you haven't tried Rit *recently* you'll be amazed by its new formula—*found in no other dye!*

Use WHITE RIT Color Remover *first*—harmless as boiling water—takes out old color so you can dye dark things lighter. Removes stains. Really whitens white goods.

NEWS!
Perhaps it's news to you that Rit is NOT a SOAP—new formula makes it dissolve instantly like lump sugar!

Actual photo of a single drop of ordinary dye on dry material—takes time to soak in—requires prolonged boiling!

Rit contains a special penetrating substance—soaks into the fabric instantly! Rit is the *only* dye with this feature.

Never say "Dye" — say RIT!

RIT
TINTS & DYES

RIT
INSTANT
TINTS & DYES

"Your Eyes have Told Me So"

Music in the air—romance in your eyes. Tell him with your eyes—for beautiful eyes may say what lips dare not. The charm of alluring eyes can be yours — instantly, easily, with just a few simple touches of Maybelline Mascara — to make your lashes appear naturally long, dark and luxuriant.

No longer need you deny yourself the use of make-up for your most important beauty feature — your eyes. You can avoid that hard, "made-up" look that ordinary mascaras give by using either the new Maybelline Cream-form Mascara, or the popular Maybelline Solid-form Mascara—both give the soft *natural* appearance of long, dark, curling lashes. At cosmetic counters everywhere.

Loveliness demands — eyebrows softly, gracefully, expressively formed. For this, use the largest-selling, smoothest-marking Eyebrow Pencil in the world — by Maybelline.

Complete loveliness demands — the final, exquisite touch of eyelids softly shaded with a subtle, harmonizing tint of Maybelline Eye Shadow — it means so much to the color and sparkle of your eyes.

Generous purse sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids at 10c stores. The preference of more than 11,000,000 discriminating women the world over.

Maybelline
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Maybelline EYE SHADOW

Maybelline Solid-form Mascara, in brilliant gold vanity—Black, Brown, Blue. 75c. Refills 35c.

Maybelline Cream-form Mascara, with brush in dainty zipper bag. Black, Brown, Blue. 75c.

Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown, Blue.

Maybelline Eye Shadow. Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.

Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

Between You 'n' Me

(*Continued from page 13*)

I left the theatre I kept thinking, "Anybody who can sit through a whole picture and do practically nothing, and still make himself noticed must be good."

Yes, you've guessed it—the gent I mean is Mischa Auer!—J. Sawyer, Los Angeles, Calif.

$1.00 Prize Letter
The Autograph Racket

It is high time that someone came to the defense of cinema stars in an effort to put an end to the rackets so many of their adoring fans are engaged in.

Take the autograph hound. In trailing an actress to get her John Hancock on a piece of paper, he pushes, intrudes, and acts rude, generally, in his effort. If the star refuses to come across, the fan calls her an old meanie, a snob, or a dozen other undeserved epithets. He sees only the player's refusal to be victimized—not his own rudeness and lack of common decency. So he says to himself, "Well, I'll be darned if I ever see *that* dame in another film."

As to fan mail, why should a star be compelled to hire secretaries to answer the frothings of a bunch of adolescent minds? It's a racket and film players should not be criticized for objecting to it.

"But," you say, "don't we pay our good money to see these stars in the movies?"

Yes, my dears, you do. But why should you think you are doing *them* a favor by going? Don't *you* get about three hours of grand entertainment for your money? The price of your ticket merely entitles you to be entertained by the players; saying that they owe you something for having enjoyed them in the pictures isn't exactly fair.—Mrs. C. Anderson, Flushing, N. Y.

$1.00 Prize Letter
How About It, Clark?

On seeing a letter about Robert Taylor not answering his fan mail in a recent Between You and Me column, I'd like to make it public that Mr. Taylor answered my request very promptly.

However, my complaint is that Clark Gable hasn't answered one of the six letters I've written him since 1932. In each case, I've allowed him six months to answer, but still no reply. Eighteen months ago, I even bought a photo and sent it to him to autograph and return. I've never seen it since!

I still think that Mr. Gable's secretary is to blame, as I cannot imagine Clark himself ignoring requests for an autograph.

If you see this, Mr. Gable, please send me one without a mustache—personally autographed to me. I think I deserve it, don't you?—E. Moorhouse, Liverpool, England.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Is That Nice, Mr. Taylor?

I would like to make a complaint about Robert Taylor's famous secretaries. About three months ago, I sent Mr. Taylor an autograph book to sign. I enclosed the money for its return, yet I have never seen it again. The least that could have been done would have been to send the book back. Signed or unsigned, I still want it.

Just to show the difference between stars, I had sent that same book to Nelson Eddy. In a few weeks time I received my book, beautifully wrapped, with the longed-for signature inside.—Ellen Leclerc, Montreal, Canada.

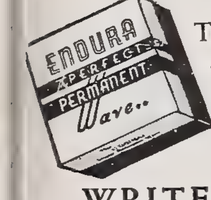
Theres No Romance

IN STRAGGLY END CURLS

NOW YOU CAN **PERMANENT** WAVE THOSE STRAGGLY ENDS AT HOME

A COMPLETE ENDURA SET...EVERYTHING YOU NEED FOR TEN WINSOME CURLS, **25c** ✶ Here's a new beauty secret from Hollywood studios, Endura Ten Curl permanent. Endura keeps your newly grown end and side curls lovely and attractive and makes your permanent last twice as long. Without machines, heat or electricity you can quickly and easily give these straggly locks a permanent wave, yourself, at home. Do not confuse Endura with dry curlers, for Endura gives you a *machineless permanent.* Try Endura tonight and you too will agree with 100,000 smart women who have used and approved this amazing new aid to beauty and romance. Endura is featured by leading Drug Stores, Department Stores, Five and Ten Cent Stores, everywhere.

✶ ✶ AND HERE'S THE GREATEST NEWS OF ALL...NOW YOU CAN GIVE YOURSELF A COMPLETE PERMANENT AT HOME FOR $1



This size contains 50 curlers, lotion, rinse, foil and instructions — everything you need for complete machineless home permanent.

WRITE FOR THIS FREE BOOKLET

"A Preview of Hollywood Hair Styles." This interesting booklet will show you how simple it is to follow the latest Hollywood hair dresses with Endura. Write today to the Endura Corporation, Hollywood, Calif.

Please send me your free Endura folder "A Preview of Hollywood Hair Styles" by return mail.

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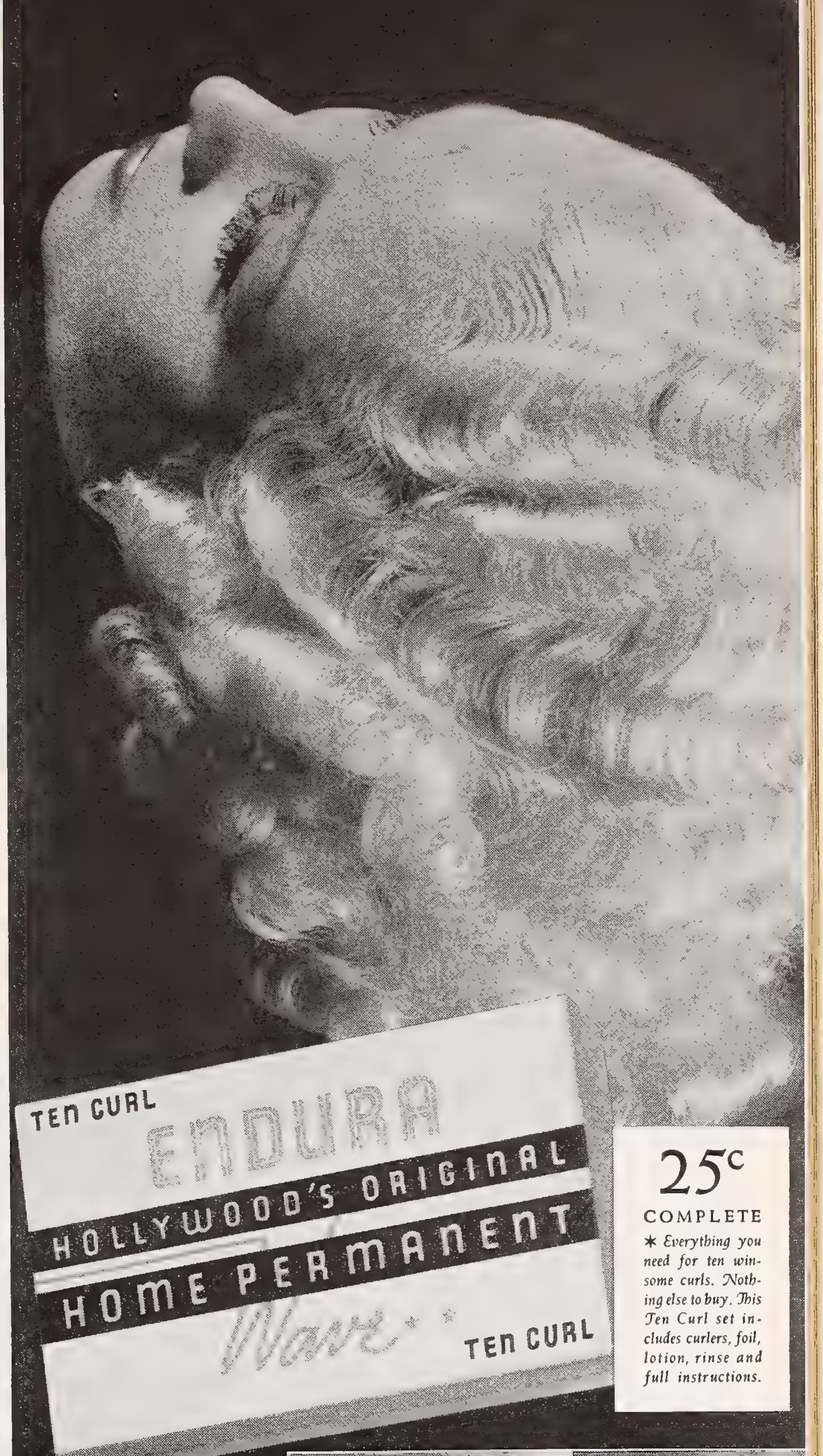
THE ENDURA CORPORATION • **HOLLYWOOD** • CALIF.



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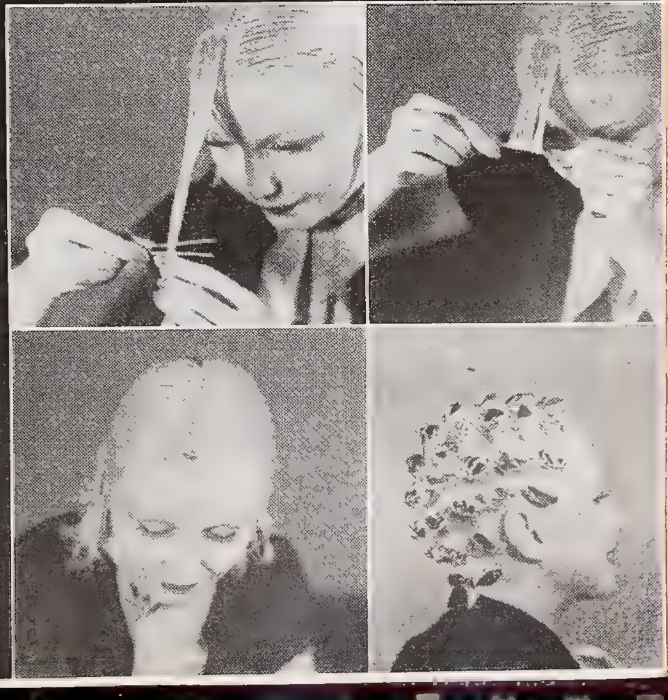
COMPLETE

✶ *Everything you need for ten winsome curls. Nothing else to buy. This Ten Curl set includes curlers, foil, lotion, rinse and full instructions.*

HERE ARE THE SIMPLE STEPS TO A BEAUTIFUL ENDURA PERMANENT

✶ Apply Endura lotion, wrap the strands of hair on curlers, cover with foil, remove, rinse and set your hair. It's all so very easy.



DINING WITH

By Marjorie Deen

Waiting for company? No, dinner for two, this time. The Ameches are ready for some of Honore's Fried Chicken.

THERE'S ALWAYS a "Welcome" on the mat at Don Ameche's charming Spanish-style hillside house. Don and his attractive blonde young wife, Honore, are hospitable souls, and they live up to the meaning of their name, Ameche—an anglicized version of the Italian word for friends.

Giving Sunday night suppers is one of their favorite ways of dispensing hospitality. For some of these informal get-togethers they issue invitations. But they also love to have people just drop in and stay as long as they like. And as guests usually "like" to stay for hours and hours in their little house with the wide windows, overlooking the beautiful Encino Valley, chances are that even the most casual callers will find themselves being asked to dinner.

It's amazing, when you think of it, that the Ameches are always prepared for the "extra guests." At least, it seems so to me. And more amazing, still, is the fact that there's never any confusion in their household over these last-minute additions, in spite of the fact that Honore runs her home quite simply. When Don brings home a surprise dinner guest any old night of the week, his unruffled wife is actually glad, she told me. To which I could only gasp that this certainly made her "tops" with me, in housewifely patience and consideration.

Or maybe you don't think that this is so remarkable. Maybe you, too, are one of those sweet souls who can give a warm reception to hubby's boss, or your own Aunt Nelly, when they march in without warning—just when you're planning on lamb chops for dinner, too! Well, in my opinion, even the most hospitable, versatile hostess would have some excuse for being flustered under those circumstances, for somehow you just can't "stretch" a lamb chop, can you?

But according to Honore, you can serve a fine meal, even on such short notice, or rather, on no notice at all. Perhaps I had better explain here that Don Ameche's capable young wife had considerable experience as a dietitian in and around Chicago, before her marriage, so it's safe to say she knows what she's talking about.

Not only did she give me some swell suggestions that I'm going to pass on to you—ideas which will show you how to pad and stretch the meals originally intended for "just the family," so as to prove ample for an additional two or three—but she also gave me some grand recipes for dishes.

There will be room to give you a couple of these recipes of hers,

Cherries, Philadelphia cream cheese and nuts help to make this delicious fruit salad a springtime delight.

Uninvited guests don't worry the Ameches—Honore knows how

DON

later on. The others, which I shall tell you more about as we go along, have been printed up on recipe cards, and are yours for the asking. Just fill out and mail the coupon at the end of this article, and you'll receive a copy of all of them, absolutely free! They'll make the same hit, I'll wager, with your family and the friends that drop in on you unexpectedly, as they do with Don Ameche and his friends. And that's saying quite a lot, judging from the things Don had to say about Honore's catering.

LET'S SEE then, what would we be likely to have if we were to drop in on the Ameches? It wouldn't be elaborate fare, I can promise you that. Wholesome American cooking at its best would probably be prepared for you, according to Honore's directions. Well-seasoned meat dishes; that good old vegetable standby, corn, in a tasty new guise; shrimps in a delectable sauce, just so as not to overlook the fish family entirely. Then there is that justly popular favorite, spaghetti, further enhanced by a quickly-made, filling meat-sauce. For luncheon, there would be a fruit salad, perhaps, with the one pictured at the beginning of this article holding a deserved place of honor. Nor must I forget to mention the lightest, most speedily thrown together small cakes I've ever tried.

For, of course, I have tried out all these recipes myself, since meeting the Ameches, not only to satisfy my own curiosity, but to be sure, as always, that I left nothing out when copying them down for you. That's how I'm able to tell you about each one of these delectable dishes from first-hand knowledge as well as from hearsay. So let's start on this list of good things to eat that I've just outlined for you, and while taking them up one by one, we can also discuss some of (*Continued on page 72*)

The Modern Hostess, Modern Screen,
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a free leaflet containing Don Ameche's Company Recipes.

Name..

Street..

City..

State..

to "stretch" meals

rising from his box, he tried to address the men

PERSONAL

BOB, I can't stand it any longer. Your constant criticism is driving me crazy. I'm going away for good.
Daisy.

Aunt Susan: But why? How did it happen, Daisy?

Daisy: Oh, Aunty, it's been one row after another for months! Every morning he kicked about his shirts—they looked so gray and dingy. A few nights ago we had company and Bob said the linens were a disgrace. We had a nasty scene and I walked out.

Aunt Susan: Honey, I know it sounds mean to bring this up now. But why don't you *do* something to get that tattle-tale gray out of your clothes?

Daisy: Good glory, I work like blazes. What on earth more can I do?

Aunt Susan: Stop using those "trick" powdery soaps that don't wash clean, and switch to Fels-Naptha Soap. It's one sure way to get *all* the dirt—thanks to its wonderfully rich *golden* soap with *lots of naptha* right in it.

Daisy: Oh, why didn't I think of that before! I'll try Fels-Naptha right away!

FEW WEEKS LATER

Bob: Gosh, but I'm glad you're back, Daisy. And I promise I'll never nag again as long as . . .

Daisy: As long as I stick to Fels-Naptha Soap and get your shirts and everything so sweet and white! Don't worry, darling—Fels-Naptha and I are pals forever!

COPR. FELS & CO., 1937

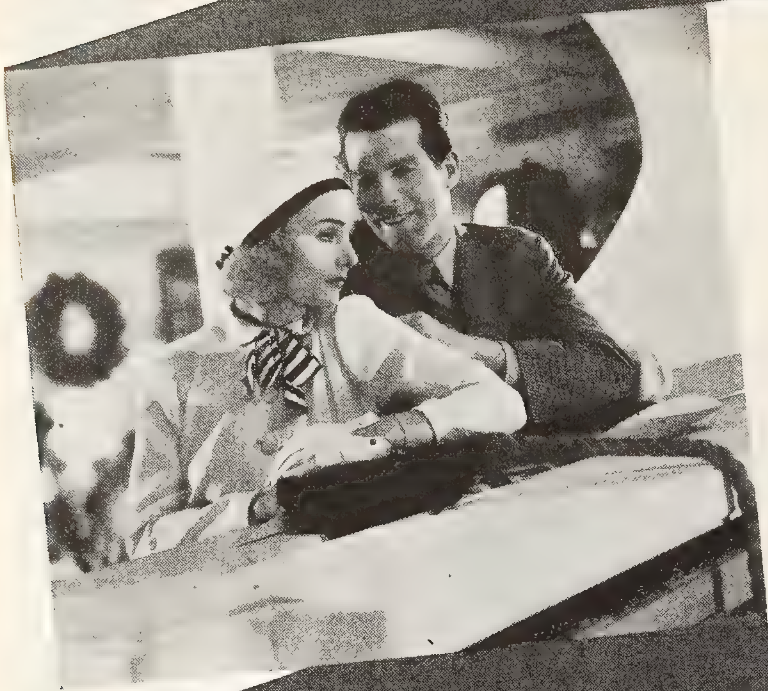
BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

REVIEWS • A TOUR

★★★★ Call It a Day

Here is one of those completely enjoyable pictures which comes along every once in a while and surprises everyone, including, perhaps, its producers. The story is a delightful bit of semi-fantasy, dealing with a day in the lives of a rather staid English family. Spring comes to all of them at once, and each one gets involved in his own little romantic complication. The father (Ian Hunter), a conservative accountant, finds himself hopelessly involved with an American actress. The mother (Frieda Inescort) is horrified to discover herself almost compromised by a sudden suitor (Roland Young) from the Far East. The eldest daughter (Olivia de Havilland) is smitten by the charms of a portrait painter (Walter Woolf King). The son (Peter Willes) gives up his plans to motor on the Continent when he gets a look at the gal next door (Anita Louise). And the younger daughter (Bonita Granville) falls in love with a painting. Incidentally, Bonita again proves herself a remarkable little actress.

Everything everyone does is beautifully daffy, and the dialogue writers have contrived swell comedy for them. There are also top-notch performances by Alice Brady, the well-meaning friend of Frieda Inescort, and Peggy Wood, as the painter's understanding wife. "Call It a Day" represents the best all-around acting of the season. Directed by Archie Mayo.—*Warner Bros.*



★★★ Swing High, Swing Low

The revised and modernized edition of the old play, "Burlesque," turns out to be more than agreeable entertainment, mainly because of the engaging presence of Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray and the intelligent direction of Mitchell Leisen, who guided the same pair through "Hands Across the Table." In the play the central character was a hoofer; in the picture he's a hot trumpet player.

Miss Lombard, as the gal who marries MacMurray and watches his hot trumpeting send him up the ladder of Broadway fame and down again, demonstrates a surprising ability for heavy dramatics. Her comedy sequences, of course, are handled with her usual flair. The role of the irresponsible musician offers Fred MacMurray exactly the type of role for which he's best suited, and he makes the most of it.

Another Lombard surprise is her singing of "I Hear a Call to Arms," which she vocalizes with excellent results. Other good tunes are the title number and "Panamania," sung by Dorothy Lamour, who does a nice bit of work as the Other Woman. Swell comedy romance is furnished by Charlie Butterworth and Jean Dixon, and smaller roles are ably handled by Harvey Stephens, Charles Judels and Cecil Cunningham.—*Paramount.*

★★★ History Is Made at Night

Romance comes to the restaurant business in this light-hearted comedy of emotional conflict, all of which should be good news to those who heretofore have regarded their favorite dining place as a more or less prosaic and commercial establishment. In real life, one finds, the main trouble is that headwaiters are seldom Charles Boyer. The screen, which can always stretch a point or two, makes M. Boyer maître d' of a smart Paris restaurant. Wandering into the kitchen, you'll find Leo Carrillo acting as chef, and proclaiming himself the world's finest. On his night off, M. Boyer meets Jean Arthur, the estranged wife of a wealthy English shipbuilder, and they fall in love. Complications arise, and the psychopathically jealous husband makes life miserable for the two of them, climaxing his hatred for them by running one of his own ships, on which they are passengers, into an iceberg. Outside of this rather fantastic bit of drama, which attempts a climax obviously inspired by "San Francisco," the film is amusing and gay. Boyer adds to his repertoire of skilfully etched portrayals, and Jean Arthur continues to be one of the most delightful of the screen's feminine players. Leo Carrillo's comedy is sure-fire, and Colin Clive ably portrays the jealous husband. Directed by Frank Borzage.—*Walter Wanger-United Artists.*

Movie Scoreboard on Page 10

OF TODAY'S TALKIES

★★★★ Maytime

Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy continue their series of co-starring ventures with a musical which is certain to be the season's tops in sweetness. M-G-M has spared no expense in dropping apple blossoms all over the scenery, and the performances of the two stars are in keeping with the saccharine atmosphere which surrounds them.

If you don't remember the story, it's the one about the young singer who gives up love and happiness to marry her concert manager, who was responsible for her career. It is told in retrospect, with Jeanette MacDonald in the earlier scenes as an old woman giving counsel to a young girl about to make the same mistake she herself made.

"Maytime" is recommended because it allows Miss MacDonald and Mr. Eddy more than ample opportunity to display their vocal talents. The music offered runs the gamut, from "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny" to a cleverly contrived opera set to the music of Tchaikowsky's Fifth Symphony. Miss MacDonald's most fetching number is "Sweetheart," from "Maytime's" original Romberg score, and Mr. Eddy is most effective in a lusty drinking song. Acting honors go to John Barrymore, while Tom Brown, Lynne Carver and Rafaela Ottiano give fine performances.—*M-G-M.*

★★★ Seventh Heaven

"Seventh Heaven," any confirmed movie-goer will recall, was the picture which brought stardom to Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. The same producing company now emerges with a new version of that love story of the Paris streets, and it will probably do as much for Simone Simon and Jimmy Stewart as it did for the Gaynor-Farrell team. This doesn't mean, of course, that we're due for a series of Simon-Stewart co-starring vehicles. One good reason for that is that they're under contract to different studios. But "Seventh Heaven" will bring each of them the acclaim and the popularity which many players wait years to attain.

Simone brings a poignant beauty to her role of Diane, and Stewart, as Chico, the sewer worker who becomes Diane's lover, establishes himself as one of the better actors among the screen's leading men. He is especially good in the scenes of his exultation over becoming "a man of position"—a street cleaner. Best in the supporting cast is Gregory Ratoff, as an exuberant hack-driver friend of Chico's. Almost as good is Victor Kilian, "a man of position," who welcomes Chico into his select company. Others interesting in smaller roles are Gale Sondergaard, Jean Hersholt, John Qualen and J. Edward Bromberg. Directed by Henry King. *—20th Century-Fox.*

★★★ Personal Property

This is a remake of "Man in Possession," which starred Robert Montgomery several seasons back. In its 1937 version it exhibits the charms of Bob Taylor and Jean Harlow, who represent pretty near the tops in Hollywood's male and female beauty these days.

The story concerns the black sheep of an English family who casts amorous eyes on the fiancée of his stuffy older brother. The lovely lady is about to be ejected from her home by a mercenary sheriff, and our hero, in order to be near her, goes on the sheriff's payroll and a one-man sit-down strike in the gal's home to make sure she doesn't move out her belongings before the law can take its course. It's an amusing situation, and it will do critics no good to report that many of the incidents are phony and that a number of the gags are reminiscent of the old vaudeville days.

Audiences will love the picture because of the presence of the two stars. Bob Taylor's acting is improving with each new picture, but he still seems to find himself a bit uncomfortable in nonchalant comedy roles of this type. Jean Harlow exhibits all her attractions effectively, and in the supporting cast Reginald Mason, E. E. Clive, Cora Witherspoon and Forrester Harvey are outstanding. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.—*M-G-M.*

More Reviews on Page 104

By Leo Townsend

It's a gala month, picture-goers, for movie fare's gay and snappy

MEN OF THE MOMENT

Brian Aherne's a handsome gent and a fine actor, so why don't you clamor for his photograph? There's a reason.

That attractive male platinum, Gene Raymond (right), should be a big star. But, somehow, he just isn't. Why?

Now, there's Clark Gable, on the other hand. Yes, indeed, there's C. G.—way up thar' in the film firmament, where the girls can see and adore him.

HOLLYWOOD, glamor center of the world, probably harbors more broken hearts—and hopes—than any other given metropolis. Thousands travel each year to the cinema city to try their luck in the fickle films. With the possible exception of Broadway, it is the toughest nut to crack that has ever grown.

Yet, on the other hand, Fate is kind to a select group which she deems worthy of her far too few smiles, for occasionally there are those who, overnight, rise to the heights. Among these are our "men of the moment" —the matinee idols of today.

Did you ever wonder why Clark Gable, Robert Taylor and Errol Flynn achieved fame? Or why some of the finest actors have failed to click as idols? Some claim that stars are born and not made, while others insist that it's all just luck.

Robert Taylor once remarked, "I only hope my *luck* will hold out until I can learn to act."

Whether or not he's a great actor, you'll have to admit that Mr. Taylor has done all right for himself. Today he is the most popular young star in the picture business. Yes, Bob is a bonafide, dyed-in-the-wool matinee idol. The public took to him like the proverbial duck to water and he is

By Robert H. McIlwaine

Do you know that there's a vast difference between acting ability and star stuff—and that the boys who have "it" become matinee idols?

the only person ever to equal the record for sudden popularity set by the late Rudolph Valentino.

On the other hand, there is Brian Aherne. One of the finest actors on either side of the Atlantic, he is nevertheless not a near-idol for even a single matinee. The reason isn't lack of opportunity with this man, for he is one of the busiest of our leading men. Dividing his time between films and the legitimate stage, Aherne doesn't have an idle moment.

Lately seen in "Beloved Enemy," and acclaimed by the critics as a fine actor, he still failed to click as a big picture personality. Perhaps there are several explanations for this. I wonder if one could be that he doesn't possess the warm appeal that is so necessarily a part of personality; that is, if said personality is to be taken into the hearts of the public. The majority of movie audiences are comprised of women, and the ladies *do* like to look on their stars with romance-tinted glances rather than histrionic prowess.

Brian Aherne is certainly an attractive, intelligent man and there isn't a girl who wouldn't think him most entertaining over a cocktail or dinner. Nevertheless, her interest would usually remain of a cordial but impersonal nature.

This past winter when Aherne appeared on the Broadway stage with Walter Huston in "Othello," he scored a tremendous success. In fact, his New York audiences took him to their hearts, mentally aiding and abetting him in his dastardly schemes as the treacherous Iago. They gloried in his villainy and applauded him lavishly, proving (*Continued on page 109*)

GET WISE, *Miss Scrub-Hard,*
Good brushing isn't enough! You need the *right dentifrice* too!

Change to
PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE
containing IRIUM

Quickly loosens and removes dull, dingy film . . . Wins flashing new luster on teeth

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If you would have beautiful teeth, remember that proper brushing is only *half* the formula. The other half is Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM. This modern dentifrice responds *instantly* to your brush—cleans and polishes enamel surfaces in a way that *shows up* old-fashioned methods.

Your teeth feel clean and stay bright much longer after using Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM. Try it! You'll no longer be a Disappointed Scrub-Hard.

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THE DEB'S DELIGHT

Believe it or not, several movie Misses have proposed to Johnny that it would be grand to be Mrs. Downs!

Looks like Eleanore Whitney and Kay Griffith have a neat hold on the young man. And Johnny isn't complaining.

By Ben Maddox

JOHNNY DOWNS never had a date until a year ago. He never went to a conventional school a single day in his life. Although he typifies Young America at its best, ranging in pictures from home boy to snappy undergraduate, he himself has never experienced the everyday family life nor has he ever been rushed by a fraternity.

Now, at half-past twenty-two, he is really one more example of the strangeness of the most extraordinary city in the world. If anyone deserves to be catalogued as Exhibit A, young man of Hollywood, Johnny does. For he hasn't just drifted into the spotlight; he isn't recently movie-struck. Actually, he is a genuine product of the film industry. Literally, he is the one new juvenile who grew up in its atmosphere.

His childhood was spent before the cameras. During his high-school age he was touring the country, making personal appearances. When he might have been a freshman for dear old U. S. C., he was pounding the pavements of Broadway to get another nod from Hollywood's moguls.

He still hasn't a house. He's known a series of apartments and his backyard was usually Hollywood Boulevard. He must use his imagination to figure out what it would be like to stay in one neighborhood and have the same friends. He never had a chance at the high-school play, you see, nor a crack at football. If, today, he should receive an invitation to a prom, and could make it, he'd be the perfect escort, but inside himself he'd be overwhelmed with a weird excitement.

Because when it was time for Johnny to enroll in the first grade, he went into films instead. The studios have been his alma mater, awarding him better roles in lieu of diplomas, and no part at all rather than a summons to the principal's office. He got reviews in place of report cards. The casting directors have been his deans.

In person Johnny Downs is good-looking, well-bred and exactly dashing enough. He is the type who, on a date, could be swell fun without being flip. He might want to neck, but he wouldn't want to be naughty. So no wonder the pick of Hollywood's younger set are glad to go out with him. Indeed, he is the movie deb's delight! Medium tall, with a lithe strength behind his slimness, his eyes and hair are that warm brown, and his complexion that olive shade, that most girls seem to be specifying in a model boy friend. He doesn't throw his vigor at you, either. Johnny's vital without being perpetually peppy.

He not only conducts himself like a gentleman, but—perhaps more amazing—he *thinks* like one. It's pretty astonishing to find him the sort of fellow he is after constant exposure to Hollywood. The answer to whether he's a gay young blade is yes—and no. It requires, like Johnny, a deal of explaining. *(Continued on page 102)*

Stars' Studio Addresses

Columbia Studios, 1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.
Gaumont-British, Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush, London, W. 12, England.
Grand National Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Washington Blvd., Culver City, Calif.
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif.
Republic Studios, 4024 Radford Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.
RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Samuel Goldwyn Studios, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
20th Century-Fox Studios, Box 900, Beverly Hills, Calif.
United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave. Hollywood, Calif.
Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.
Warner Bros.-First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

ABEL, WALTER: RKO-Radio.
ACUFF, EDDIE: Warner Bros.
AHERNE, BRIAN: United Artists.
ALBERNI, LUIS: Grand National.
ALBERTSON, FRANK: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
ALBRIGHT, WALLY: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
ALEXANDER, KATHERINE: Free lance. Write her at Paramount.
ALLAN, ELIZABETH: M-G-M.
ALLEN, FRED: 20th Century-Fox.
ALLEN, GRACIE: Paramount.
ALLEN, JIMMIE: Paramount.
ALLEN, JUDITH: Republic.
ALLEN, ROBERT: Columbia.
ALLWYN, ASTRID: Free lance. Write her at Columbia.
AMECHE, DON: 20th Century-Fox.
AMES, ADRIENNE: Free lance. Write her at Paramount.
ANDRE, LONA: Free lance. Write her at M-G-M.
ANGEL, HEATHER: RKO-Radio.
ARLEDGE, JOHN: RKO-Radio.
ARLEN, RICHARD: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
ARLISS, GEORGE: Gaumont-British.
ARMETTA, HENRY: Universal.
ARMSTRONG, ROBERT: RKO-Radio.
ARNOLD, EDWARD: Paramount.
ARTHUR, JEAN: Columbia.
ASTAIRE, FRED: RKO-Radio.
ASTOR, MARY: Columbia.
ATWILL, LIONEL: M-G-M.
AUER, MISCHA: Universal.
AUTRY, GENE: Republic.
AYRES, LEW: Paramount.
BAINTER, FAY: RKO-Radio.
BAKER, BENNY: Paramount.
BALL, LUCILLE: RKO-Radio.
BALLEW, SMITH: RKO-Radio.
BANCROFT, GEORGE: Columbia.
BARBIER, GEORGE: Paramount.
BARKER, PHILLIP: United Artists.
BARNES, BINNIE: Universal.
BARNETT, VINCE: Universal.
BARRAT, ROBERT: Warner Bros.
BARRIE, MONA: Paramount.
BARRIE, WENDY: Universal.
BARRYMORE, DOLORES COSTELLO: Paramount.
BARRYMORE, JOHN: M-G-M.
BARRYMORE, LIONEL: M-G-M.
BARTHELMESS, RICHARD: Warner Bros.
BARTHOLOMEW, FREDDIE: M-G-M.
BARTLETT, MICHAEL: Republic.
BAXTER, ALAN: United Artists.
BAXTER, WARNER: 20th Century-Fox.
BEAL, JOHN: RKO-Radio
BECK, THOMAS: 20th Century-Fox.
BEECHER, JANET: M-G-M.
BEERY, NOAH, JR.: Universal.
BEERY, WALLACE: M-G-M.
BELLAMY, MADGE: 20th Century-Fox.
BELLAMY, RALPH: Columbia.
BENCHLEY, ROBERT: M-G-M.
BENEDICT, WILLIAM: 20th Century-Fox.
BENNETT, CONSTANCE: 20th Century-Fox.
BENNETT, JOAN: United Artists
BENNY, JACK: Paramount.
BERGNER, ELIZABETH: United Artists.
BERNIE, BEN: 20th Century-Fox.
BEST, WILLIE: RKO-Radio.
BICKFORD, CHARLES: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
BING, HERMAN: Columbia.
BIRELL, TALA: Universal.
BLACKMER, SIDNEY: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
BLAKELEY, JAMES: Columbia.
BLANE, SALLY: 20th Century-Fox.
BLONDELL, JOAN: Warner Bros.
BLORE, ERIC: RKO-Radio.
BLUE, BEN: Paramount.
BOGART, HUMPHREY: Warner Bros.
BOLAND, MARY: Paramount.
BOLES, GLEN: Warner Bros.
BOLES, JOHN: RKO-Radio.
BOND, WARD: Columbia.
BOYD, WILLIAM: Paramount.
BOYER, CHARLES: United Artists.
BRADLEY, GRACE: Paramount.
BRADNA, OLYMPE: Paramount.
BRADY, ALICE: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
BREAKSTON, GEORGE: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
BREEN, BOBBY: RKO-Radio.
BRENDEL, EL: 20th Century-Fox.
BRENT, GEORGE: Warner Bros.
BREWSTER, JUNE: RKO-Radio.

(Continued on page 111)

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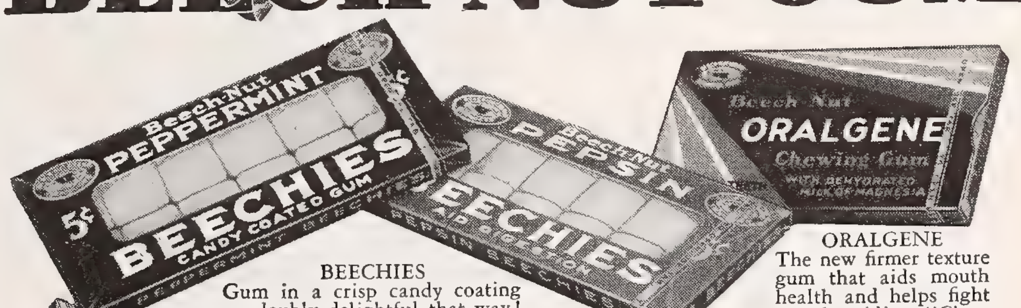

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SEE THE BEECH-NUT CIRCUS
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A mechanical marvel, 3 rings of performers, clowns, animals, music 'n' everything! Now touring the country. Don't miss it.

DRY SKIN Often Makes Women Look Old At 25

Make This New 3-Day Guaranteed "DEAD-SKIN" Test To Combat Dry Skin —Shiny Nose—Blackheads —Premature Wrinkles

Smart girls know the romantic allure that a smooth, caress inviting skin holds for men. . . . But even girls in their twenties must beware of dry, dead skin, all scuffed and scaly looking, which may look 40 at 25.

If you suffer from a dry, rough, flaky, wrinkly skin, shiny nose, blackheads, enlarged pores you are certain to look years older than you are. No matter what you have tried you owe it to yourself to make this new 3-day "DEAD-SKIN" guaranteed test. The minute you start cleansing with a new beautifier, TAYTON'S TRIPLE-WHIP CREAM, it releases precious ingredients, which sink deep into the mouths of the pores. TAYTON'S TRIPLE-WHIP CREAM melts and dissolves those dry, scaly, dead surface skin cells. Lubricates, softens and smooths. By stimulating the underskin, rousing the oil glands, cleansing and freeing clogged pores, the cause of blackheads, dryness, shiny nose and premature aging skin is combated in nature's own way. Helps to bring out new, live, more youthful looking skin. That's why TAYTON'S TRIPLE-WHIP CREAM is succeeding in the most stubborn cases.

Make This Guaranteed Test

Make your own test. Use TAYTON'S TRIPLE-WHIP CREAM to cleanse with and also as a night cream for three days . . . It must make your skin softer, smoother, look younger and satisfy completely or your money will be refunded upon return of empty jar.

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These trips will be exciting adventures for the 20 winners—travelling in unheard of comfort over scenic highways to glamorous Hollywood for a merry whirl with the screen stars! We'll go "star" gazing at the studios where breathless moments of "behind-the-scenes" activity await us! We'll see close-up glimpses of important rehearsals with lights—action—camera! We'll lunch at the Brown Derby and dance at the Trocadero.

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My suggestion for the name of the special bus is:

....

Name..

Street Address..

City and State..
(Please print)

Intimate glimpses of the stars, such as this one of Myrna Loy on the "Parnell" set, are in store for the winners.

There are 20 Free Round Trips to be had! One of them can be yours!

To enter this contest simply fill in the coupon provided with the *full* names of your movie favorites, either the first or last name beginning with the letters on each line. The names you select can have *less* letters than squares we have provided for. They should *not* have *more*. Now, suggest a name for this National Trailways "Luxury Liner" which will carry our winners to Hollywood. Here are a few suggestions: "Hollywood Cruiser," "Hollywood Express." Then, mail your entry to Modern Screen-National Trailways Contest in care of Modern Screen.

RULES

1. Contestant must fill in the chart on Page 24, with the *full* names of the moving picture stars or featured players whose *first* or *last* names begin with the letters in the words, NATIONAL TRAILWAYS. For example, the letter "N" may represent either Norma Shearer or Nolan, Doris. The names you select can have less letters than squares provided for in the chart; they should *not* have more. Leave one space between first and last names or last and first names. Don't use the same name twice.
2. In the space at the bottom of the chart, suggest a name for the special bus which will carry the winners to Hollywood.
3. The 20 trips will be awarded to the persons who submit the most complete chart and who, in the judges' opinion, give the best name for the bus.
4. If more than one entry is submitted, each must be presented on a separate chart.
5. Neatness and accuracy will count; elaborate entries will not receive preference in awarding the prizes.
6. The decision of the judges shall be final, and in case of ties, additional trips will be awarded.
7. Mail your entries to Modern Screen-National Trailways Contest, in care of Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight of June 30, 1937.
8. No employees of the Dell Publishing Co., or the National Trailways System, or their families may participate in this contest.

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by

JANTZEN

ROCHELLE HUDSON
20th Century-Fox Star
in *"She Had to Eat"*

Sun Burst Mio [illustrated] with adjustable Brä cord $4.95

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● Just as a girdle molds your figure in graceful lines, so does a Jantzen have a deft way of achieving flattering slenderness through the magic of Jantzen-Stitch. Beautifully textured new Kava Knit fabrics of luxurious quick-drying wool have actual figure-control qualities *permanently* knitted in. A Jantzen always retains the beauty of its original classic lines and fits smoothly, perfectly, permanently. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Ore., Vancouver, Canada.

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Send me style folder in color featuring new 1937 models. WOMEN'S ☐ MEN'S ☐

Name

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THE SHO-WOW OF SHOWS!

'Wake Up and Live'

THE HOTCHA-TOPSA OF THEM ALL!

with

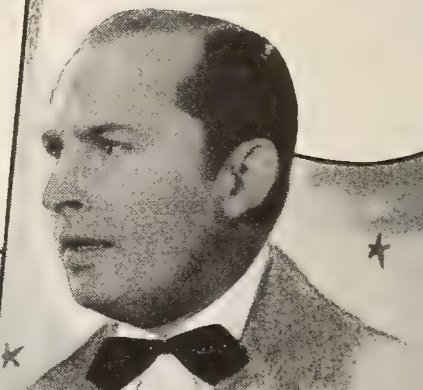
WALTER WINCHELL
BEN BERNIE
ALICE FAYE
PATSY KELLY
NED SPARKS
JACK HALEY
GRACE BRADLEY • WALTER CATLETT • LEAH RAY
JOAN DAVIS • DOUGLAS FOWLEY • MILES MANDER

'OKAY, AMERICA! ORCHIDS TO 'EM ALL—EVEN BERNIE—FOR A SWELEGANT SHOW! I HOPE I DIDN'T SPOIL IT ANY MORE THAN BERNIE DID! IT'S CINEMAGNIFICENT! I SHOULD HAVE PAID TO BE IN IT!'

'YOWSAH! IT WILL THRILL YOU IN SPITE OF WINCHELL! WITHOUT WINCHELL, IT'S GRAND—WITH WINCHELL, I'LL NEVER SEE IT!—BUT GEE WHIZ, KIDS, IT'S THE MOSTA OF THE BESTA EVER PACKED INTO ONE FILM! YOWSAH!'

Directed by Sidney Lanfield.
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan.
Based on Dorothea Brande's Book.

Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production



Galamorous! Galorious! Howlarious! Winchell's wincing . . . Bernie's burning . . . as they flipcrack face to face!

20th CENTURY FOX

The studio that gave you "Sing, Baby, Sing", "One In A Million", "On The Avenue" now brings you the greatest of all musicals!

Nine Gordon and Revel hits to make you come alive all over!

including

'It's Swell Of You'
'I'm Bubbling Over'
'Never In A Million Years'
'There's A Lull In My Life'
'Wake Up And Live'

Merle Oberon

She's in Lunnon now to see the Coronation, work in "I, Claudius" and marry British Brian Aherne, who claims this lovely Merle's just topping!

WHAT HAS SUCCESS DONE TO ROBERT TAYLOR?

Bob came from an average American family, in an average American town, where he lived an average American life.

By James Reid

Has fame affected him? Has money spoiled him? Here is a story stranger than this star's sudden popularity

IT WAS just one year ago that you were becoming conscious of Robert Taylor in a big way. He had been under contract to Metro since February 1934, but you didn't know that—then. Both his name and his face were new to you.

He had played leading roles in only five films. The first two, "Society Doctor" and "Times Square Lady," had been minor productions, which you had probably skipped. The fifth, "Small Town Girl," had not yet been released. You were lucky if you had seen him in two pictures. Those two being "Broadway Melody of 1936" and "Magnificent Obsession."

You knew very little about him. You did not know who he was, what he was like, where he had come from, what he had done to arrive on the screen. One year ago. He was not yet a star. His name had not yet been billed above the title of any picture.

Metro had had a hunch that in young Taylor it might have a future star after a lengthy build-up. But, in young Taylor, the studio was discovering, it *did* have a sensation, such a sensation as no studio had ever had before.

It was incredible. Impossible. Why, people hadn't had time to become this excited about him! He hadn't made enough pictures! He hadn't done anything sensational enough! There hadn't even been any publicity campaign about him!

Yet, letters in a white avalanche, bearing every postmark in the United States, were descending upon Hollywood, addressed to Robert Taylor. His two latest pictures were sell-outs, playing to hold-over business. Every magazine in the country was trying to get Taylor coverage. Newspaper columnists were calling him the biggest Hollywood news of a generation. Feminine stars were pleading to have him as their leading man. A girl couldn't appear with him at a social function without finding herself in newspaper headlines. He couldn't appear in public, himself, without being stampeded.

Things like these were incredible, impossible, but—they certainly were happening. Hollywood was witnessing a phenomenon that passed all understanding. Before a studio could tell the public that here was a great new star, the public was telling the studio!

And not the least amazed person in Hollywood was Robert Taylor.

One year ago, interviewers found him a young man honestly puzzled by the furore that was then beginning, frankly excited by his "luck," amazed at his loss of privacy, annoyed by his being a target for a succession of romance rumors.

Interviewers found him completely, surprisingly normal, even distressingly normal. He wasn't what the ink-stained brethren and sisters of the Press would call "good copy."

He had no dramatic story to tell. He came from an average American family, in an average American town, and, up to now, had apparently lived an average American life. He had had no colorful adventures, no out-of-the-ordinary experiences. The writers didn't sense how that very fact would endear him even more to the American public. The writers faintly resented his failure to make up a few melodramatic, startling incidents, for sweet sensation's sake.

With interviewers, he didn't "give." He didn't open up and talk about himself, without being asked. He waited for questions. And then his answers were in sentences, not paragraphs.

In person, he was as good-looking as the camera said he was—with blue eyes, brown hair, a ready smile. He was friendly, but without stressing the point. He was quiet. He was self-possessed, but he (*Continued on page 74*)

The Taylor-Harlow torrid love scenes for "Personal Property" were all in the day's work, but the rumor hounds didn't want to believe *that!*

Barbara Stanwyck isn't the most beautiful girl in Hollywood, nor the youngest, but she's Bob's adored among women.

LONG DISTANCE

It's simple to make a go of it—if you know how

By Kay Proctor

Ann works in Hollywood; Hubby Roger Pryor, in Chicago; so when she visits him, he meets her at the station with his band.

IMAGINE A husband who (1) never criticizes your clothes; (2) never squawks about bills; (3) never argues about anything; and (4) always meets you at the train with a band!

Ann Sothern is actually married to such a paragon of virtues, Roger Pryor. She openly admitted as much.

But cheer up. She also admitted it is barely possible this Utopian state of affairs exists because she has only seen Roger an accurate total of six weeks and three days, and that split into three visits, since she married him last September! Roger, you know, has to live in Chicago because a contract to lead his band at the College Inn every night keeps him there. And Ann's fat little movie contract makes living in Hollywood mandatory for her.

At that, the whole topsy-turvy marital arrangement is quite in keeping with the way their life as Mr. and Mrs. Roger Pryor began. Remember her wedding? Quaint is one word for it, unique another, and just plain dizzy, a third. There was a church ceremony and a crowd and veils, bridesmaids and the works—at exactly one minute after midnight! Seems they had overlooked one technicality of California's three-days-after-the-license law, and that was the first moment they could be wed legally, and still make it to Chicago in time for Roger to open up his doing business as usual at the Inn.

Surface explanations of this four-star husband and unclouded bliss are quite simple, to hear Ann blithely tell it. First, about the non-criticism of clothes.

"When I dash back to visit Roger for a few days, it's more like a honeymoon than staid married life, and whoever heard of a husband criticizing clothes on a honeymoon, unless it was something some other woman wore and, in comparison (smartly enough!), with the perfection of you? Besides, we're so darned glad to see each other, we never notice clothes. Besides, they're usually new and he hasn't got the bill for them yet!"

Mmmmm. Maybe Roger doesn't notice. If so, I'd like to ask Ann why she gave a certain tailor a sound scolding for a tiny wrinkle under the arm of the new suit he brought her the night before she left for her present visit with Roger, and ended with, "Roger will have ten fits when he sees it." Just a point in passing.

That brings us to the bills.

"It's very simple," Ann said succinctly. "I just stick 'em

MARRIAGE

—and Ann Sothern lets you in on the secret

A midnight wedding, with all the trimmings. Then they parted. But some day, Ann hopes, they'll be together "for keeps."

in an envelope—the bills—and mail 'em to Chicago. Roger hates to write letters, so he just never gets around to squawking about 'em. Then, by the time I see him again, he's forgotten about 'em. Isn't that simple?"

Simple indeed. But it might not be so except for the fact that when they were married, Roger insisted there would be none of this modern fifty-fifty business about bills in his household. He would pay them all, and gladly. (Ann held out on paying for her personal maid out of her own purse.) Everything she earned from her work was to go in a trust fund for *her*. Which it has.

Point Three. Arguments.

How in heck can there be any arguments? It takes two to make one, and two in the same place. Roger is in Chicago. Ann is in Hollywood. Q.E.D. How can there be an argument?

They did have one lulu, Ann confessed. About a famous male star. It darned near broke the week's budget.

"Roger telephoned one night, as he does quite frequently," Ann related. "We chatted about this and that and he asked what I had been doing, what pictures I had seen, and so forth. I mentioned I had seen a certain picture and was crazy about it and the star's work."

Roger, it seems, had seen the picture, too, and took the opposite view. First thing they knew, they were at it hammer and tongs. He was good, he wasn't good, he was an actor, he wasn't an actor.

"Suddenly I realized we were getting nowhere fast, and it was costing us exactly a dollar a minute to get there!" Ann said. "All in all, we argued some $11.40 worth. It's the last time that happened. Now we say, 'Save it for a letter,' and as I said, neither of us likes to write, so it's too much work to argue."

At that, Ann added, it was less costly than similar arguments of married couples on their way home from a picture show. It did not have time to get too personal and end up in recriminations, angry words, hurt feelings, and a good old row that had a three-day hangover! You probably know the kind she means.

Finally, that meeting at trains with bands.

Every time Ann steps foot in Chicago, either by train or plane, Roger has a band lined up to meet her. How many wives can claim husbands *that* glad to see them?

"Of course, if you want to get technical about it, the band is Roger's own. Furthermore, they're not playing any instruments. Every time so far they've been standing with their collars turned up and their hands in their pockets, shivering in the cold," (*Continued on page 83*)

Cary talks about marriage, too.

MAN

I WANT to do a case history of a man-about-town," I told Cary Grant. "I want to know what he does and what he doesn't do, what he likes and what he doesn't like, his prejudices and predilections where 'wimmin' are concerned, the why, the wherefore and the whence. Meaning, in a word, you!"

"Me, a man-about-town?" laughed Cary, his bright, bold eyes derisive, "why me? I'm not a man-about-town. Sounds like a page of fashions. I'm not, certainly, the peg upon which to hang 'what the well-dressed man-about-town will wear,' that's a cinch. When we made 'When You're in Love' over at Columbia, they wanted me to look kind of sloppy and casual. I had to dress, or rather not dress up, for the part. They couldn't even make me clothes that looked careless and unpressed enough. So I had to wear my own!

"Nope, man-about-town-and-country might be more like it. And mostly country. I hate to say this, it's gray-bearded with age and much repetition, but I spend most of my spare time swimming, reading, taking those well-known long drives in my car—alone.

"Randy Scott and I still have our same place at the beach, you know. Randy's wife didn't come between this pair of friends. On the contrary. Remarkable institution, women," said Cary.

"Let's dispose of the 'wimmin' first," I suggested. "I've heard that you don't hand us very much."

"A man-about-town not handing orchids to the lady?" grinned Cary. "What kind of a monstrosity would that be? It's nonsense, anyway. Of course I like women. I can't stand some of the things some of them do. I can't

Grace Moore and Cary in "When You're in Love."

What do women mean to a popular gent like Cary Grant, who lives in a village where the unattached male is king?

By Caroline S. Hoyt

-ABOUT-TOWN

stand them when they talk baby talk, use red nail polish, have gooey lips. But that's fair enough. They probably can't stand some of the things I do, either.

"I can't go for the kind of girl who, when you call her and say, 'What are you doing Sunday night?', comes right back at you with, 'Nothing, I'd love it. What shall I wear? What time do we meet at the Troc'?'

"'Love what?' you find yourself asking and who the heck said anything about the Troc'? I'd probably had some such place as Dopey Dan's for hamburgers vaguely in mind or a drive along the beach.

"I can't stand women who talk baby talk. I like women who speak my language and it may be pidgin English or pig Latin, but it's not baby talk. I can't stand that red nail polish. I like a little lipstick when it isn't the gooey kind. We're so conditioned to lipstick by now that if I met a girl with naked lips I'd probably take her for Camille.

"One thing a man-about-town should know about women is that they do not dress for men. They should, but they don't. If they did they'd abolish those gawd-awful red nails. They must know by this time that the stuff is repellent to men. Yet they keep right on using it. Women dress for women, I've found that out. The idea, it seems, is to be the best-dressed, smartest gal, and therefore the most talked about.

"Men have more fun than women do, I'll wager that. There's none of that competition stuff. Go to a men's club and no one knows or cares what you are wearing. You can wear old dungarees and a pair of boots if you feel like it and no one would notice it.

"I like smart women. I like tailored women when they are the tailored type. I like the fluffy, feminine women when they are the ruffly type. I like a little make-up, cleverly used, so cleverly that I wouldn't notice it. I do not like such barbarisms as false eyelashes, those tweezed eyebrows and other atrocities of a similar nature.

"I like professional women better than non-professionals. You can talk to them and they can talk to you. They are alert and have a sense of humor. You know that they won't faint at the sight of a mouse or twist your words to suit their own purposes. They're swell."

"Would you," I interrupted, "marry a professional woman—from choice?"

"Sure I would," said Cary, "if I were contemplating matrimony—and I'm not. I'd marry a star, an extra girl, a lady medico, if I fell in love with her. I'm not afraid of women who know more than I do. I would not feel any resentment toward a woman who was a ranking star even if I had not attained the same rank myself. I'd be proud of her as I'd hope she would be proud of me if the situation were reversed.

"Really this man-about-town idea is columnist-conceived. I am reported as being seen at the Troc', the Vendome or wherever; actually I go to these places very seldom.

"What really happens is this: The columnists have to fill their columns with cinema chatter. It's safer to fill the columns with single men and their activities, real or fancied, than it is to mention married men, with possible complications. It seems there is a scarcity of single males here in Hollywood. Thus does the name of Grant come in for such generous social repetition.

"I've been amused, more than once, to read an account of a party of six or eight given, let's say, at a popular night club. I may not have been out for six weeks; possibly, I may have been at that particular party. In either case I'm liable to read, 'Report hath it that Cary Grant brought Miss So-and-So.' Now I have probably never met Miss So-and-So and almost certainly did not have the pleasure of 'bringing her.' But I was the only single man present. She was the only single girl. So I was the 'bloke wot brung her.'"

All this time, Cary had been lounging lazily, talking casually, even flippantly

(*Continued on page 91*)

SIMONE SIMON DEFENDS HERSELF—AND HOW!

By Gladys Hall

She admits she's walked off the set, slapped a director, disobeyed an executive—but there were reasons

When strangers say, "Hello, sweetheart," Simone has an answer—and it isn't "Hi, Darling," you may be sure!

THAT SIMONE Simon, "they" say, here in Hollywood. She *is* a one! She is temperamental, unpredictable, unreasonable—a rebel and a spoiled little so-and-so. "They" shake their collective heads over her. They sigh, they shrug, but they talk about her.

She is seen out, dancing with this lad and that. There are rumors that she is in love with Jimmy Stewart and that it is madly mutual—or that it is unrequited. It is said, too, that she is in love with Jimmy's friend, John Swope. She is seen with William Wyler and Rouben Mamoulian. "They" say, additionally, that she plays ping-pong with Hollywood hearts while her own is somewhere in France.

Born in Marseilles, raised in Madagascar, where the wild strains and races of the world meet and mingle, their untamed spirits infused the very air the child breathed.

Simone is an untamed spirit! Convention has never shackled her. Love has never broken her. Pain has not subdued her. She is, still, a child of Madagascar.

They tell how she walked off the set of "White Hunter" and "Under Two Flags." Hollywood will never quite get over that. She claimed it was flu. "They" said, "a fluke, more-like." Hospitalization for weeks failed to convince them. For how dared she, a new-comer to Hollywood? She should have, according to all precedent, bent a servile knee to the studio.

BUT THERE isn't a salaam in all the savagely sweet spirit of Simone, nor yet a kow-tow. She uses honey when she feels like it and bitter gall when she feels bitter. Nor does she know obedience to anything save to her own emotions, which are honest and unblunted.

"They" say that she is apt to slap the face of anyone who offends her. It is known how she slapped the face of Tourjansky, famed Russian director who, espying her in front of a Paris cafe one evening, rushed up to her and exclaimed, "You are just the person I have been seeking." Swift as an adder strikes, struck the small hand of Simone. It was that slap which brought her, eventually, to Hollywood.

Yes, inexplicable to Hollywood are the wild and willful ways of Simone. But the French are a practical people.

Simone declares she loved to work with James Stewart in "Seventh Heaven" and the picture above tends to prove her statement.

However unreasonable they appear, they usually have good reasons for it. I determined to third-degree Simone.

I found her finishing the laying out of a badminton court in her garden in Beverly Hills. Simone and her secretary had done the work all themselves. She perched on a stone wall, while I faced her down, or up.

I said, "I'll begin at random. . . . What about the time Ernie Westmore, the make-up man, gave you the critical survey? I am told that he suggested that your hair be done differently and that your lips be made up differently. What of it? That is his job. That is what every newcomer goes through when first she comes to Hollywood. Yet you stormed out of the beauty chair, hurling defiance at poor Mr. Westmore?"

Simone laughed, "Oh, that," she said, in her English, which has so vastly improved since I talked with her six months ago, yet still bears the aroma of the French accent. "I didn't understand. He looked at me like *this*. He seemed not to like me at all. He wanted to make me all different. I did not understand how the personal also could be impersonal. And so I stormed out of there and said rich things to him to tell him I did not like him, either. Now I know what he was meaning and we are friends. That is very simple."

"But," I said, "there was the time when you were introduced to a worthy and dignified member of the Associated Press. You stared at him for a long time. Then you said, 'I do not think I like you.' What for?"

I DID not think I liked him, that is all for that," said Simone blandly. "It seemed better to say so and have no mistake about it. Later, I changed my mind. He is at luncheon with me and others. I watch him and then I tell him that I think I can grow to like him."

"I have heard electricians, property men, and waitresses say that you acted highty-tighty and offended when they spoke to you," I pursued. "Have you a reason for that?"

"But certainly," said Simone. "When I first come over here I go on the set or into a beauty parlor and people I have never seen before, people who do not know whether they like me or detest me say, 'Hello, sweetheart,' or 'Good morning, darling.' I do not say (*Continued on page 81*)

HOLLYWOOD S(n)OB

The young woman with Doug is Mrs. Fairbanks, to be sure, but the point is she *was*—Lady Ashley.

SOCIAL REGISTER

Here we have Al. Al who? *Vanderbilt*, of course! With Ginger Rogers.

By Helen Louise Walker

WELL, IT'S been like this ever since the races started at Santa Anita. At a recent cocktail party a young man was in earnest conversation about his day at the track. "And I said to Al, I said, 'Al' . . ." He paused and gave me a little nudge. "Al Vanderbilt, I mean," he said, gently. "You know, Al, of course?" I had to admit that I had not met Al.

The young man looked so horrified that I thought that I had better say *something*, so I volunteered, brightly, "I've met Robert Taylor." He brushed this aside.

"Who hasn't?" he said, witheringly, and turned again to my neighbor. "I said, 'Al, old boy, I think you're wrong about that horse!' And d'you know what Al said?"

But I didn't feel neglected because on the other side of me a voice was saying, "I was telling dear Sylvia . . . Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, you know. She *was* Lady Ashley. I said, 'Sylvia . . . ' "

I began to feel pretty elegant myself, because here I was simply surrounded by people who called millionaires and people who once had titles by their first names—even by their pet names. It occurred to me, though, to wonder how Doug Fairbanks felt about it all. His latest wife must have been mentioned in the public prints about twenty thousand times since their marriage, but never once have I seen a reference without the parenthetical addition, "Mrs. Fairbanks is the former Lady Sylvia Ashley." Certainly no one in Hollywood ever fails to mention that fact when he speaks of her and I just wondered how Doug felt to have it made so emphatic about who his wife *was* before she became who she *is*, because who she is might seem important to a lot of people, including Doug.

There is no doubt about it. Hollywood is growing grander every day. There are no longer big parties with ropes of gardenias and four orchestras and magnums of champagne. Those are "vulgar." People now sit in dimly lit rooms and listen to chamber music and readings from Fourteenth Century Italian poets. Honestly they do!

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See how easy it is! Just sit down and let *yourself* talk. It's your experience we want, not fancy words. Write as to a friend. Because Ivory Flakes *are* your friend—made from Ivory, the soap that mother probably used for you in your baby days! And today Ivory Flakes give you 7530 chances to win a thrilling prize!

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. There will be 6 weekly contests, each with separate list of prizes. Opening and closing ates are as follows

	OPENING	CLOSING
st Contest—	Now	Sat. May 29
nd Contest—	Sun. May 30	Sat. June 5
rd Contest—	Sun. June 6	Sat. June 12
th Contest—	Sun. June 13	Sat. June 19
th Contest—	Sun. June 20	Sat. June 26
th Contest—	Sun. June 27	Sat. July 3

, Entries for each week's contest must be ostmarked before Saturday midnight. Entries will be entered in each week's contest s received

5. Enter each week's contest as often as you choose.

6. Entries will be judged for clearness, sincerity, and individuality of thought. Your own words are most important. Fancy entries will not count extra. Contests judged by Miss Elsie Rushmore, National Contest Consultant, and her associates. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. Entries, contents, and ideas therein become the property of Procter & Gamble. No entries returned.

7. Anyone may compete except employees of Procter & Gamble, their advertising agencies, and their families. Contests limited to the United States and subject to Federal, State and Local regulations.

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10. All $1000 prize-winners will be announced shortly after each contest closes, over "The O'Neills" radio program and "Mary Marlin."

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Joan Blondell doesn't think it's too early to look toward young Norman Barnes' future.

Joan Blondell passes on some wise do's and dont's for making a young man happy

. . WHAT I'LL

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Powell certainly have the happiness formula down pat.

Fernand Gravet, the Frenchman who has all the girls ga-ga, with Joan in a scene from "The King and the Chorus Girl."

TELL MY SON

By

JOAN BLONDELL

as told to

Ben Maddox

WHAT WILL Joan Blondell tell *her* son? She intends to pass on to him what she herself has learned about this perplexing world of ours. And Joan admits this is plenty!

Today, acclaimed the most charming of comediennes, she is happy again as Mrs. Dick Powell. She is busy combining a new picture with settling down in her new house. Yet, Joan isn't for a second forgetting her son by her first marriage. Tiny Norman Barnes, two years old, is very much in her heart, too.

"I expect women to make or break his life," she declared suddenly, between merry quips. "Not myself among them—I don't expect to be the dominating woman in his life. I mean the women he'll meet when he's old enough to fall in love.

"I am anxious to put him wise to a lot of vital facts I have discovered. I'll try to show him how to get along with girls. I shall advise him to test the one he loves, thoroughly. I'll explain how to do this. Certainly I'll assure him that love is terribly important, because I know it is.

"I shall caution him against love at first sight and confide why a long engagement is smart. Of course, I'll attempt to point out all the mistakes which can trip him up, but I won't hold him back if he falls madly in love too young. Not even if I see she's the wrong type and it won't last!"

It was peacefully quiet in the drawing-room of the Dick Powells and Joan's earnestness was in such marked contrast to her usual jollying.

"This may surprise you," she said to me, a blonde vision in pink lounging pajamas, turned completely serious and sincere. "There's one spot he may find himself in when I'll counsel him to be perhaps painfully frank. If he has been going with a girl for quite a while and marriage is just around the corner, he may find that she isn't what he truly wants in a wife after all. Then he should be honest; he should call it off. Yes, even though he's taken up, as she may swear, 'the best years of my life!' In the long run it's the kindest action, for they'd both be miserable if he had any doubts. It's better for him to break her heart to bits quickly. This tragedy won't ruin her, even though she may carry on as though it will. Gradually she'll realize that, anyway, her face is more intriguing because of what she's gone through; she's lost weight suffering—but it's nice to be thinner!

I SHALL advise Norman not to marry young; it's silly for a man to do so. He ought to wait until he's at least thirty. For when he's younger all he'll care about is how keen a dancer she is and what lovely eyelashes she has. His whole viewpoint will change as he matures. Eventually, he'll want a woman who'll be a fine mother and home-maker.

"Pick your girl, I'll say, not for her beauty, or her neatness, or because she's polite in company; but for some inner quality in her that moves you deeply, some mysterious quality that makes you sure she is above and beyond ordinary women.

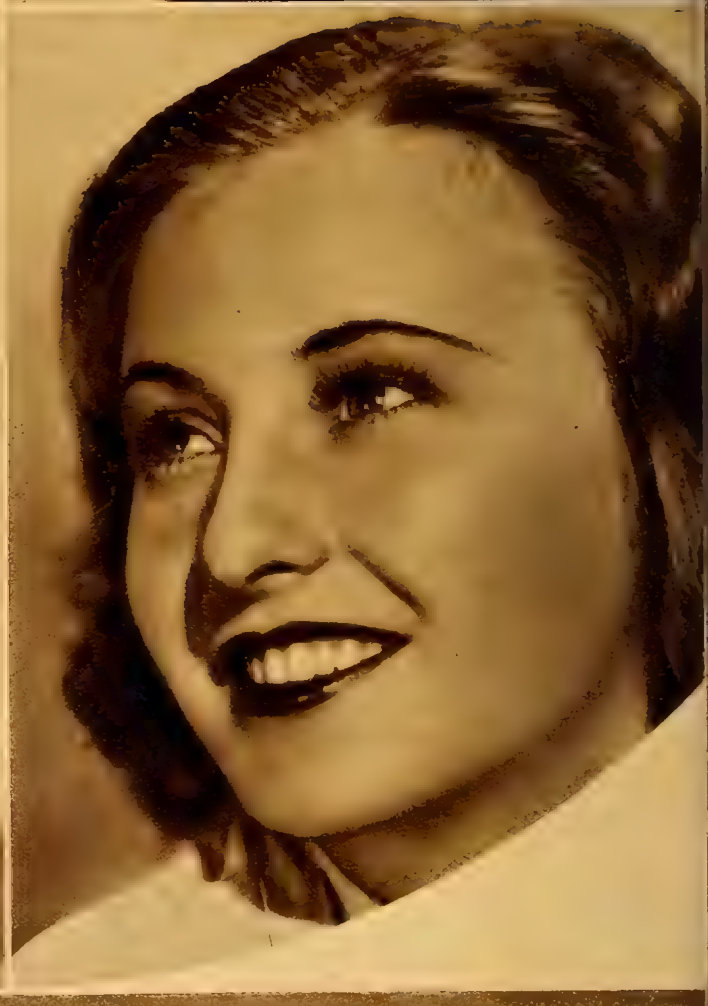
"Don't let the life-of-the-party bowl you over; she can't be vivacious every night at home, after she's yours. Remember, also, that if she's so physical in her appeal, she knows how to be that way towards all the other fellows, too.

"A long engagement—a year's what I call long—is most advisable because it'll give you a chance to be positive she'll handle situations as you'd want your wife to. It'll allow you to check on what she is like, fundamentally. Perhaps traits will blossom (*Continued on page 85*)

BEAUTY FROM ALL

Of course, Sonja Henie is the perfect example of body grace. Imitate her, if you would acquire good posture.

Take a tip from Madeleine Carroll, who says that pretty blondes should dress conservatively, for they can so easily look over-dressed.



You may have a warm heart, a quick wit and a sunny disposition,

ANGLES

By Mary Marshall

Deanna Durbin is, admittedly, a lovely-looking girl. But how does she manage to look pretty even when she sings?

All actresses have the problem of managing difficult costumes in pictures, and Barbara Stanwyck's figure adapts itself to them easily. Truthfully, would yours?

PEOPLE ARE going to judge you and me by appearances and that's all there is to it. It may be unjust when a girl is as bright as a button that she be set down as unattractive simply because her appearance isn't bright as a button, too, but there you are. You may have a warm 'eart, a tasty wit, a sunny disposish, and a dozen other mental and spiritual assets, but a few physical liabilities can send your stock down in 1929 fashion.

Most of us have a tendency to assume if we look okay flat view to ourselves in the mirror, that everything's dandy. Most of us who are as active and busy as we should be are inclined to make up and dress in a hurry. And most of us who are as interested as we want to be in what's going on around us can't be eternally thinking about how we look.

Few of us can afford personal maids to see to it that the back of our hair looks as nice as the front. We must attend to such matters ourselves. And how are we going to attend to the smaller niceties of good grooming—so that we'll be as beautiful as possible from every angle—without taking all day about it?

Having mentioned the back hair, let me tackle that point first. I see so many hair-dos which are darling in front and dreadful behind. So here are some rules for the back of your head, and don't forget 'em!

THE REGULAR haircut mustn't be neglected. It mustn't be put off. Save the money for a trip to the barber as carefully as you save money for the rent. You can shampoo your own hair, you can wave and curl it if need be, you can manicure your own nails—but you *can't* cut your own hair. Be fussy about your haircuts, and when you find an operator or a barber who does it to suit you, stick to him, or her.

I wish every gal in the world would take a firm stand against shaving the back of the neck. This isn't as prevalent as it used to be, thanks to the long bobs, but the ladies whose hair grows far down on the back of their necks still feel that the coiffure must be finished off with the electric razor. And, in time, the nape of the neck, which should be soft and white and feminine, is about as alluring as Uncle Ezra's three-day-old beard. Wear a longer bob, or go long-hair entirely, if you have this problem to cope with.

Please stop being dictated to by fashions in hairdress! I've said before and I say it again that elaborate ways of fixing the hair are only for those who have plenty of money and plenty of time to fuss and fiddle. The hair-do that combines the maximum of ease and becomingness for you is the hair-do you should adopt.

TAKE ADVANTAGE of the hair gadgets on the toilet goods counter of every five-and-dime store in the country. Turn the back hair up on the roller whosits, to keep the permanent wave in trim. Turn the little wisps and ends round into flat curls, first moistening them with waving lotion, and pin them in place to dry with two invisible pins. It's a bit of trouble when you want to pop into bed in a hurry, but you'll feel a lot happier next morning.

Don't neglect the crown of your head—that spot where the part in the hair usually stops. The hair should be smooth and shining from there on down to the ends—all-of-a-piece, fitting the head like a cap. It usually looks kinda ratty and ill-tended, instead. Comb it down smoothly. Brush it for extra gloss. And the merest touch of brilliantine, applied with the palm of your hand or your hairbrush, will keep it looking nice.

And do you know that rubbing your hair with a piece of velvet does wonders for the sheen of the topknot? Well, it does. Just take a swatch of the cloth and smooth down over the part of your hair which you wear straight—from the part out, or from the crown down to the ends. I'm told this is a trick of the beautiful Spanish women, who wear their black hair parted in the middle and slicked severely down and back into a knot. It's a good stunt, whether the tale is true or not.

The fancy fashion magazines say that hats are comin' down further over the backs of our heads. If this isn't a Parisian false alarm, my pets, we'll all have to go in for less of the clusters of curls and finger-rolls and wear our hair plainer. A good thing, too, I say. Think it over and make your hair-plans accordingly.

ENOUGH ABOUT hair. Here's something about backs, another difficult beauty angle. Summer isn't so far away and I want all your backs to be nice and smooth and free from blemishes. The first essential in back beauty is getting it darn good and clean. Buy yourselves a back brush. I have two. And would you like to know what I do with the spare? I cold cream my back with it. I smear it good and plenty with cold cream and anoint the spinal column. Then I give it a scrubbing with soap and water. Backs are such easy prey to blackheads and it is hard to get 'em clean without the aid of a brush. Lacking a brush, however, a small turkish towel, generously lathered with mild soap and seesawed vigorously back and forth, will serve well enough. This back-cleansing, incidentally, makes you feel simply swell. But do remember to dry as thoroughly as you scrub, so that the skin won't get chapped and scaly.

Well, so much for (*Continued on page 92*)

but if you are not physically attractive—heaven help you!

Harry, Al and Jimmy, acting slightly mad, as usual.

Putting on the Ritz very often means stealing the show.

The Ritz Brothers don't make much sense

By Karen Hollis

(Top to bottom) Those "horror" men—Lorre, Laughton and Karloff? No! Al, Harry and Jimmy.

These boys know how to make you laugh and ring the box-office bell, too.

Another bit from "On the Avenue." You can be sure that not a single aching heart lurks behind their grins, either.

They've decided not to be starred because it's more fun to steal pictures from the name-in-lights gentry.

JIMMY DURANTE was pounding the piano in a honky-tonk in Coney Island, and a slick-haired, eel-like kid named George Raft was kicking out a terrific Black Bottom, when three guys who had been hanging around the joint for three weeks asked for a tryout of an act they'd worked up. (Your vocabulary wouldn't be so good either after half an hour with the Ritz Brothers.)

For weeks these guys had kept the customers laughing. They'd jump to their feet between floor shows and put on crazy stunts, and then pay their checks like gentlemen. Or anyway, pay their checks. And here they wanted to spoil it all by expecting pay for their clowning.

The manager hoped they'd be terrible when they put on a rehearsed routine. Maybe then they'd be sensible about coming back just to play around. They enjoyed it, didn't they?

But the act was not terrible. Decidedly not. It was the Ritz Brothers, those frenzied lunatics who are the current box-office darlings, from Broadway to the farthest crossroads.

Dressed in bell-bottomed trousers, flowing ties, and gob hats, copied from the cartoon-strip, Harold Teen, they travestied collegians in that first tryout. With a fury that shook the halls of higher learning for miles around, they danced and sang with such hilarious results that Earl Carroll came over and signed them for a Broadway show. Other shows followed, then vaudeville, and after a lot of ups and downs, 20th Century-Fox Pictures grabbed them.

YEAH, HONEY," cooed Jim Ritz, who, with his cyclonic brother, Harry, was piecing together the crazy-quilt of their career for me, "every time you think you're getting somewhere in show business, there's a long layoff and you're back where you started—in night clubs. Maybe in cleaner ones, but night clubs just the same."

Ritz has always suggested caviar and cordials, sables

THEY DON'T

L. to r., Al, Harry and Jimmy in "On the Avenue."

Hands-across-the-sea stuff from "One in a Million."

The trio, in one of their more peaceful moods.

and probably you won't either after reading about this goofy trio

and snobbery. Not any more. Nowadays putting on the Ritz means stealing a picture. Ritz stands for whirlwind action, belly laughs, and standing room only. The Ritz Brothers ran up a record by making three pictures in five months, "Sing, Baby, Sing," "One in a Million," and "On the Avenue." When the third came out, exhibitors were still playing return engagements on the first one, and somebody even brought out a short they had made five years before.

"They wouldn't even release it then," said Jim, just the type to hang crepe on a flagpole. "Thought the public wasn't educated down to our level."

In person, the boys look like guileless, prosperous young business men, not the high-speed, wild-eyed maniacs they play on the screen.

The Ritz Brothers did not take their name from the elegant hotels of that name. They got it off a laundry in Brooklyn. Al Joachim, eldest of the brothers was loitering down the street wishing something would happen. Times were so tough at home that something had to happen at once to put him in touch with a few dollars. Something did happen. A man came rushing out of the Vitagraph Studios and hired everyone in sight for extra work.

When Al gave his name for the payroll, the assistant director told him he'd better pick one with more class. So, seeing "Ritz Laundry" in big electric lights across the street, he picked that. He kinda liked the idea of seeing his name in lights already.

At home, his kid brothers decided they liked the name of Ritz, too, but they didn't get around to using it for some time.

AL WAS working every now and then in a dance act with two girls. Jim struggled through eighth grade (and there is no humor in the intent way that he assures you it was a struggle) and got a job as shipping clerk. Harry, the youngest, was the "intellectual" type. He intended to get through high school if it took him eighty years, and it began to look as if it would. Try as he would, he could not remember where he had mislaid Afghanistan, or what X equalled, and the frantic expression on his face made the classroom guffaw.

One day a school teacher of the ample, motherly type sent for Papa Joachim and Harry to come to her office.

"Take him out of school," she begged. "He'll never learn anything here, and neither will anyone else as long as he is around. He even makes *me* laugh all the time. He belongs on the stage."

Harry's feelings were hurt by the suggestion that he couldn't learn anything, but he couldn't stop to brood over it. He had to work fast to keep Pop from getting the idea he was being kicked out of school.

"See Pop, she says I could make money on the stage." So Pop gave in.

Very soon Jim got fired from his job as shipping clerk. Too much clowning. He didn't fancy facing Pop on Saturday night without a pay envelope, so he decided to enter an amateur night contest at the local theatre.

"Were you any good?" I asked him.

"Pretty good, darling," Jim admitted. "I could dance."

"Among the winners?"

"Uh-huh."

"Third—second—first?" I persisted, as Jim's mellow, collie-like eyes pleaded with big, substantial Harry to rescue him.

"First," Jim blurted out with an air of you-made-me-tell-it.

Something in Jim's intense manner made me suspect that he had leanings toward playing a romantic part.

"Yeah," he admitted, and for the first time he looked as he does on the screen, a little wild-eyed, his nose wrinkled as if he smelled a whiff of rare old Limburger.

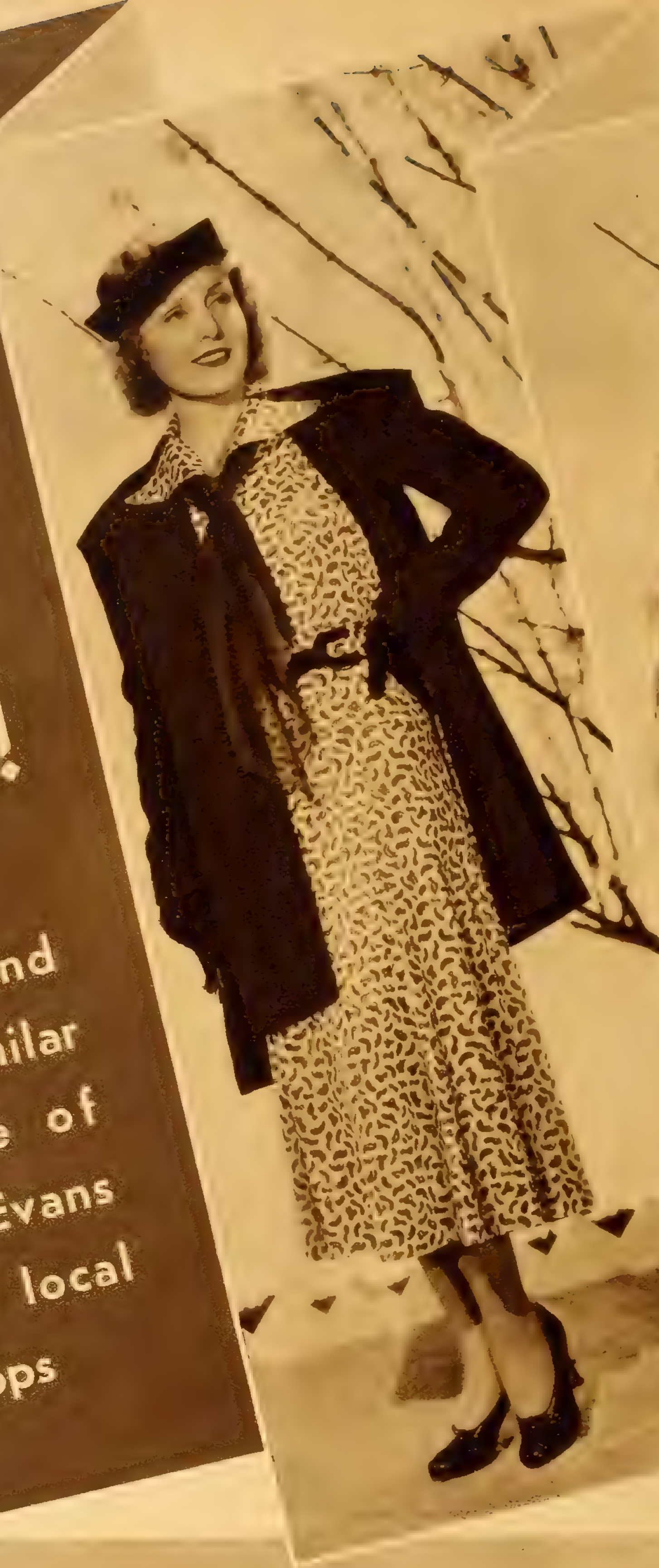
I GET a yen sometimes to play the big sentimental stuff. They let me do it once, too, gave me a little scene with Alice Faye in 'Sing, Baby, Sing.' While we were doing it, I thought it was swell. But when it was run off in the projection room, Darryl Zanuck almost had to be carried out. I guess it was funny all right. But I forget easily. I'll probably get a

(*Continued on page 99*)

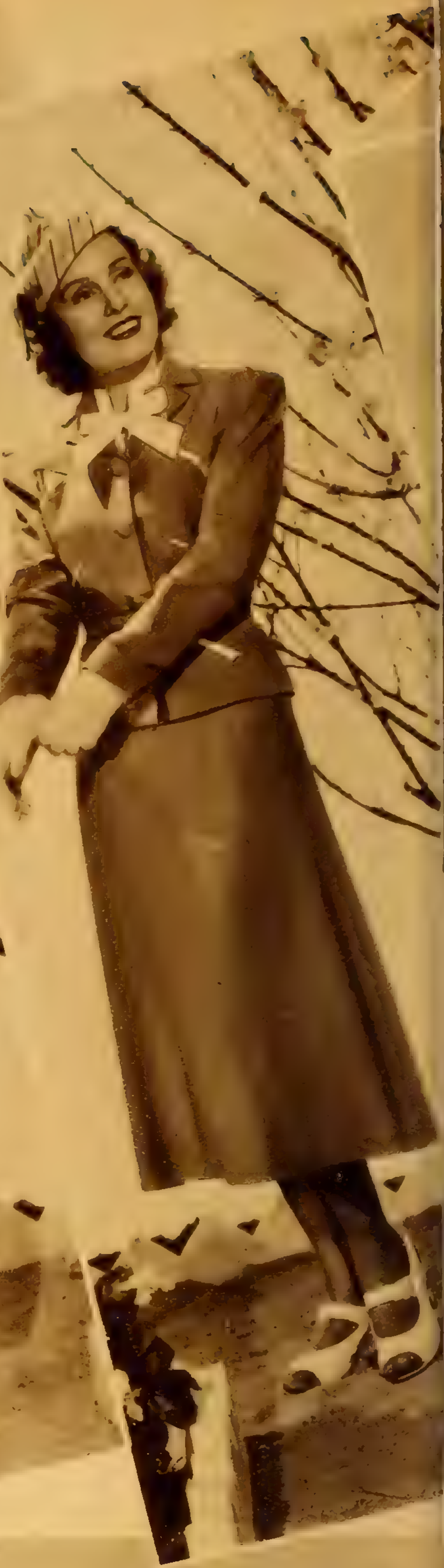
KNOW NUTHIN'!

TO WEAR RIGHT NOW!

You can find clothes similar to these of Madge Evans in your local shops



Madge Evans' printed ensemble consists of a jersey sports dress and navy coat.

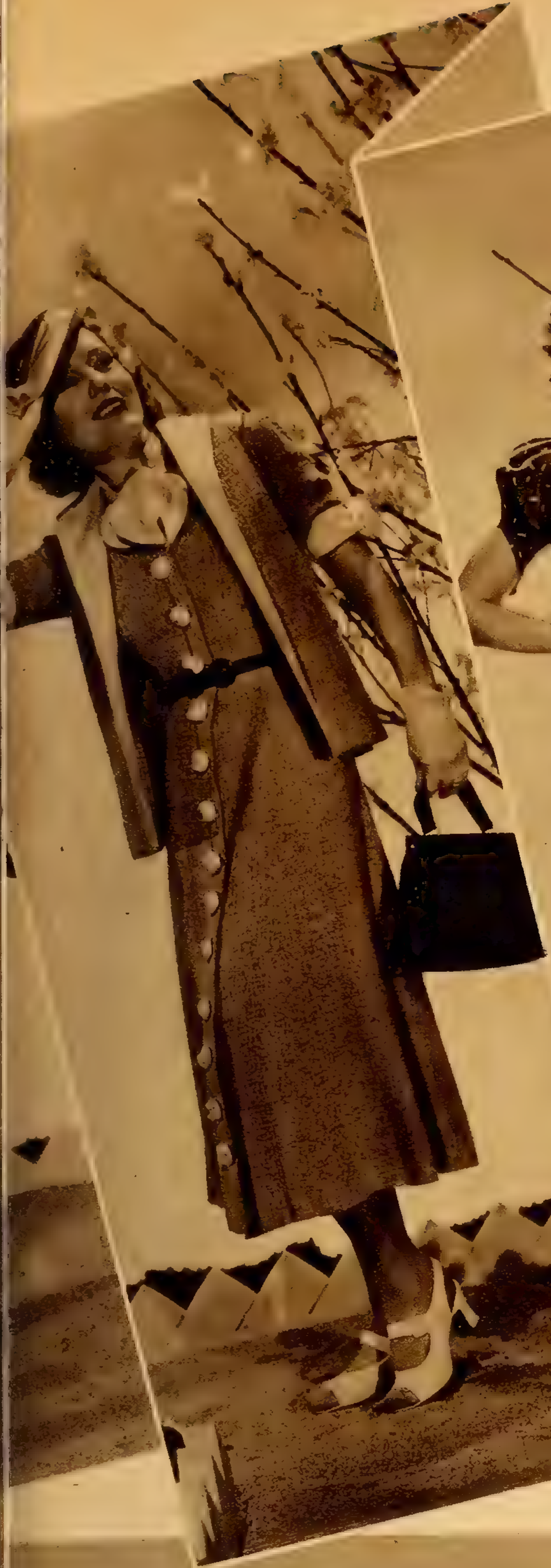


Beige is the color of this light-weight woolen suit, with pique trim.

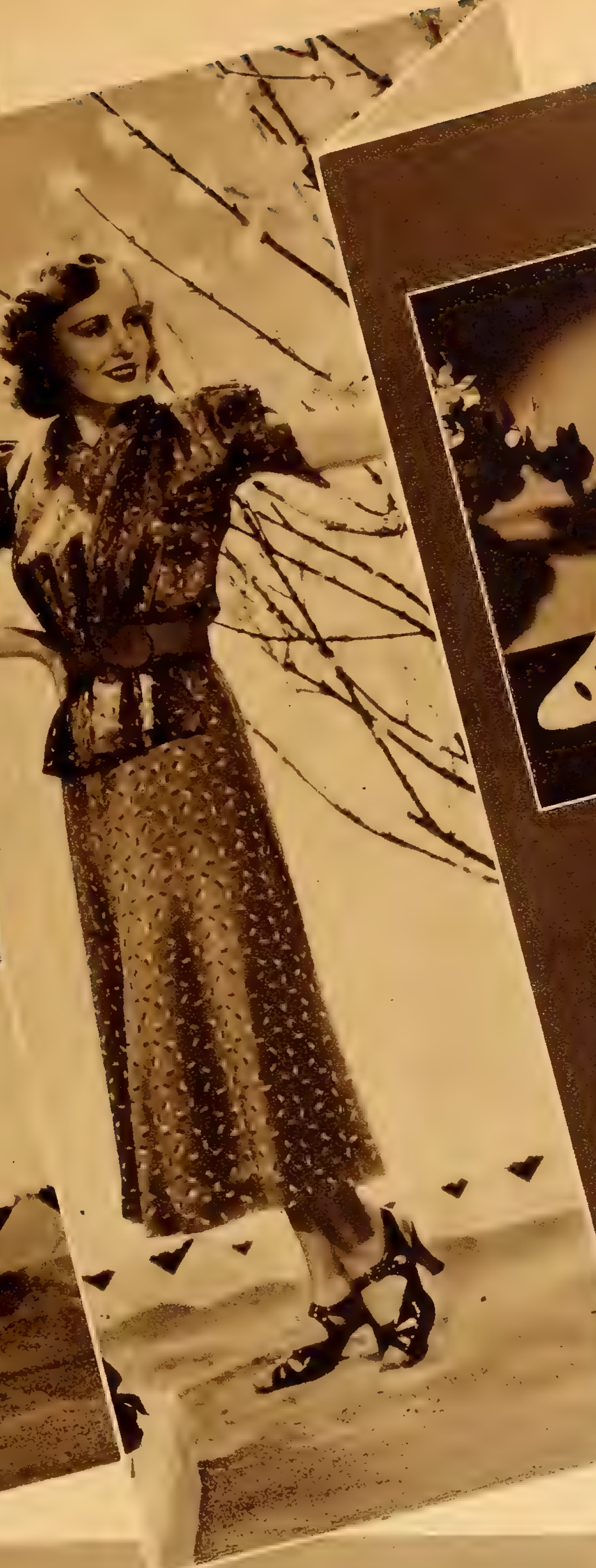
I DON'T believe that Madge Evans ever has been named among "the ten best-dressed" Hollywood stars, yet she is outstanding for her excellent taste and perfect grooming. Season in and season out, Madge wears clothes that are practical for you and me. They're conservative clothes, but never dull or uninteresting.

Madge told me once that she had decided what sort of thing suited her best and that no fads or whims of the current fashion picture could induce her to wear anything that she didn't feel right in. For instance, she's adamant on the subject of color. Blue is, to her mind, the most flattering shade she can wear. So, winter or summer, she manages to have shades of blue dominate her wardrobe. She said that she always has navy accessories as the basis for her ensembling and then she selects new clothes to harmonize with them. As a result, she dresses economically because she's not always adding a new pair of shoes or a handbag to tie up with some color scheme which has captured her passing fancy.

So many of the Hollywood gals have acquired smartness since they became stars—but not Madge. Actually, she was clothes-conscious as a child. If you remember, she used to pose in children's hats which were named for her. She was the Shirley Temple of those days and her clothes were copied as eagerly as Shirley's are today. And there's no doubt that this early fashion background has been an important factor in developing the keen clothes sense Madge possesses now.



A grand week-ender is Miss E.'s apple-green woolen jacket dress. You can copy this easily.



The flared peplum of Madge's printed silk foulard gives it a two-piece effect.

This good-looking white strap slipper, with the popular cut-out detail, is the sort of shoe that is indispensable for summer wear because it ties up so beautifully with cottons, silks and woolens.

By Adelia Bird

I asked her to select four daytime outfits from her closet that would be generally wearable for you and me. She did and the grand thing about her selection is that each one can either be copied by you, who are good with the needle, or styles similar to them may be bought in your own shops right now.

I've discovered that many of you are eager to get patterns of costumes shown each month on these pages. You write in to me asking how to obtain them and I have to write back telling you that they are from the star's personal wardrobe and have not been copied in patterns. I know this is a disappointment to you, but where styles are as simple as most of these are, the real trick is to look through pattern books for something as nearly like the one you want as possible and then add the little individual details of the star's original dress. After all, it is the detailing that makes one dress different from another—that, and the fabric combinations.

I don't want you to think I can't practice what I preach. So, as an example, take Madge's printed ensemble. It is composed of a very simple printed silk jersey sports dress —red and blue figures on a white ground. The sleeves are short and the neckline rather high with a flatteringly wide collar. The most unusual detail of this dress is its blue chiffon scarf, tied casually with the ends reaching to the waistline. It's not a tricky dress at all, but it's extremely smart. Almost any simple sports dress pattern could be used in copying this.

(Continued on page 96)

First romance has come to beautiful June Lang, but has it really come to stay?

LOVE AT TWENTY

By James Reid

LOVE IMPORTANT—at twenty?" June Lang's soft voice caressed the question. A smile flickered on her lips, and in her eyes. A smile of amused pity for any unfortunate unbeliever. A smile of secret suspicion that she was being teased.

"I can't think of anything more important," she said.

She, June Lang, a career-girl whose career looked as if it were becoming important, could say this—and mean it?

She could for a number of reasons. There were already visible proofs that she could.

On the way to this luncheon, for example, she had wanted to stop in the publicity office to pick up a photograph, she said. Not that she was in the habit of collecting photographs of herself, she had added. This was an extra-special photograph. It was, it seemed, a photograph of herself in a wedding dress.

Every studio designer in Hollywood had been asked to create a wedding gown for a dazzling, movie-fashion show at the Biltmore. Royer had created a wedding gown. He had used June as his model. Upon the gown's completion, she had been photographed in it. Now she wanted to see what the camera said about her as a bride.

There was no ulterior motive in her curiosity. She wasn't planning an immediate wedding. Not that day, anyway. (*Cont'd on page 79*)

All the boys want to date June, but there's only one gent who has won his way to her heart.

Riding is second-nature to this daughter of the Belmonts

Miss Joan Belmont, New York. It's enough to say that Miss Belmont is the daughter of the Morgan Belmonts. As a member of this famous riding family, she has an inborn love for turf and field. At four years of age, she was presented with a pony of her own; today, Miss Belmont is one of the most accomplished horsewomen of the younger set. Like so many of her debutante friends, she is a steady Camel smoker.

These distinguished women are among those who prefer Camel's delicate flavor:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*
MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE 2nd, *Boston*
MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL 3rd, *Philadelphia*
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, *Virginia*
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, *New York*
MRS. NICHOLAS G. PENNIMAN III, *Baltimore*
MRS. JOHN W. ROCKEFELLER, JR., *New York*
MRS. RUFUS PAINE SPALDING III, *Pasadena*
MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, JR., *Chicago*
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER, *New York*

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(above) ***In the Tack Room.*** Miss Belmont is a familiar figure in the Maryland and Long Island hunting country. "When I feel tired or a bit let-down," she says, "Camels give me a grand 'lift'... make me feel glad I'm alive as my energy snaps back. And, though I am a steady smoker, Camels never get on my nerves."

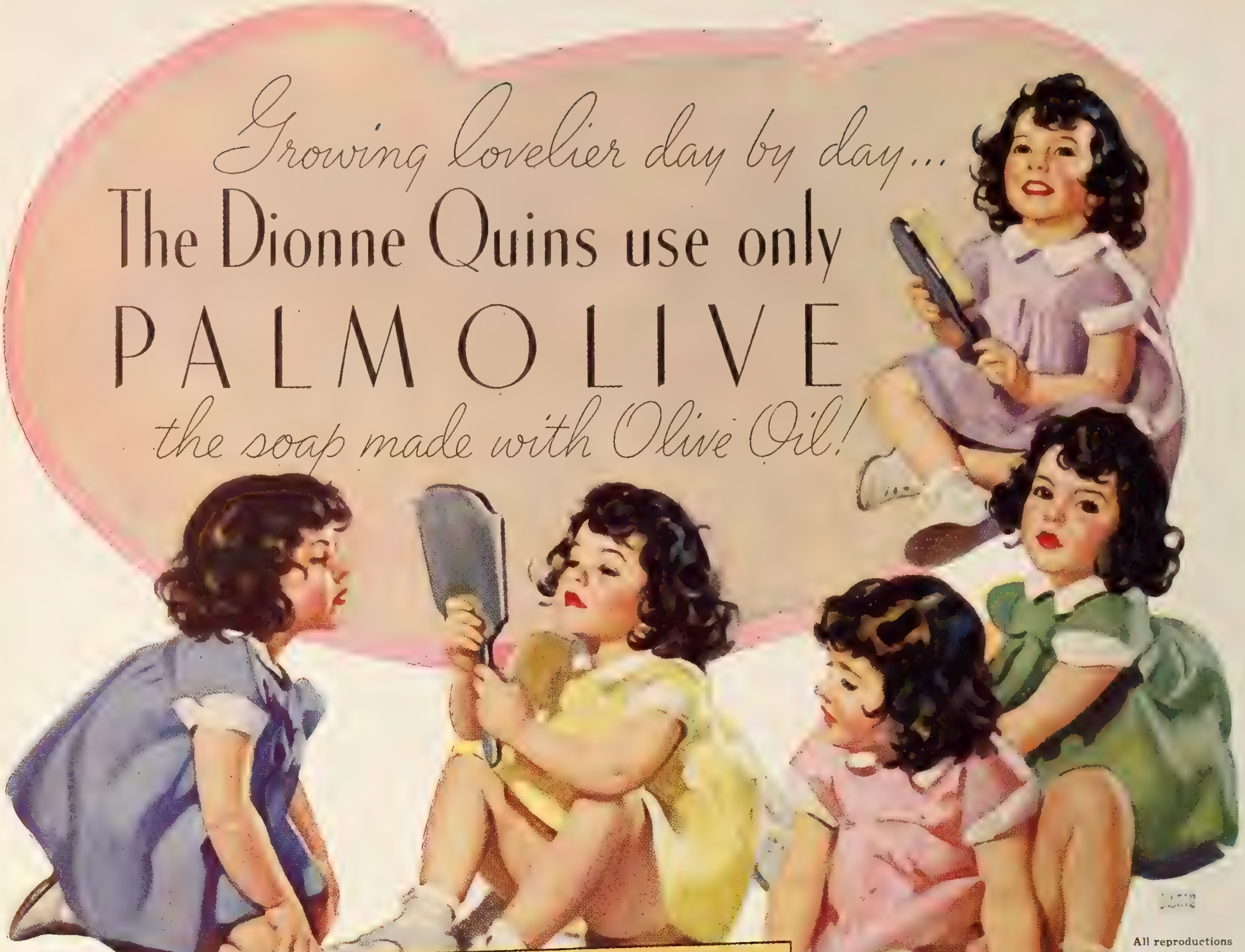
Costlier Tobaccos

Camels are made
from finer,
MORE EXPENSIVE
TOBACCOS...
Turkish and
Domestic...than
any other
popular brand

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

Enjoying Good Food at the Ritz in New York. Miss Joan Belmont enjoys a leisurely luncheon at the Ritz-Carlton—with Camels between courses and after. Smoking Camels is a positive aid to good digestion. Sets up a generous flow of digestive fluids. Increases alkalinity.

For Digestion's Sake — Smoke Camels



Growing lovelier day by day...

The Dionne Quins use only PALMOLIVE

the soap made with Olive Oil!

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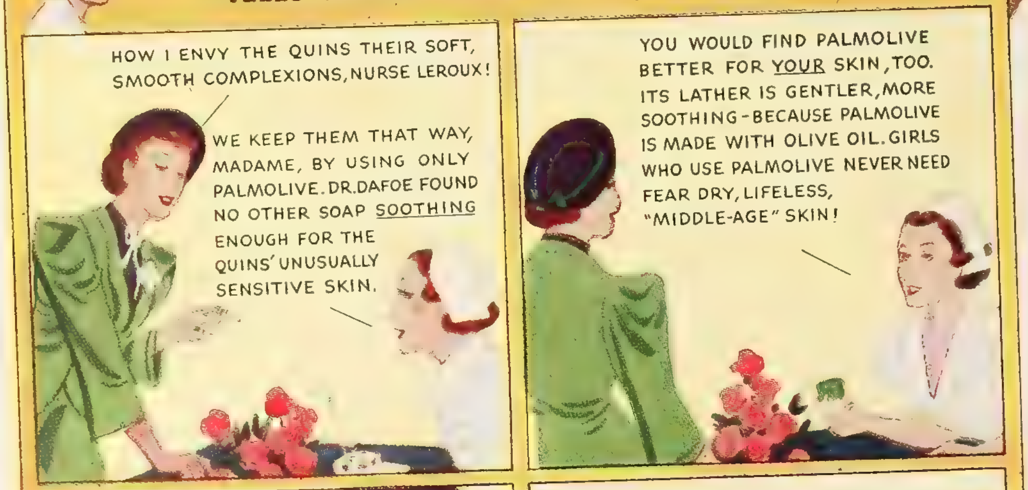
NURSE LEROUX, WITH THE QUINS SINCE THEIR BIRTH, TELLS WHAT PALMOLIVE CAN DO FOR YOU!


HOW I ENVY THE QUINS THEIR SOFT, SMOOTH COMPLEXIONS, NURSE LEROUX!
WE KEEP THEM THAT WAY, MADAME, BY USING ONLY PALMOLIVE. DR. DAFOE FOUND NO OTHER SOAP SOOTHING ENOUGH FOR THE QUINS' UNUSUALLY SENSITIVE SKIN.
YOU WOULD FIND PALMOLIVE BETTER FOR YOUR SKIN, TOO. ITS LATHER IS GENTLER, MORE SOOTHING - BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL. GIRLS WHO USE PALMOLIVE NEVER NEED FEAR DRY, LIFELESS, "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT! IF PALMOLIVE IS BEST FOR THE QUINS BECAUSE IT IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, THEN PALMOLIVE IS CERTAINLY THE COMPLEXION SOAP FOR ME!

IS THE SOAP YOU ARE USING AS GENTLE AS PALMOLIVE?

Are you *sure* the soap you're using is as pure, gentle, safe as Palmolive?

You *know* that Palmolive is made from a blend of real beauty ingredients, gentle Olive and Palm oils.

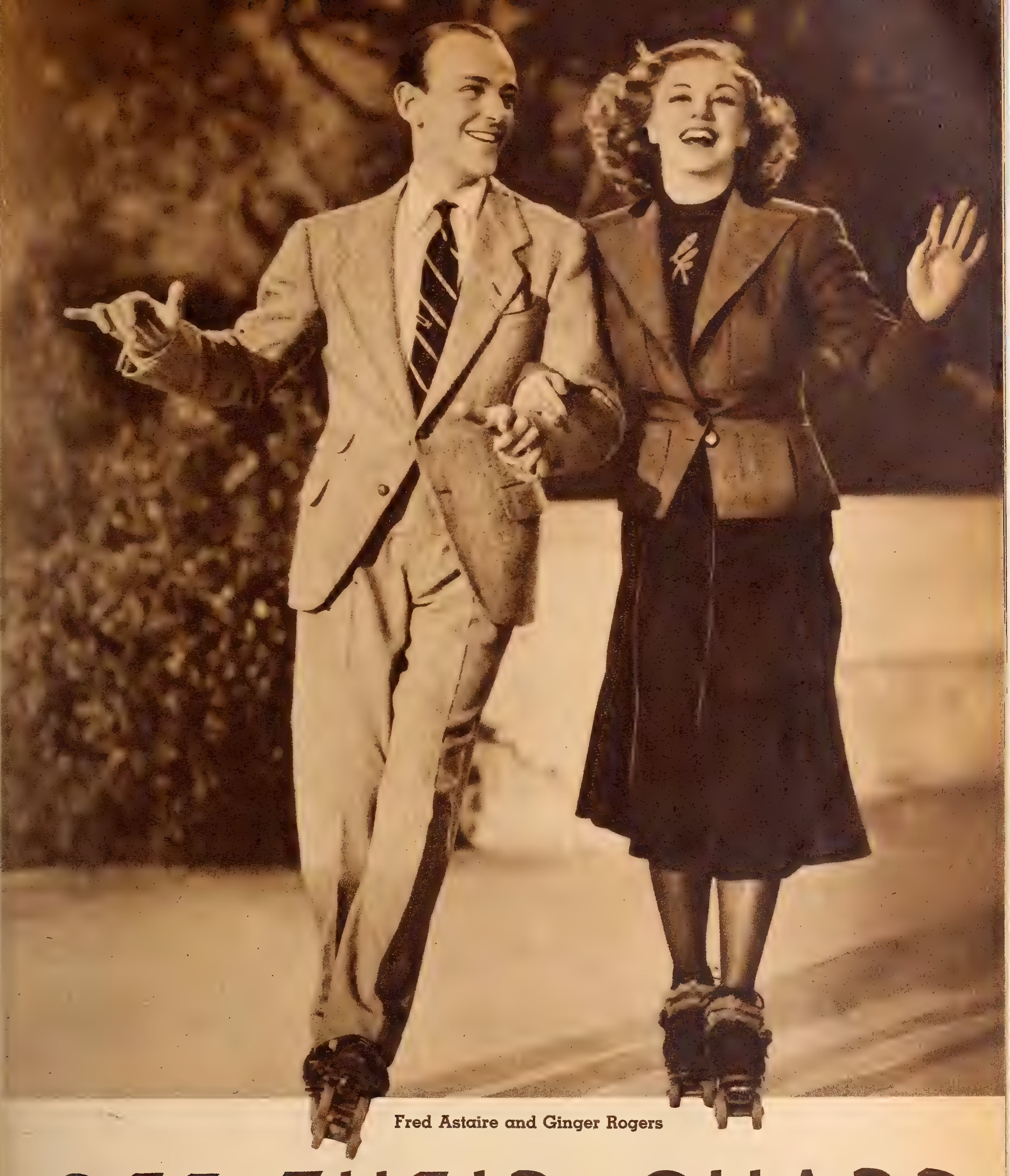
That is why Palmolive gives your skin such matchless beauty care... Why more than any other soap, it brings you the promise of a lovelier, more alluring complexion.

DR. DAFOE TELLS WHY HE CHOSE PALMOLIVE!

"At the time of the birth of the Dionne Quintuplets, and for some time afterward, they were bathed with Olive Oil . . . When the time arrived for soap and water baths, we selected Palmolive Soap exclusively for daily use in bathing these famous babies."

Allan Roy Dafoe

TO KEEP YOUR OWN COMPLEXION ALWAYS LOVELY. USE THIS BEAUTY SOAP CHOSEN FOR THE QUINS



Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers

OFF THEIR GUARD

Frank Muto and his little black box catch up with the movie boys and girls here, there and everywhere, whether they know it or not

GINGER'S SKATING PARTY

Tired of rolling around on her own, Kay Francis tries a new wrinkle in sit-down strikes! And of all places, at Ginger Rogers' party, which was rolled off at Hollywood's Rollerdrome.

Jimmy Stewart prefers Ginger. Guess who Ginger prefers?

Something tickles that Young gal, but Cesar Romero doesn't seem to care, right.

While the music and skaters go 'round and 'round, Jack Oakie and the Missus relax.

And a good time is had by all, especially Hostess Ginger and her guest of honor, Al Vanderbilt.

Something's pretty funny to Jim and Mrs. Henry Fonda, but Henry wants to get set to go places.

(L. to R.) Mrs. Fonda, Simone Simon, Ginger Rogers and Al Vanderbilt's arms!

What's this? Al's got two gals—Ginger and Joan—while Franchot Tone is left out in the cold.

Jimmy is still rarin' to go, but Andy Devine and his wife have had 'nuff of this foolishness.

Came the dawn—and Tyrone Power greets it before he faces director, cast and camera crew of "Cafe Metropole."

"What have I got to lose?" philosophizes T. P. "Nothing! There's lotsa fun, hard work and mun-yee, too. Wotta break."

GETTIN' SET FOR THE

In his hand a letter from his girl, on the desk a picture of the girl. Who's the girl? Sonja Henie, sillies.

Tyrone's pal thinks he'll meet those bee-ooties on the lot, but is told, "I'll be seein' you here at six o'clock."

A guy's got to look just right when Loretta Young's the girl waiting—on the set.

With an eye on the clock, your friend takes a quick one—a very tall orange juice.

SET

It wouldn't do to "blow up" on his lines, so a last-minute look at the script's in order.

Yes, even full-fledged stars take movie tests for each new picture, so our Joan tries out for "Vogues of 1938." P. S. She got the job.

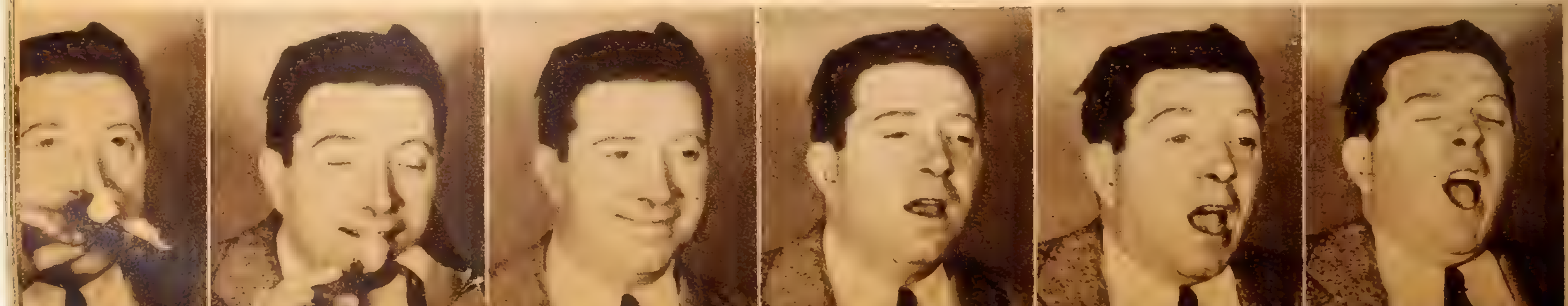
MOVIE TEST

And Joan Bennett's bugaboo is that "what to wear" problem

What the girl really needs is a pair of shoes! Why don't you say eni, meni, mini, mo and let it go at that, Joan?

Well, the problem's solved, for la belle remembers that white's her lucky color. And it didn't let her down this time either!

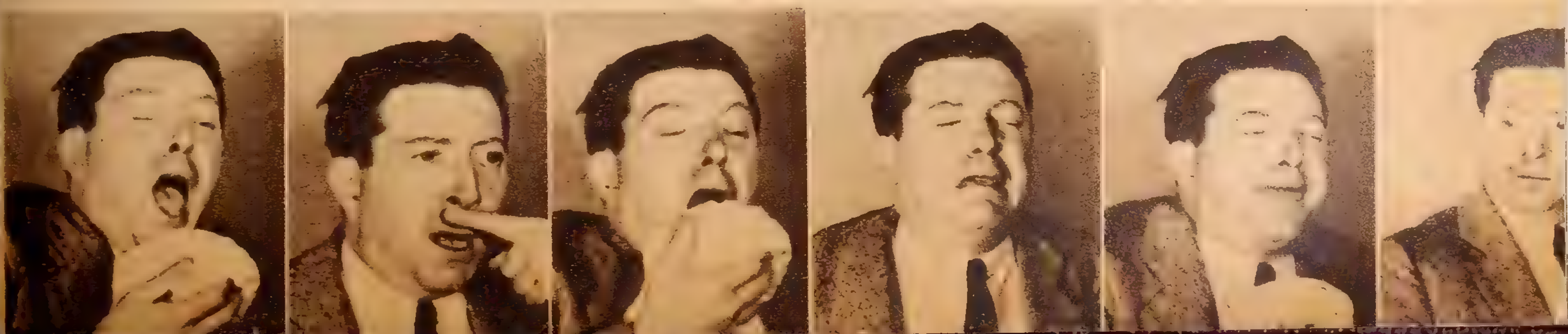
Frank smells a rose not a rat! Little does he suspect that he's the unfortunate victim of the old



Being pinned and tucked for the myriad gowns and costumes that are worn in a picture is enough to try anyone's patience.

Joan calls it a day, at last. Hey, what's that in your hand, m'lady? Oh, a refreshing fruit lemonade!

"pepper in the flower" gag. It's too late now! Our Innocent, Frankie McHugh, is left to his Fate



AT THE MOVIES

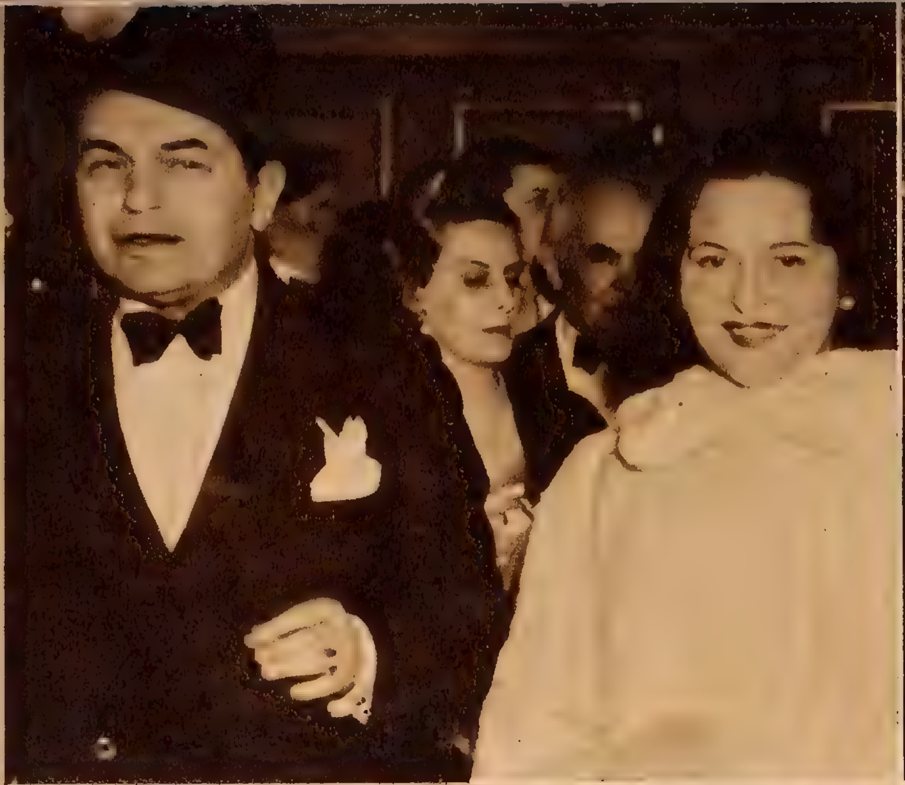
Our snapshooter catches up with John Boles and the Missus, who are having a wonderful time seeing and being seen. It was a gay night all around.

A gala picture premiere is as good an excuse as any for filmdom's beaux and belles to turn out in their best bibs and tuckers. Ginger Rogers was Cary Grant's partner at the "Lost Horizon" opening.

Picture-stealer No. 1, Spencer Tracy, isn't taking any chances. He announces himself and his wife to an eager and waiting public.

Love won out again, for Isabel Jewell and Owen Crump seem to have patched up their differences. Isabel is one of the principals in this Columbia picture, y'know.

Eddie (Kid Galahad) Robinson isn't one for putting on the soup and fish, but Mrs. R. sells him on the idea. Here he is doing the microphone honors, too.



The George O'Briens turn out, too. Mrs. O'B., who was in and out of New York in a hurry when her play closed there, is all decked out in a little mink and ermine number. Pretty smart—eh, wot?

Anna May Wong, and Mr. and Mrs. Doug Fairbanks enjoy the social glitter of the "Lost Horizon" premiere same as the rest of the previewers.

A coupla Carrolls—Madeleine and Nancy (right) say "Howdy." Though she hasn't made a picture in some time, Nancy's right there in the spotlight with the rest of the celebs.

Lights! Cameras! First nights! They're all part of the star business

GOING PLACES

ELIZABETH ALLAN'S OFF TO THE CORONATION

"Which boat?" puzzles Liz. "I wouldn't miss a Coronation!"

"And what'll I wear when I meet British royalty?"

Now Liz is beginning to feel she's really going places.

"Darn that lock!" Howz about sitting on the bag hard?

"Well, I'm sitting pretty. Now for dear old England."

"I knew I forgot something. It *would* be my Oxford suit!"

HER DAY OF REST

GLORIA STUART TAKES TIME OFF TO WORK!

Gloria sets out with rake, sprinkler, and shears.

"Gardening's a cinch!" thinks the Stuart gal.

Craving variety, she starts to prune the old family tree.

Then she gets right down to earth with her trowel.

"Let's see now, should the dirt cover the bulbs or vice versa?"

Sprinkle, sprinkle, little star, you look cute as you are!

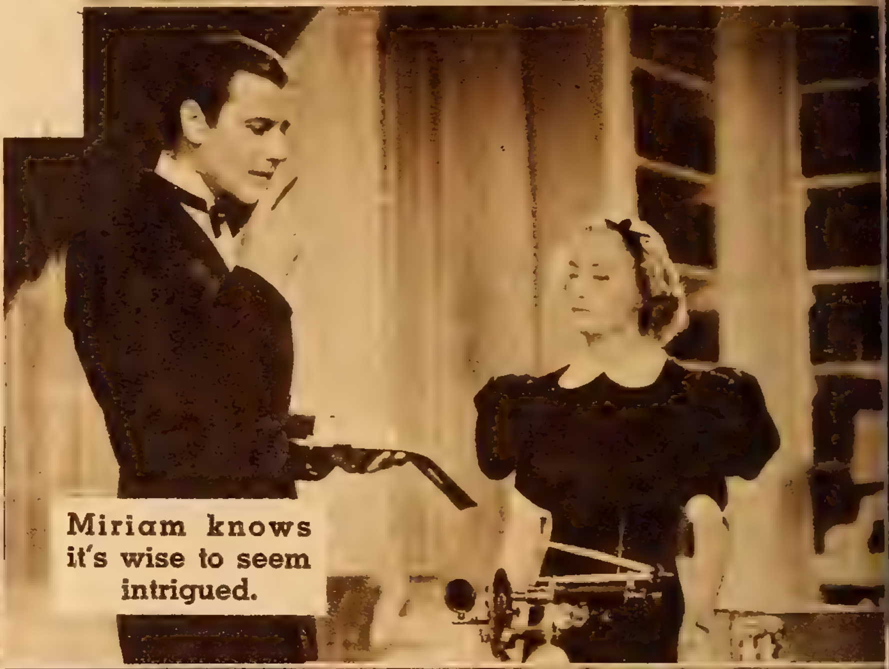
The day is done and—Gloria Stuart's done for!

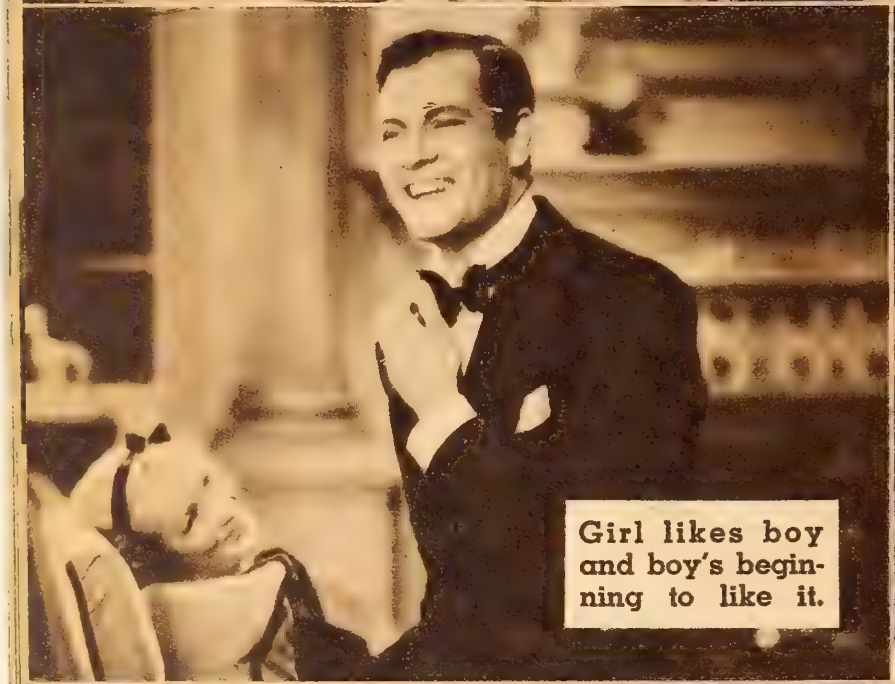
WOMAN CHASES MAN!

But, sh-h-h, it's only in a mad movie, starring Miriam Hopkins and Joel McCrea

Miriam has Charlie Winninger serving her already!

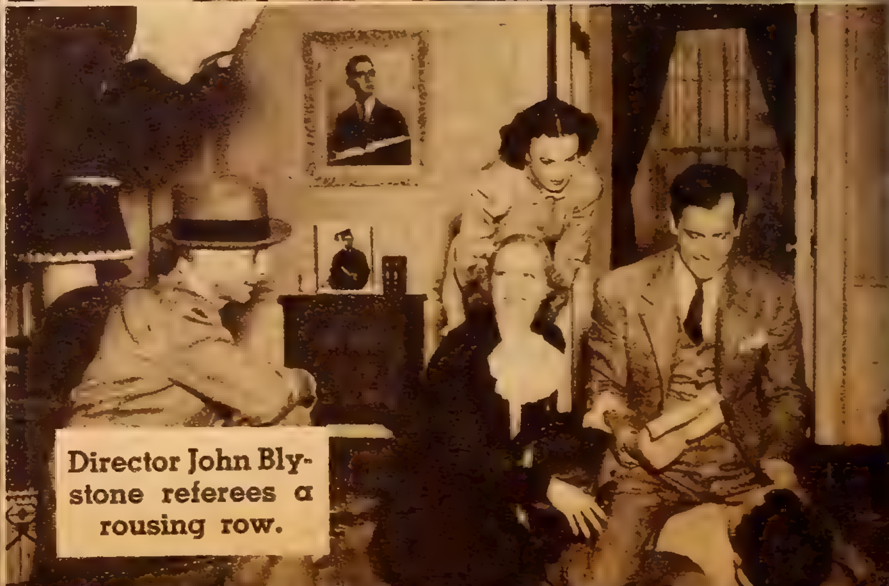
Joel and his gadgets make themselves at home.


Miriam knows it's wise to seem intrigued.


Girl likes boy and boy's beginning to like it.

Hmm, feining disinterest, Joel? Be careful!

A dark horse enters Miriam's marital race.


Director John Blystone referees a rousing row.

"Dear." No, "Darling!" Then what?

Olivia de Havilland hits a snag.

"Oh boy, I've got it now," she beams.

Nope—just a false alarm! "Oh, gosh!"

Inspiration has certainly set in!

"What's another word for 'love'?"

A STAR WRITES HER BEST BEAU

Olivia wisely figures that the main idea is to keep him in suspense. But suppose he's not good at guessing games? Tch, tch, what to do!

"Oh, better not! His secretary might read it."

"Well, after all, I'm an actress, not a writer."

"Of course, I can write! I haven't had time, dear."

GOOD

Our Hollywood sleuth tracks

Marlene Dietrich and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., two of Hollywood's romantic people, are seen together a lot.

And here we have "Love in Bloom," featuring Virginia Bruce and David Niven, who seem to be having a gay time at the Grove.

RUSSELL PATTERSON

Best way to see Bob Taylor, if you feel you can't go on without seeing Bob Taylor, is to drop into the Beverly Brown Derby most any Saturday evening. On Saturdays, when day is done and the greasepaint is off, Bob and Barbara Stanwyck grab their favorite mounts and do a few turns on the bridle path. Later in the evening, still wearing their riding clothes, they drop into the Derby for late supper. Without the horses, of course.

■ ■ ■

More Taylor-Stanwyck Data: When they were co-starring in "This Is My Affair," it was amusing to note that Taylor was being paid $3,500 per week for romancing Barbara Stanwyck during the day—and in the evenings he did the same thing for nothing. But during the entire production, the gang at the studio commissary didn't get a peek at the screen's Number One romantic pair, for Bob and Barbara took advantage of the fact that they were working together and lunched daily in the Stanwyck dressing-room.

■ ■ ■

First time we've seen Marlene Dietrich without Doug Fairbanks, Junior, was at luncheon recently at the Brown Derby. Marlene, in one of those hats beyond the power of mere man to describe, plus furs down to here, lunched with a stranger (to us, not to her), while two tables away Fairbanks the Younger was busy telling all to a lady interviewer. The separation wasn't permanent, for they were together again at a preview that night.

■ ■ ■

When Hollywood goes for something, it goes the whole route. During the Santa Anita racing season, for instance, everyone from school kids to picture moguls placed their ready cash on the noses of their favorite steeds. One producer, a devotee of horseflesh, had a race-track handicapper as his house guest during the entire season. Every morning the guy handed the host his choices for the day. But what the producer didn't know was that his young niece copied them down each day and distributed the tips to all her pals in grade school.

■ ■ ■

Fun and frolic went on as usual at the annual Academy Award banquet, but the speech of the evening was Victor McLaglen's. As winner of last year's acting trophy, he was called upon to present the 1936 statuette to Paul Muni. Warming up to his subject, Victor went on and on, and wound up with a neat little oration on the subject of how much he'd like to win another statuette, and all the while Muni, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts, and the rest of the world waited.

■ ■ ■

So many "takes" were needed for a death

NEWS

By Leo Townsend

Photos by Frank Muto

down the latest hot news of Spring and passes it on to you

scene in "Parnell," that Clark Gable became slightly bored with expiring, and each time the shot became less effective. Finally Director John Stahl hit on an idea. Instead of turning on "The Moonlight Sonata," as had been done for the other takes, he ordered "I'll Be Glad When You're Dead, You Rascal You." It is nice to report that Gable immediately died peacefully and with dispatch.

■ ■ ■

Hollywood, too, has its sit-down strikers. When Director Stahl came on the "Parnell" set one day, in a pair of trousers leaning definitely toward plaid, the cast took one look and sat themselves down firmly. "We're not going to move," announced Myrna Loy, "until that situation is changed." Poor Mr. S. had to borrow a pair of overalls from a prop man before he could get any work out of the company.

■ ■ ■

Short Story: Ever since he was first "discovered," Michael Whalen has been driving an ancient wreck of considerable vintage. Recently, with a couple of options under his belt, he drove the hack to an automobile dealer's to turn it in on a new car. While he was inside dickering, a truck sideswiped his machine and demolished it. The happy ending is that the insurance he received was twice the amount the trade-in would have brought him. Proving that wrecks sometimes pay!

■ ■ ■

Diplomacy Note: Last year, when Luise Rainer's mother arrived in Hollywood from Vienna, she was horrified at the sight of her daughter prancing about town in slacks. She told her they were undignified, and asked her to stop wearing them, but Luise paid no attention. Last month, Hubby Clifford Odets objected to the slacks, but he employed smarter tactics. He told her she was much too beautiful to go around town wearing pants. You know what happened. Luise and her slacks have parted company.

■ ■ ■

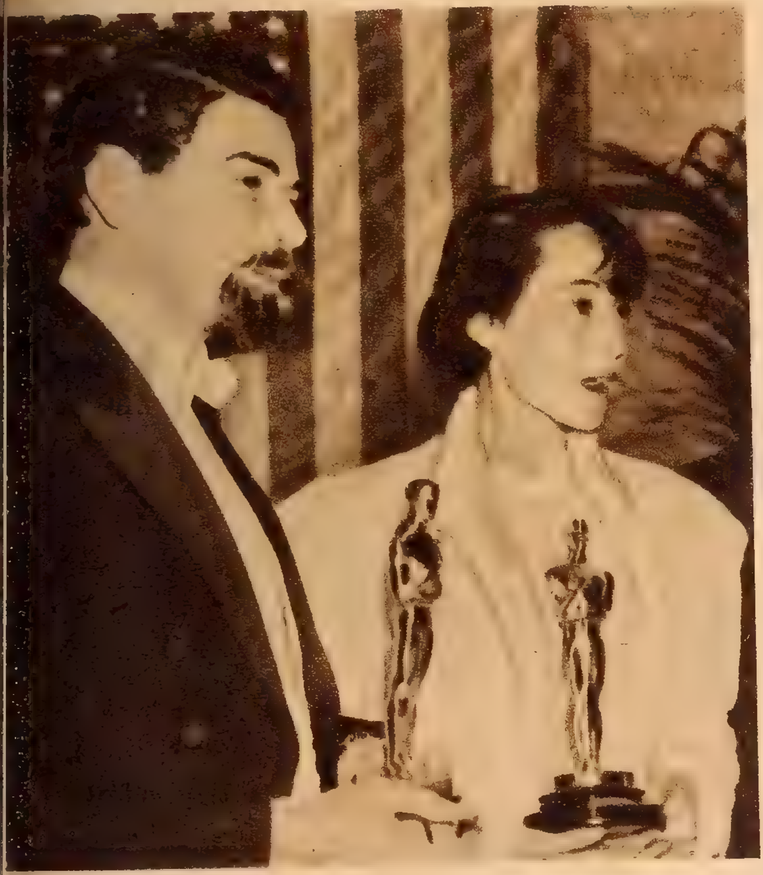
Gail Patrick was lunching at a Hollywood café when a tourist rushed up to her. "You look enough like Gail Patrick," said the visitor, "to be her sister. You ought to be in pictures." "Oh, I don't think so," said Gail. "I've tried—but nothing ever happens."

■ ■ ■

There's an amusing story around town concerning a prominent producer and his lady friend. When her birthday came around, the young lady anticipated something more or less regal in the way of a gift from her favorite gentleman. A package arrived, and she opened it to discover a charm bracelet with a single charm. With a sigh of disgust, she gave the thing to her maid. Next day the maid resigned, and a week later our young gal learned that had she opened the bracelet's charm she'd have found a $5,000 bill.

■ ■ ■

Adolphe Menjou, whose present film salary runs into the customary eight or nine million figures, began his career most inauspiciously. His net profit on his first day's work, in fact, was forty cents. It was in New York in 1914, and Adolphe the Elegant was cast as an extra in a mob



"You wouldn't kid me?" Luise Rainer may be asking. She and Paul Muni, with their trophies, at the Academy Awards dinner.

Herbert Marshall and Simone Simon ready to join the fun of the Academy dinner, at the Biltmore.

Miriam Hopkins and her "steady," Antatole Litvak, attended the Academy Dinner, too.

Also present were Jean Parker, and Hubby George MacDonald (left), who acts shy.

Norma Shearer, with Louis B. Mayer, made her first public appearance in months.

scene. His day's salary was $1.50, out of which he paid fifty cents to his agent and sixty cents for lunch. Net profit: forty cents.

■ ■ ■

In spite of the fact that, during the shooting of "Maytime," John Barrymore had to read some of his lines from an off-scene blackboard, his studio is renewing its contract with the actor. The studio feels that the blackboard was necessitated by Barrymore's mental stress at the time, for it was during the shooting of "Maytime" that all of his marital trouble came to a head. Anyway, John is still a better actor than many a well-paid screen star—and blackboards are not expensive.

■ ■ ■

An interviewer dropped over to the "Toast of New York" set, while the picture was in production, to see Cary Grant, who co-stars with Frances Farmer and Edward Arnold. "He isn't here," a prop man told the gal. "He only works here. But if you want him you'll find him over on the 'Shall We Dance?' set." Seems there was a Miss Rogers employed there.

■ ■ ■

Cowboy star Gene Autry may be a hero to all lovers of open-air drama, but he doesn't quite make the grade in his own home town. Several months ago, Gene was scheduled for a personal appearance in his native city of Tioga, Texas. On the same day, the good citizens decided on a vote to change the name of their town to Autry. Our hero, who always arrives in the nick-of-time on the screen, was unavoidably detained, and showed up for his personal appearance several hours late. And just to prove how fleeting is fame, the good citizens counted the votes and found that the change of name had lost by three votes. So Tioga is still Tioga.

■ ■ ■

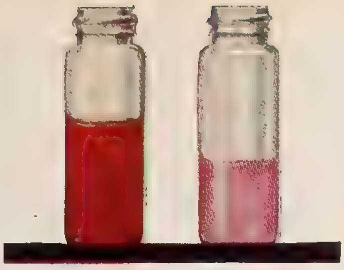
After a hard day at the studio, some gals rush to a masseuse for relaxation, and others dash to the Trocadero. But Alice Faye is different. After the day's quota of studio emoting is over, Alice goes to the privacy of her boudoir and burns incense. It's sort of a spiritual rubdown, she thinks. Maybe we'll try it some day and find out.

Affair of the month was Ginger Rogers' roller-skating party at the Culver City Rollerdrome. With Alfred Vanderbilt, she entertained the cream of Hollywood society—the first time the cream of Hollywood society had even been on skates en masse. And it was much fun, and several of our more dignified citizens spent most of the evening landing on the most undignified places. Joan Crawford probably counted more bruises than anyone. Best skater on the party was Cesar Romero.

■ ■ ■

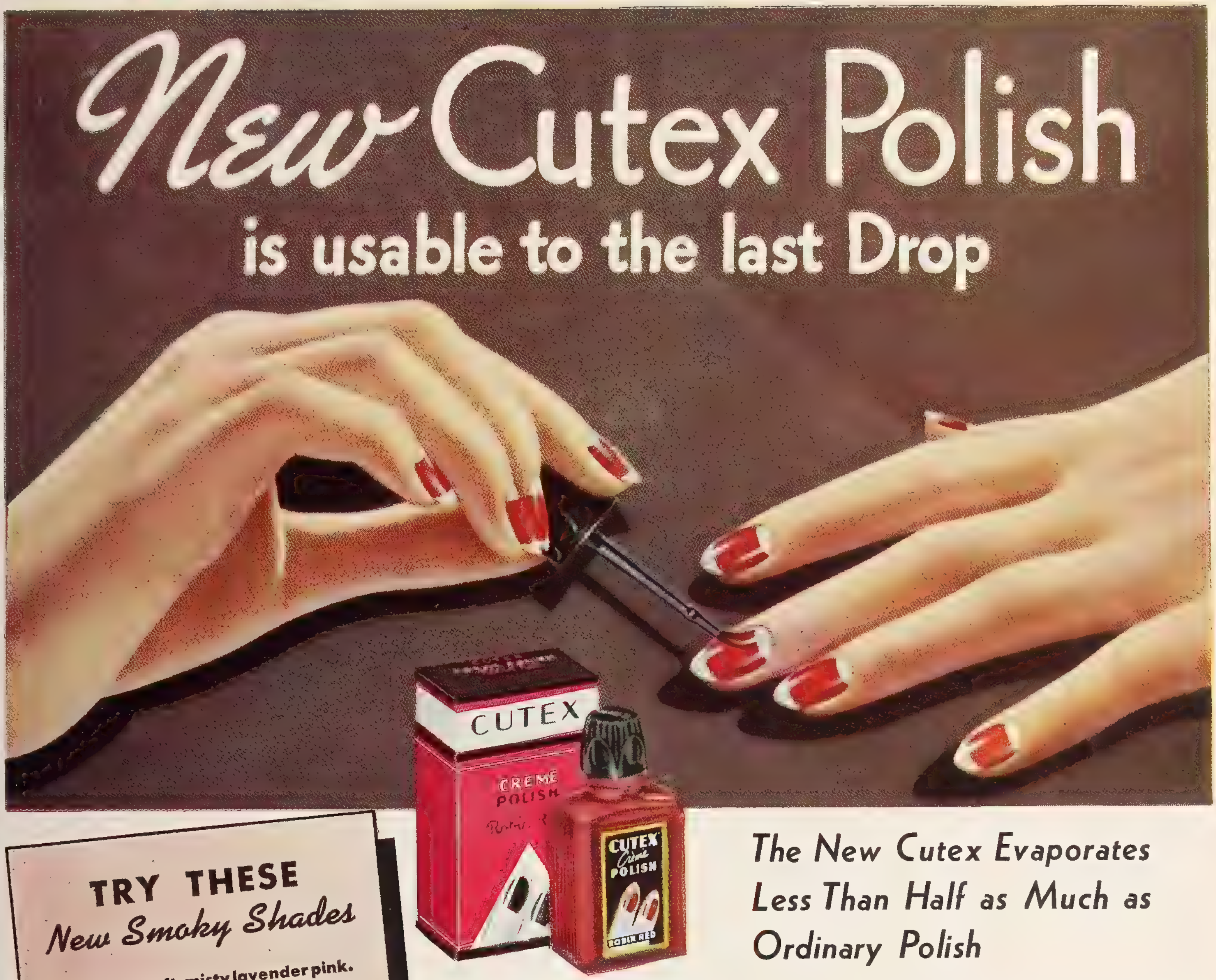
You can tell who's who in Hollywood by attending the previews. If you're a star, the extent of your popularity is in direct proportion to the number of fans who mob you on the way out of the theatre. At the "Personal Property" preview, Bob Taylor, with Barbara Stanwyck, tried to get out the front door, but several hundred people blocked his way. Finally a studio publicity man fought his way through the throng to the Taylor car and drove it around to the theatre's back entrance. And Bob and Barbara made their getaway by the simple process of climbing down a fire-escape. Thanks for the tip, Bob. We must try that next time.

(*Continued on page* 115)



Does your Nail Polish get Thick and Unusable? In 14-day Test, 8 Popular Brands of Polish Evaporated 35% to 60%

New Cutex Polish is usable to the last Drop



TRY THESE New Smoky Shades

MAUVE—A soft, misty lavender pink. Perfect with all blues and grays, and with delicate evening pastels.

RUST—A fascinating smoky pink with soft brown undertone. Perfect with green, deep brown, beige, orange and copper—and this summer with sun-tanned fingers.

OLD ROSE—A soft, feminine dusky rose. Very flattering to the wearer—and especially irresistible with the new wine shades!

ROBIN RED—A new, soft deep red everyone can wear. Goes with everything, day or evening. Very sophisticated with black and white.

NEWEST SHADE

BURGUNDY—A brand-new deep, purply wine shade. Enchanting with pastels, magnificent with black, white, carnelian or wine, and electrically smart with blue.

The New Cutex Evaporates Less Than Half as Much as Ordinary Polish

---

IN an actual test—14 days of exposure to the air—8 popular brands of nail polish evaporated 35% to 60%. Became so thick and gummy as to be practically impossible to use.

Amazing Contrast . . . But the New Cutex Polish—both Crème and Clear—came through this same test with *less than half* as much evaporation. Standing for 14 days in uncorked bottles, it ended up as smooth flowing and easy to apply as ever!

Cutex offers you a distinct and worth-while saving. There's practically no loss by evaporation or thickening!

And this new economy feature is just *one* of Cutex's many advantages. It's already famous for its finer lacquer, higher lustre, easier application and longer wear—for its freedom from peeling and chipping—and for its 11 smart shades, including 5 new "smoky" tones. A grand value, any way you look at it!

The New Cutex is still only 35¢ a bottle—Crème or Clear—at your favorite shop. Stock up today!

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

CUTEX INTRODUCTORY SET containing your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Cutex Oily Polish Remover and the new Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover for 16¢.

Northam Warren Corporation, Dept. 7-M-6
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
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I enclose 16¢ to cover cost of postage and packing for the Cutex Introductory Set, including 2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, as checked. Mauve ☐ Rust ☐ Old Rose ☐ Robin Red ☐ Burgundy ☐

Name______________________________

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City State

They're on "Top of the Town"—these two gay New Yorkers of 1960! Just imagine Doris Nolan and George Murphy transplanted to the giddy night life of a city made up of glass skyscrapers. But that's part of the plot, with Gertrude Niesen at her torchiest tuning and George turning in some fancy footwork. There's a huge cast, to boot, of comedians, dancers and chorus lovelies. Lots of fun.

RECENTLY IN NEW YORK BEFORE RETURNING TO LONDON FOR THE CORONATION

THE BEAUTIFUL, YOUNG Duchess of Leinster

Tells you how she cares for her glamorously clear, smooth skin

● Delicate features in a heart-shaped face, lovely, liquid blue-gray eyes, lustrous dark-brown hair—the luminous beauty of a clear, smooth skin!

Her Grace—one of the three Premier Duchesses in the British Isles—in the white satin Court gown she will wear under her Coronation robe . . . "A treatment with Pond's Cold Cream is more than a cleansing treatment. It makes my skin feel invigorated, look brighter. I use Pond's Cold Cream night and morning and for any occasion."

● (*below*) Snapped on the staircase of the Crystal Garden of the Ritz-Carlton during the Duchess of Leinster's recent visit to New York.

She will stand for hours in Westminster Abbey the day of the Coronation, in a robe of velvet and ermine—jewels flashing from coronet and necklace—her lovely skin clear and luminous against its brilliant setting.

Of all the peeresses who will attend the Coronation, none will be lovelier than the slender, young Duchess of Leinster.

Admired for her beauty during her recent visit to New York, the Duchess said her beauty care is "the simplest and best —Pond's." "Pond's Cold Cream is a complete facial treatment in itself," she said. "I use it to invigorate and freshen my skin for the most important occasions."

Like hundreds of British beauties—the Duchess follows this daily method:—

Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it releases dirt, make-up, skin secretions—wipe them off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—*briskly,* till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated and freshened.

Every morning (and always before make-up) repeat . . . Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Day and night, this rousing Pond's treatment does more than clean your skin. It invigorates it . . . Fights blemishes, blackheads, lines, coarsening pores. Get a jar today. Soon see *your* skin growing lovelier!

Send for* SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE *and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

Pond's, Dept. 9MS-CF, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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SO THAT'S WHERE YOU GET THAT MARVELOUS SPAGHETTI, IS IT?

BRIDE REVEALS ALL!

Husband finds why he eats like a millionaire *at 3¢ a portion!*

THREE things make Franco-American Spaghetti a life-saver for brides and limited budgets. First, it tastes so good that hungry young husbands clamor for more. Second, it is such concentrated nourishment that with it you need only a salad and perhaps a fruit dessert for a satisfying meal. Third, it costs so little! Imagine—a can usually costs only ten cents—less than 3¢ a portion.

Franco-American is no ordinary, ready-cooked spaghetti. One taste of its tangy, cheese-and-tomato sauce, with its subtle blend of eleven delicious, savory ingredients, will convince you right away. Ready to heat and eat, how it does save time! It's grand for making meals out of leftovers, too! Try this!

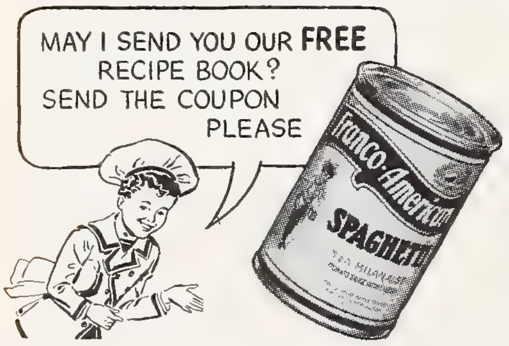
DELICIOUS THRIFT DINNER

Panbroiled meat balls
1 can Franco-American Spaghetti
Buttered beets
Cottage pudding with tart fruit sauce

SERVES 4 • COSTS 60¢

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups


MAY I SEND YOU OUR FREE RECIPE BOOK? SEND THE COUPON PLEASE
Franco-American
SPAGHETTI

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD COMPANY, DEPT. 66
Camden, New Jersey
Please send me your free recipe book:
"30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print)________________
Address________________
City________State________

Dining with Don

(*Continued from page 17*)

Honore's suggestions for padding and stretching these basically fine dishes so that they will serve two or three more than originally intended.

Although all of Mrs. Ameche's recipes are excellent, we'll begin with Baked Lamb Loaf, a favorite Ameche recipe, and first in mention in our booklet. This particular meat loaf calls for ground lamb and makes it especially welcome for Spring menus. It can be served either hot or cold, with a Horseradish Sauce, which gives it that "certain something" in piquant flavor that lamb sometimes lacks. Of course, the recipe for the sauce also is given in the leaflet.

But just now, let's see what we can do with this dish to make it go farther. After all, you might think, if the loaf is already cooked when the company arrives, there isn't much one could do to stretch it out. But that's where you'd be mistaken, according to Honore. Bring it in as a loaf and it might look pretty slim, she admits; but slice the meat, arrange it on a platter, and garnish that platter to the hilt, and you'll have something really substantial-looking.

For garnishes, you can raid the refrigerator and the shelves of the pantry closets with amazing results, if you use a little ingenuity. Sliced tomatoes, hard-cooked eggs, quartered hearts of lettuce, pickles, olives, sprigs of watercress or parsley; canned baby beets, asparagus tips; baked or kidney beans used to stuff whole tomatoes; these are but a few of the countless possibilities that suggest themselves, offhand. Line them up as a general does his shock troops, and throw them into the breach to meet the onslaught of the hungry horde.

NEXT on our list is our vegetable dish, in this instance Corn Sauté. Since you can prepare this for the oven in five minutes, and let it cook for thirty minutes without watching, while you're setting the extra place at the table and serving the first course, it's a splendid meal-stretching recipe in itself. It also lends itself to some fine padding possibilities, so that the usual family serving of four portions can be made to take care of two "extras" without detracting from its appeal. With this recipe in your files, you can have a safe feeling at all times, when it comes to needing a last-minute vegetable dish. So, hereafter, when company arrives at the zero hour, forget the too-few string beans you intended having—they'll keep till tomorrow, anyway—and serve Honore Ameche's version of Corn Sauté.

Creamed Shrimps Catalina is another recipe of the Ameches which has infinite padding possibilities. In the first place, since the recipe calls for rice anyway, you can just cook up more rice. Make more sauce, also, which will give the "only can of shrimps in the house" elastic qualities you never before suspected. Add a little of this and that, which you may have on hand, the half-cup of cooked peas you were wondering how to use up; a stalk or two of celery, shredded very fine so that it will cook quickly; the mushroom stems you had vaguely thought of making into soup, etc. Best of all ideas, perhaps, is Honore's suggestion that you serve the shrimp mixture in patty cases and make a very little go a long way.

"Oh, yes," I seem to hear you snort indignantly, "and where do I get patty cases at the last minute?"

You don't get them, my loves, you make them out of bread. Just remove the crusts from a loaf of unsliced bread, slice into two-inch pieces, scoop the center out of each piece to make a good size depression, brush the "cases" with butter, generously, and place them in the oven to brown. Fill with the shrimp combination, garnish with parsley, and there you are! And your guests will praise you to the skies!

On many an occasion, the Ameches serve their own favorite spaghetti dish on short notice. This calls for a Meat Sauce which, unlike any I've ever heard about before, does not require hours of preparation and cooking. If you open a can of spaghetti and heat it in one pan, while you are preparing the sauce in another, the whole dish will be ready for the table in ten minutes. And that's par on any stove.

So if you have a sneaking suspicion that your relatives are going to forget about the time of day when they next pay you a visit, just have on hand the supplies called for on this particular card, in this month's recipe leaflet. Then, if they bring along cousin Jimmy, you can open up a second can of spaghetti and the meat sauce will stretch to meet the demands of this crucial moment.

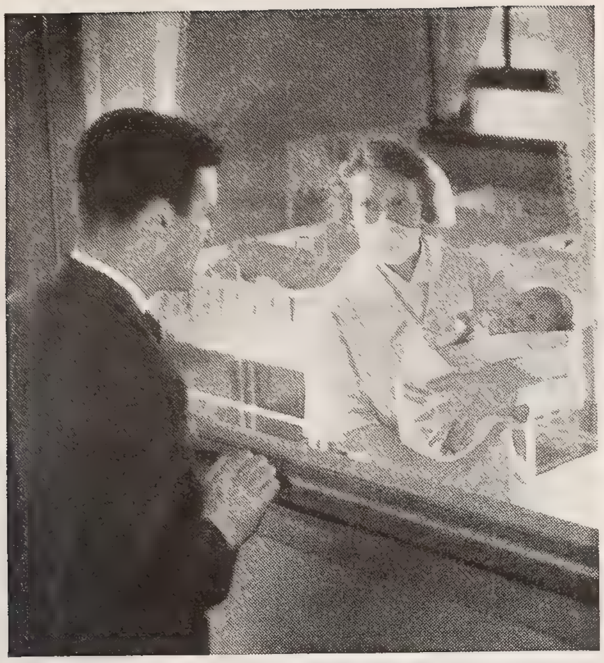
The fruit salad can be a springtime sensation, or an all-year-'round favorite, according to whether you use fresh or canned black cherries. In both cases the cherries should be pitted, of course, and piled in a lettuce cup with a topping of mayonnaise to which whipped cream has been added. Surrounding the cherries should be cream cheese and nut balls, about the size of butter balls, and at least three to each serving. Or you can be really original and follow a suggestion rather hesitatingly made by Mrs. Ameche. She tried it recently with great success, but it's rather of a nuisance, she admitted to me, so don't say I didn't warn you. But it's such a cute idea that I wanted to tell you about it, regardless, for I know it would make a big hit with the bridge club.

When you have removed the pits from the largest black cherries you can buy, you place in the resulting cavities the tiniest of portions of cream cheese mixed with finely chopped nut meats. You close the cherries over these tasty "pits," and place them on the salad plates in such a way that no one suspects that the cherries have been stuffed. Not a suggestion for your last-minute-unexpected-guests, this one, but not to be overlooked either, if you like to surprise your girl friends. Let me remind you that cheeses of all sorts and descriptions, are marvelous salad-stretching aids. Crackers also add distinction, and more important still, filling qualities, to this popular course. So serve salad with cheese and crackers, by all means, if you want to stretch your meal.

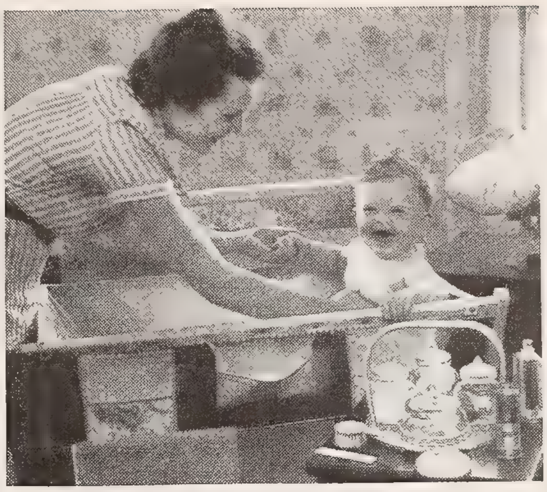
ADDING a first course that you had not planned on having is one of the best ways to make slim pickings seem more generous, advises Honore Ameche. A can of rich cream soup, topped with whipped cream and sprinkled with crisp puffed cereal grains, will take care of the first onslaught of ravenous guests in fine fashion, and make them look less critically on the small meat servings that follow.

Well, there remains but to mention the cake recipe and to give you Mrs. Ameche's Fried Chicken specialty. I'll admit I never

(*Continued on page 81*)

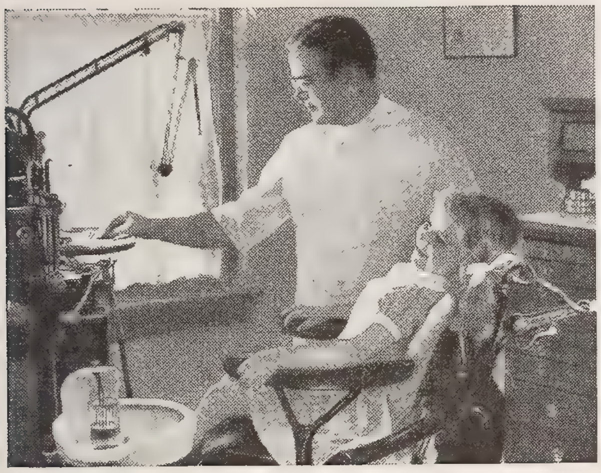


From the very first day of his life a baby lives in a SPECIAL *world. Everything he gets is made especially for him.*



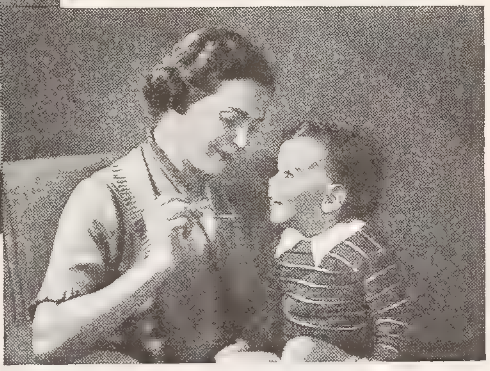
. . . **SPECIAL** *soap and powder to keep him clean and comfortable.*

. . . **SPECIAL** *foods to keep a youngster thriving.*



. . . **SPECIAL** *dental care to keep young teeth sound and straight.*

. . . **SPECIAL** *toys to keep the mind growing.*



. . . And a SPECIAL *laxative to keep the body healthy . . . Fletcher's Castoria.*

What a grand start a modern youngster gets!

EVERYTHING MADE ESPECIALLY FOR HIM . . . EVEN TO A SPECIAL LAXATIVE!

YES, *even a special laxative.*

After all, he is only a tot. His system isn't sturdy enough for the hurly-burly effects of an "adult" laxative . . . even when given in "smaller doses."

That is the reason why many doctors often suggest Fletcher's Castoria. For, as you know, Fletcher's Castoria is a child's laxative pure and simple—made especially and *only* for children.

It couldn't possibly harm the tiniest infant system because it contains no harsh "adult" drugs . . . no narcotics . . . nothing that could cause cramping pains.

It works chiefly on the lower bowel. It gently urges the muscular movement. It is SAFE . . . mild . . . yet thorough.

A famous baby specialist said he couldn't write a better prescription than Fletcher's Castoria.

It is also important to remember that a child should take a laxative willingly. Doctors say the revulsion a child feels when forced to take a medicine he hates can throw his entire nervous system out of order. That's why even the taste of Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children. They love it.

More than five million mothers depend faithfully upon Fletcher's Castoria. Why not stay on the safe side and keep a bottle handy in *your* home? You can never tell when you'll need it.

You can buy Fletcher's Castoria at any drug store. Ask for the Family Size Bottle. It saves you money. *The signature Chas. H. Fletcher appears on the red-bordered band on the box.*

Chas H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

The laxative made especially for babies and growing children

TAKE NO CHANCES
with ½ Way Tooth Pastes
Do this
TO MAKE
TEETH GLEAM

For teeth that gleam with jewel-like lustre gums too must be cared for. So *don't* trust to ordinary tooth pastes. Get the *two-way* protection so many dentists advise.

1. **Clean teeth** by brushing all surfaces with Forhan's in the usual manner.
2. **Massage gums** briskly with ½ inch of Forhan's on the brush or finger.

Results are amazing! Gums are stimulated, soon teeth show a new brilliance.

Forhan's Tooth Paste was originated by Dr. R. J. Forhan, eminent dental surgeon, to do *both* vital jobs—*clean teeth* and *safeguard gums*. It contains a special ingredient found in no other tooth paste. End *half-way* care. Buy a tube of Forhan's today!

Forhan's

DOES BOTH JOBS { CLEANS TEETH SAVES GUMS

★ YOU'VE NEVER KNOWN SUCH A CREAM AS THE NEW

Armand Blended Cream

TRIAL SIZES: 10c AND 20c
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At Most Toilet Goods Counters

FOR A FREE SAMPLE MAIL COUPON Before June 15

ARMAND, Des Moines, Iowa:
Please send free sample of Armand Blended Cream.

Name
Address
City State
I buy my cosmetics at the following store:

What Has Success Done to Robert Taylor?

(*Continued from page 29*)

was also self-effacing. He had a sense of humor, but it was subdued.

In short, he did not give the impression of being actor-ish. He was putting on no act. He was taking no bows. He was singularly unspoiled by the hullabaloo. He was as regular as the next fellow, three years out of college, doing work he liked, working hard and only hoping that he was doing all right.

One year ago!

No one could experience what he has experienced since then without being affected in some way. What has Life been doing to Robert Taylor?

I discovered, among other things, that there is a buoyancy about Bob now that was lacking then. He is more carefree, less subdued. He has shaken off the stiffness of self-consciousness, which still was noticeable a year ago. He was feeling his way then, a bit like a man venturing upon unpredictable ice. Now he has found that his footing is secure. He has more self-confidence. He handles himself more easily. He is having a better time. He is obeying his impulses more.

For instance, I found him on the rafters, of all places, on the set of "Personal Property." A year ago, he might have had the impulse to light out for the rafters between scenes, but he wouldn't have acted upon it. His fear of making himself conspicuous would have stopped him.

That is a fear that he has lost in this past year. Nothing that he could do would add to the conspicuousness that has been thrust upon him. And if he is going to be conspicuous, no matter what he does—well, he might as well unleash a few impulses, and enjoy himself.

THERE are few stars who have that attitude; few stars who can unbend to the extent of forgetting their professional poise. Clark Gable is one of those few. And, if you'll notice, Clark and Bob are cronies. They are constant luncheon companions; they and their girl friends go on picnics together. Technically, each may be the other's most dangerous screen rival. Actually, they have a great deal in common. Neither one of them can bother with posing. It would spoil too much fun.

When Bob came down from the rafters, where, it seemed, he had been chased by a prop man who had been a victim of one of his jokes, I asked him if he had to go aloft often.

"Say, I practically live up there," he told me. "I guess I didn't get in my quota of climbing when I was a kid. Or maybe it's an urge for exercise. God knows I need more exercise. There's a certain satisfaction in being able to see all over the place, getting a perspective on life's little ironies. The biggest set doesn't look so big from a cat-walk forty feet up. No player looks big. We're all just specks of humanity, to the fellow up on the cat-walks. That's a nice deflating thought. Something like the unimportance you feel in a plane.

"I guess this is about the first time anybody has known, though, that I hit for the rafters on occasion. And it isn't an urge for privacy that lures me upward. It's just an urge to keep moving, I guess.

"No, I haven't lost that urge for privacy. I still have it. But I don't have it on a movie set. I haven't gone temperamental yet. I like to move around, have some laughs, between scenes. This is one place where I don't feel as if I'm being watched."

I told him that I was there to find out how his life and he had changed since one year ago. He took the matter under consideration. He went through a detailed self-examination.

"Well, one thing I couldn't help noticing a year ago was that I had about as much privacy as an information clerk in a booth in the middle of Grand Central Station. I have more now than I had then. I stay at home more. Or at least I'm at somebody's home.

"After a year of it, I still get a big bang out of being recognized, and asked for my autograph. It still doesn't seem like something that ought to be happening to Arlington Brugh of Beatrice, Nebraska. I'd be a little cracked if I didn't get a bang out of it. Believe me, I'm grateful when fans do crowd around. But there's a tension about the bang, too. I still can't feel at ease, seeing people watching me eat. And, dancing in public, I don't feel like any Astaire.

"I used to try to kid myself into thinking I was having a good time at night clubs. But I've given up. Even if nobody was watching me, looking for material for a new romance rumor, dancing wouldn't be fun. You can't dance in one of these night clubs. You can't move more than an inch at a time. There isn't any room. That's another reason why I haven't danced in months.

"The romance rumors were getting me down a year ago. I'd pick up a morning paper and see that I was rumored in love with one girl, then read in an evening paper that I was rumored That Way about an entirely different girl. I couldn't be seen with any girl that somebody didn't try to make something of it. I used to wonder how I could ever hope to have any genuine friendships. Rumors would wreak havoc with a friendship before it could even get under way.

"This last year, I've learned how to let rumors roll off my back. I've learned how to laugh at them. That's possible, if a girl laughs at them, too. And Barbara (Stanwyck) does. They haven't affected our understanding in the least.

"It isn't what rumors do to you that's embarrassing. It's what they may do to someone else.

"Jean Harlow and I, for example, met for the first time just three weeks before we started this picture. Most people don't know that. And they don't know that Jean and I were assigned to make this picture together. They see that we get along swell—and they jump to conclusions. That's how rumors start.

THE first day of the picture, Jean received a big box of flowers, with no card enclosed. She wondered if I had sent them. I hadn't. But if she kept on receiving anonymous boxes of flowers, I had visions of a flock of rumors about the two of us. Which wouldn't bother me particularly, but they might bother Jean, not to mention Bill Powell.

"So I went to a publicity man and said, 'If anyone asks if I'm sending Jean flowers, tell him "No."' I wanted to head off rumors, if possible. Sure enough, a columnist did ask. The publicity man, instead of just answering 'No,' told him what I had said. The result was that the columnist gave his readers the impression that

(*Continued on page 78*)

"It really began with this snapshot"

"I'D heard Sid mention his sister, but she meant nothing to me, naturally—until one day I picked up this snapshot on his desk.

"I asked him who the choice number was, and felt a little embarrassed when he said she was his sister Molly. But I guess he forgave the fresh remark, the way I began to treat him like a brother. I even loaned him money.

"He said he'd rather I'd take the snapshot than come mooning around his desk all the time, so that's how I became the owner. How I became the owner of the girl herself is another story—but it really began with this snapshot."

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—you must take Today

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes.

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8 EX.
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By far the greater number of snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film because people have found that "it gets the picture"—clear, true, lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome. Don't take chances . . . use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

WOMEN! BE SMART

Don't be victims of old-fashioned prudery and stupidity

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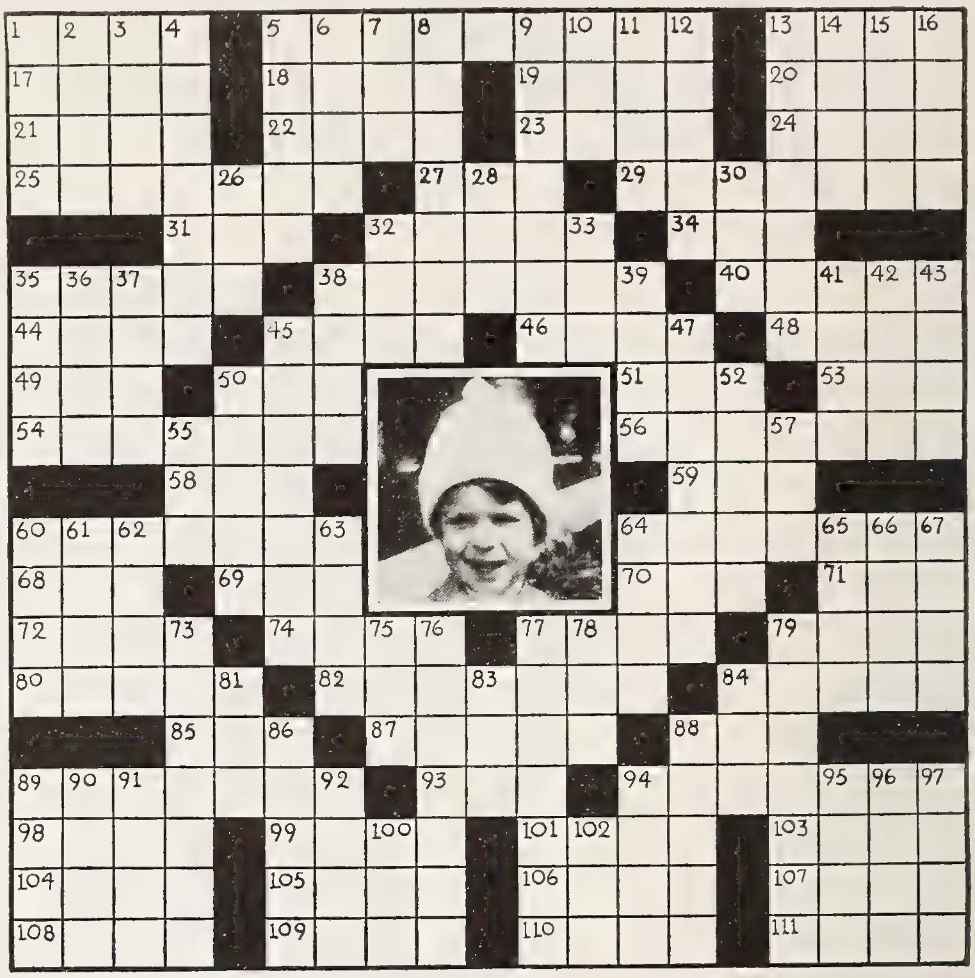

Puzzle Solutions appear on Page 88

ACROSS

1 and 5. The gentleman pictured in the puzzle
13. Obtains
17. Airplane: colloquial
18. Margarine
19. Halo of light
20. Operatic song
21. Stage play from which the movie "Sadie Thompson" was made
22. Killed
23. Period of time
24. Martha Raye played in "- - - - away Girl"
25. Pat O'Brien appeared in the "Great - - - - - - -"
27. Hobo
29. Sport shoe
31. Goddess of the Dawn
32. Cupid's weapon
34. Hang heavily
35. Meat sauce
38. They thought she'd replace Clara Bow
40. Actor, ex-president of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences
44. Depend on
45. Remain
46. Lifeless
48. First name of the girl who was "Nine Days a Queen"
49. Cuckoo
50. This girl is one of the "Souls at Sea"
51. Brownie
53. First name of the comedian whose crossed eyes were his fortune
54. Mrs. Roger Pryor
56. Lady Cavendish's brother
58. Hearing organ
59. First name of the player of Karloff parts in the silent days
60. Newspaper
64. Iowa girl who was given "Cavalcade" role because of her British accent
68. Hole-punching tool
69. Greek E
70. Tree of New Zealand
71. Color
72. Left
74. Lover of Geraint
77. Tony Martin's big moment
79. Sense
80. Slow creature
82. The girl in "The Informer"
84. Rich boy in "Peck's Bad Boy"
85. Stinging insect
87. Astound
88. Girl: slang
89. Kleptomaniac in "Sing Me a Love Song"
93. Yes
94. The first name is Ketti, and she was born in Nice, France
98. Bitter plant
99. Steals
101. First name of the man who played "The Scoundrel"
103. Mixture
104. Roll or catalogue
105. Burden
106. She danced in "La Cucaracha"
107. This little fellow has been known to turn
108. George Arliss played in "- - - - Meets West"
109. Unaspirated
110. The war god, Mars
111. Disturbance of the eye: old spelling

PAGE

DOWN

1. Card game
2. 500 sheets of paper
3. Assam silkworm
4. He appeared with Harold Lloyd in "The Milky Way"
5. One of the Biblical characters portrayed in "The Green Pastures"
6. Friend in war
7. Letter of the alphabet
8. Carroll's fiancé in "On the Avenue"
9. Band leader in "That Girl from Paris"
10. Regret
11. Brazilian macaws
12. Stories
13. Mrs. Melvyn Douglas
14. First name of the actor who played that silly gigolo rôle in "The Gay Divorcee"
15. Ebb and flow of the ocean
16. Old Irish form of tenancy
26. Feminine lead in "Parnell"
28. Vase
30. Bring forth, as a lamb
32. Stage laugh
33. Sorrow
35. Mardi - - - - is celebrated in New Orleans
36. This city is the reverse of Yuma
37. Dismounted
38. Glamor girl imported from Russia
39. First American picture made by above star
41. Desert in Asia
42. Always
43. Ex-wife of Lew Ayres
45. Saw-toothed
47. Feel repulsion
50. She plays Nancy in "Nancy Steele is Missing"
52. Warner Brothers featured player, born in Lodz, Poland
55. That woman's
57. Also
60. Bones of the mouth
61. He helped to make "Trouble for Two"
62. A forearm bone
63. This girl marched on "The Road to Glory"
64. British star; her first name is Evelyn—if that helps
65. Gloria - - - -; she plays mostly in Westerns
66. This comic scene-stealer is in "Top of the Town"
67. Howl
73. A Met singer who appeared in "Metropolitan"
75. Man's name
76. Woven like damask
77. She spouted Shakespeare in "Ready, Willing and Able"
78. Three-quarters of the name of a player whose first name is Adrienne
79. She plays those "brat" rôles
81. Wheeler and Woolsey's screen girl friend
83. British comedy star
84. Chemical salt
86. "Rubber legged" comic who appeared in "Coronado"
88. Festive occasions
89. He's married to Jessie Matthews
90. Charles Lamb's pen name
91. Young lady in "Waikiki Wedding"
92. Man living on "Quality Street"
94. First name of the singing cowboy
95. Islet
96. Well ventilated
97. Jack Holt played in "North of - - - -"
100. Small cake
102. Belonging to us

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SEE PAGE 109

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(*Continued from page 74*)

I was telling the world I wasn't sending Jean flowers!" Bob permitted himself an ironic grin.

"A year ago, I remember saying that I was impulsive about everything—except marriage. I can still say that. And I probably obey impulses more than I did then. I've shaken off some self-consciousness. But I still don't play my hunches in a big way. I've discovered that I'm not psychic. When I have a hunch, it's just a guess. And I'm not a good guesser.

"That's why I'm not making any long-distance plans for the future. I'll let events make my plans for me. Too much has happened to me, unexpectedly, for me to say, 'Well, next year, I guess I'll do this, and two years from now I'll do that.' Not that I'm so easygoing that I'm ambitionless. I'm not.

"My major ambition? Still what it was a year ago: To be an increasingly better actor. I've learned a lot this past year. I've *had* to learn a lot—to play opposite such stars as Loretta Young, Barbara Stanwyck, Greta Garbo, Jean Harlow. They know screen acting, all of them. But I know that I have plenty more to learn.

"A year ago, it looked as if I were on my way to being typed as a wealthy playboy on the screen. Since then, I've had a little variety—particularly in the costume parts in 'The Gorgeous Hussy' and 'Camille,' though I had my best time, making 'His Brother's Wife.' And I'm ambitious for plenty more variety. I don't want to get tired of my job, and I don't want audiences to get tired of *me*. I want to be an actor a long, long time.

"I had never been east of Michigan a year ago. I wanted to go. Well, I've been. Twice. Once to New York, once to Washington. I didn't see much of either. But I still have hopes of doing some traveling, seeing some of the world. I have a terrific yen for a trip on the Mediterranean. But if I can't get away long enough for that, I'll compromise on a trip to Hawaii. In fact, I've had my reservations three times for a trip to Honolulu. Once I was only three weeks away from leaving before I had to cancel, before I knew I couldn't get away, because of another picture coming up.

NO, I hadn't been really mobbed a year ago, I hadn't been to New York then. How do I like having my buttons ripped off? Well, it looks like part of the job." (He grinned.) "I get a laugh, though, out of some of the reports, like that one from New York that souvenir-hunters had taken my shoes. Boy, when they get me off my feet, they'll be going some!

"I've had some funny things happen to me because my screen name is 'Robert Taylor.' A Philadelphia women's club petitioned the studio to bill me under my own name, Arlington Brugh, because that was 'more unusual.' Then there was the woman who thought I was the son who deserted her. She wasn't kidding, either. I had to go to my lawyer to straighten that one out.

"And I never thought to live to see the day when billboards would scream, 'Garbo Loves Taylor, with "In Camille"' in small type beneath. Neither did Miss Garbo. After that, nothing in the type a columnist uses can look particularly startling to me.

"A year ago, I was living in a small house in Beverly Hills. A seven-room house is no mansion, especially in Beverly. I'm still in the same house; just signed a lease for another year, in fact—at an advanced rental. The story that my rent had been reduced because I was Robert Taylor was another laugh. I've given up my plans for building.

"My mother still lives where she did a year ago—four blocks away from me. My grandmother, a cousin and my secretary still live with her, still help me handle the largest part of my fan mail. I still see Mother every day, or call her.

"I still have just one servant—the same one I had last year; Joe Mondre. I have a little bigger car than I had then. I have a couple of riding horses—one that I bought, and one that was given me. I keep both of them in the Marwyck Stables." (Owned by Barbara Stanwyck and the Zeppo Marxes.) "I've given up tennis for horseback-riding, which permits more privacy. Those are the biggest changes in my mode of living. I still do pretty much the same things I was doing a year ago, except dancing and playing tennis; have the same interests. In fact, I feel like the same person.

"A year ago, I wasn't worrying about tax collectors. But this year they're going to get me—thank God." (A refreshing and unorthodox sentiment from a movie star.) "A year ago, I didn't have enough money to marry a Hollywood girl, even if I had been so inclined. Since then, the studio has torn up my contract twice, given me a couple of raises. But I still don't have much spare cash. The insurance companies are taking most of it. I'm investing in annuities.

"I was 'single'-minded a year ago—and I'm still 'single'-minded. Sometimes I think I probably always will be. If and when I do marry, the girl probably will be an actress. In my game, a fellow doesn't have much chance to get acquainted with any other girls. Not that I'm kicking; I'm not.

"But some interviewers must take me for a fall guy—trying to get me to describe my 'dream girl.'" (He grimaced at the phrase.) "I don't know as I have one. And if I have, I'm certainly not describing her. All I can say is that when I meet *the* girl, I'll know it—and I'll probably keep it to myself. Or is that just a hunch, too?

"I've developed one big weakness this past year—me, the ex-cello student—and that's swing music. When I get over to Barbara's house for dinner, the first thing I do is to put on a stack of swing records. She has one of those machines that changes records by itself. That's our dinner music. And we sit and scream at each other across the table, trying to make ourselves heard above Duke Ellington's band or Benny Goodman's."

Barbara, with whom he is about to make a second picture, still is his best girl friend. His best male friend, a year ago, was Don Miloe, a college chum who was then his stand-in. (His new stand-in is another college chum, Redmond Doms.) Today his best male friend is Clark Gable—with whom, by the way, he shares a hunting lodge, hidden away on an island near Santa Barbara, their favorite rest spot between pictures.

But Robert Taylor and his life have—as you have probably gathered—changed surprisingly little, one year after the furore started.

. . . "WHEN PRIMA DONNAS MEET"—guess what goes on? LILY PONS and GRACE MOORE actually get together in July MODERN SCREEN

Love at Twenty

(*Continued from page 50*)

"When I marry," she said, "I probably will elope in a street dress. I just want to know, like every girl, how I might look in white bridal satin, with veil and train and lilies-of-the-valley."

People used to think of June as "passive." Her delicate, camera-perfect features were nearly always in repose. Her blue eyes were quiet. Her posture was relaxed. She talked very little. She was vaguely pretty, vaguely interesting, vaguely self-conscious. A bit difficult to remember as an individual.

Today, how the girl is changed! Her face is animated, alive with expression. Her eyes shine. She carries herself with the unconscious poise of a girl buoyant with happiness. She talks vivaciously. There is nothing vague about her, nothing difficult to remember.

Love has wrought the transformation.

Anyone who knew June before she admitted to herself the importance of Victor Orsatti in her life, and has seen her since, can testify to this.

Mr. Orsatti, in case he needs identification, is one of the better actors' agents.

June first met him three years ago, at a time when she was firmly convinced that she should, could and would not fall in love until she was at least twenty-five. She didn't intend to let anything get in the way of her career.

Because she was afraid of learning to like him too well, weeks, sometimes months, would pass between their dates. Finally, last summer, just before she was to go to New York on vacation, they had a misunderstanding about the infrequency of those dates. They parted—forever.

She flew to New York. She had hardly reached her hotel room there when she received a wire, "Please come home. All is forgiven. Love. Vic."

When she returned, she said, "For no reason at all we started going together." Their engagement soon followed. The wedding date was indefinite, but the engagement was very definite.

"THE first time I ever went out with Vic, I liked him. As we became better acquainted, that liking grew, until he meant more to me than any other boy had ever meant. And he seemed to like me more sincerely than anyone I had ever met. Perhaps we were in love from the very beginning. But I kept dodging the question.

"I was so ambitious for a career that I was afraid of love, afraid it would destroy the ambition that I had had ever since I was a little girl.

"It all started when I was just four. I had a little playmate who was very brunette; I was very fair. A dancing teacher dressed the little brunette as a boy, taught us a 'flirtation dance.' When the pupils of the school made a public appearance at a Minneapolis theatre, our dance 'stopped the show.' And my career began then and there.

"When I was six and a half, my family moved to California. My mother still sent me to dancing school. I loved dancing. I was positive that I wanted to go on the stage."

At fourteen, June—then June Vlasek—was dancing in a musical revue in Los Angeles' Mayan Theatre. A year later, she danced in another revue at the Orpheum. That led to a film test and a contract.

Then came the test of her earnestness. For months, she had nothing to do except pose for publicity portraits and study dramatics. She was undiscouraged. The dramatic coaching widened the horizons of her ambition. She might become more than a dancer; she might become an actress—if she tried hard enough, if she let nothing interfere.

After a time, she was given small roles, which were gradually growing larger—when there was a studio reorganization. Fox became 20th Century-Fox. Winfield Sheehan, production head, resigned. His less conspicuous "discoveries," and June was one of them, were automatically dropped from the contract list. For five months she was idle. Her career seemed over. Then Darryl Zanuck, new production head, happened to look over her old screen test. He rediscovered her, changed her name to June Lang.

Now, given a new chance, June was determined to let nothing swerve her from her ambition. Nothing. Not even love. Especially love.

In the past year, she has seen her career make great strides forward. She was chosen as model for the statue, "The Modern Venus." She was given the only feminine role in "The Road to Glory." She had the title role in "Nancy Steele Is Missing." Now she is playing Shirley

I SEE A DARK MAN GOING OUT OF YOUR LIFE!
THAT NIGHT
THAT FORTUNE TELLER WAS CERTAINLY RIGHT ABOUT THAT DARK HAIRED MAN, SUE! I HAVEN'T SEEN TOM IN WEEKS!
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Temple's very young mother in Rudyard Kipling's "Wee Willie Winkie." And these roles have only added new fuel to her ambition.

Yet today she looks upon love as something indispensable in her life. Why?

Very quietly, very simply, she said, "I've discovered something that every girl probably discovers somewhere around twenty, no matter how ambitious she is: a career isn't enough for happiness.

"You won't admit that in your teens. You think nothing could be more wonderful than a career. You feel this tremendous urge for self-expression—and you say you'll never be happy until you have made something of yourself. Perhaps you're right. But you're only partly right.

"Ambition excites you, obsesses you. Your whole life revolves around one idea: if you're ever going to amount to anything, you'll have to do it while you're young. And you do want to amount to something—passionately. You drive every other thought out of your mind.

"Some day, you suppose, you will fall in love. But you don't intend to fall in love now. You fight against the very possibility. Love can wait—indefinitely. But love can't wait indefinitely. Moreover, it won't."

A smile hesitated on June's lips. "But you're lucky if it does wait until you're twenty. Twenty is such a marvelous age for falling in love!"

The smile hesitated no longer. "You're young. Thrillingly young. Practically all of life is ahead of you. Yet you're not too young to appreciate love—as you were at seventeen or eighteen.

YOU were far more easily flattered then than you are now. You were always in danger of falling 'in love with love.' You were too young to know yourself completely. Too young to know men, except by intuition, which isn't the surest guide on earth.

"That is, you were in danger unless you were mad to have a career, and were concentrating on that idea, and nothing else seemed important."

June smiled again, as if to say, "I'm beyond that particular danger and I'm also beyond thinking that a career is the only important thing in a girl's life."

She did say, "It's funny. You strive for independence, and attain it—and then discover it isn't what you want at all. You work and work to fulfill your dreams, and discover that your dreams have been incomplete, because you haven't had anyone to share them.

"You try to avoid love, as a possible menace to the career you've wanted as long as you can remember, and discover that, instead, love is an impetus to that career."

There probably isn't another girl of June's age in Hollywood, or anywhere else, to whom a career has been so important for so long a time. And this was the girl who was saying, "My career isn't any less important to me than it ever was. It's more important, if anything. But in a different way. Love has given me new perspective.

"The urge for self-expression is a driving thing. It won't let you rest. And it won't be stifled—even by love. But love doesn't demand that it be stifled. Love reinspires it. That is the amazing thing.

"I have more responsibilities today than I've ever had before. And I've never felt so carefree. I can remember—it wasn't so long ago—when a day was just another day. Now, rain or shine, every day is a new adventure. I can remember when I used to take life pretty much for granted. Now it is something exciting, something to enjoy to the utmost.

"Love has defeated loneliness. And every girl who is absorbed in a career to the exclusion of everything else *is* lonely, whether she admits it to herself or not.

"You know the emptiness of seeing the sea at sundown, or hearing beautiful music, completely alone? My life has been like that—until now. There has never been anyone before who could share my emotions, or anyone whose emotions I could share. I have been a prisoner, locked within myself. I've never known until now the thrill of understanding someone else almost instinctively—or having someone understand me.

"Everything seems more worth the doing, because someone cares what I'm doing. Life is more worth living because I have someone else to live it for, besides myself.

"Acting isn't the only thing I want to do now. I want to read, travel, have a beautiful home, do a hundred and one different things, live more completely. I feel like a different person, a more interesting person—whether I am or not.

"Having a career still seems important. But being a woman first seems infinitely more important."

That's why June Lang says, "Love is important at twenty."

Do you agree?

A FEW days after giving this interview, June Lang dumfounded everyone who knows her—and especially this interviewer—by breaking her engagement to Victor Orsatti.

This had looked like one of Hollywood's real love matches. For three years, neither June nor Vic had registered interest in anyone else. And June's engagement ring had been no ordinary jeweled circlet. Even in Hollywood, a man would hardly buy a two-thousand-dollar engagement ring (as Vic did for June) unless he were convinced, "This is love."

Then, suddenly, the ring was missing from June's hand. She had returned it. Within the next few days, she was seen at a variety of Hollywood events with a variety of escorts. Among them were Alfred Vanderbilt, Jr., Douglas Fowley, Victor Orsatti. She explained that appearance with Vic, and subsequent appearances, by saying that they still were "good friends."

She would not explain the reason for the broken engagement. A columnist said the reason was "tribal interference." Friends hinted at maternal objections to the match.

Those same friends refuse to believe that the break is permanent. They believe that June and Vic were too much in love to fall out of love suddenly and completely.

Perhaps there was a major disagreement. Perhaps there were maternal objections. But there is one mystifying angle to the break. June Lang does not act like a girl who has broken an engagement. She shows not a sign of heartbreak or disillusionment. She has not lost an iota of that "girl-in-love glow."

Friends suspect that June and Vic impulsively decided to try a "separation test"—perhaps at the suggestion of June's mother; perhaps on their own initiative, after a quarrel. And that, in either case, they can't stay parted long. Their staunchest mutual friend says, "They're both as crazy about each other as they ever were."

Certainly, after seeing the still-glowing June, no one could suspect that she has changed her convictions about what love has done for her.

When she was asked if she has lost faith in love, her answer was a smile. A bit on the enigmatic side, but definitely a smile. And she shook her head.

Dining with Don

(*Continued from page 72*)

thought of cake as a speedy filler-in, but these Orange Balls are both quick and easy. Mixed in 1-2-3 fashion, they should be cooked in the smallest of cup cake pans, for the shortest of baking periods. They are then shaken out of the pans onto a cloth which has been liberally sprinkled with powdered sugar. You pick up the four corners of the cloth, shake it gently, and the cakes are ready to be served. What more could one ask? Which reminds me to remind you to be sure and ask for these recipes. You don't have to mention them individually or by name, for the coupon brings them all to you.

Be sure to try the Fried Chicken recipe that follows, too. Never tasted anything I thought so good, and as you can well imagine, I've fried many a chicken, according to countless different recipes. Hereafter, however, this is IT! I'll mention before giving it to you, of course, that even Fried Chicken can be stretched. Here again bread plays a role, as it can in so many instances. For example, place each piece of chicken on a triangle of toast, and pour the gravy over the whole thing. Or place the chicken on a platter, and surround with toast triangles garnished with currant jelly, or any other jelly you particularly like to serve with chicken.

By the way, Mrs. Ameche suggested to me that instead of frying the backbone, neck, and tip of the wings, you boil those separately to make a broth. And right then and there I knew, as I had suspected all along, that hers was a practical, sensible way of catering—a fact which you will find amply demonstrated in her very own recipes which I am offering you this month.

Meanwhile, here's the Fried Chicken. You'll love it!

FRIED CHICKEN, HONORE

1 large frying chicken
salt and pepper
2 tablespoons butter or bacon drippings
1 tablespoon flour
1 cup cold milk

Have the chicken cut into pieces as follows: two second joints; two drumsticks; two wings; the breast cut into two pieces; the backbone cut into four pieces, and the neck. Singe each piece and wipe with wet piece of cheese cloth. (Don't *wash* the chicken ever!) Dust chicken with salt and pepper, dredge with flour. Put chicken into frying pan with butter or bacon drippings. Brown quickly over hot fire, turning pieces frequently so as to brown evenly on all sides. When thoroughly browned, reduce heat, add 2 tablespoons water, cover pan and fry chicken slowly, turning frequently. More water may have to be added; if so, add only 2 tablespoons at a time. When chicken is tender, remove from pan and place on hot platter.

Make Cream Gravy as follows: mix the tablespoons of flour with whatever fat is left in pan. When smooth and free of lumps, add milk slowly. Boil three minutes, stirring constantly. The gravy, which should have a rich creamy color, may be passed separately or poured over the chicken.

Sometimes the Ameches prefer not to have Cream Gravy and, in that case, they merely pour the gravy left in the pan after frying, over the chicken after it has been placed on the serving dish. This is the way it is being served at the luncheon during which our picture was taken.

Simone Simon Defends Herself—And How!

(*Continued from page 35*)

what I do not really mean. I do not make familiarities with strangers. Those are words you use to someone you dearly love. I did not like it. I acted like that."

"I am told," I said, "that on the first day of 'Seventh Heaven' you did not appear on the set. You probably know that all Hollywood was abuzz with that rumor. It was said that you were going to have the flu again! What did happen?"

"That, too, is simple," sighed Simone. "They had wanted me to wear a wig in 'Seventh Heaven.' They tried wigs and wigs and wigs. None suited. I suggest that I wear my own hair. They make a test of me with my own hair and I am right. But that means that I must take two hours for make-up instead of one hour, as we had thought. My own hair has to be washed and curled, every morning I work, so that it looks the same and does not get darker or oily for the same sequence. I was delayed under a drier, that was all.

"Why, I wanted to get on that set as quick as I could get there. I wanted to meet Jimmy Stewart. I was so happy to meet him and we had so much fun together. The first day I was on the set I send them out to get two chairs for us. I make them mark one chair with my name and one chair with his name so that we can draw them together and talk by ourselves. And that is what we did all through."

And I knew that Simone was speaking the uncompromising truth. I had been told that during the making of "Seventh Heaven," if Jimmy went up on his lines, the famed Simone impatience was muted. And she would stand, angelically sweet and silent, until Jimmy delivered. Jimmy, on the other hand, did the same for her.

NOT even Hollywood was able to cook up any hysteria over Simone during the making of that picture. She would greet Director Henry King each morning with a lavish hug and a luscious kiss. Director King's dignity was somewhat shaken when each luncheon hour, his waitress in the studio cafe produced a compact from her apron pocket, showed him his cheek which bore the red replica of Simone's kiss and, as unostentatiously as possible, removed it for him. Sunshine and storm, that is Simone. And during the making of "Seventh Heaven" the sun was shining.

One of her co-workers said, "She sure can give you a headache and a run-around, that Simone. But she also can give you a heartache and a flash of belief in the decency of human beings. Sounds kinda poetic," he added diffidently. "Well, she isn't exactly prosy, that one!"

And then he told me another tale, which shows the warm beats of Simone's heart. Lee Frederick was the script girl for "Girls' Dormitory." And again for "Seventh

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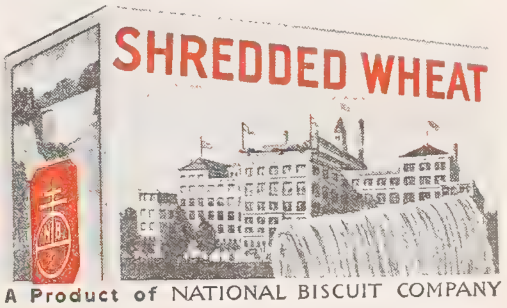

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Heaven." During the making of "Seventh Heaven," she came down with flu and couldn't seem to recuperate. Simone went straight to Mr. Zanuck and asked him to send Lee to the desert at her (Simone's) expense. Lee was not to know, she explained, who had sent her. The girl was sent to the desert and kept there, unknowing. A week later, Simone went to bed with a case of flu. She had saved Lee Frederick. Herself she had not spared.

Simone had sent for tea and cakes. She said, still perched upon the wall, "I like to 'piece out' with tea and cakes many times a day. I am always hungry. That is why I swim, play tennis and build this badminton court. This summer my secretary and I will go to a house on the beach so that I can swim all the time. I also have plans to build a house here. I am nuts about this Hollywood. Even though this Hollywood," she grinned, "thinks I am nuts, too."

I resumed my third degree. "I am told that there is a scene in 'Seventh Heaven' which shows you getting into bed. And that you gave orders that the set was to be strictly closed, no visitors allowed during the making of that scene. How come? The Simone dissenters who heard about this sniffed, of course, 'More temperament!' "

"That's so silly," said Simone complacently, her mouth full of cake. "I do not like to make that kind of scene unless I am as alone as I can be. I would feel too public about a private scene. I could not do it well, that is all."

I said, "There was the occasion of an executive of your studio sending one of your pictures to you to be autographed for his personal use. You refused to autograph it. Isn't that biting the hand that feeds you?"

Simone giggled. She pulled the blue ribbon off her hair and shook out the bright mass in the sunshine. She said, "It would have been biting his hand if I had autographed that picture. I have told them I did not like that picture, that the lighting was wrong and ver' ugly. I have told them to destroy all the copies of that picture. They bring me down another and I sign it very nicely and with affection. That is reasonable."

"There was a black cat in 'Seventh Heaven.' Someone tells me that you refused to allow the poor little thing to cross the plank from one attic window to another during that particular scene. Isn't it being a little *too* particular to fuss about a cat?"

"I AM as superstitious as 'ell," laughed Simone. "There were seven alley cats in 'Seventh Heaven,' cats of all sizes and colors. I say that I will not have a black cat cross my path. That is too bad luck. Like I always step on a comb, when I drop one, and make a wish. A broken mirror would break my nerves, ummmm, like this!"

There is one thing sure—and that is that there is no false pride in the bewildering composite which is Simone. A member of the Press was interviewing her one day. Her mother's portrait was on a table in the living-room. And the gentleman said, half in fun, wholly, perhaps, in earnest, "You don't interest me particularly, Simone, but your mother—ah, there is a woman of charm and beauty." Simone embraced him, her eyes starred with grateful tears. For she adores her mother.

There was the occasion when she was seen entering the theatre where "Boy Meets Girl" was playing. It was a first night. She was with Jimmy Stewart. And Jimmy was heavily, unhandsomely bearded. There are girls who would have feared that people might not understand and that Jimmy had to be bearded for a sequence in "Seventh Heaven". Simone didn't care. *She* understood.

"I am temperamental, but certainly," declared Simone, stretching herself lengthwise along the sunny wall, "if what you mean by temperament is that I act how I feel at the moment. How else should I act? I can only act like me, not like Garbo, nor Mrs. Simpson, nor Mrs. Roosevelt, or others. I am me. I have to act like me.

"I do not understand those people who copy-cat others. I think they are just like children playing their 'Follow the Leader.' Why do they want me to be like every other one? I think that Garbo and Dietrich do very well and they are not like any other ones. Marlene gave me good advice when I first came here, and it was, a great deal to stay myself. I have tried to follow it.

"When people are dull, routine people, no one thinks they are intriguing. Non. Then say, 'Ahh, what a bore!' So why do they raise their eyebrows, shrug their shoulders and sigh like at a funeral, saying, 'That Simone Simon, she is so different!'?

"I act the way I feel the moment I feel it. That is the explanation of me. If I am hungry for my dinner at ten in the morning, I have my dinner then. If I am hungry for my breakfast at ten-thirty of the night, I eat my breakfast then. When I am sleepy, I sleep. I cannot be wide awake and gay when I am sleepy, can I?

"I do not go about slapping the faces of people unless they slap mine first, if not with their hands, then with their minds or their eyes, which can be so much worse.

"If I am not happy, I do not act it. I can act ways I do not feel when I am working, though it is then very *hard* work for me. But when I am not working, I am not an actress. I am me. Happiness is a real thing. You cannot fake it or it is not gold.

"But when I am happy, I shout, I sing, I say so. Like when they told me I was to play in 'Seventh Heaven'—and with Jimmy Stewart—I was excitingly happy. I knew it was what you call over here 'the chance of a lifetime.' So was Jimmy happy. Every day I sent for bottles of pop and cakes for him, for me and for all of us. I had visitors on the set whenever they came, except for that one scene. I was very good, they tell me, as if they were surprised. But it is easy, it is natural for one to be good when one is so happy.

"I have gone out with Jimmy and I have met his friends, John Swope and others. I have gone out with John a lot of some times. I am having a great lot of fun here in Hollywood and so I am crazee about this place. I like to have fun. The more serious things about love," said Simone, with sudden seriousness darkening her eyes, "are not quite yet or now. I do not talk about them.

"THERE is most of the hurt of life from not understanding, isn't that so? It was harder for me at first, but it comes easier now. I did not understand what people would mean, they would talk so fast and so loud! I did not understand the way people make their jokes over here. At home, when we make a joke, it is about some very funny thing and we laugh all the time we are making it. But here they say something seriously and it turns out to be a joke all the time. Like last Christmas, Mr. Westmore said, veree sadly, that he had got a lot of Christmas presents but the one thing he wanted the most he did not get—an electric train. I thought it was very funny for a grown-up man to want a toy train. But I thought it was also too bad he did not get what he most wanted. And men are like little boys, I always know. So I went downtown, shop around and buy him a train. And then everyone laughed very hard and said he was 'kneeding,' that he didn't really want one at all.

"I didn't understand how those people I didn't know could call me so many 'sweethearts' and 'darlings.' I could not call a person 'sweetheart' unless my lips were making an echo of my heart. It sounded to me like taking holy things in vain. Now I understand; I do not mind anymore but I still cannot say them myself.

"They tell stories with sharp fangs, stories about people they really like. They do not mean them. But if I say sharp-toothed things I do mean them. I am in a rage. I want to hurt or I do not say them.

"I am trying all the time to make my English and my understanding better. I have radios everywhere. In my bedroom, in my living-room, in my dining-room and studio dressing-room and in my car. I can listen all the time so that I can understand better the American idiom. I can learn to laugh at things the Americans laugh at.

"I have made many friends. I like to give little dinner parties at my house. But I just have to be like one and not like any other, that is all," sighed Simone.

Long Distance Marriage

(*Continued from page 31*)

Ann conceded. "Still, a band is a band, and it's there in welcome. It's the spirit of the thing that counts, don't you think?"

So it's as simple as all that, this being happy though separated? Just marry a bandleader who likes to pay bills, doesn't like to write letters and lives in Chicago.

Well, not quite, Ann admitted. There are a few little problems to iron out, a few little annoyances to put up with, if you want to make a howling success of it. Things like the radio and telephone bills and crank letters of advice and dirty cracks by columnists.

TAKE her radio problem. Roger is on a coast to coast hook-up twice a week and broadcasts from Chicago every night, but for the life of her, Ann can't tune him in on her radio in her Beverly Hills home. That's not an open invitation for radio salesmen to come calling; Ann has a very fine instrument. She's just hexed.

"Everybody in Hollywood can get him but me," she wailed. "And I'm the only one who really cares. It sounded so fishy to Roger the first time I admitted it, I've had to resort to being a radio boarder."

In other words, twice a week she whizzes over to Joan Bennett's house when Roger's program is due. Joan has exactly the same model radio as Ann, except for one thing. It will bring in Chicago and Roger. So willy-nilly, Joan has to listen to Roger to keep peace in the Pryor household.

"Even when he comes in over a San Diego station, I can't get him," Ann elaborated. "I have to get in my car and drive to Long Beach to pick him up."

Telephone bills of an average of $89 a month (that's only for her calls to him; heaven knows what Roger's are, since he calls three times to her one) are another little matter not easy to laugh off. Particularly when you have a hard-hearted business manager, as Ann and Roger have, who has the quaint idea that budgets should be budgets, not just a pretty row of figures under the heading, Out-Go.

It's a good thing that she and Roger have a sense of humor as well as common

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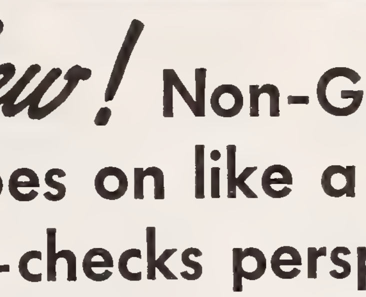

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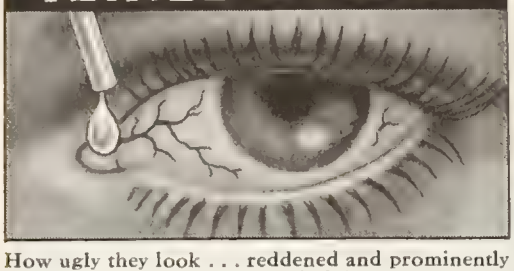

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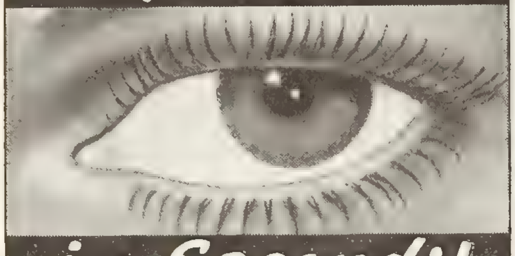

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horse-sense about another little matter—her going out with men in Hollywood and he with girls in Chicago—or the columnists of the nation would have had them in the divorce courts long before now.

They made a pact, when time for the first separation came, that neither should curtail their social life or contacts just because a minister had made them one and their respective jobs of necessity made them two again. That's why Ann is seen dancing now and then with a tall, dark, and handsome, and Roger with a cute, cuddly and blonde. It's all perfectly proper and approved by all concerned. And it doesn't mean that there's a rift in the Sothern-Pryor menage. Just modern marriage.

SPEAKING of warnings! What her fans haven't predicted for Ann! She was ruining her marriage. She was wrecking her career. She should stop this nonsense, settle down and have babies. She should let nothing stand in the way of success. She was the courageous leader of a new crusade. She was violating the basic principles of wedlock. She should be more strict with Roger. Roger should be more strict with her. So on and so on, far into the night. One went so far as to suggest since Ann wasn't using her wedding ring in the orthodox manner, she send it to the writer as a souvenir, and another sent helpful hints about keeping her wedding veil in camphor balls.

"I finally figured out what to do with all the suggestions," Ann said. "I take the day's letters, curl up in front of the fire, and make a tit-tat-toe pattern on a piece of paper. I play the Pro idea against the Antis. When I get three in a row in the tit-tat-toe, I decide it's time to put out the cat, wind the clock and dash into bed.

Seriously, though, Ann said she had discovered the essential requisites for keeping happy when circumstances force one to be separated from the person to whom he or she is married.

"First, you must have complete confidence in the integrity and honesty of the other person, so that idle gossip, of which there is bound to be plenty, cannot touch you," she said. "To me, that is just part of love. But if necessary, discipline yourself to this attitude.

NEXT, keep busy. Develop your small talents. Cultivate a sincere interest in hobbies. For instance, I have been studying the operas and taking harmony lessons. Keep physically fit by whatever sports appeal to you. Go out to parties, even if you're the 'fifth wheel,' and go with the idea firmly in your mind that you're going to have a good time, not an oh-well-I-might as-well-go complex.

"And whatever you do, avoid as the plague any self-sympathy of 'poor little me' ideas. If you start feeling sorry for yourself, you're sunk!"

For all her brave front, and sensible attitude, Ann isn't any happier in her strange situation than you would be. She's just marking time and making the best of things. It's obvious from the way she rattles around in her charming English house that it's much too big for one slender girl. It shows in her lovely eyes when she speaks of Roger and the "someday" (maybe next summer) they'll be together "for keeps," not just hectic weeks sandwiched in between more hectic work. It echoes hollowly behind her gay words and bantering sure-I'm-happy manner.

In fact, just to watch her excitement when the baggageman came for her three trunks the night before she left for her last visit with Roger (she was like a ten-year-old going to a Fourth of July picnic) was the dead give-away.

This how to be happy though separated was a swell story—and she was stuck with it!

What I'll Tell My Son

(*Continued from page 43*)

forth that you didn't suppose she would have. Oh, you'll believe you can't wait, my son. I've felt that impulsiveness. You'll think you must seize love when it's all wonderful ecstasy, that if you hesitate you'll lose that marvelous mutual glow. Well, you won't. For real love doesn't fade in a year; if the passion you feel will cool so speedily, then you're well out of the whole affair.

"I don't," vowed Joan, "intend to expect too much of my son. I shall do what I can to steer him to the right kind of girl. But I consider it wrong of parents to interfere with a boy in love. I'll never threaten to cut off his allowance, or yank him away. Subtly I'd try to make him realize himself, by comparison, that he had chosen the wrong girl—if he did. But I wouldn't be cruel. Because I can recall what it means, that first love.

"It brings a joy that one never experiences again. There's nothing grander! And if you've guessed incorrectly you emerge less selfish, more understanding, more prepared—in fact—for life as it is. You are grateful for a little gayety in your heart; you say to yourself, 'This is a happy hour and I must appreciate it!' You enter marriage, then, with eyes open to what you must do to preserve a perfect companionship.

"Supposing my son is hurt when he learns she isn't quite the ideal creature he anticipated. He'll survive. And he won't have that resentment, that sense of having lost something, that he'd always have in the back of his mind if I opposed him.

"I hope he'll be so well-balanced that he won't fly off on any such tangents. But when you are naturally emotional you often can't help reacting strongly. It's awfully hard to be discerning when you are very young. Norman may—I hope not, but he still may—just see that she's a sweet young thing. He may not see that she hasn't a brain cell working. That she doesn't know how to cook, that she'll never fit in with his friends, his ambitions. He may be so desperately smitten that he won't wonder what they'll talk about after they're tired of kissing, and how he'll support her if he loses his job.

NEVERTHELESS, I shan't lift a finger to stop him once he's determined he can't live without her. I won't be heart-broken, because it won't be my privilege. He has his own life to lead and I'm not under the delusion that I can share it with him; I'll be grateful for whatever time he has to spend on me. If she isn't the great love of his life, she'll have taught him to be more discriminating, to be a better husband for the woman he eventually senses is right for him. He'll have to realize, sometime, not to expect the impossible. A good philosophy comes only through experience. If he falls for a girl who, in the eyes of the world, has made mistakes, then it's entirely up to him to decide whether she's worth his devotion.

"I'll tell him that quiet girls given to drooping their eyes aren't always trustworthy, that a laugh indicates far more character than a titter. I'll praise girls who radiate health, who are refined, who walk erectly. If she shakes hands as though she meant it, she's more likely to be a square-shooter. I'll suggest that he note whether the whites of her eyes are clear, if her hair has a soft texture, and if the inside of her pocketbook is always

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City.............................. *State*...............

Paste this on a postcard or enclose in envelope

That glass went down easy, Deanna, but wait till you see what it does to you. Oh—oh, we knew it—there

orderly. That may save him from a sloppy wife.

"If she cries, 'Oh, I think babies are *too* sweet!' she may be ga-ga. If she is going to be a real mother, she'll betray the fact by understanding children. If she should be near an accident and he senses that she is saying a little prayer, instead of merely being curious, he'll know she's got a spiritual quality. And he ought to look for this quality, as well as for sincere compassion and capableness—later on they count so much.

"To test a girl, entertain her inexpensively. Give her an opportunity to nag, and to be jealous. Oh, you want her to be flatteringly jealous. But not unreasonably so! Maneuver her into the situations she'll have to meet as a wife.

"Don't propose until you have a steady salary and good prospects for the future. It isn't fair to the girl.

"A woman with a career, or a major hobby of some sort, will make a better wife than one who has nothing to do in her spare time but go to bridge parties. If she's at all clever she'll arrange her work so that it'll be through by dinner, and it'll save her from becoming a bore.

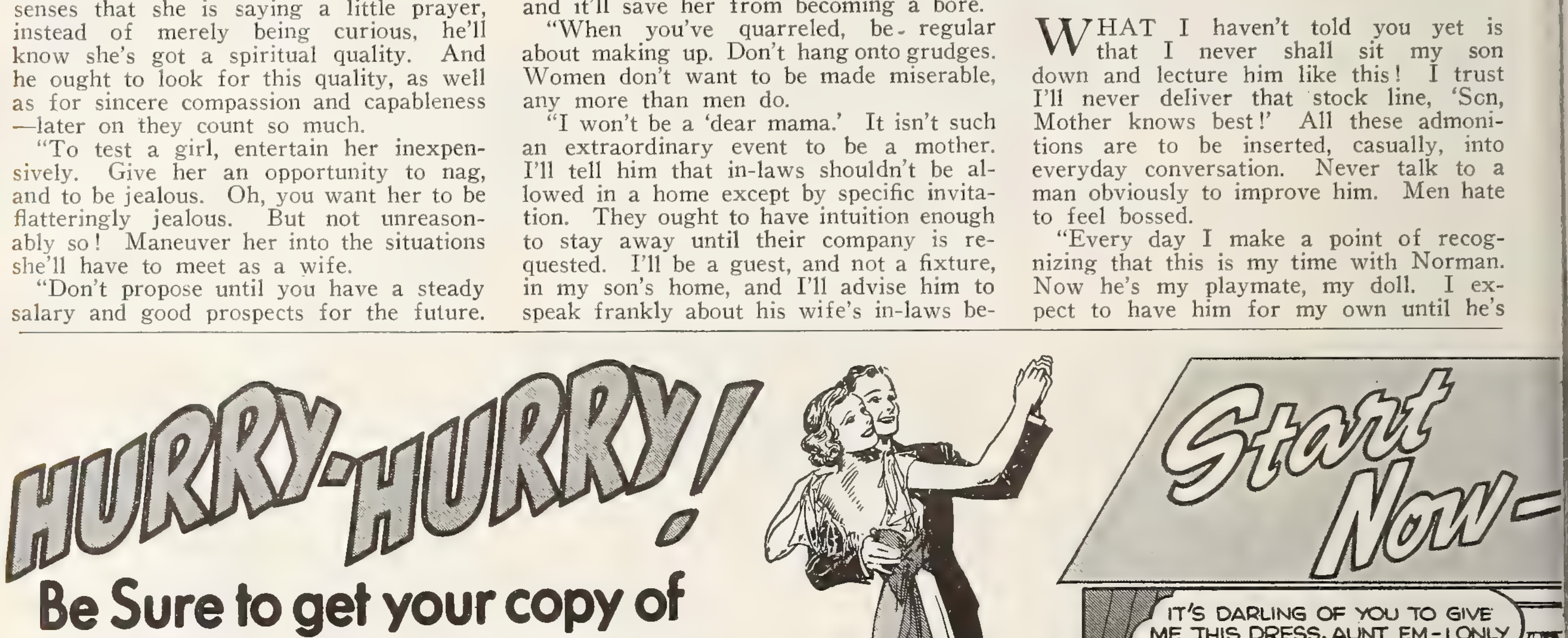
"When you've quarreled, be regular about making up. Don't hang onto grudges. Women don't want to be made miserable, any more than men do.

"I won't be a 'dear mama.' It isn't such an extraordinary event to be a mother. I'll tell him that in-laws shouldn't be allowed in a home except by specific invitation. They ought to have intuition enough to stay away until their company is requested. I'll be a guest, and not a fixture, in my son's home, and I'll advise him to speak frankly about his wife's in-laws before marrying, if they promise to be pests.

"If he ever wants suggestions from me, I'll tell him to come to me privately. It would be so bad to drag me into an argument between himself and his wife. It would be a sign he didn't understand women.

WHAT I haven't told you yet is that I never shall sit my son down and lecture him like this! I trust I'll never deliver that stock line, 'Son, Mother knows best!' All these admonitions are to be inserted, casually, into everyday conversation. Never talk to a man obviously to improve him. Men hate to feel bossed.

"Every day I make a point of recognizing that this is my time with Norman. Now he's my playmate, my doll. I expect to have him for my own until he's



HURRY-HURRY!

Be Sure to get your copy of wonderful New Dance Book by ARTHUR MURRAY-

World's Greatest Dance Instructor- Learn the Latest Dance Steps from this Expert —

FREE!

Start Now-
IT'S DARLING OF YOU TO GIVE ME THIS DRESS, AUNT EM - I ONLY WISH IT WOULD COVER UP MY PIMPLES - AND MAKE ME A GOOD DANCER
4 WEEKS LATER LOU SENDS HER CARD FILLED WITH LABELS FOR DANCE BOOK
FEW DAYS AFTER
LOOK, JANE - IT'S REALLY EASY TO DO THIS RHUMBA MOTION
I'LL SAY SO - THAT BOOK SURE MAKES EVERYTHING CLEAR
(TO HERSELF) ISN'T IT JUST MARVELOUS HOW HER FACE HAS CLEARED UP
SAY - YOU'RE THE PRETTIEST GIRL AND THE BEST DANCER HERE - HOW COME I NEVER MET YOU BEFORE
OH, I HAVEN'T BEEN 'ROUND MUCH TILL NOW -
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S REALLY ME - MY, BUT I'M GLAD I ATE THOSE YEAST CAKES!

you go skipping that rope to a frazzle. Now, howz about high C for Ma Durbin? Two to one you miss it!

twelve; that's the deadline I've set. Then I'll have to step gracefully aside; it'll be a tremendous effort, but when a boy gets into his 'teens he no longer wants to be tied to apron strings. I want to stay young as long as possible, but I shan't be so kittenish that Norman will be burdened with the task of sustaining poor mama's spirits. I shan't try to be as gay as his girl friends. Youth's place is with youth; I'll have my own life to lead.

"I'm anxious to make life happy, not easy, for him. So I shan't hover over him, attempt to hide the realities. Neither a mother nor money can protect anyone from the slaps Fate gives us all. I'll tell him to be grateful and considerate, never to take anything for granted. I shall not count on him being any nobler than I am able to be myself. Why should I? I'll say, 'Don't be obsessed by material ambitions. Be sentimental, too; be colorful in your appearance and speech.'"

But Mrs. Dick Powell was skipping something.

"Your tips on how your son will be attractive plus," I said. "What'll they be?"

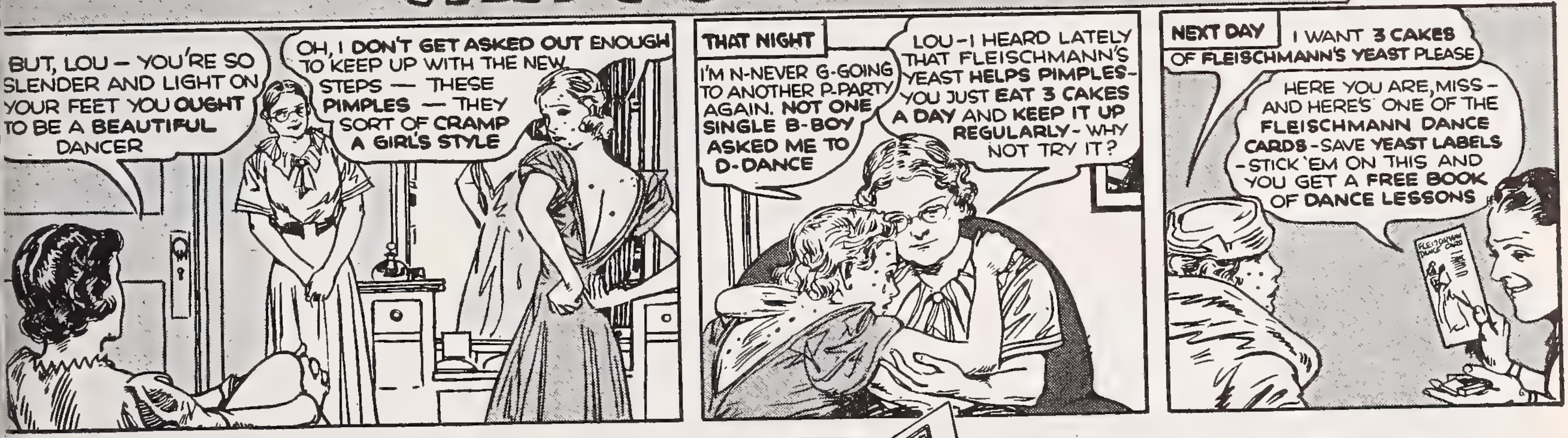
"Ho!" she exclaimed. "Now that's a giant offhand order. Still, I'm already sure of a few tips. When a girl is lighting a cigarette, Son, take the match from her hand and do the lighting. That never fails to thrill. When you're introducing her make it an honor to be able to show her off, and to top it off as an event, you can go so far as to add a dash of a bow. Discover her little mannerisms and label them cute. Pay her unanticipated compliments. And when you're dancing, hold her so her dress is just right and doesn't hike up in the back. Be on time for your dates; she'll detest waiting when she's all dressed up and her nose is well powdered. However, you'd better horrify her by being an hour late once in a dog's age. It'll provoke her imagination. Suspense, in small doses, is an antidote for stuffiness.

"Girls are fussy. They like a man to have clean fingernails and a well-scrubbed look.

"I'll emphasize this to him: Charm in a man means poise, seasoned with politeness. So I'll tell him that when he takes her dining and doesn't like the steak, he shouldn't complain and scream at the waiter. When he's driving and someone cuts in on him, he shouldn't holler at the other fellow. Women admire men who are above petty rudeness."

Dick Powell strolled into the room then. "I threw my first beau over because—" Joan stopped short and winked at me. "But that," she murmured demurely, "is a tale reserved for my husband!"

to Clear up your Skin! Be a Good Dancer! WIN POPULARITY!


BUT, LOU — YOU'RE SO SLENDER AND LIGHT ON YOUR FEET YOU OUGHT TO BE A BEAUTIFUL DANCER
OH, I DON'T GET ASKED OUT ENOUGH TO KEEP UP WITH THE NEW STEPS — THESE PIMPLES — THEY SORT OF CRAMP A GIRL'S STYLE
THAT NIGHT
I'M N-NEVER G-GOING TO ANOTHER P-PARTY AGAIN. NOT ONE SINGLE B-BOY ASKED ME TO D-DANCE
LOU—I HEARD LATELY THAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST HELPS PIMPLES—YOU JUST EAT 3 CAKES A DAY AND KEEP IT UP REGULARLY—WHY NOT TRY IT?
NEXT DAY
I WANT 3 CAKES OF FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST PLEASE
HERE YOU ARE, MISS—AND HERE'S ONE OF THE FLEISCHMANN DANCE CARDS—SAVE YEAST LABELS—STICK 'EM ON THIS AND YOU GET A FREE BOOK OF DANCE LESSONS

GET THIS FREE FLEISCHMANN DANCE CARD FROM YOUR GROCER

Don't wait another day! Start right now to save yeast labels for the wonderful book of 20 dance lessons by Arthur Murray!

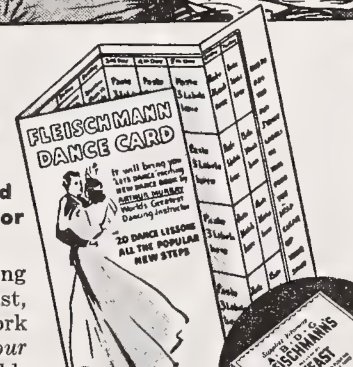
This book is *not for sale*. The *only way* to get a copy is with Fleischmann Yeast labels.

Just eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *daily* for 27 days. Save the label from each cake. Paste these on the *free* Fleischmann Dance Card you can get from your grocer. Send it in.

If your grocer has no Dance Cards, save your 81 labels and send them in an envelope, or pasted up on plain paper.

Address envelope containing labels to Fleischmann's Yeast, 701 Washington Street, New York City. And be sure to include *your* name and address. (This offer holds good until August 31st, 1937.)

(Details of securing Dance Book differ slightly in states west of Denver and in Canada, see newspapers or ask your local grocer.)


FLEISCHMANN DANCE CARD
20 DANCE LESSONS ALL THE POPULAR NEW STEPS
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

Dr. R. E. Lee, well-known physician, says: **"STICK TO IT, and Fleischmann's Yeast will help to correct ADOLESCENT PIMPLES."**

● **Important glands develop after the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25 years of age—and final growth takes place. This disturbs the entire system. The skin gets extra sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin, and unsightly pimples break out.**

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast helps to free your skin from pimples by clearing these skin irritants out of the blood. Eat 3 cakes every day—a cake about ½ hour before meals—plain, or in a little water.

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"I'VE BEEN HANKERING FOR THIS FLAVOR"

BEEMAN'S CHEWING PEPSIN GUM
BEEMAN'S PEPSIN

"So have I. It's a flavor that fairly melts on your tongue—a fresh pep and tang that sends a tingle right through you. That tight-sealed package keeps the gum chock-full of freshness and flavor. Your digestion is stimulated too; when busy days demand quick eating, chew Beeman's Pepsin for digestion."

Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

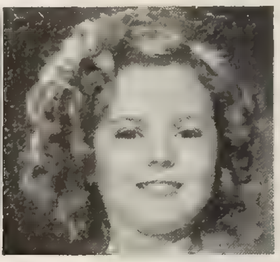
. . . Between You-'n'-Me-Ites, thanks loads for your grand response to the popularity poll which ran in the January issue of Modern Screen. From the tremendous number of returns received and your accompanying notes, we gathered that jotting down your preferences was lots of fun for you, not to mention the fact that watching the barometer go up and down as the votes came in for this and that star and picture was fun for us, too. And here, at last, are the star winnahs of this popularity contest!

Best actor: Fredric March

Best actress: Norma Shearer

Most handsome: Robert Taylor

Most beautiful: Loretta Young



Best male singer: Nelson Eddy

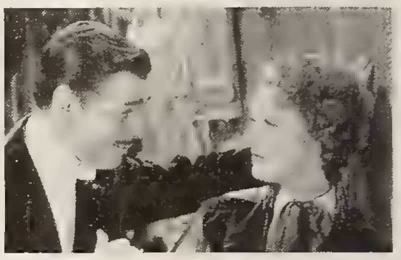
Best female singer: Jeanette MacDonald

Best child actor and actress: F. Bartholomew, Shirley Temple

Best female dancer: Eleanor Powell

Best male dancer: Fred Astaire

Most promising newcomers: Simone Simon Don Ameche



Best musical 1936: "Great Ziegfeld"

Life story choice: Simone Simon

Academy Award Choice: "San Francisco"

SOLUTIONS TO THIS MONTH'S AND LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

F	R	E	D	■	M	A	C	M	U	R	R	A	Y	■	G	E	T	S
A	E	R	O	■	O	L	E	O	■	A	U	R	A	■	A	R	I	A
R	A	I	N	■	S	L	E	W	■	Y	E	A	R	■	H	I	D	E
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E	A	S	T	■	L	E	N	E	■	A	R	E	S	■	S	T	Y	E

Well,
Here
Are the
Answers.
How
Did Ya
Do?

S	P	E	N	C	E	R	■	T	R	A	C	Y	■	C	A	B	O	T
H	A	L	E	Y	■	I	D	I	O	M	■	E	R	A	■	O	B	E
A	D	I	O	S	■	M	U	■	S	E	R	■	I	G	N	O	R	E
G	R	A	N	T	■	■	R	A	S	S	E	■	G	N	U	■	I	N
■	E	S	S	■	O	L	A	N	■	■	A	L	O	E	■	D	E	Y
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V	E	E	■	R	E	N	T	E	■	H	A	M	S	■	A	N	■	■
I	N	D	I	A	N	S						B	■	A	G	A	S	P
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L	A	N	G	U	I	D	■	R	E	A	D	E	R	S	■	G	A	S
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Information Desk

(*Continued from page 8*)

curious to know how the requests are distributed among the next ten stars, just send in your name and address, and I'll keep you informed for the next six months, at no cost to yourself.

SONJA HENIE (First printing; total number of requests 259.) How completely the movie public has taken to Norway's charming little ballerina of the ice is evidenced by the large group of anticipatory fans that she gathered unto herself well in advance of the release date of her first picture. And believe you me, this being a movie star before you've appeared in a single picture is quite a stunt—though, in Sonja Henie's life story, merely one among other miracles. Miracle, by the way, is just the word you need to describe Sonja's achievements. Achievements such as qualifying for her first Olympics at the age of eleven, placing second in the world's championship matches at thirteen, and winning the Olympic gold medal two years later. Of course, Sonja is quick to tell you that there was absolutely nothing miraculous about any of this. Just plain hard work. That's *her* story.

At three, when most little shavers are still a trifle too top-heavy to be graceful, Sonja was giving Pavlowa heavy competition right in her own nursery. At four, Mama Selma Nilsen Henie (sound Norwegian enough?) enrolled her gifted daughter in a ballet school. Sonja plugged at ballet four years before ever strapping on a pair of skates. After she had pirouetted to her first Olympic laurels in 1928, Sonja became Norwegian ambassador without portfolio, her credentials being her skill and her smile. She appeared at command performances before most of the crowned and "uncrowned" heads of Europe. She still cherishes a diamond stick-pin presented her by the ex-crown prince of the German Empire. There came a time, however, when Sonja tired of her knock-about career of winning medals and decided she wanted something more substantial. That's when Darryl Zanuck signed her. No little miracle itself! Sonja had already been turned down by two other film companies.

And now, to forget for a moment the girl's achievements, let me tell you a wee bit about the girl herself. True to type, she has deep blue eyes and sunny blonde hair. Her favorite color is white (probably because it's so gay), and she likes everything about her to be white—except her very dark-haired, dark-eyed boy friend, Tyrone Power. She's temperamental, but no more than she should be, and is always ready to listen to reason. Her next picture is "Thin Ice."

GRACE PETERKIN, Boston, Mass.: Sorry, Grace! I'd like to tell you that the twenty-eight postcard requests you and your girl friends sent in for Bob Taylor break an all-time record. Unfortunately, a staunch circle of Lew Ayres' well-wishers still holds the honors. They mobbed up on your poor Information Desk Man with thirty-six postcards. I'm sure of that figure, too—counted 'em twice. But, record or no record, you can be certain every last one of your requests will count and help Bob to catch up with that fast-riding Autry gent in our Barometer rating.

JANET GAYNOR (Last printed June 1936. Total number of requests since then 268.) Fate has danced a mad Apache dance with Janet Gaynor. Born Laura Gainer, in 1906, the daughter of a simple house painter, by 1926 the swirl of events had tossed her on top of the cinematic heap as Janet Gaynor, the idol of millions. In the twenty years that intervened between house paint and grease paint, Fate's cruelties were preparing

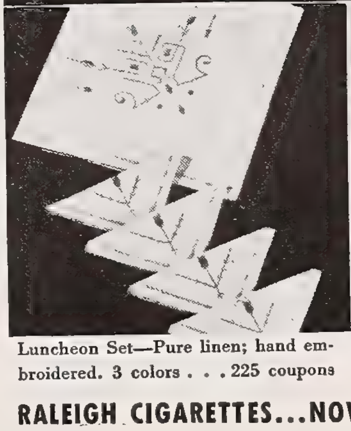
KOOLS KEEP MY THROAT IN THE PINK OF CONDITION

We don't take the *punch* out of your smoke when we add menthol—we take the *sting* out. KOOLS are a championship blend of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos. The mild menthol acts as a refreshing flavor—like mint in chewing gum—it cools the smoke. Try a pack today, and save the coupons which bring you beautiful premiums. *Extra* coupons in cartons. (Offer good in U.S.A. only.) Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., P.O. Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

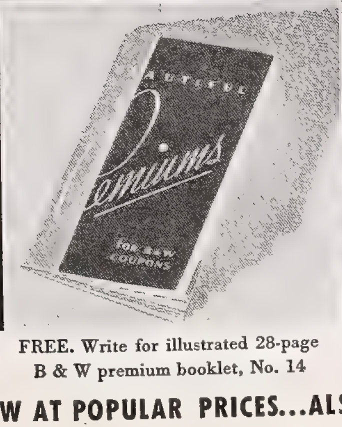
TUNE IN JACK PEARL (Baron Munchausen)
NBC Blue Network, Fridays 10 P.M., E.D.S.T.

KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
CORK TIPPED
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
SAVE THIS VALUABLE B&W COUPON
15¢
20¢ in Canada

SAVE COUPONS . . . MANY HANDSOME NEW PREMIUMS



Luncheon Set—Pure linen; hand embroidered. 3 colors . . . 225 coupons



FREE. Write for illustrated 28-page B & W premium booklet, No. 14

Silverware—Oneida Community Par Plate, 26 pieces, for 6 . . . 800 coupons

RALEIGH CIGARETTES...NOW AT POPULAR PRICES...ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

LET BABY DECIDE!
11 TASTY FOODS TO TEMPT HIS APPETITE ★
HEINZ STRAINED VEGETABLE SOUP
ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Council on foods
57
• Put Heinz Strained Foods to the test of your baby's taste. He'll relish their natural color—their "garden" flavor. Heinz cooks these foods scientifically—in sealed kettles with dry steam. The valuable vitamin and mineral contents are *sealed* in—never cooked out. You'll pay no premium for Heinz *extra* quality!

★ 11 KINDS — Strained Vegetable Soup; Peas; Green Beans; Cereal; Carrots; Beets; Tomatoes; Spinach; Prunes; Mixed Greens; Apricots and Apple Sauce.

Guard your baby's health with these two Safety Seals found only on—

HEINZ STRAINED FOODS

ANTI-COLIC 3-HOLE
No. 147
No. 151
DAVOL
USE 3-HOLE "Anti-Colic" NIPPLES

Save Baby from Colic

Scientifically designed to prevent colic. Endorsed by mothers, nurses, doctors. Davol "Anti-Colic" brand nipples are made in two shapes. For a free sample of either No. 147 or No. 151 mail this advertisement, before July 1st, stating which you prefer.

DAVOL RUBBER COMPANY
Dept. D-1
Providence, Rhode Island

SITROUX face tissues
FACIAL CREAM REMOV
NEED FACE TISSUES? Ask for SITROUX (PRONOUNCED "SIT-TRUE")

AT 5 AND 10¢ STORES

her for the bounty that Fate had in store for her. Hardships moulded the soft, ultra-feminine Laura Gainer into that fascinating combination of girl and woman which is the secret of her appeal. Poverty; wrangling parents, who finally divorced each other; a second father; a gypsy life from town to town in search of a livelihood; all those wrenching uprootings, from which the adolescent child should be shielded, were the lot of Laura Gainer. And that is the reason that she is today a great actress, whose emotional depth and richness keep her eternally young and wistful.

The story of how she became an actress is the sort of tale that makes you believe that we mortals have no control over our own destinies, that success is purely a matter of good or bad fortune. Janet Gaynor never dreamed of becoming an actress. "Jonesy," her doting foster-father had seen his girl do little impersonations, and had sensed rather than understood her greatness. It was the serene faith of this good man that gave Janet the strength to carry on during two hopeless years as an extra. Then, in a day, without warning, success came. Through her friend, Marian Nixon, she was assigned a part in the Fox epic, "The Johnstown Flood." It was then that Fox saw in her what "Jonesy" had sensed. She was cast in "Seventh Heaven," opposite Charlie Farrell, and the nation saw what Fox had seen. Success did not offer a solution to Janet's life problems. The very emotional fire that was the basis of her screen appeal was the evil genius of her private life, and later involved her in serious difficulties with her studio. When she married Lydell Peck, she wounded deeply the thousands of her followers who had so fondly expected her to wed Charlie Farrell. Somehow, the disappointment of the fans threw a pall over her marriage. It ended in divorce. When Fox reorganized, and her friend, Winfield Sheehan, was dropped from the staff, she suddenly resigned from the cast of "Way Down East." Her decision cost Fox a quarter of a million dollars. She retired for a short time to Honolulu, until called back by M-G-M to do "Small Town Girl," with Bob Taylor. Since then she has made several pictures. She is appearing currently in "A Star is Born," with Fredric March.

MILLIE PARETO, Atlanta, Georgia: Your information is absolutely correct. In his next picture Gene Autry will sing a song composed by a lifer in the Oklahoma State Penitentiary. You'll never know the composer's name, though. He'll be identified solely by his penal number. It seems there's an Oklahoma law prohibiting the exploitation of any state prisoner's name.

NINO MARTINI (First printing; total number of requests 378.) Nino Martini was born in Verona. He's the second Verona home town boy to make good. The first was Romeo. Nino should know more about love than Clark Gable and Casanova put together—and no doubt does. His father was caretaker of the very tomb in which Romeo and Juliet have lain these many centuries. Nino might have been a caretaker himself, reminiscing to tourists on the glory that was Verona, puffing abstractedly on his pipe. The trouble was that his voice was so beautiful, and none of the good people of Verona would let him smoke a pipe. That's what decided him against the caretaking business. When Nino's father died, the boy was adopted by a Signor and Signora Zenatello, both of them singing teachers. That started him off on the right track. Up every morning at six, plenty of scales, arpeggios, and spaghetti, and no red wine. By the time Nino was twenty, he was Italy's operatic white hope. He had already sung the role of the Duke in "Rigoletto," and was engaged to do the lead in "I Puritani." The funny thing about this role was that, prior to Nino's performance, the opera had been shelved for some seventy years, the reason being that no tenor had been found in all that time who could reach all the high notes in one of the arias. You can imagine the skeptical sort of audience Nino faced on the opening night. Especially the critics, who were just a bit peeved at the young man's sudden prominence. But Nino disappointed the critics, satisfied the male audience, and simply panicked all the ladies.

Before long, people were drinking champagne toasts to Nino in every European language, not to mention the dialects. It was in Paris that Jesse Lasky heard him and signed him to work for Paramount. Nino came to America, but couldn't "spika so good de Inglish;" so, after appearing in a few inconspicuous shorts, he sailed back to learn more about our language. America decided then and there that Nino could learn all the English he might need right here. Back he came, sang with the Philadelphia Opera, then over the Columbia network, then with the Metropolitan Opera. And now RKO-Radio has a lien on the young man of Verona, and will hold on to him, if they know what's good. He's to do "Born to Sing."

SHARON MULDOON, Hopkinsville, Kentucky: Though Jean Harlow has a very musical speaking voice, she doesn't sing. However, you weren't seeing pink elephants when you thought you heard her sing in "Reckless." She was going through all the motions, while Virginia Verrill, of radio fame, did the actual vocalizing.

GINGER ROGERS (Last printed November 1936. Total number of requests since then 289.) It was a strange game that Ginger Rogers' father and mother played with their baby daughter. Something like football. Ginger was the ball. The idea was to gain possession of the baby and then run. Gains were measured in miles, and time was kept in months. The game started shortly before Ginger was born, July 16, 1911, when Lela McMath ran away from her husband, Eddins, so that she might give birth to her child alone. After the birth, she rejoined Eddins to let Ginger have the benefit of a father. But the old friction persisted, and one fine morning Lela marched out of Eddins' life for good, taking Ginger with her. Working in a hotel as a public stenographer, she kept Ginger alongside her desk in a clothes basket. From this basket the child was stolen. Whereupon Lela stole her right back, later scoring heavily at the divorce proceedings, when she was granted custody of Ginger for every day of the week except Sunday. The rules of this Eddins vs. Lela game were lax, and on a certain Sunday, McMath failed to return Ginger to her mother. This time McMath was tackled not far from the goal line. He was on the point of entering Ginger in a convent, when Lela's detectives caught up with him. Then, ever so suddenly, the game ended. McMath died. Meanwhile, Lela had married John Rogers, Fort Worth newspaper man. She herself entered the field of journalism, becoming dramatic editor of the Fort Worth paper.

Ginger used to tail her mother on her various assignments, thus laying the foundation for her later association with the stage. At fourteen, a Charleston contest which Ginger won made the association permanent. She was awarded a four weeks' tour as part of her prize. Sacrificing her own work, Mrs. Rogers traveled with her daughter as combination manager, chaperone, and spiritual adviser. She stayed on in this triple capacity, guiding Ginger's dancing steps unerringly to Hollywood. On her way up the ladder, Ginger married, a hasty affair, just as hastily dissolved. Her first Hollywood romance was with Director Mervy Le Roy. For two years gossips predicted a wedding, but Fate and Lew Ayres decreed otherwise. Ginger's marriage to Lew was based on a great love, and the fire of that love has left glowing embers. Though the two were poorly suited to each other, their separation has left both of them with regrets. Since leaving Lew, Ginger has tried to forget, by working harder than ever before. Her current picture is, "Shall We Dance?"

MARIAN KRANTZ, Springfield, Ohio: Thanks for your Mickey Mouse request. Mickey has quite a biography, but so far you're the only person that seems to care. You'll be gratified to know that you've got a real sympathizer in Dowager Queen Mary of Great Britain. She's made the request that whenever she attends the cinema, the program be extended to include one of Mickey's films.

CONNIE BAKER, Davenport, Iowa: Yes, sir, Lew Pollack's and Sidney Mitchell's dedication of their song, "Five Little Peas in a Pod" to the Dionnes has caused quite a delightful flurry among the chubby little tots. And leave it to those wide-awake quints to do the ladylike thing in return. To the nice messieurs, each of Mamma Dionne's five movie queens has presented an elegant, autographed picture of herself.

Man-About-Town

(*Continued from page 33*)

in his dressing-room on the set of "Toast of New York," which stars Edward Arnold and Frances Farmer.

One has the conviction when talking with Cary Grant that his habitual attitude of extreme nonchalance conceals a steel-like strength, potentially tigerish; that his casualness conceals a stern, satiric mind. His flippancy, it is easy to believe, is the scar tissue protecting some well-hidden hurt. One feels in him a bitter contempt for all that is phony, shallow and false, and a rich, hot reverence for that which is honest and sound.

He had been, as he said, "around." His paternal grandfather, Percival Leach, later Sir Percival Leach, was a well-known English stage actor. His father was in the clothing business, and felt that his son should carry on in it. But Archie Leach would have none of it.

"They asked me to change my name when I came to Hollywood, even though I had used my own name on the New York stage. I changed it. After all, can you blame them?"

WHEN the young, dark Archie was twelve he invented a new theatrical lighting effect. He took it to the manager of the Princess Theatre in Bristol, England, his birthplace. The management gave him permission to install it. He did. He came into contact with stage people and realized that these were his own people and that he was, at last, at home.

He wanted to go on the stage then and there. His father objected. Young Cary ran away and joined Bob Pender's acrobatic troupe. He did eccentric dancing, clown routines, stilt acts and acrobatics. He liked the show business.

Finally, his father took him home, but when he was fifteen he ran away again to join the same troupe. He was homesick for the people he'd grown fond of. This time his father conceded the battle to heredity. For a year Cary appeared with the "knock-about" comedians, as they were known in England. His career had begun and he knew it. He had ups and downs. He went to America with the Pender troupe and played the Hippodrome in New York for two years. He returned to England and spent two years in stock and developed his voice. He returned to New York to appear in "Golden Dawn." He had the lead in "Wonderful Night" and played opposite Queenie Smith in "Street Singer." In the summer of 1931, he joined the St. Louis Repertoire Company and had the lead in twelve operettas. He returned to Broadway and made "Nikki," with Fay Wray and Kent Douglass, playing the part Richard Barthelmess

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Golden Cleansing Cream contains a remarkable new ingredient, colloidal gold, with an amazing power to rid skin pores of dirt, make-up and other impurities. You can't see or feel this colloidal gold, any more than you can see the iron in spinach. But its special action makes Golden Cleansing Cream more thorough than ordinary cleansers, and tones and invigorates skin tissues meanwhile.

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Apply your usual skin cleanser. Wipe it off with tissue. Then cleanse with Golden Cleansing Cream. On the tissue you will find more dirt—brought from pore depths by this more effective cleansing.

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Enclosed find 10c in stamps for which please send me my trial size jar of Golden Cleansing Cream. (Offer good in U. S. only.)
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"Here comes the Bride"... and you think of Orange Blossoms — their delicate loveliness, and subtle fragrance. In perfect keeping is Bo-Kay Orange Blossom Talcum — feather-textured, refreshing, silky-smooth—the romantic product she will want later, too, to keep that "bridal-day-freshness" always!

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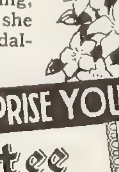
Jacksonville, Fla.



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At all 10c stores, in generous sized, attractive package.

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The Original
Bo-kay Orange Blossom Talcum

MADE IN FLORIDA

ATTENTION! *for your eyebrows*

10c

For that smart and well-groomed look . . . look to your eyebrows! Are your brows too heavy? "Tweeze" out the extra hairs with WIGDER Tweezers. Are they uneven? WIGDER Tweezers quickly bring them into line. These tweezers work like a charm because they're as carefully made as a fine watch. Their special Finger-Rest Grip with light, firm spring tension makes "tweezing" quick and agreeable. The jaws are "criss-crossed" to give a firm grip—hence hairs come out easily.

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did on the screen.

Then he took a tramp automobile trip to Hollywood. He was tuning up the motor to drive back when he met an executive from Paramount, took a screen test, and the blood of Sir Percival had come into its own.

There were interims when he waited on table, was broke, went hungry, sold magazine subscriptions. There were times, here in Hollywood, when he felt discouraged and disheartened, ready to chuck it all and go back to New York. He didn't go.

"I'll tell you what I really care about," Cary said, suddenly, sitting fully erect for the first time, eyes coal-black in the lean tan of his face. "I care about my work. I love acting. I'm proud of being an actor. I'm proud when I can say 'we actors.' They're the grandest people in the world. They're colorful. They're loyal. They're exciting.

"We play doctors, priests, explorers, fools, old men, young men. We know the pulse beats of comedy, tragedy, buffoonery. We play down-and-outers, adventurers, scientists, men of all nations, times and tempers.

"Yeah, actors are glamorous and vital and grand. They make mistakes, but they're darn human mistakes. It is the ballooned publicity of Hollywood, however, which makes it appear next-door to criminal.

"I love Hollywood. I know what critics say of us. That we talk too much about ourselves, that we talk about our work to the exclusion of everything else. We have no other interests. No? Well, I don't need any other. If you love what you're doing, you want to talk about it. I am bored stiff if I have to be with people who don't know anything about Hollywood or the movies. I'd even rather play at casting 'Gone With the Wind' for the ninetieth time than not talk pictures at all."

"To what," I said, "do you attribute the fact that you've had such an upgrade in your career in the past couple of years?"

"I'M wavering past youth," grinned Cary. "That's the answer. I've passed the juvenile stage. The hardest and most thankless work on stage or screen is that of the juvenile who always 'gets the girl.' When you play a character part, you can sport a scar on your kisser or you can make faces. If you play a definite, though peculiar, character you can make up any kind of a walk, strut, or swagger. But there's nothing the poor paper doll of a juvenile can be but himself. And the most embarrassing role to play is—yourself. You have neither character make-up nor clever lines to help you. All you can hope is that there may be some new intonation to put into the words, 'I love you.' When you play a character you are without consciousness of self, and you get lines to speak. You've got to be able to forget yourself. Juveniles can only pose. Characters can act.

"I got my first break as the slick cockney rogue in 'Sylvia Scarlett.' I'd been pretty low about it all before that.

"Yeah," grinned Cary, while the smoke from his cigarette played shadows on his mobile face, "I'm wavering past youth and glad of it. As I fumbled through that youth, I lived and learned. I'm a lot more tolerant now than I used to be. I used to condemn, get sore, harbor grudges. But no more."

Man-about-town is too frivolous a title for Cary Grant. Tall, dark and handsome—yes; matrimonially unattached—yes; once burned, twice shy—quite likely; rumored to be beauing Ginger Rogers—why not? seen at this party and that—quite likely; debonair, casual, sleek and nonchalant—oh yes; but more than these things he is a man with a passionate purpose, a love for his work and his fellow workers, which is the stuff of which all leaders are made.

Beauty from All Angles

(*Continued from page 45*)

hair and backs, both neglected portions of the beauty anatomy. And there are elbows, too. Just give them a good allowance of cold cream now and then to keep them smooth and white. And rub your arms, clear up to your shoulders, with your hand lotion occasionally, to keep them smooth and white, too.

And—er—oh, yes—remember that other people can see behind your ears, even if you can't. I'm not implying that you forget to wash behind your ears as you did when you were little girls. But I am saying that the skin behind the ears is soft and tender, and often there's quite a bit of oily secretion in that part of the skin, so it wouldn't hurt a particle to do behind the ears with a spot of astringent now and then to ward off the blackhead menace. And (no, I ain't finished yit!) as we gals get older, the skin at the base of the throat is inclined to get red and weather-beaten. Right where that bone is. There isn't much fatty tissue beneath the skin at this point, you see, so we must supply the fat from without, by way of plenty of cold cream. When one gets a facial at the snooty beauty parlors, the beauty operator always cold creams her customer clear down to the chest. 'Twould be a swell idea if you'd give yourself a home facial and be as thorough about it.

Now I'm going to head off on another tack, gals. I want to talk about what we do with our faces and our bodies that makes us more or less beautiful. On pages 44 and 45 there are some pictures of Hollywood ladies. One of them—Madeleine Carroll—is a real beauty. The others are charming, piquant, attractive and you can add half a dozen more desirable adjectives, too, but they don't fall into the authentic beauty class as does Miss Carroll. Never mind; all four serve us with the examples we need.

The example we get from Madeleine is that she does not consider beauty sufficient. How many times have you run up against an exceedingly pretty or even downright beautiful girl who apparently assumed that she needn't bother to be smart or sweet or charming or amusing—that her beauty was enough? The most beautiful girls who ever wandered out Hollywood way have almost without exception become "also-rans," while less strictly beautiful folks like Shearer and Harlow and Loy have taken one part good looks and one part charm and intelligence and fixed up a recipe for success. Madeleine Carroll seems to be an exception to this rule. You've seen informal snapshots of Madeleine, haven't you? And she's always beautifully groomed, isn't she? And usually very conservatively dressed, too, isn't she? That is to say, she sticks to simple lines, good materials, and despises the gadget and the gew-gaw. A good rule for everybody, but a particularly good rule for pretty girls, and especially pretty, blonde girls, who can so easily look flashy and overdressed.

And then there is Deanna Durbin, who looks really pretty when she sings, and so serves us with another example. I've seen her in a broadcasting studio, where there is no chance to "dub in" the voice separately, so I know what I'm talking about. You may not be able to sing a note, but wait, there are other difficult physical activities which this example will serve to point up, too. How do you look when you talk? How do you look when you eat? And how do you suppose singers learn to sing, in the first place, without making funny faces? They practice in front of a mirror, that's what they do. You practice talking and, yes, even eating in front of a mirror once in a while, even if you do feel sorta silly, and see if you can't correct any unpleasant or un-charming facial mannerisms you may have.

I've picked Sonja Henie and Barbara Stanwyck for examples of body grace. The one a dancer on ice—and superlatively graceful—and the other not a dancer, but remarkable for the way she manages difficult costumes and difficult situations in her pictures. Of course, I want you all to have the best-looking figures you possibly can acquire. But, while you're waiting for diet and exercise to reduce you or build you up, you can, meantime, be learning to handle your body to its best advantage.

HOW'S your posture? Can you walk across the room with a couple of good-sized books on your head and keep the books from falling off? Add that to your exercises; nothing else I know about makes for greater balance and grace in walking. If you're sitting down reading this article, as I presume you are, see if your head is ducked forward in ungainly fashion. And how about the stomach; is it poked out in a lump? Lots of us can hold the middle in well enough when we're standing up, but when we sit down—oof! We forget about it and undo a lot of good work. Sit back so that your rear end touches the back of your chair. Hold your magazine up to you—don't you slump down to meet the magazine. And now get up again for a minute and walk across the room. See if you use all of your foot and the muscles in your legs. Do you put all of your foot down at once? That's wrong. Come down on your heel and then bend onto the ball of your foot. And put your leg muscles into play, too. I can't tell you, on paper, how to do that, but you'll feel it all right yourself and it's easy enough to correct wrong walking habits with a bit of concentration. Point your toes straight ahead, or toe out a little. Swing from your hips, but don't swing your hips themselves. There's a difference, and the latter method ain't refined and ladylike. Pull the tum in as flat as you can, and pull the rear in as tight as you can, as if you were going to be spanked. If you'll keep your chin up and your shoulders back, the bustline will automatically lift itself, and that never hurt anybody's figure.

As I said before, you can't be expected to think about yourself every minute of the time. Nobody, least of all your friend M. M., would wish it. But you can, when you're walking alone or sitting alone give a little attention to good posture habits and after a while they'll become as unconscious as breathing.

And, again, don't assume that if you look okay front view—and usually from the shoulders up—that everything's dandy. A full length mirror is an invaluable aid to good grooming and the difficult beauty angles. You can buy inexpensive long mir-

"You tell her, Edith"

"Who, me? Never! Let Jane do it"

"NO, I CAN'T. YOU TELL HER, MADGE"

"Not me. I elect Doris"

"Why should I? Anne's the one"

JOAN must be told! But who will tell her—and how? No wonder each one of her friends tries to pass the problem on to the next one!

It's a hard, thankless thing to tell a girl that she is personally unpleasant to be with on account of underarm perspiration odor. It seems inexcusable that she should have to be told, in these modern days!

It's so unnecessary to offend in this way. For you can be safe *all day, every day*, in just half a minute. With Mum!

Harmless to clothing. You can use this dainty deodorant cream any time, you know—*after* dressing, just as well as before. For it's perfectly harmless to clothing. Mum is the only deodorant which holds the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics.

Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Doesn't prevent natural perspiration. Another important thing—Mum does not prevent the natural perspiration itself—just the unpleasant odor of perspiration.

Are you making it uncomfortable for your friends by your own carelessness? Play fair with them and yourself by making Mum a daily habit. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

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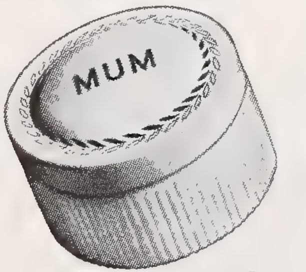

LET MUM HELP IN THIS WAY, TOO. Use Mum on sanitary napkins and enjoy complete freedom from worry about this source of unpleasantness.

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WINX *eyes are eyes that men adore*

Are your eyes as thrilling as you would like them to be? Do they fascinate men and cast a spell of romance? You can make your eyes sparkling and alluring so easily -- so quickly -- with WINX Eye Beautifiers. A few strokes of WINX Mascara, and your lashes become long, dark, curling, silky. Your eyes look large and starry in a lovely **natural** way! Be sure it is WINX Mascara, for WINX is absolutely harmless, non-smarting and tear-proof -- in solid, creamy, or liquid form.

Your WINX Eyebrow Pencil makes even the scantiest eyebrows graceful and flattering. A touch of WINX Eye Shadow, applied to your eyelids, brings out the color of your eyes and makes them sparkle tantalizingly!

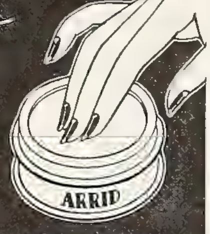
For eyes that men adore, start using WINX today! In economical large sizes at drug and department stores; generous purse sizes at all 10 cent stores.

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

WINX *Eye Beautifiers*

STOP **"painting" your white shoes. Clean them white safely with Shu-Milk**

SEE PAGE 109



New deodorant cream safely stops perspiration

1. Cannot irritate skin, cannot rot dresses.
2. No waiting to dry.
3. Can be used right after shaving.
4. Stops perspiration 1 to 3 days. Prevents under-arm odor. A white, greaseless, vanishing cream.

ARRID *39¢ a jar*

rors which can be attached to the back of a door. You could do some of your exercises in front of it and see how you're progressing. You could turn yourself sidewise and see if that dress, which looks so chic up top, doesn't maybe cling a bit too tightly about the hips or beneath the sitting down place, as dresses are apt to do after a trip to the cleaner. You may or may not know that a good cleaner can stretch a dress enough for practical purposes in the exact spot where you want it stretched. He can also shrink a dress in the same spot. I'm the first one to admit that it takes a little trouble to see to these things, yes, but it is worth it.

Now, children, mama has a small present for you. How'd yuh like to get in on the ground floor on a new face powder—five swell shades to experiment with and no cost? This powder contains a new ingredient which the manufacturers call, with pardonable pride, balmite. It's a soft base which makes the powder go on soft as anything and does away with that powdery look. Paris still screams that faces should have a dull finish—what they call a "masque" finish. This powder achieves it, and the shades really are swell. The powder is uniformly colored, too—no whitish particles mixed in with the rachel, or whatever. I'll send you a sample of each of the five shades if you are interested. And if you *are* interested, everybody, address your request for these powder samples to Beauty Department, MODERN SCREEN Magazine, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. In fact, there's a coupon below for the purpose. You needn't send a stamp or a return envelope nor any money. Just your request, and please write your name and address plainly on the coupon. Please address all *other* questions and requests to Mary Marshall, MODERN SCREEN Magazine, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.—and enclose the usual stamped, addressed envelope.

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Modern Screen,
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New York, N. Y.

Please send the *samples* of the powder recommended by Mary Marshall, at absolutely no cost to me.

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Naughty But Nice

(*Continued from page 40*)

producer considered her too sweet.

WHEN testing for the production of the famous Broadway stage play "Children's Hour" began, Bonita was but one among hundreds of children who had been called in to try out for the role. William Wyler, the director, and Mr. Goldwyn, remembering her performance as the younger sister of Eric Linden, in "Ah, Wilderness," thought her much too sweet for such a vengeful role.

Then Lillian Hellman saw Bonita's try-out and hesitated before dismissing her as unsuitable. Lillian Hellman was the authoress of "Children's Hour," retitled "These Three" for the screen, and she had in her mind's eye just the child for that part.

Mr. Goldwyn called Bonita in to her office, interviewed her at length, and still not convinced that she was suitable for the role, asked her, "Do you think you could enact the role of such a mean person?"

Bonita expressed the certainty that she could and then added that she would do her best. She tells the story in her own words, "I might have been passed by if it hadn't been for Miss Hellman. She seemed to think that I could do the part. Mr. Wyler and Mr. Goldwyn both thought I was too sweet. But, finally, Miss Hellman was so convinced that she persuaded Mr. Goldwyn to give me the script to take home and study.

"I read the part that night and knew right then and there that the part of Mary Tilford was one that I wanted very badly. I studied the script hard. I returned several days later and read through the part for Mr. Goldwyn and Mr. Wyler.

"Then Mr. Goldwyn said to me, 'Bonita, will you please leave the office? We want to discuss you.'

"Of course, I was very nervous and excited and couldn't stand still until they called me back. Then Mr. Goldwyn asked for me. As I walked into his office he got up from his chair and handed the script back to me. He said, 'Here, Bonita, the part is yours.' That was about the happiest moment of my life."

Receiving honorable mention in the Academy Awards last March for her work in "These Three" was a signal honor for little Bonita.

Bonita herself likes "meanie" roles. She thinks that they furnish a greater acting opportunity than the roles of goody-goodies. But she wants her public to know that she can play nice parts, too.

In her own words she says, "I like meanie roles very much. But I do not want to be typed. I want to do all sorts of roles."

SHE began her screen career because of marked resemblance to Ann Harding. She appeared in "Westward Passage" in 1931 and in "The Life of Vergie Winters," three years later. In both pictures she was Ann Harding's daughter.

In 1932 she had a part in "Silver Dollar," and in the following year played the part of Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook's daughter in "Cavalcade." Then she got a part as Eric Linden's pesky kid sister in "Ah, Wilderness," her biggest role up to that time.

Some time ago when Bonita was lunching in the RKO-Radio Commissary, where many of the stars eat, with her mother and a friend, Katharine Hepburn saw her.

She left her table and walked over to Bonita. She took one long look and then said, "Aren't you the little girl who played in These Three?"

Bonita answered in the affirmative.

Miss Hepburn looked at Bonita for a long time and then uttered in a surprised voice, "I didn't think you were so sweet, Bonita."

The next moment she ran out of the Commissary and left Bonita completely bewildered and dumbstruck.

And so overcome with the child's sweetness, gleaned from a moment's look, was Katharine Hepburn, that she arranged to have Bonita play a part in "Quality Street."

Bonita has found it difficult to convince not only her fans and her friends of her good temperament, but directors and producers as well. The story which she tells about how she had to convince one producer that she could be effectively nasty and ill-mannered in spite of her pleasing off-stage personality, is paralleled with another incident that she tells of how she convinced another one she could play the role of a nice girl, too.

Several months ago, when RKO-Radio started casting for "Make Way for a Lady," the name of Bonita Granville was presented to Producer Zion Myers as a possibility. There was one child role, a younger sister of Anne Shirley.

MR. MYERS, it is reported, gave Bonita a great deal of thought, and then said to the casting director, "She'll never do. Do you mean to tell me that that brat can act the role of a nice child? Why, in 'These Three' she was nothing but meanness. She'll never do."

The studio continued looking about for a child star for the part. Finally Vivian Cosby, a writer-friend of Mrs. Granville, who knew Mr. Myers very well, decided to try her luck at convincing the producer of Bonita's versatility.

The authoress and the little star called on Mr. Myers. Nothing about the part for "Make Way for a Lady" was discussed. Miss Cosby had decided beforehand that Mr. Myers would have to make the decision on the basis of what he saw, when he saw Bonita personally.

The three talked about everything under the sun except the picture scheduled to go into production shortly.

Bonita must have had an idea of how she had impressed Mr. Myers because after cordial greetings had been exchanged, as the writer and her young friend were about to leave, she turned about suddenly and asked, "Now, honestly, Mr. Myers, don't you think I'm a nice girl?"

Mr. Myers was a little nonplussed for a moment, but he did feel that Bonita was very sweet and attractive. So he answered in all honesty, "Yes, Bonita, I think you are a very nice girl."

The next question broke the air like a bombshell.

"Well, then, Mr. Myers, why can't I have the part of Anne Shirley's younger sister, if you really think I'm sweet?"

Mr. Myers was too taken back to do much of anything except laugh. He paused for a moment and then answered, "Well Bonita, maybe you can do the part. It's yours."

Rehearsals had hardly begun before Bonita was called to Paramount, according to the stipulations of a previous contract, to appear in "Maid of Salem." In this picture she enacts the role of a highstrung, neurotic child who always feels that she is bewitched. Bonita always got a "nice girl" part when "Maid of Salem" called her into the "meanie" class again.

But there was to be a splendid consolation for Bonita at RKO-Radio. She was given a fine role in "Plough and the Stars," starring Barbara Stanwyck and Preston Foster.

And whereas she throws fits and sees ghosts in "Maid of Salem," Bonita plays the kind of role for which she had been striving so long in "Call It a Day," a light comedy about the life of a small, average family on the first day of Spring. Bonita, as an artistically-inclined youngster, tucks the picture under her arm and steals everything from Olivia de Havilland, Ian Hunter, and Alice Brady.

MAKE-UP REVOLUTIONIZED!

Daye Shade Gives You Glowing, Dramatic Color During the Day
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LADY ESTHER ANNOUNCES TWO, NEW MAGICAL SHADES OF FACE POWDER!

Two Amazing New Shades That Are Literally Transforming in the Beauty They Give You Under the Most Searching Sunlight or the Unkindest Artificial Light!

By Lady Esther

Two new shades of face powder, the like of which you have never before seen!

Two new shades that give face powder a magic that has never before been known!

To look at these shades in the box you would just think them two new strange shades of face powder. You would never imagine them to have any marvelous effect.

But they are literally transforming! They do things for you that face powder has never been known or dreamed to do. (I do not merely claim this, I have proved it on the skins of more than 10,000 women.)

These shades impart the full magic of color. They do not confine themselves to your skin or your face. They extend themselves to your whole personality. They definitely flatter. They definitely "glamor-ize." They create a new "YOU"!

They are striking examples of the power of *color!*

A Dramatic Shade for Day

Daye and Nihte I call these new shades of mine.

Daye is primarily for daytime wear. It is a luscious golden tone, magical in its effect. It is a *dramatic* shade. It is young and exciting. It gives you the freshness of a Spring morn, the glow of the heart of a rose. It creates a gay beauty that is preserved under the most glaring sunlight.

A Romantic Shade for Night

Nihte is primarily for night-time wear. It is a *romantic* shade, suggestive of moonlit waters and soft music. It casts a pearly radiance about you. It gives your skin a transparent look, as if the moon shone through it. It creates a soft ethereal beauty that can challenge the most unsympathetic artificial light.

At My Expense

These new face powder shades and their effect can no more be described than can a radiant dawn or a glorious sunset. They have to be seen to be appreciated. That's why I offer to send a liberal trial supply to every woman in America.

Just send me your name and address and by return mail you will receive generous packets of both Daye and Nihte shades. Try on each shade, Daye during the day and Nihte at night. See what each does! Step up your appearance, your whole appeal. You will be more than surprised and delighted with what your mirror shows you and your friends tell you.

Mail coupon today for your free packets of my new Daye and Nihte shades of face powder.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (34) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me trial packets of your two new face powder shades, Daye and Nihte.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*__________ *State*__________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

To Wear Right Now!

(*Continued from page 49*)

The navy blue wool coat is the short, flared style which is very popular this spring. Almost any pattern for a short swagger could be used to duplicate this, giving the finishing touches of collar and front detail, which makes Madge's so attractive.

Accessories for this ensemble are, of course, navy blue. Madge's hat is navy blue fabric and resembles a gob hat with its shallow crown and turned-back brim. Very gay.

THEN there's a good afternoon dress of printed silk foulard. Instead of navy, the predominating blue of this is on the royal blue cast with the gay, small figures in maroon and white. Although it is a one-piece style, a flare peplum gives it a two-piece effect. The neckline is arranged like a scarf, coming very high and close to the throat. A bright red belt gives the only trimming detail. It's one of those simple dresses that appears rather complicated through the draping and cut of the fabric. Madge told me that this goes into every bag she packs for a weekend trip, because it doesn't show wrinkles and can fill in wherever a sports dress wouldn't be quite right.

Another grand weekender is the apple green woolen jacket dress trimmed with white pique. The short jacket has collar and cuffs of pique and tops a tailored dress which buttons from neck to hemline. The buttons, belt, gloves, shoes and hat are all in white. Without its jacket, the green woolen dress makes a perfect active sports dress, and that is just how Madge uses it when week-ending. It's a great space-saver when you have to plan a few costumes to see you through a long weekend visit. With the jacket, it travels to your destination and brown or navy accessories make it practical en route, using the white after you reach the country.

The fourth selection from the Evans' bountiful closet is a two-piece light-weight woolen suit. Madge wears this almost like a uniform because it's both comfortable and practical for her busy Hollywood life. Beige is the color with the crispest of white pique for trimming. And just so that her favorite blue isn't entirely out of the set-up, it shows up beside the beige stripe in that giddy, white grosgrain lid she's wearing.

As you will notice, in studying these last two costumes, Madge has selected two light shades which can have either navy blue or white accessories. She never lets her color scheme get out of hand, and it is the most practical tip I could give to you who have to budget closely.

THAT good-looking white strap slipper pictured, is a very moderately priced shoe being featured in shops and stores all over the country. I think the cut-out detail is unusually well done. It's the sort of shoe you will find indispensable for summer wear because it will tie up so beautifully with cottons, silks and woolens. This particular shoe is in white buck. If you would like to know the price and where it can be bought, just write in for my June Shopping Bulletin. The coupon is at the end of this article.

Two of the designers at Madge's studio have some interesting fashion theories which are worth passing on to you. Adrian, with whom you are all familiar, believes that white is the most romantic color a woman can wear for evening. He says, "A woman always looks more helpless in white than she does in a color, and it is that helpless air which makes men propose. White is a color that suggests both fragility and desirability."

And I always thought that pink was supposed to be the color that made the gents fall like ten pins. Amplifying on the color theme, Adrian added, "Wine is one of the best shades women can wear and purple is one of the worst, because it is aging. In the summer, there is nothing like a pink linen frock to induce romance."

Dolly Tree, who designs most of Madge's screen wardrobe, believes that the real secret of being well-dressed is a minute attention to detail.

"It is the crisp, white handkerchief in the coat pocket, the spotless blouse, the well-pressed skirt, the well-shined shoes that make the difference between 'getting by' and 'being smart,'" she thinks. "Most of the girls appearing on the screen, are definitely detail-conscious. They have been made that way, not only by seeing themselves on the screen, but also by the attention paid to this point by those employed

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FLACON

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Gardenia perfume, by Park & Tilford, captures the true fragrance of those fragile blossoms to give you pulsating glamour and youthful exhilaration . . . a perfume ever reminiscent of Spring . . . and eternal romance. Park & Tilford's Gardenia is for those sparkling occasions when *you* want to sparkle, too! Take your first step toward this romantic enchantment by seeking out this marvelous perfume today.

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to do just that thing.

"Through the screen," she continued, "women in audiences all over the country are rapidly coming to realize that the effect of an entire ensemble may be ruined by overlooking one tiny detail. They are recognizing the fact that smartness is just another way of saying 'neatness.'"

HAVE you any idea what care goes into keeping a screen costume looking fresh and new during the taking of a picture? Dolly Tree went on to say that when a costume is not being worn in a scene, it is put away with loving care in the studio wardrobe. For instance, she mentioned a beige woolen suit, banded in sable, which was never hung back in the wardrobe without being given a thorough going over. It was examined for infinitesimal seam rips. The fur was brushed, the garment pressed and great care was taken when it was placed on the hanger to see that the shoulder seams fell exactly where they should.

"If women in everyday life would take such care of their clothes," she remarked, "they would find that garments would keep their freshness and smartness very much longer."

This same beige woolen suit had a matching sable muff which carried a small artificial corsage. And during the day's filming, it would become mussed, so whether the damage was slight or small, the flowers were replaced with an exact duplicate each time the costume was worn. Of course, only the eagle eye of the camera would make such super care necessary, and yet it proves how much thought and interest must go into the upkeep of anything you wear, if you would wish to be as well-groomed as your favorite star.

According to Dolly Tree, neatness is nine-tenths of the effect of a costume worn on the screen. And she can't see any reason why anyone, regardless of what her clothes cost, cannot cultivate the type of neatness which classifies itself as smart. It may take an hour in the morning, or even staying up a little later at night for the business woman, but it is a definite step toward the trim good looks which men admire and for which all of you yearn.

Don't forget that all the information about the white buck shoes is contained in the June Shopping Bulletin, besides other summertime fashion tips that are very useful.

Adelia Bird,
MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me your JUNE SHOPPING BULLETIN and FASHION CONSULTATION CHART. Enclosed is a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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Skin's So Dry Powder won't Stay
ONE MINUTE WITH POND'S VANISHING CREAM
POND'S V
Then Powder's Swell ...Stays on for Hours

MELT Flakiness Away—in One Application

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Try softening that dry, "tight" skin with a *keratolytic* cream (Vanishing Cream). Then see how beautifully your skin takes powder!

A distinguished dermatologist explains this instant softening: "A keratolytic cream has the ability to melt away dried-out, dead surface cells. Then the smooth, underlying cells appear, moist and young. The skin takes on a fresh, softened appearance instantly. Vanishing Cream regularly applied also *preserves* the softness of the skin."

Use Pond's Vanishing Cream for more than just holding your powder. You'll find it does wonders for your skin, too.

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8-Piece Package POND'S, Dept. 9MS-VF, Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

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During hot weather especially, women consider Quest part of their daily toilet. It is the *positive* deodorant powder, soothing, completely effective! Try it as a foot powder. See how Quest makes tired, perspiring feet feel fresh and dainty.

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This is the key test for *any* deodorant powder! Prove for yourself that Quest never fails on sanitary napkins—assures *complete* personal daintiness. Buy the large can today—only 35c at drug counters everywhere.

Hollywood Snob Story

(*Continued from page 37*)

Year's, you could rent a nice bunk for sixteen dollars a day, and that a room with your own tub and hot and cold water set you back forty dollars every twenty-four hours; that is, if you could get in at all—which most people couldn't.

They say that you can acquire a lovely sun tan at Sun Valley, while skating. But Ralph Bellamy, who owns half interest in the Tennis Club at Palm Springs, points out that you can acquire just as becoming a tan at Palm Springs—and you don't have to skate!

Joan and Franchot Tone added considerable luster to Hollywood and to themselves, a few months ago, by knowing Leopold Stokowski well enough to entertain at a large party for him. What is more, they had a gate-crasher at their shindig who had a bona fide title! Yep! Recently they have been adding more laurels to their wreaths by entertaining members of the Ballet Russe. It's very exciting. You never know, these days, whom Joan and Tone will be knowing next.

But you can be Somebody in Hollywood even if you don't know Somebody outside. And it entitles you to all sorts of special and pleasant privileges. I rode one evening with some visiting friends, in their car, to a preview. Just as the chauffeur was about to make an impressive sweep to the front of the theatre, a cop waved him back. "Just a minute, Buddy!" he admonished. "Gotta let this other car through!" The other car swept through and the cop came back, looking pompous. "That was Ginger Rogers' car," he explained. "You can see how it was!"

Our driver, who was Irish, couldn't see at *all* how it was when he had had the right of way. I think I had better not quote his remarks.

Then there was the actress upon whom I happened to be calling when she instructed her secretary to call a smart dress shop and ask it to keep open for an hour or so after its regular closing so that she might come in and select a few things. The secretary reported that the management regretted that it could not oblige the lady.

Whoooosh! What a storm arose! "They do it for Marion Davies, don't they?" she shrieked. "I hear that they kept open for her on a rush night, too. The biggest beauty shop in town will stay open all day Sunday for Jean Harlow! What are they trying to do, insult me?"

In vain did the secretary attempt to convince her employer that the shop was willing to send truck loads of its stock to her home at her convenience, with a corps of salespeople in charge. In still more vain did she indicate, with what tact she could muster, that the luminaries for whom shops were kept open bought in enormous quantities and that they usually gave presents or tips to any employees who remained overtime to oblige them. But the tantrum continued.

At last the harassed secretary sighed to me, "If they'll keep a shop open for you after hours, it proves that you're important. You could probably rent the City Hall for a party if you had a *name!*"

She looked awfully tired, so I went home and ruminated on the story of Carole Lombard, who called to make reservations on an airplane for herself and some friends. "I trust," Miss Lombard is reported to have remarked, "I trust that you will not make reservations for any outsiders on the same plane."

To which, I am told, the airplane reservation maker retorted, "I don't know what an 'outsider' is, madame. But *I* trust that we shall have some more reservations on the plane or we won't make a dime on the trip."

Of course it is a rule that the moment you become Somebody, you instantly install eighteen telephones in your house. But it is even more of a rule than you must never, never answer the phone yourself. You would lose caste at once. You must be "busy."

A friend of Boris Karloff who "knew him when"—and Boris had about twenty years of "when"—phoned one evening with the idea of doing him a favor. He was told that Mr. Karloff was at dinner and could not be disturbed.

"All right," said the friend, good-humoredly. "Ask him to call me when he is at liberty, please."

Four weeks later the friend encountered Boris. "I left word for you to call," he protested, mildly, "and you didn't."

"I've been *very* busy," said Mr. Karloff. And that, one supposes, proved something or other.

There is another funny thing. It used to make you seem to be Somebody if you had met Dorothy Parker. But, since Dottie has been living and working in Hollywood, one hears very little of her. When the Earl of Warwick first arrived in our midst there was a great twitter. But after he signed a picture contract, he sort of disappeared. Wonder what would happen if "dear Al" should sign a movie contract.

Off to Hollywood!

(*Continued from page 6*)

course, there are dozens of other things planned, all explained in the elaborate folder—the trip to Universal Studios, where that smash hit musical, "Top of the Town," was made, to see the stars and have lunch, a trip to NBC Studios to meet such radio stars as Bing Crosby, Bob Burns, Lum and Abner, Marion Talley.

On the first tour we'll head toward the sea for our party at Leo Carrillo's, passing through Beverly Hills on the way. We've already told you about his exciting fiesta plans in a previous issue—more about that and Dick Arlen's party in the folder.

So send now for your copy of it, and mark on your social calendar a "must" date for a grand trip to Hollywood!

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Please send me the full booklet describing MODERN SCREEN Tours to Movieland.

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"Finally I landed in 'Strike Me Pink,' the Broadway musical hit. That was encouraging. Next I lined up another role in 'Growing Pains'." After that he was in an artistic flop. He could secure nothing, so he returned to Hollywood to sing and dance in a show entitled "Take A Chance." Although he scored, he didn't win his movie contract for another year. During that discouraging interval he worked in all the little theatre presentations he could get into. There was no money in them, but maybe rediscovery.

You might suppose a twenty-year-old who was rediscovered, and who'd never paused to be carefree, would begin to frolic when he at last became a featured screen player. But not this Johnny. He concentrated for nine months before he ventured to have a date. In six months they took up his option, so he knew he was past the first hurdle. He waited another three months before he bought his first car. Then he asked Cecilia Parker out.

That initial adventure demanded more. "A fellow can't very well have much of a date until he has a car," he amplifies. He is enjoying parties at homes, the movies, the moonlight, and dancing. On Friday evenings it's college night in the Cocoanut Grove, and Johnny generally is happily present.

His rumored romance with Eleanore Whitney is hardly likely to have a serious denouement. But it isn't a publicity attachment. A number of people thought it was, inasmuch as the two have been teamed three or four times.

"Eleanore and I seem to fight!" Johnny exclaims, in endeavoring to analyze their friendship. The day we had lunch I asked him about her. He lowered his voice to reply. "She was out with Lew Ayres last night." Lew was at the adjoining table. But later, when Johnny was laid low with the flu, Eleanore tiptoed into a publicity woman's office and shyly queried, "Do you think it would be all right if I sent some gags over to Johnny?" The reply being in the affirmative, Eleanore hastened up to a dime store on the Boulevard and collected all the nonsensical games and books in sight. A huge chocolate heart was tucked in with them.

"I keep a diary," Johnny admitted to me. "Two diaries, in fact. In one I just jot down what I've done during the day, whom I've met and what was talked about. In the other I record my very personal reactions. "Oh," he grinned, "what I write in this one's okay. But Mary Carlisle was over to dinner and I happened to mention my diaries. Funny, I haven't heard a word from her since!"

We were interrupted by a note, handed him by a waiter. Johnny chuckled. "See those folks in there?" He pointed to a merry table in the main room. "I suppose we're ritzy, having lunch out here on the veranda." He passed me the piece of paper on which was scribbled "Dear Johnny Lombard—Just because you're going to buy a lot you needn't get so elegant already!"

His brown eyes twinkled. "They call me Johnny Lombard because I tried to kid them. I walked over to where they were working, on Carole Lombard's set. When they wondered why I was there I said on the spur of the moment, 'Oh, Carole and I are old pals!' I've never met her. They were awed for the time being, until they checked up. They told Miss Lombard, who promptly had a photograph of herself delivered to me autographed, 'With kindest wishes to Johnny Lombard'."

He makes no pretense to a flashy, surface sophistication. Altogether, Johnny's just right to have around.

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Reviews

(Continued from page 19)

★★★ Waikiki Wedding

Romance against an Hawaiian setting gives Bing Crosby a swell opportunity to practice his pleasant vocalizing and his easy-going comedy. For his new picture, script writers have fashioned a story which contains more bright lines than is customary in the Crosby epics, and the result is a most entertaining farce with music.

As press agent for a pineapple company, Bing finds himself romantically involved with Shirley Ross, a young lady from Iowa who has won a contest entitling her to be known as "The Pineapple Girl." Their romance, of course, offers an excellent excuse for several song numbers, most notable of which is "Blue Hawaii." Other good songs are "In a Little Hula Heaven" and "Sweet Is the Word for You."

In the comedy department, Bob Burns and Martha Raye can almost be described as terrific. Miss Raye, under the influence of a director who must have told her she could be funny without yelling at the top of her lungs, comes through with a grand performance, and sings a catchy comedy number called "Okolehao." Leif Erikson tops the supporting cast with his portrayal of Shirley Ross' indignant fiancé, and there are well-rounded performances by Grady Sutton, George Barbier, Anthony Quinn and Granville Ross. Directed by Frank Tuttle.—*Paramount.*

★★★ Quality Street

If you are in the mood for "Quality Street," you will undoubtedly find it one of the most delightful pictures you have seen in some time. But you will have to be in a frame of mind which will not find its quiet charm too full of dull moments. For Sir James Barrie's play has been brought to the screen without a Hollywood touch.

It is the unenlivened tale of those ladies in the anything but gay 1840's who sat behind their lace curtains and watched what little of the world went by on Quality Street. The only excitement on the street was when a Man came calling on Phoebe Throssel, nee Katharine Hepburn, who lived quietly and hopefully with her elder sister, Fay Bainter, and their faithful cook, Cora Witherspoon. This Man is Franchot Tone, the gallant and dashing Dr. Brown, on whom Katharine has pinned all her girlish hopes. But Dr. Brown takes off to the Napoleonic Wars and leaves Phoebe to become an old maid and a school-marm. She does both so thoroughly that when the doctor comes back after several years he doesn't even recognize his Phoebe. But the old gals had spirit even in those days, and how Phoebe finally wins him to an actual proposal affords many hilarious moments.

Katharine Hepburn has here found a role that is well suited to her talents, but the one who walks away with the picture is Fay Bainter, who gives one of the year's finest performances. Cora Witherspoon, Franchot Tone, Estelle Winwood and Eric Blore also are admirable in their roles. Directed by George Stevens.—*RKO-Radio.*

★★ A Family Affair

This is pleasant, heart-warming screen-fare, brightened by a good script and a brace of first-rate performances. In the first place there's Lionel Barrymore, who manages to go through the entire picture without once resorting to his familiar routine of tricks. He portrays a small-town judge and head of a family whose difficulties need a judicial hand to guide them. In a completely un-Barrymore performance, Barrymore steals the show. Almost as effective is Mickey Rooney, the young son of the family. Young Rooney, who is probably the ablest actor in Hollywood's younger set, adds another to his string of stand-out performances.

Cecilia Parker and Eric Linden play the young lovers with a freshness which belies the fact that they've been playing young lovers together for lo, these many seasons. Spring Byington is warmly human as Barrymore's wife, and Julie Haydon is lovely and capable as their elder daughter. Charley Grapewin plays the villain of the piece with his customary finesse, and a little lady named Margaret Marquis, who portrays Mickey Rooney's girl, makes her scenes with her adolescent gentleman friend highly amusing. You can bring the family to "A Family Affair." Directed by George B. Seitz.—*M-G-M.*

★★ When Love Is Young

Hal Mohr, the reformed cameraman, turns his hand to directing and emerges with a pleasant little comedy which contains, to coin a phrase, hardly a dull mo-

Bing Crosby gets tangled in Shirley Ross's net in this "Waikiki Wedding" scene.

Eric Linden prepares to drink Cecilia Parker's coffee through a straw in "A Family Affair" scene.

ment. And if you are an admirer of Virginia Bruce you will be pleased to hear that the young lady exhibits the best performing she's ever done in pictures. Opposite her is Kent Taylor, who is surprisingly effective in the difficult role of a fast-talking Broadway press agent. Plot has to do with a small-town ugly duckling who goes to New York, scores a hit in musical comedy and returns to discover the guy she idolized in high school isn't the guy she thought he was.

Miss Bruce, if you can overlook the fact that she's a bit mature for a high-school girl, is lovely to gaze upon and sings several song numbers with considerable skill. Greta Meyer and Christian Rub furnish plenty of laughs as her parents, and Walter Brennan is excellent as her uncle who accompanies her to New York. Jack Smart handles the role of a Broadway producer effectively, and William Tannen is properly menacing as the high-school hero. The only dull sequence is one of those cellophane and tinsel production numbers which producers seem to feel must be inserted in every picture with music.—*Universal.*

★★ Nancy Steele Is Missing

In "Nancy Steele Is Missing," the producers faced a problem. The main ingredient of the story is a kidnapping, which authorities in the Hays office frown upon. To make things more difficult, it was necessary to show the kidnapper as a sympathetic character. In view of the obstacles, the script writers and the director have managed to concoct an interesting and sometimes exciting mystery melodrama. Victor McLaglen portrays the kidnaper and Walter Connolly, a wealthy munitions maker, the victim. McLaglen steals Connolly's daughter, but not for ransom. His motive, the plot makers explain, is hatred for war, hence his vengeance on Connolly. When he's sent to prison for twenty years, for another offense, he leaves the kidnapped child with a friend. In prison he meets Peter Lorre, a sinister character who learns McLaglen's secret and attempts to obtain ransom money from Connolly by fraud.

"Nancy Steele Is Missing" suffers from a lack of humor. A few light touches would have lifted its sombre mood. Best performance is Peter Lorre's, who makes the role of the soft-spoken killer outstanding. McLaglen and Connolly turn in their usual first-rate performances, and June Lang, as the kidnapped heiress, is showing improvement in her acting. Directed by George Marshall.—*20th Century-Fox.*

Virginia Bruce casts a pert glance at William Tannen. They're co-starred in "When Love Is Young."

Let Tintex make a "picture" of you in 45 Colors

"PORTRAIT FASHIONS" is *the* style story this season! Look as romantic as though you stepped out of a painting by a great master. And let TINTEX be the artist!

ENTER THE SHORT DANCE DRESS... Just slash off 10 inches from one of your floor-length dance dresses. Tint it *Gauguin Pink*—the leading color of the hour! A light solution of TINTEX Old Rose will give you this striking pink. (If your dress is now a vivid, deep or dark color, first take out the present color with easy *TINTEX COLOR REMOVER.*)

FOR STUNNING SUMMER CURTAINS!... TINTEX is a lifesaver for last year's faded curtains. And for new curtains for your home and summer cottage, simply buy inexpensive cheesecloth . . . then tint it a brilliant color with TINTEX Coronation Orange, Jade Green, Gold, etc. And use TINTEX, too, for pillow cushions, table scarves and luncheon sets.

BUY TINTEX TODAY! . . . It will make your wardrobe and home decorations gay and smart. The TINTEX way is the easy and thrifty way to make a colorful picture of you and your home!

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Dissolve Colorinse in warm water and pour the rinse over your head.

Dry hair thoroughly, brush it, and see the sparkle that comes to your hair.

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Jimmy Dunn to Sally Eilers, with love, in a scene from "We Have Our Moments."

★Jim Hanvey, Detective

You are probably already familiar with Octavus Roy Cohen's detective, Jim Hanvey. And Guy Kibbee's characterization of the small-town snooper who outwits the big-city sleuths at every turn won't disappoint you. Kibbee does well by the genial old gentleman and if the same could be said about the rest of the cast, this would be a picture which you shouldn't miss. But unfortunately, such is not the case. However, the fact that most of the other characterizations fall short cannot be blamed so much on the players as on the script, which drags sadly in parts, due to too many of those complications to which so many mystery stories are addicted.

Also, the "scintillating" repartee falls pretty flat in many instances, with the exception of the lines delivered by Kibbee and Catharine Doucet, who gives another of those inimitable pictures of fluttery femininity. She is the mother of Lucie Kaye, a very personable young thing who is madly in love with Tom Brown, accused of murder in the case. There are also some stolen emeralds involved. Detective Hanvey, of course, clears everything up in great style and complete nonchalance. Deserving of notice are Edward S. Brophy and Edward Gargan as a couple of thugs and Helen Jerome Eddy, whose sincerity is outstanding in the role of the murdered man's wife. Directed by Phil Rosen.—*Republic.*

★★Her Husband Lies

Gail Patrick is the lovely lady who has to put up with the situation in the title role and Ricardo Cortez is her unfaithful spouse. He divides his devotion between Gail and the gambling tables. And the problem is a real one, for his wife finally decides to leave him to his poker. Of course, Ricardo doesn't like to have his plans upset in this fashion, but he finally decides to give up his racket and settle down to thorough domestication. But it's not so easy, between a ruthless gang at his heels and a kid brother, Tom Brown, who, it suddenly develops, is ruining his life with gambling and wrecking the happiness of his wife, June Martel. So Ricardo tells another story to his wife, joins in a game with the kid brother and some of the pals, and intentionally is caught cheating in order to sicken Tom of the whole business. This results in Ric being wiped completely out of the picture, it being a fast rule, evidently, that crooks shouldn't be crooked.

The story, as you see, will not make

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you sit up and take notice, but the picture is worth while due to the good acting of the majority of the cast, which manages to lend conviction even to the most illogical sequences. Akim Tamiroff is the biggest and best meanie you've seen in some time, while Tom Brown, June Martel and Dorothy Peterson are entirely satisfactory. Directed by Edward Ludwig.—*Paramount.*

★ Midnight Taxi

You'll find this picture better than any tonic, if Spring has left you with the blood pressure at low ebb. It starts out with a hair-raising scene of a diabolical murder and keeps right on in that vein to the final fade-out. The story concerns the doings of those old excitement stirrer-uppers, the G-Men, with Brian Donlevy as the most fearless and foolhardy celluloid one to date.

In order to round up an uncannily clever gang of counterfeiters, Brian takes to driving a cab, and finally gets the low-down on them under this disguise. It sounds simple enough, but you can't appreciate what the stalwart Mr. Donlevy goes through until you see for yourself all those black eyes and bullet holes which adorn his person from the moment his campaign gets underway. Besides Donlevy's, good performances are turned in by Alan Dinehart, as another of those cultured crooks; Gilbert Roland as his right-hand man, and Harold Huber as a tool of the gang. Frances Drake provides a smattering of romance to the picture in a satisfactory manner. Directed by Eugene Ford.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★ Song of the City

Chief recommendation for this picture is the good photography and the exceptional music, which pops up just when you think you might as well be leaving. The story is laid principally in Little Italy, a fishing community on the Pacific Coast, and the shots of the fishing boats and the lusty singing of the crews are outstandingly good.

As for the story, it concerns the doings of a ne'er-do-well young man, Jeffrey Dean, who thinks life is pretty futile due, principally, to the fact that he can't get away from a young lady, Marla Shelton, who only has three million dollars to her name. So he takes a quart of liquor and a boat trip to get away from it all, but falls overboard and is fished out by a couple of Italians, Charles Judels and his son, Nat Pendleton. They take him home and romance blooms between the daughter of the house, Margaret Lindsay, and our young man. But poor Jeffrey has a time, for he realizes that now he's going to interfere with Margaret's career as an opera singer, a career to which J. Carrol Naish, an ardent suitor, is staking her. Of course, Marla's still on his trail and the complications come thick and fast. All turns out beautifully in the end, but you become a little worried wondering if the end will ever come. The best characterizations in the picture are given by those in minor roles, notably Judels, Inez Palange, as his wife, and J. Carrol Naish. Directed by Errol Taggart.—*M-G-M.*

★★ We Have Our Moments

Remember the once-popular team of Sally Eilers and Jimmy Dunn? Well, they're back together again. It is a fortunate reunion for both of them, for they have the advantage of a neatly devised script which is full of good comedy and entertaining situations. Another and a more decided advantage is the presence

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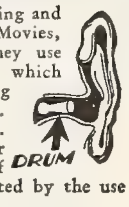

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of Mischa Auer, who is rapidly becoming one of the funniest of the screen's funny men.

The story centers around an ocean liner whose passengers include a vacationing school teacher (Sally Eilers), a detective (Jimmy Dunn), and a gang of crooks (David Niven, Thurston Hall, Marjorie Gateson and Warren Hymer). The gang conceals $100,000 in currency in Miss Eilers' trunk, and when the troupe arrives at Monte Carlo, Jimmy Dunn enlists the aid of a French detective (Mischa Auer). Most audiences will agree that this is Auer's most hilarious screen performance, and he manages to lift the entire picture to a high pitch of fun and excitement. Jimmy Dunn and Sally Eilers handle their romance nicely, and Warren Hymer gets laughs as a thug whose hobby is taking baths. David Niven is a suave English crook. Directed by Alfred Werker.—*Universal.*

★ That Man's Here Again

This is a melodrama which turns into a farce, but it does its turning too late to lift it out of mediocrity. Those who see it will probably go because of Hugh Herbert, whose highly individual comedy is the only bright light in the rather sordid proceedings. Herbert's mere presence on the screen brought shouts from the preview audience—they were that glad to have him around.

The story is laid in a large apartment building, and the plot begins rolling when Tom Brown, one of the elevator boys, discovers Mary Maguire, an unemployed and destitute young lady, hiding in the basement. He gets her a job as maid and they fall in love. One of the tenants is Hugh Herbert, whose main concern in life is to establish the identity of his two Ming vases. One is worth $10,000, and the other is a $6 New Jersey imitation. Herbert and his pair of Mings walk away with the show. With such a funny guy on their hands, it is to be hoped that his producers will see the light and put him in better surroundings. Tom Brown is pleasing as the elevator boy, and Mary Maguire, an Australian importation, has little chance to prove anything about herself. In the supporting cast, Teddy Hart and Joseph King are outstanding. Directed by Louis King.—*Warner Bros.*

★★ Git Along Little Dogies

Despite the title, you'll find nothing quaint in this picture, unless you count the delicious crooning Gene Autry throws in to steady your nerves.

To begin with, Gene's sore at Judith Allen for backing an oil well that'll spoil grazing for local cows. To spite Gene, Judith gets tied up with Weldon Heyburn. Judith's dad is town banker and that's what attracts Heyburn. It's Mr. H.'s diabolical plan to get all dad's money, make believe the well is dry, until the bank's lease expires, then buy it up for himself. Gene's agin' Heyburn from the start.

Nevertheless, when he learns that the well will bring a railroad to town, his local patriotism gets the better of his animosity for Heyburn, and he helps sell stock in the well. Heyburn now spreads the rumor that the well is dry, and the enraged cowhands who've bought stock come after Gene with enough rope to hang his horse.

Poor Gene has an all-around hard time. Finally, after eluding a posse of cowmen, and knocking the spots out of Heyburn, he blows up the well, the oil sky-rockets, and Judith gets an oil-stained kiss. Western fans will get all that's coming to them, and then some, and Autry fans will agree this is Gene's best to date.—*Republic.*

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Men of the Moment

(*Continued from page* 21)

that the Aherne is a fine technician. But there was something amiss, for Mr. Aherne still isn't in any sense a matinee idol even in New York.

Oddly enough, the very quality missing in Aherne crowned Errol Flynn a film idol in his first picture. This dashing young Irishman possesses an abundance of warmth and appeal. The same type as Aherne, they are as different as day is from night. Errol is what is known to the trade as a "natural," meaning limitless possibilities as to personal appeal.

Turning his back on Fate, Flynn does not even wish to be an actor. In fact he says, "This acting stuff is all right, but I really want to write. You know, I've just had my first novel published. Now, there's something I'm really proud of!"

This may sound strange coming from one who has so suddenly reached the top. If you talk to this Flynn guy for a few minutes you realize that he is very serious and knows what he's after. He really doesn't give a hang for this matinee idol business and would swap it all for a good trip to the jungles to hunt a few rough cats.

However, again it's the case of the idol not having much to say about all this. The public has claimed him and so Flynn's hunting trip must be postponed until he loses that certain something the fans clamor for—and losing "sax" appeal is about as difficult as shaking off the landlord if you're back in your rent.

ANOTHER hunter sharing top popularity honors is Clark Gable. Not that he has a yen to chase a roaring lion about, but he does enjoy shooting just for the sport of it.

Gable was fortunate in quite a different way from some actors. He tried, and for some time, to click on the stage, but never quite made the grade. There were years of struggle and a few good parts, but none good enough to make his name ring out on good ole Broadway. No one seemed to remember him once the curtain descended on the last act. So Clark deserted and went West for jobs in stock where there was at least steady employment. In the West he played the small towns and bided his time. Along came the eleventh hour, and, true to fiction, his big chance popped up. Clark Gable received an offer from the movies.

What Clark couldn't do on Broadway, he accomplished in Hollywood practically overnight. But he wants to remain the rugged he-man of the great open spaces and isn't at all pleased with drawing-room roles.

In drawing-room or jungle, Gable remains one of the most popular idols of the films. Nor can he, nor does he try, to explain it all. He just accepts it, taking it all in stride. Could it be that Gable came in when virility was on the wane and gave it to his public with a capital V? And if this is the case, will the tide turn and leave this idol stranded on the sands? No! Because Clark has that elusive charm which makes for great personal popularity.

While we are keeping abreast of the times, let's have a look at Francis Lederer. His career represents the antithesis of the aforementioned Gable struggle for recognition.

Lederer was an importation from the European stage and came to New York comparatively unknown. He was a hand-

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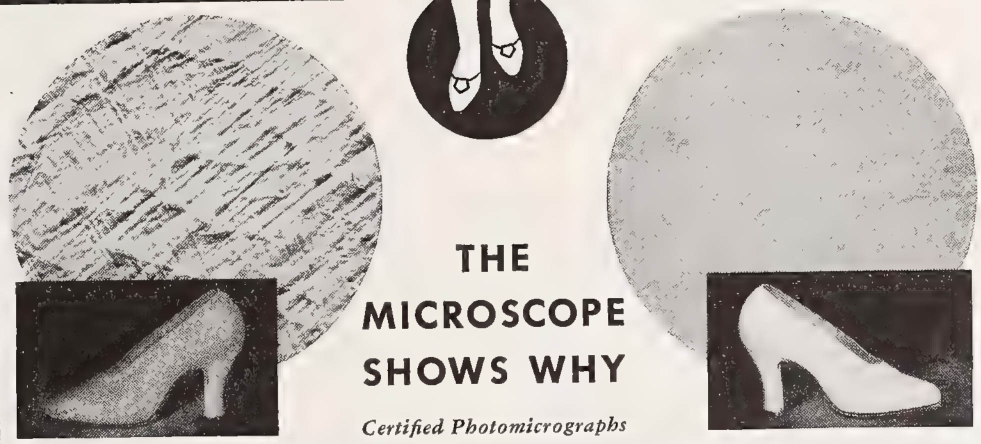

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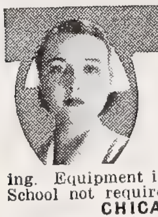

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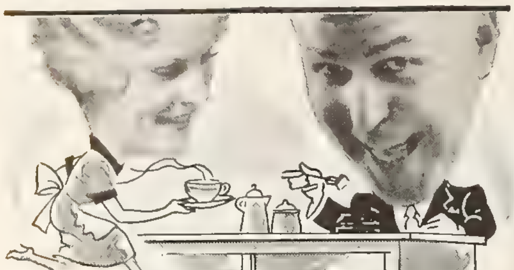

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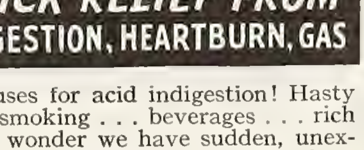

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some guy, according to the rules of male pulchritude, of the distinctly Latin type. His appearance lent a romantic air to his altogether charming personality, and might in some small measure be responsible for his spontaneous success on the American stage.

With the opening of his first play, "Autumn Crocus," the first-nighters acclaimed him the idol of New York. He had warmth, appeal, charm and intelligence all wrapped up in a magnetic personality, and Broadway resounded with his praises.

Immediately, the movies claimed him for their own and off he went to Hollywood with proffers of good old California gelt, and bigger and better fame. Promises are sometimes like pie crust—easily broken—and there are none who know this quite as well as Mr. Lederer.

As a movie star, he proved a disappointment—that is, in view of the idolatry he received on his stage debut in New York. That same quality that endeared him to his first American audiences was completely lost before the camera. Try as he might, he couldn't seem to become an idol of the fickle films.

Like some of our other actors who, according to histrionics, are the tops, but according to the rules for the tops in film idols—well there is just something missing. He lacks that spark on the screen which enabled him to click so forcefully on the stage.

OF the newcomers, Tyrone Power is destined to become a very popular star. He certainly possesses everything that it takes to place him in the front ranks of the personalities. With only two important roles to his credit thus far, and more to come, he has made the ladies of the land sit up and take notice. He has, you see, that which Gene Raymond, a very competent actor who has played many good parts on the stage and in the movies, lacks—warmth, appeal and a subtle bid for your sympathy.

Whenever you see a large crowd of people surrounding some star, then you can be sure he is one of the lucky few—a real matinee idol. For there are stars and *stars*—the difference being that all stars are not idols. Box office records prove this in no uncertain terms.

There's no telling why some idols catch on and others, just as competent, fail to. However, my guess is that its neither luck nor an accident of birth. Personally, it seems logical that it's a combination of both. Some are born with that certain something and others arrive with nothing but a few lusty screams. It seems these lucky few that possess warmth of appeal are the idols for both reasons—stars born and lucky enough in birth to be gifted with that illusive something that crowns them the "men of the moment."

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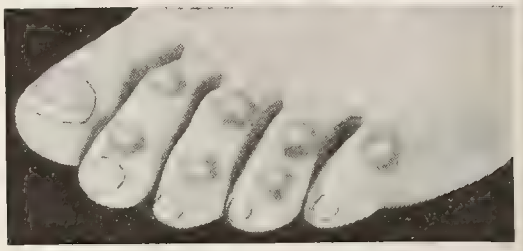

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(Continued from page 23)

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BRISSON, CARL: Paramount.
BRODERICK, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
BROMBERG, J. EDWARD: 20th Century-Fox.
BROOK, CLIVE: Gaumont-British.
BROWN, JOE E.: RKO-Radio.
BROWN, JOHN MACK: Republic.
BROWN, TOM: Paramount.
BRUCE, NIGEL: 20th Century-Fox.
BRUCE, VIRGINIA: M-G-M.
BUCK, FRANK: RKO-Radio.
BURGESS, DOROTHY: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
BURKE, BILLIE: M-G-M.
BURKE, KATHLEEN: Paramount.
BURNS, GEORGE: Paramount.
BURNS, BOB: Paramount.
BURRUD, BILLY: Universal.
BUTLER, JIMMY: Paramount.
BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES: Paramount.
BYINGTON, SPRING: 20th Century-Fox.
CABOT, BRUCE: M-G-M.
CAGNEY, BILL: Republic.
CAGNEY, JAMES: Grand National.
CALLAHAN, MARGARET: RKO-Radio.
CALLEIA, JOSEPH: M-G-M.
CANSINO, RITA: 20th Century-Fox.
CANTOR, EDDIE: 20th Century-Fox.
CAREY, HARRY: RKO-Radio.
CARLISLE, MARY: Paramount.
CARMINATI, TULLIO: RKO-Radio.
CARRADINE, JOHN: 20th Century-Fox.
CARRILLO, LEO: Columbia.
CARROLL, MADELEINE: United Artists.
CAVANAGH, PAUL: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
CHANDLER, CHICK: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
CHANEY, LON JR.: 20th Century-Fox.
CHAPLIN, CHARLES: United Artists.
CHASE, CHARLES: Hal Roach-M-G-M.
CHATTERTON, RUTH: United Artists.
CHEVALIER, MAURICE: M-G-M.
CHURCHILL, MARGUERITE: Columbia.
CLARKE, MAE: Columbia.
CLIVE, COLIN: Universal.
COBB, IRVIN S.: 20th Century-Fox.
COLBERT, CLAUDETTE: Paramount.
COLBY, ANITA: RKO-Radio.
COLLIER, CONSTANCE: 20th Century-Fox.
COLLINS, CORA SUE: M-G-M.
COLMAN, RONALD: United Artists.
CONKLIN, PEGGY: United Artists.
CONNOLLY, WALTER: Columbia.
COOK, DONALD: Republic.
COOPER, GARY: Paramount.
COOPER, JACKIE: M-G-M.
CORRIGAN, RAY: Republic.
CORTEZ, RICARDO: Warner Bros.
COURTNEY, INEZ: 6615 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
CRABBE, LARRY: Paramount.
CRAWFORD, JOAN: M-G-M.
CROMWELL, RICHARD: Paramount.
CROSBY, BING: Paramount.
CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE: Gaumont-British.
CUMMINGS, ROBERT: Paramount.
DANTE, JEAN: Universal.
DA PRON, LOUIS: Paramount.
DARRO, FRANKIE: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
DARWELL, JANE: 20th Century-Fox.
DAVIES, MARION: Warner Bros.
DAVIS, BETTE: Warner Bros.
DAVIS, JOAN: 20th Century-Fox.
DAVIS, OWEN, JR.: RKO-Radio.
DEANE, SHIRLEY: 20th Century-Fox.
DEE, FRANCES: Paramount.
DE HAVILLAND, OLIVIA: Warner Bros.
DEL RIO, DOLORES: Columbia.
DE MILLE, KATHERINE: 20th Century-Fox.
DENNY, REGINALD: Columbia.
DEVINE, ANDY: Universal.
DIETRICH, MARLENE: Paramount.
DINEHART, ALAN: 20th Century-Fox.
DIX, RICHARD: Columbia.
DIXON, JEAN: Paramount.
DIXON, LEE: Warner Bros.
DODD, CLAIRE: Warner Bros.
DONAT, ROBERT: United Artists.
DONLEVY, BRIAN: 20th Century-Fox.
DONNELLY, RUTH: Warner Bros.
DOUGLAS, MELVYN: Columbia.
DOWNS, JOHNNY: Paramount.
DOYLE, MAXINE: Warner Bros.
DRAKE, FRANCES: 20th Century-Fox
DRAPER, PAUL: Warner Bros.
DUMBRILLE, DOUGLAS: Columbia.
DUNA, STEFFI: RKO-Radio.
DUNBAR, DIXIE: 20th Century-Fox.
DUNN, JAMES: Universal.
DUNNE, IRENE: Universal.
DURANT, JACK: 20th Century-Fox.
DURANTE, JIMMY: M-G-M.
DURBIN, DEANNA: Universal.
DVORAK, ANN: Warner Bros.
EBSEN, BUDDY: M-G-M.
EDDY, NELSON: M-G-M.
EILERS, SALLY: Universal.
ELDREDGE, JOHN: Warner Bros.
ELLIS, MARY: Paramount.
ELLIS, PATRICIA: Warner Bros.
ELLISON, JAMES: Paramount.
ERIKSON, LEIF: Paramount.
ERNEST, GEORGE: 20th Century-Fox
ERROL, LEON: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
ERWIN, STUART: Grand National
EVANS, MADGE: M-G-M.
EVANS, MURIEL: Republic.
FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.: United Artists
FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR.: United Artists
FARMER, FRANCES: Paramount.
FARRELL, CHARLES: Republic.
FARRELL, GLENDA: Warner Bros.
FAYE, ALICE: 20 Century-Fox.
FAZENDA, LOUISE: Warner Bros.
FELLOWS, EDITH: Columbia.
FETCHIT, STEPIN: 20th Century-Fox.
FIELDS, GRACIE: 20th Century-Fox.
FIELDS, W. C.: Paramount.
FLYNN, ERROL: Warner Bros.
FONDA, HENRY: United Artists.

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FONTAINE, JOAN: RKO-Radio
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FORBES, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
FORD, WALLACE: Free lance. Write him at Gaumont-British.
FOSTER, NORMAN: Paramount.
FOSTER, PRESTON: 9101 Hazen Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.
FRANCIS, KAY: Warner Bros.
FRAWLEY, WILLIAM: Paramount.
FROMAN, JANE: Warner Bros.
FURNESS, BETTY: M-G-M.
GABLE, CLARK: M-G-M.
GAHAGAN, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
GALLAGHER, SKEETS: Grand National.
GALLIAN, KETTI: RKO-Radio.
GARBO, GRETA: M-G-M.
GARGAN, WILLIAM: Universal.
GARLAND, JUDY: M-G-M
GAYNOR, JANET: 20th Century-Fox.
GEORGE, GLADYS: M-G-M.
GIBSON, HOOT: RKO-Radio.
GIBSON, WYNNE: Free lance. Write her at Columbia.
GLEASON, JAMES: RKO-Radio.
GODDARD, PAULETTE: United Artists.
GOMBELL, MINNA: Free lance. Write her at 20th Century-Fox.
GORDON, C. HENRY: M-G-M.
GORDON, GAVIN: Republic.
GORIN, IGOR: M-G-M.
GRABLE, BETTY: RKO-Radio.
GRAHAME, MARGOT: RKO-Radio
GRANT, CARY: Columbia.
GRANVILLE, BONITA: United Artists.
GRAVET, FERNAND: Warner Bros.
GREY, NAN: Universal.
GWENN, EDMUND: M-G-M.
HADEN, SARA: 20th Century-Fox.
HAINES, WILLIAM: Republic.
HALE, ALAN: RKO-Radio.
HALEY, JACK: 20th Century-Fox.
HALL, WILLIAM: Universal
HALLIDAY, JOHN: Paramount.
HAMILTON, NEIL: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
HARDIE, RUSSELL: M-G-M.
HARDING, ANN: RKO-Radio.
HARDWICKE, SIR CEDRIC: Gaumont-British.
HARDY, OLIVER: Hal Roach.
HARGRAVE, ROY: United Artists.
HARLOW, JEAN: M-G-M.
HAYDON, JULIE: M-G-M.
HAYES, HELEN: M-G-M.
HAYWARD, LOUIS: Universal.
HEALY, TED: M-G-M.
HENIE, SONJA: 20th Century-Fox.
HENRY, CHARLOTTE: Republic.
HENRY, WILLIAM: M-G-M.
HEPBURN, KATHARINE: RKO-Radio.
HERBERT, HUGH: Warner Bros.
HERSHOLT, JEAN: 20th Century-Fox.
HERVEY, IRENE: M-G-M.
HILLIARD, HARRIET, RKO-Radio.
HOBSON, VALERIE: 20th Century-Fox.
HOLDEN, GLORIA: Universal.
HOLLOWAY, STERLING: 20th Century-Fox.
HOLMES, PHILLIPS: Free lance. Write him at Republic.
HOLT, DAVID: Paramount.
HOLT, BETTY: Paramount.
HOLT, JACK: Columbia.
HOPKINS, MIRIAM: Samuel Goldwyn.
HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT: Paramount.
HOUSTON, GEORGE: Grand National
HOWARD, JOHN: Paramount.
HOWARD, LESLIE, Warner Bros.
HUDSON, ROCHELLE: 20th Century-Fox.
HUGHES, CAROL: Warner Bros
HULL, WARREN: Warner Bros.
HUME, BENITA: M-G-M.
HUNT, MARSHA: Paramount.
HUNTER, IAN: Warner Bros.
HUNTLEY, G. P., JR.: Universal.
HUSTON, PHILIP: RKO-Radio.
HUSTON, WALTER: Free lance. Write him at United Artists.
HUTCHINSON, JOSEPHINE: Warner Bros.
HYAMS, LEILA: RKO-Radio.
INESCORT, FRIEDA: Warner Bros.
JANNEY, WILLIAM: Republic.
JARRATT, JANICE: Universal.
JASON, SYBIL: Warner Bros.
JENKINS, ALLEN: Warner Bros.
JENNINGS, MAXINE: RKO-Radio.
JEPSON, HELEN: Samuel Goldwyn.
JEWELL, ISABEL: Columbia.
JOHNSON, KAY: RKO-Radio.
JOLSON, AL: Warner Bros.
JONES, ALLAN: M-G-M.
JONES, BUCK: Universal
JONES, GORDON: RKO-Radio.
JORY, VICTOR: Columbia.
JUDGE, ARLINE: 20th Century-Fox.
KARLOFF, BORIS: Universal.
KARNS, ROSCOE: Paramount.
KEATING, FRED, Columbia.
KEELER, RUBY: Warner Bros.
KEENE, TOM: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
KEITH, IAN: RKO-Radio.
KEITH, ROSALIND: Columbia.
KELLY, PATSY: Hal Roach-M-G-M.
KELLY, PAUL: Columbia.
KELLY, WALTER C.: Republic.
KELTON, PERT: M-G-M.
KENNEDY, EDGAR: Universal.
KENT, ROBERT: 20th Century-Fox.
KIBBEE, GUY: Republic.
KIEPURA, JAN: Paramount.
KING, JOHN: Universal.
KNAPP, EVALYN: Republic.
KNIGHT, JUNE: M-G-M.
KNOWLES, PATRIC: Warner Bros.
KRUGER, OTTO: Universal.
LAHR, BERT: Universal.
LAMONT, MOLLY: RKO-Radio.
LAMOUR, DOROTHY: Paramount.
LANDI, ELISSA: M-G-M.
LANE, ALLAN: 20th Century-Fox.
LANE, LOLA: Free lance. Write her at Warner Bros.
LANG, JUNE: 20th Century-Fox.
LANGDON, HARRY. Columbia.
LANGFORD, FRANCES: United Artists.
LA RUE, JACK: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
LATIMER, LOUISE: RKO-Radio.
LAUGHTON, CHARLES: M-G-M.
LAUREL, STAN: Hal Roach.
LAWRENCE, ROSINA: Hal Roach.
LAWTON, FRANK: Universal.
LAYE, EVELYN: M-G-M.
LEDERER, FRANCIS: Columbia.
LEE, BILLY: Paramount.
LEE, DIXIE: 20th Century-Fox.
LEE, DOROTHY: RKO-Radio.
LEYTON, DRUE: 20th Century-Fox.
LIGHT, ROBERT: Warner Bros.
LINAKER, KAY: Warner Bros.
LINDEN, ERIC: M-G-M.
LINDSAY, MARGARET: Warner Bros.
LIVINGSTON, ROBERT: Republic.
LLOYD, HAROLD: Paramount.
LODGE, JOHN: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
LOMBARD, CAROLE: Paramount.
LORD, PAULINE: Columbia.
LORING, ANN: M-G-M.
LORING, MICHAEL: Universal.
LORRE, PETER: 20th Century-Fox.
LOSCH, TILLIE: United Artists.
LOUISE, ANITA: Warner Bros.
LOWE, EDMUND: M-G-M.
LOY, MYRNA: M-G-M.
LUGOSI, BELA: Universal.
LUKAS, PAUL: 20th Century-Fox.
LUKE, KEYE: 20th Century-Fox.
LUPINO, IDA: Paramount.
LYON, BEN: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
MacDONALD, JEANETTE: M-G-M.
MACK HELEN: RKO-Radio.
MacLANE, BARTON: Warner Bros.
MacMAHON, ALINE: M-G-M.
MacMURRAY, FRED: Paramount.
MADDEN, JEANNE: Warner Bros.
MALA: M-G-M.
MANNERS, DAVID: Free lance. Write him at Republic.
MANNORS, SHEILA: Columbia:
MARCH, FREDRIC: Warner Bros.
MARGO: Columbia.
MARICLE, LEONA: Columbia.
MARSH, JOAN: RKO-Radio.
MARSH, MARIAN: Columbia.
MARSHALL, HERBERT: RKO-Radio.
MARTIN, TONY: 20th Century-Fox.
MARTINI, NINO: United Artists.
MARX BROTHERS: M-G-M.
MATTHEWS, JESSIE: Gaumont-British.
MAUCH, BILLY and BOBBY: Warner Bros.
MAYNARD, KEN: Columbia.
McCOY, COL. TIM: Columbia.
McCREA, JOEL: Samuel Goldwyn.
McFARLAND, SPANKY: M-G-M.
McGUIRE, JOHN: 20th Century-Fox.
McHUGH, FRANK: Warner Bros.
McKINNEY, FLORINE: Republic.
McLAGLEN, VICTOR: 20th Century-Fox.
McNULTY, DOROTHY: M-G-M.
MELTON, FRANK: 20th Century-Fox.
MELTON, JAMES: Warner Bros.
MENJOU, ADOLPHE: United Artists.
MERCER, BERYL: Free lance. Write her at Warner Bros.
MEREDITH, BURGESS: RKO-Radio.
MERKEL, UNA: M-G-M.
MERMAN, ETHEL: Samuel Goldwyn.
MICHAEL, GERTRUDE: RKO-Radio.

SEE THE DIFFERENCE WHEN SKINNY PEOPLE GAIN NEW POUNDS

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Well-Known Artist Shows by Dramatic Comparison How Extra Pounds Can Transform a Skinny, Unattractive Figure to Normal Alluring Feminine Loveliness

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IF you look like the picture on the left—skinny, rundown, unattractive to the other sex—don't think for a moment that your case is hopeless. Thousands of men and women who never could put on an ounce before have gained 10 to 25 pounds of good, solid flesh in a few weeks with these wonderful new Ironized Yeast tablets.

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Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now one of the richest known sources of Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

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No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of sufficient Vitamin B and iron, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time. See if they don't aid in building you up in just a few weeks, as they have helped thousands. If not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, money back instantly.

Only be sure you get the original Ironized Yeast tablets. Don't accept any substitute. Insist on Ironized Yeast.

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To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out seal on box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 36 Atlanta, Ga.

MILJAN, JOHN: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
MILLAND, RAY: Paramount.
MINNEVITCH, BORRAH: 20th Century-Fox.
MITCHELL, GENEVA: Columbia.
MONTENEGRO, CONCHITA: 20th Century-Fox.
MONTGOMERY, DOUGLASS: Gaumont-British.
MONTGOMERY, ROBERT: M-G-M.
MOORE, DICKIE: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
MOORE, GRACE: Columbia.
MOORE, VICTOR: RKO-Radio.
MORAN, JACKIE: Paramount.
MORAN, POLLY: Republic.
MORENO, ANTONIO. 20th Century-Fox.
MORGAN, FRANK: M-G-M.
MORGAN, HELEN: Universal.
MORGAN, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
MORLEY, KAREN: Paramount.
MORRIS, CHESTER: Columbia.
MORRIS, WAYNE: Warner Bros.
MORRISON, JOE: Paramount.
MOWBRAY, ALAN: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
MUIR, JEAN: Warner Bros.
MULHALL, JACK: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
MUNDIN, HERBERT: 20th Century-Fox.
MUNI, PAUL: Warner Bros.
MURPHY, GEORGE: Universal.
MURPHY, MAURICE: 20th Century-Fox.
NAGEL, CONRAD: Free lance. Write him at Grand National.
NAGEL, ANNE: Warner Bros.
NIESEN, GERTRUDE: Universal.
NIVEN, DAVID: United Artists.
NIXON, MARIAN: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
NOLAN, DORIS: Universal.
NOLAN, LLOYD: Paramount.
NORTON, BARRY: M-G-M.
NUGENT, EDWARD: Free lance. Write him at Republic.
OAKIE, JACK: RKO-Radio.
OBERON, MERLE: Samuel Goldwyn.
O'BRIEN, GEORGE: RKO-Radio.
O'BRIEN-MOORE, ERIN: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
O'BRIEN, PAT: Warner Bros.
OLAND, WARNER: 20th Century-Fox.
OLIVER, EDNA MAY: M-G-M.
OLSEN, MORONI: RKO-Radio.
O'NEILL, HENRY: Warner Bros.
O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN: M-G-M.
OVERMAN, LYNNE: Paramount.
OWEN, REGINALD: M-G-M.
PALLETTE, EUGENE: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
PARKER, CECILIA: M-G-M.
PARKER, JEAN: M-G-M.
PARRISH, GIGI: Republic.
PATERSON, PAT: United Artists.
PATRICK, GAIL, Paramount.
PENDLETON, NAT: M-G-M.
PENNER, JOE: RKO-Radio.
PEPPER, BARBARA: RKO-Radio.
PERRY, JOAN: Columbia.
PICKFORD, MARY: United Artists.
PIDGEON, WALTER: Universal.
PILBEAM, NOVA: Gaumont-British.
PITTS, ZASU: Paramount.
PONS, LILY: RKO-Radio.
POWELL, DICK: Warner Bros.
POWELL, ELEANOR: M-G-M.
POWELL, WILLIAM: M-G-M.
POWER, TYRONE: 20th Century-Fox.
PRESTON, ANN: RKO-Radio.
PRYOR, ROGER: Republic.
QUALEN, JOHN: 20th Century-Fox.
QUIGLEY, JUANITA: M-G-M.
QUILLAN, EDDIE: Republic.
RAFT, GEORGE: Paramount.
RAINER, LUISE: M-G-M.
RAINS, CLAUDE: Warner Bros.
RALPH, JESSIE: M-G-M.
RALSTON, ESTHER: Paramount.
RATHBONE, BASIL: Warner Bros.
RATOFF, GREGORY: 20th Century-Fox.
RAY, LEAH: 20th Century-Fox.
RAYE, MARTHA: Paramount.
RAYMOND, GENE: RKO-Radio.
REED, PHILIP: United Artists.
REGAN, PHIL: Republic.
REYNOLDS, CRAIG: Warner Bros.
RHODES, ERIK: RKO-Radio.
RICE, FLORENCE: M-G-M.
RICHMAN, HARRY: Columbia.
RITZ BROTHERS, THE: 20th Century-Fox.
RITTER, TEX: Grand National.
ROBERTI, LYDA: M-G-M.
ROBERTS, BEVERLY: Warner Bros.
ROBERTSON, GUY: Republic.
ROBINSON, BILL: 20th Century-Fox.
ROBINSON, EDWARD G.: Warner Bros.
ROBSON, MAY: M-G-M.
ROGERS, CHARLES: Columbia.
ROGERS, GINGER: RKO-Radio.
ROGERS, JEAN: Universal.
ROLAND, GILBERT: 20th Century-Fox.
ROMERO, CESAR: Universal.
ROONEY, MICKEY: M-G-M.
ROSS, SHIRLEY: Paramount.
ROWLES, POLLY: Universal.
RUGGLES, CHARLES: Paramount.
RUSSELL, ROSALIND: M-G-M.
RUTHERFORD, TOM: United Artists.
RUTHERFORD, ANN: Republic.
SCHILDKRAUT, JOSEPH: 20th Century-Fox.
SCHUBERT, MARINA: Paramount.
SCOTT, DOUGLAS: 20th Century-Fox.
SCOTT, RANDOLPH: Paramount.
SEARL, JACKIE: 20th Century-Fox.
SELLON, CHARLES: 20th Century-Fox.
SELWYN, RUTH: M-G-M.
SEWARD, BILLIE: Columbia.
SHANNON, PEGGY: Universal.
SHAW, WINIFRED: Warner Bros.
SHEA, GLORIA: Columbia.
SHEARER, NORMA: M-G-M.
SHERIDAN, ANN: Warner Bros.
SHIRLEY, ANNE: RKO-Radio.
SIDNEY, SYLVIA: United Artists.
SILVERS, SID: M-G-M.
SIMON, SIMONE: 20th Century-Fox.
SKIPWORTH, ALISON: Republic.
SLEEPER, MARTHA: Universal.
SMART, JACK: Universal.
SMITH, C. AUBREY: United Artists.
SMITH, QUEENIE: Universal.
SOTHERN, ANN: RKO-Radio.
SPARKS, NED: Warner Bros.
STANDER, LIONEL: Columbia.
STANWYCK, BARBARA, RKO-Radio.
STARRETT, CHARLES: Columbia.
STEELE, BOB: Republic.
STELLING, WILLIAM: 20th Century-Fox.
STEPHENS, HARVEY: Paramount.

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"It was so simple—so quick and easy to use Marchand's that I was astonished at the difference it made in my entire personality."

"There she is, sitting at home alone—the girl I left behind me forever when I discovered Marchand's Golden Hair Wash," says lovely Louise A.* "I used to be a Cinderella, but now my friends say Marchand's brought out my true personality—I'm fascinating."

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Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is quick and easy to use. Colorless. Stainless. Odorless. Effective. Perfect results.

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PINAUD'S SIX-TWELVE EYEBROW PENCIL

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STEPHENSON, HENRY: M-G-M.
STEVENS, ONSLOW: RKO-Radio.
STEWART, JAMES: M-G-M.
STONE, FRED: RKO-Radio.
STONE, GEORGE E.: Warner Bros.
STONE, LEWIS: M-G-M.
STONE, PAULA: Warner Bros.
STUART, GLORIA: 20th Century-Fox.
SULLAVAN, MARGARET: Universal.
SUMMERVILLE, SLIM: 20th Century-Fox.
SWANSON, GLORIA: M-G-M.
SWARTHOUT, GLADYS: Paramount.
TALBOT, LYLE: Columbia.
TALLEY, MARION: Republic.
TAMIROFF, AKIM: Paramount.
TAYLOR, KENT: Universal.
TAYLOR, ROBERT: M-G-M.
TEASDALE, VERREE: Paramount.
TEMPLE, SHIRLEY: 20th Century-Fox.
THOMAS, FRANK M.: RKO-Radio.
THOMAS, JAMESON: Republic.
TIBBETT, LAWRENCE: 20th Century-Fox
TIBBETTS, MARTHA: Columbia.
TONE, FRANCHOT: M-G-M.
TRACY, LEE: Universal.
TRACY, SPENCER: M-G-M.
TRAVIS, JUNE: Warner Bros.
TREACHER, ARTHUR: 20th Century-Fox.
TREE, DOROTHY: Warner Bros.
TREEN, MARY: Warner Bros.
TREVOR, CLAIRE: 20th Century-Fox.
TWELVETREES, HELEN: 20th Century-Fox.
TYLER, TOM: Republic.
VALLEE, RUDY: Warner Bros.
VELEZ, LUPE: M-G-M.
VENABLE, EVELYN: Columbia.
VINSON, HELEN: United Artists.
WADSWORTH, HENRY: M-G-M.
WALBROOK, ANTON: RKO-Radio.
WALBURN, RAYMOND: Columbia.
WALKER, JUNE: 20th Century-Fox.
WALKER, RAY: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
WALTON, DOUGLAS: RKO-Radio.
WARE, IRENE: 20th Century-Fox.
WAYNE, JOHN: Universal.
WEIDLER, VIRGINIA: Paramount.
WEISSMULLER, JOHNNY: M-G-M.
WEST, MAE: Paramount.
WESTLEY, HELEN: 20th Century-Fox.
WHALEN, MICHAEL: 20th Century-Fox.
WHEELER, BERT: RKO-Radio.
WHITNEY, ELEANORE: Paramount.
WILCOXON, HENRY: United Artists.
WILLIAM, WARREN: Paramount.
WILLIAMS, CLARK: Universal.
WILLIAMS, HUGH: 20th Century-Fox.
WILSON, DOROTHY: Columbia.
WILSON, LOIS: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
WILSON, MARIE: Warner Bros.
WINCHELL, WALTER: 20th Century-Fox.
WING, PAT: Paramount.
WING, TOBY: M-G-M.
WINNINGER, CHARLES: Universal.
WITHERS, GRANT: Paramount.
WITHERS, JANE: 20th Century-Fox.
WOOD, HELEN: 20th Century-Fox.
WOODS, DONALD: Warner Bros.
WOOLSEY, BOB: RKO-Radio.
WORTH, CONSTANCE: RKO-Radio.
WRAY, FAY: Columbia.
WYATT, CHARLENE: Paramount.
WYATT, JANE: Universal.
WYMAN, JANE: Warner Bros.
YOUNG, LORETTA: 20th Century-Fox.
YOUNG, ROBERT: M-G-M.
YOUNG, ROLAND: United Artists.

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(illustrated with Hollywood candid camera shots)

●

THE JUNE FOTO TEN CENTS

Good News

(Continued from page 68)

Society Note: Invitations from Scarlett Varden and Rhett Oakie for a "Come With the Wind" party, to celebrate a wedding anniversary in the Oakie menage, sent all their pals scurrying to the closet for costumes in keeping with the atmosphere and tradition of the South. No one knows yet just what the South had to do with the party, except that Colonel Oakie's hospitality was extremely Southern. All we know is that it's no fun drinking scotch and soda through a false beard. You can get the same effect by tossing off a beaker of mucilage.

■ ■ ■

Fashion Dept., for Men Only: In his forthcoming picture, "Saratoga," Clark Gable will display no less than twelve changes of ensemble, for the edification of he-man fashion addicts in the audience. Personally, we say it's a fine thing. For too many years guys have sat through epics watching Kay Francis change her garments. We've seen Myrna Loy slip into a new creation with her every mood. It's high time Man threw off the shackles of the double standard and asserted his equality. Are you listening, Adrian?

■ ■ ■

When you see "Kid Galahad," Edward G. Robinson's new picture, watch for a prizefight scene. One of the extras, cheering the battlers on, is Admiral Byrd. The Admiral, who has explored the earth's poles, but who will probably be remembered as the guy who popularized the penguin, was visiting the "Kid Galahad" set the day the prizefight scene was shot. They invited him to play an extra role, and he accepted.

■ ■ ■

Gals who patronize the beauty shop at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel sometimes get a slight shock when they look at the manicurist. At first glance, the customer thinks she's having her nails done by Miriam Hopkins. Of course, as the saying goes, she ain't. The little lady is Miriam's stand-in, and between pictures she files nails and startles people.

■ ■ ■

When Producer Harry Cohn of Columbia announced a Press preview of "Lost Horizon," he really meant it, much to the embarrassment of several members of the cast who wanted to get in and see themselves in action. It didn't matter much to Ronald Colman, who never goes to his own previews anyhow, but it was slightly uncomfortable for H. B. Warner, who found himself confronted at the door by a very determined Mr. Cohn. Isabel Jewell, who had been planning for a week ahead to see the preview, acquired cold feet at the last moment and saved herself the embarrassment. Mr. C. made it up to everyone a few days later, however, when he took the cast to San Francisco by special train, for the picture's premiere.

■ ■ ■

Tony Martin doesn't trust his friends any more, and it's all on account of his ambition to raise flowers. Recently he bought packages of seeds and planted them around his house. After several weeks of tender care, he discovered the stuff he was nursing along was onions. He suspects Alice Faye, but he can't prove anything.

■ ■ ■

Since Gene Autry is now the country's Number One Western hero, here's a little

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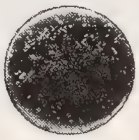

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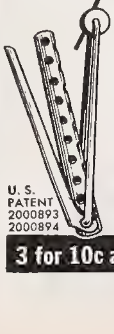

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Just an informal shot, claims Irene Dunne, but we'll wager she had quite a time making that bonnet sit straight.

item about him you might like to hear. A couple of months ago, a cigarette company invaded Hollywood to secure testimonials from the stars for an advertising campaign. And they did right well, signing up practically everybody who is anybody. But when they offered Autry $5,000 for a testimonial, he turned them down, using the most novel reason we've ever heard. He simply told them he doesn't smoke.

■ ■ ■

Is Nothing Sacred? Dept.: The flashy new roadster which Joan Blondell gave to Dick Powell last year as a wedding present is now being driven around town by Preston Foster. Dick sold it to Preston and bought a larger car. Mr. P. must be something of a diplomat, because the deal hasn't affected the Powell-Blondell happiness in the least.

■ ■ ■

Luise Rainer, it seems, took the Academy Award right in stride. The statuette was nice, and all that, but it didn't change Miss R.'s routine in the least. Day after the award, she was seen on the boulevard doing her daily marketing. If the Academy could see her going over a row of cabbages to pick out the choicest of the lot, they'd know definitely they had handed the award to the right gal. Her performance was, in a word, magnificent. And, inveterate cabbage-fanciers will tell you she always gets the best one.

■ ■ ■

Freddie Bartholomew is prouder of his friendship with Jackie Cooper than of any he's made in Hollywood. When they first met, Freddie was in great fear that Jackie might consider him something of a sissy. "But now," says Freddie, "Jackie says I'm a good egg. And," he adds, "I think Jackie is a real egg himself."

■ ■ ■

Ginger Rogers was kept on ice during the shooting of "Shall We Dance?" In it there's a wax image of the star used in several sequences, and since the Klieg lights are

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what they are, it's necessary to keep the figure almost constantly in the ice-box, with shots lasting no longer than a couple of minutes at a time. "Sure," said Ginger wearily the other day, wiping the perspiration from her brow, "I can melt right away, and who cares? But that thing! It gets all the attention in the world."

■ ■ ■

On the set where they're making "Venus Makes Trouble," Venus really *did* make trouble. Seems the Hays office wouldn't let the statue appear without something more modest in the way of apparel. So Pat Ellis fixed it up with a few necessary articles of feminine raiment—which left poor Venus in a worse state than before.

■ ■ ■

Now that Carole Lombard is playing the distressed lady in "Damsel in Distress," she has the distinction of being the second leading lady Fred Astaire has had since he started in pictures several years ago. Carole's contract allows her to make one outside picture a year, so she was grabbed for Freddie's dancing film. Incidentally, the Lombard-Astaire combination is the most expensive co-starring team in pictures. Fred is rumored to receive $250,000 per picture, and RKO is paying Carole $200,000. So if you're ever thinking of borrowing Carole Lombard, we thought you'd like to know.

■ ■ ■

Joel McCrea has decided to stop getting friendly with strangers. Recently, on a trip to Arizona with Frances Dee, he stopped by a roadside and inquired directions of an Indian. The redskin recognized Joel and invited him in for coffee. When they left, the McCreas asked their host to look them up if he ever came to Hollywood. A week later, Joe Little Hawk arrived with Mrs. Little Hawk and six littler Hawks.

■ ■ ■

Herbert Marshall's moved into Buddy Rogers' new Beverly Hills home, which quashes all rumors that America's Sweetheart and America's B. F. will make their honeymoon cottage there. It won't be at Pickfair, either, since there isn't room there for Buddy's polo ponies. So there're plans underfoot for building in the San Fernando valley when they return from England.

■ ■ ■

The romance between Owen Davis, Jr. and Anne Shirley still goes strong, in spite of all those nasty, nasty rumors. Owen appeared at the studio the other day with a miniature of Anne on ivory, in his wrist-watch case, from which the watch had been removed. "Gives me more time to think of her," he said. Cute, eh?

■ ■ ■

Ronald Colman's life isn't his own anymore; it's his dietitian's. For, while he's working in "Prisoner of Zenda," the gain or loss of a single ounce will be fatal to his expensive costumes—all skin-tight and tailored within an inch of their lives. The only meal he's allowed to have on his own is breakfast; grapefruit, toast and coffee. Lunch and dinner are provided by the studio, and there aren't many steaks on the menu.

■ ■ ■

True Love Dept.: They're saying around that Dick Powell and Joan Blondell have established a short-wave radio system to keep in touch with each other. Joan has a set at home, and Dick keeps his in his dressing-room. Imagine hearing over the radio that your husband won't be home for dinner.

■ ■ ■

Barton MacLane is evidently letting all these tough guy roles get him. The other night at a popular late spot, he hauled off

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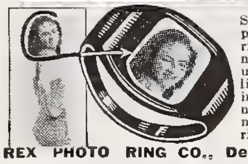

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and gave another customer a terrific punch in the jaw. Reason: the man was staring at him, and Barton affirmed that wasn't his night to be stared at. The girl he had with him was Irene Coleman, who the next day announced her engagement to Conrad Nagel. "It may not last," she said, "but at least he isn't the rough type."

* * *

Marlene Dietrich is having no less than thirty-two costume changes for "Angel," her next at Paramount. But the difference is that not one of them is to be photographed or breathed about, until the pic is shown. Travis Banton has them all under lock and key and says the picture's release will rock the feminine world. Marlene, we understand, isn't so sure.

* * *

When Robert Young and Melvyn Douglas returned from location at Ketchum, Idaho, where they did the snow scenes for "I Met Him In Paris," they were full of tales of their prowess at skiing. They caught right on, they assured everyone at the studio, and their scenes in the picture were practically all first "takes." Then Claudette Colbert fixed things up when she threw a party for studio people which featured the premiere of the home movies she had taken at Ketchum. There were several excellent shots of Messrs. Young and Douglas, stuck head-first in a snow drift.

* * *

We've finally run down those rumors about Mae West. There *is* a new Mae. Proof that satisfied us was that she no longer will ask the lads to come up and see her sometime. For she's given up that sixth-story apartment in Hollywood, and moved into a Beverly Hills bungalow. And instead of lolling on white bear rugs in her leisure moments, Mae now devotes herself to raising vegetables in the back yard. It's all sort of beautiful.

* * *

Gail Patrick has just put her signature on a very fancy new contract. The document calls for twice her former salary and runs for two years without options. She will do five pictures a year, two of which must be "A" productions. An "A" production, in case you don't know, is a picture on which a producer spends more than the average amount of money and for which, naturally, he has more than the average amount of hope. In addition, all the Patrick personal expenses are paid by her husband —although she doesn't have a contract with him—which means that her entire salary is plunked into the bank.

* * *

On the "King of Gamblers" set recently we noticed two extras whose faces looked familiar. Discovered they were Louise Brooks and Evelyn Brent, both of whom were queens of the silent days. When they had fame and fortune they were generous with their money, and now they're glad to get the $7.50 per day which is the extra's stipend. And the picture's title lent an ironic note to the scene.

* * *

Sonja Henie is a lovely and ethereal creature on skates, but when she takes them off, she's one of the shrewdest business women in Hollywood. After touring the country in a highly profitable skating exhibition, she returned to her studio to make "Thin Ice," for which she's getting $85,000. But before the cameras started little Miss H. demanded a half-day's pay, which she claimed was due her from "One In A Million."

* * *

Spied Frances Farmer and Hubby Leif Erikson, morning after the "Waikiki Wedding" preview, looking over the nice reviews of the Erikson performance with their coffee. Afterwards, they climbed into the family car—and it wasn't the low-slung, diamond-studded roadster you might expect a successful young movie couple to own. It was an aged job, vintage about 1929. Of course, '29 was a very good year.

* * *

In "Cafe Metropole," Loretta Young plays an heiress. Even though she may not look like an heiress, she eats like one, according to the studio budget. For a scene in the picture, she had to eat caviar at a cafe table. "Just nibble," instructed Director Edward Griffith. "No use wearing yourself out actually trying to eat it for the entire scene." But Loretta never nibbles, in spite of that famous figger. She tied into the caviar for every shot, and the bill at the end of four days' shooting was $67.

So the ladies affected pants way back in Napoleon's days! Katharine Hepburn looks real wistful in this scene from "Quality Street."

* * *

Victor McLaglen was exhibiting his fifty-three chest expansion the other day, on the "Wee Willie Winkie" set, for the amazement of the cast. Shirley Temple stood by for a long time taking in all fifty-three inches. Then she said, "Mr. McLaglen, is this the way you really look, or are you in disguise?"

* * *

Marlene Dietrich won't let photographers snap her with daughter, Maria Seiber, anymore. It's not because Marlene doesn't love her offspring, but it seems Maria has grown so rapidly of late that right now she's as tall as her mother. And glamor queens simply don't have grown daughters.

Katherine De Mille, in her extreme youth, used to write reams of poetry. A few weeks ago she felt the Muse beckoning her once more, so she went through an old trunk or two to look over the stuff of her childhood. She was highly encouraged when she came across a sonnet which surprised her with its quality. It was really a De Mille epic. The thing pleased her so that she picked up a volume of Shakespeare, just to see how the other poets were doing. And, unfortunately, she discovered her sonnet. It was just as good when Shakespeare wrote it as it was a few centuries later, when Katherine had copied it.

* * *

It may not be news to report that Garbo has a new fan, but it helps the announcement when you add that the new admirer is Charles Boyer, who is co-starring with her in "Marie Walewska." It's Boyer's first picture with the Great One, and he's more than impressed. In fact, he's a press agent's dream, for he comes to the studio on days when he isn't working, just to watch the Garbo emote.

* * *

You wouldn't guess it to look at either of them, but Martha Raye and Leopold Stokowski are the best of friends. The Philadelphia Symphony conductor first noticed Martha when he discovered she was a collector of phonograph records, with a leaning toward modern classics. And Martha discovered the maestro when he told her swing music fascinated him, more as a phenomenon than a study, you understand. Anyway, he has presented Martha with several sets of records, and she has taught him a chorus of a popular swing number. There's talk around that it's "Mr. Ghost Goes to Town," but chances are the Philadelphia Orchestra won't include it in its repertoire this season.

* * *

Bumped into Jimmy Stewart after the "Seventh Heaven" preview. Between gulps of coffee, he explained he was the victim of the jitters, which overcome him every time he sees himself in a new screen role. "Every time I see myself pull a boner, I lose a couple of pounds," said Jimmy. "On the stage, a poor scene can be done over the next night, but this is different. It's like writing a check in indelible ink; there's nothing you can do about it."

* * *

Casting "Gone With the Wind" is still Hollywood's favorite pastime. Everyone in town is busy picking candidates for parts. Just when producers were agreed that Clark Gable was the logical actor to step into the shoes of the swashbuckling character, Rhett Butler, a little matter of contract turned up to give them more headaches. Clark, it appears, is much in demand in his own barnyard and his studio won't release him. Miriam Hopkins is the probable choice for the part of Scarlett O'Hara, but there's informal talk in some quarters of Norma Shearer returning to pictures in the role. The usual rumors are afloat that an unknown may finally be picked for this prize plum, but at the present writing, it's anybody's guess.

* * *

The latest society-film romance to culminate in wedding bells is that of Lyle Talbot, popular movie star, and Marguerite Cramer, New York socialite. The pair met shortly before Christmas and didn't seem to waste much time in making up their minds. A quiet wedding took place in the Davis home, during Easter season, before a fireplace banked with lilies. These society belles are making heavy inroads on Hollywood's desirable males and are giving the local girls plenty to worry about.

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Dearest...
ou're exquisite
s a June Day!"

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Janet Gaynor says:

"Leading artists of the screen prefer Luckies

"I live at the beach most of the year and there is hardly a weekend that a number of friends don't drop in. Naturally, I keep several brands of cigarettes on hand, but the Luckies are always the first to disappear. I suppose it's just natural that Luckies would be the favorite brand because picture work certainly places a severe tax on the throat. Leading artists of the screen prefer Luckies because they are a light smoke that sympathizes with tender throats."

Janet Gaynor

FEMININE STAR OF DAVID O. SELZNICK'S
TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTION OF "A STAR IS BORN"

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CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

An independent survey was made recently among professional men and women—lawyers, doctors, scientists, etc. Of those who said they smoke cigarettes, over 87% stated they personally prefer a light smoke.

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A Light Smoke

"It's Toasted"—Your Throat Protection

AGAINST IRRITATIO
AGAINST COUGH

WHEN PRIMA DONNAS MEET! see page 36

Modern Screen

ULY

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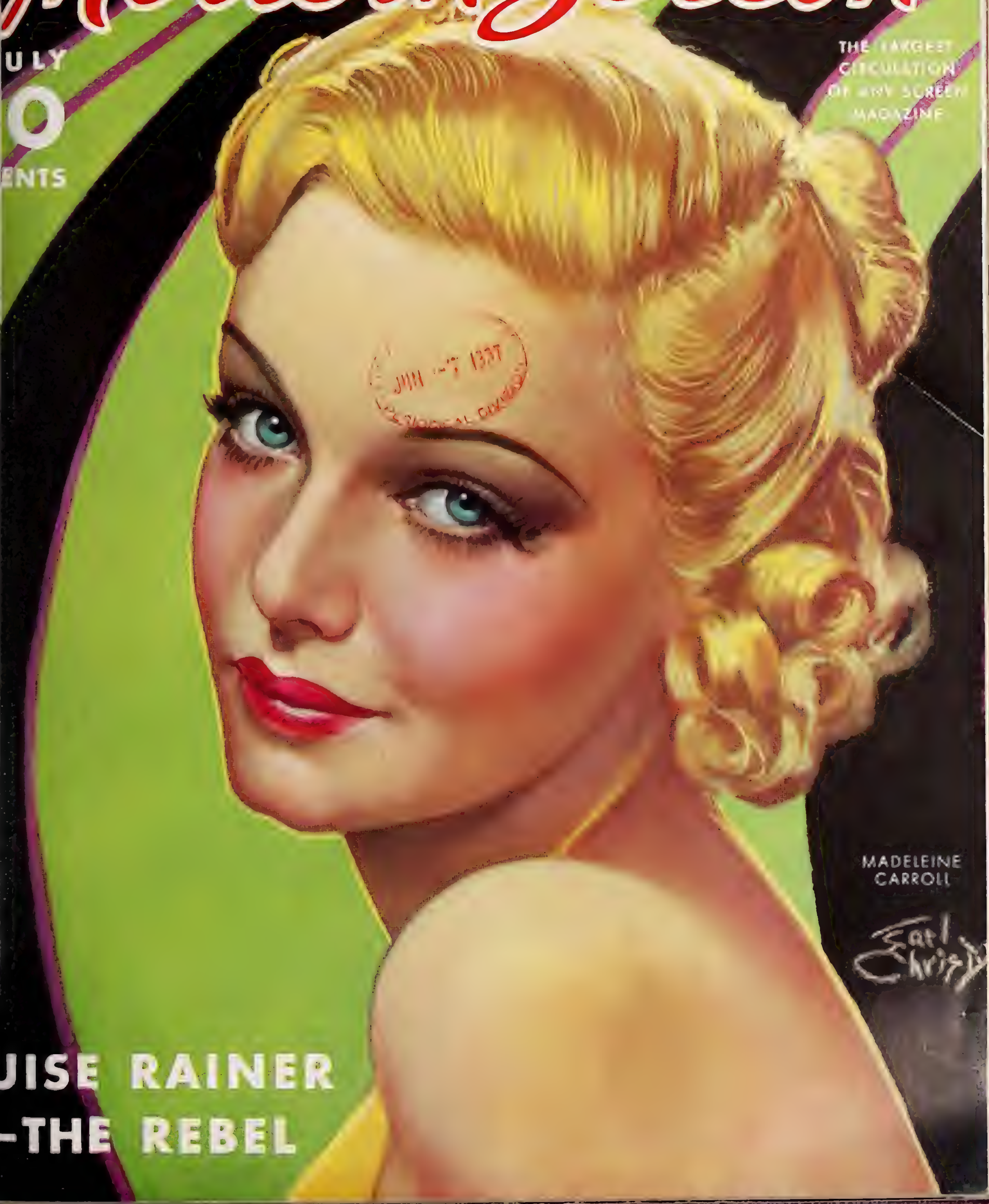
ENTS

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE



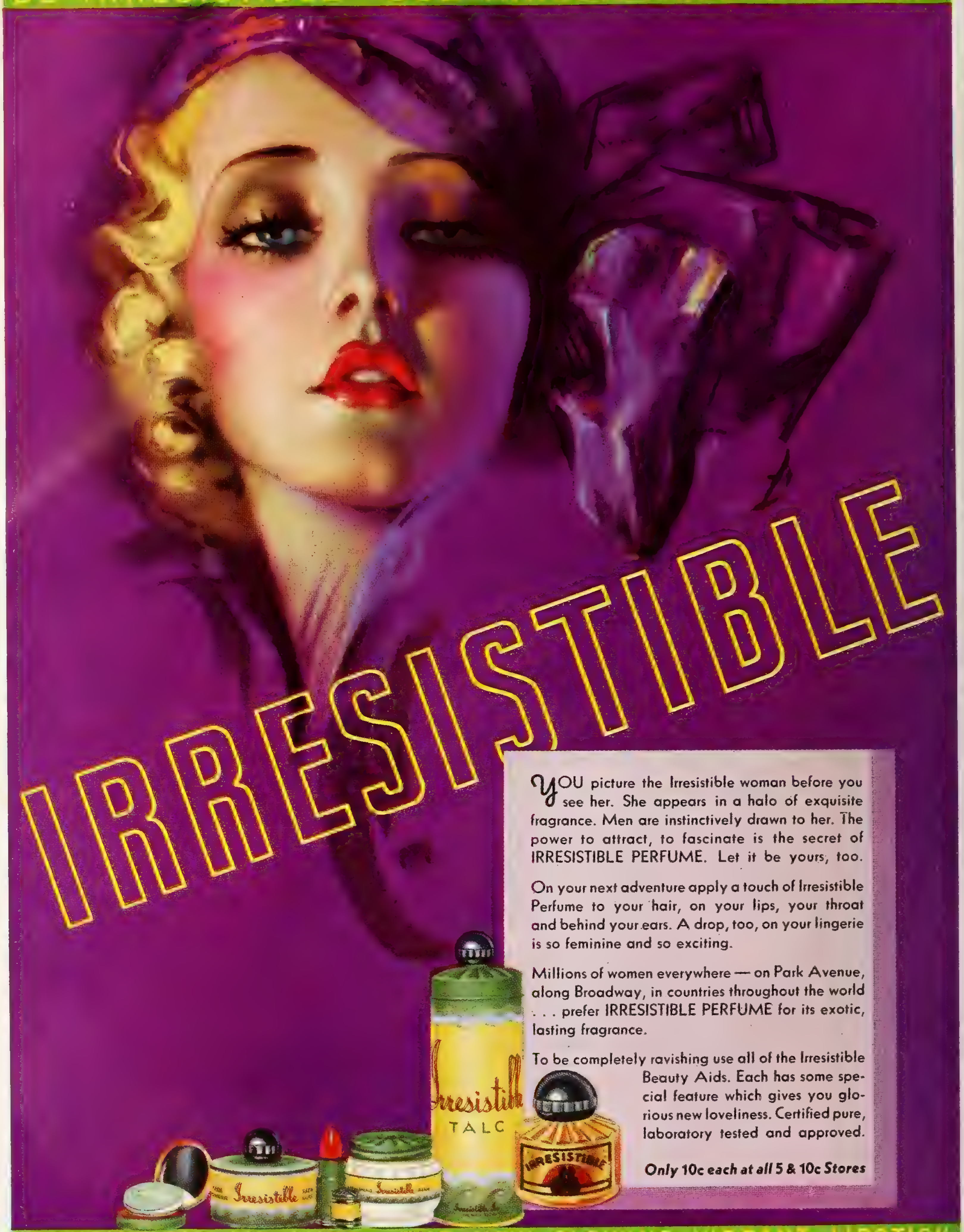
JUN -7 1937

MADELEINE CARROLL

Earl Christy

UISE RAINER
—THE REBEL

BE IRRESISTIBLE—USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME



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LET her study herself in the mirror—while she outlines that classic mouth, powders that pretty nose. Let her favorite creams and cosmetics add to her charm. Then let her smile—smile that *dull, dingy, shadowed* smile of hers—and see how quickly her beauty vanishes.

A minor tragedy? Yet this girl might possess a radiant, appealing smile—but not until she lavishes a fraction of the care she gives her lips on her dingy teeth, her *tender, ailing gums*—not until she knows the meaning of that tinge of "pink" upon her tooth brush.

Don't Overlook "Pink Tooth Brush"

When that warning tinge appears on *your* tooth brush—*go at once to your dentist.* Probably no serious trouble is in store for you. No doubt, he'll lay the blame at the door of modern menus. Too-soft foods—foods that deprive your gums of necessary work and stimulation—have made the gum walls lazy, flabby. Usually he will suggest harder, "chewier" foods—and often the stimulating help of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

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Start today the faithful use of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage. Let your smile do justice to your charm.

• • •

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MODERN SCREEN

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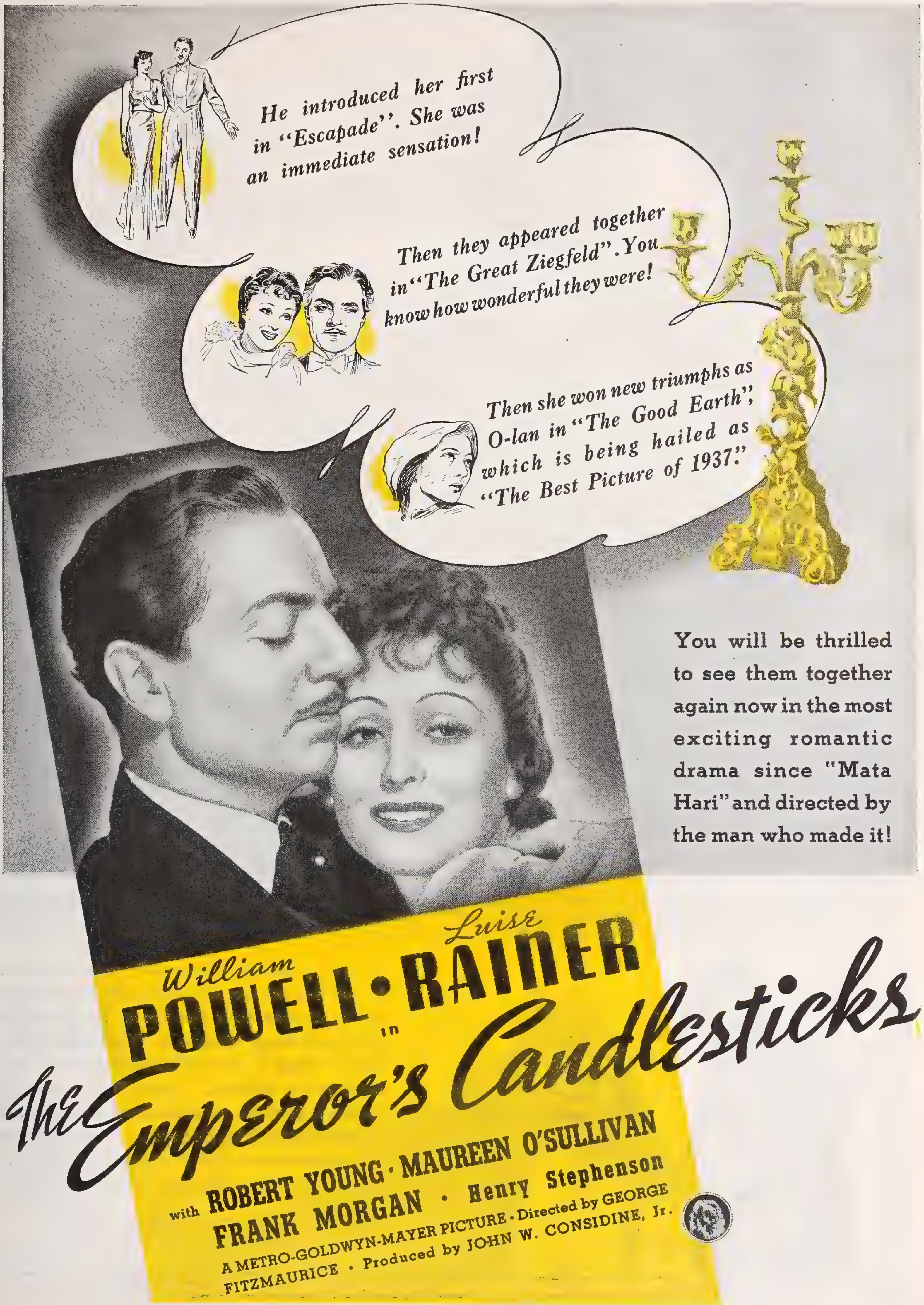

He introduced her first in "Escapade". She was an immediate sensation!

Then they appeared together in "The Great Ziegfeld". You know how wonderful they were!

Then she won new triumphs as O-lan in "The Good Earth", which is being hailed as "The Best Picture of 1937."

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in

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with **ROBERT YOUNG · MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN**

FRANK MORGAN · Henry Stephenson

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Fuzzy Knight and George Hayes open for business...

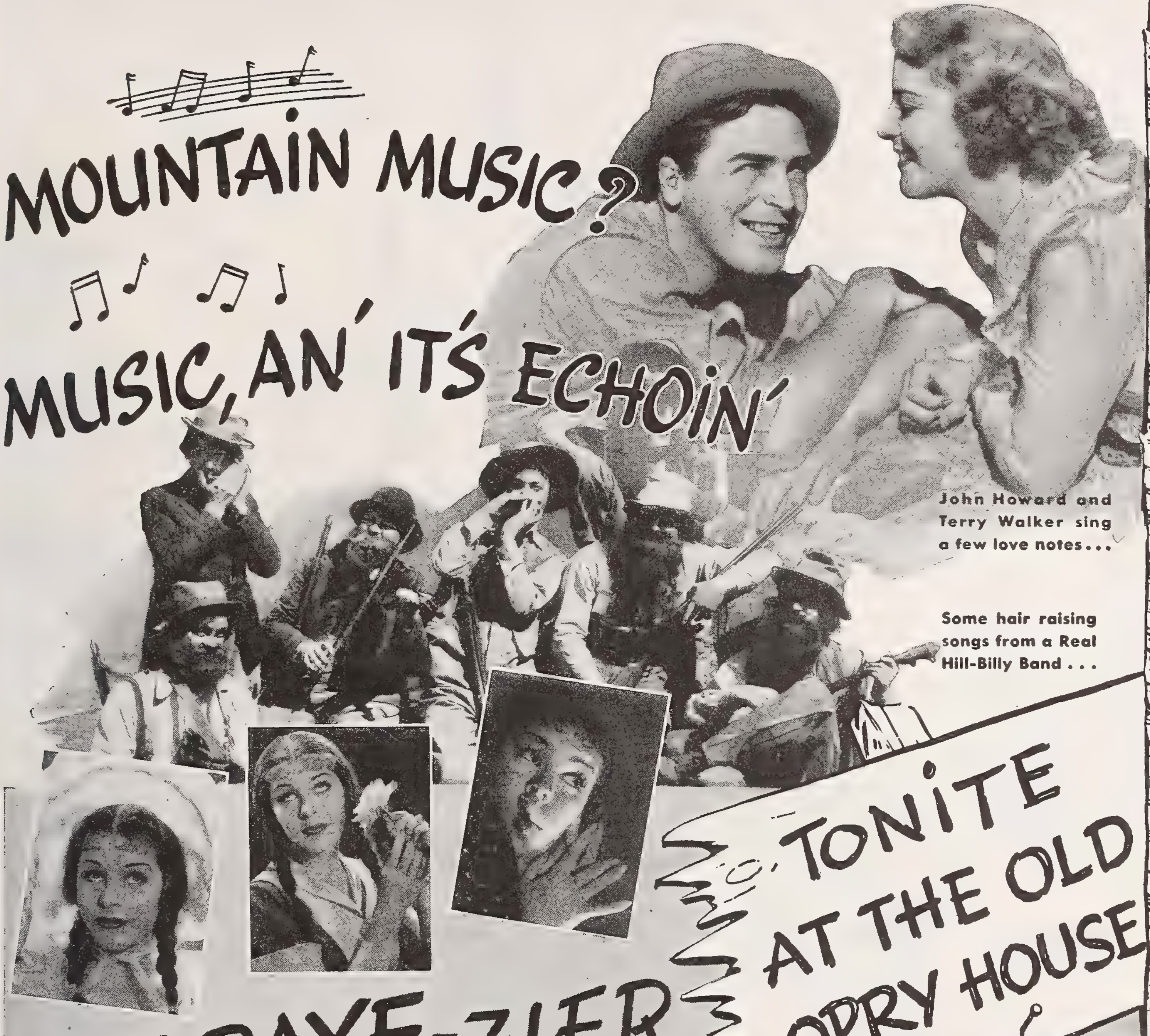
CAN'T YOU HEAR THAT IT'S THE SNAPPIEST OLE SWING THRU THE LAND

Bob Burns and Martha Raye on a cook's tour of melody land.

EVERY DAY IN EVERY WAY MARTHA GETS CRAZIER

Here they are, folks, Martha Raye, the lass with the over-sized mouth and Bob (Bazooka) Burns, the gentleman from Van Buren, Arkansas, topping their laugh triumph in "Waikiki Wedding" with a laugh a minute hill-billy drayma, that'll have you in stitches . . . Terry Walker, lovely to look at lady of the networks, has the romance assignment with John Howard . . . and a bunch of the funniest lads who ever came down off the mountains add to the hysteria . . .

Rufe Davis and His White Mule try a little hill-billy swing . . .


MOUNTAIN MUSIC?
MUSIC, AN' IT'S ECHOIN'
AND C-RAYE-ZIER
TONITE AT THE OLD OPRY HOUSE

John Howard and Terry Walker sing a few love notes...

Some hair raising songs from a Real Hill-Billy Band...

Adolph Zukor presents

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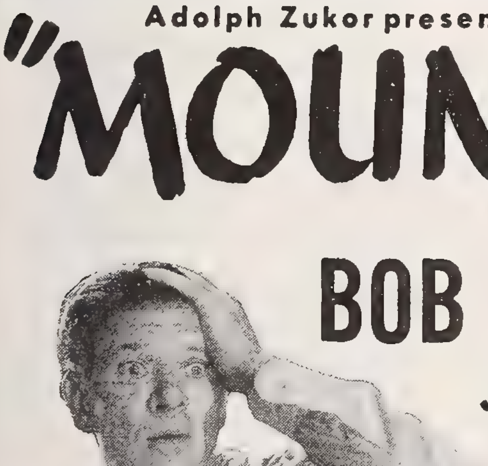
A Paramount Picture with

BOB BURNS • MARTHA RAYE

JOHN HOWARD • TERRY WALKER

Directed by Robert Florey



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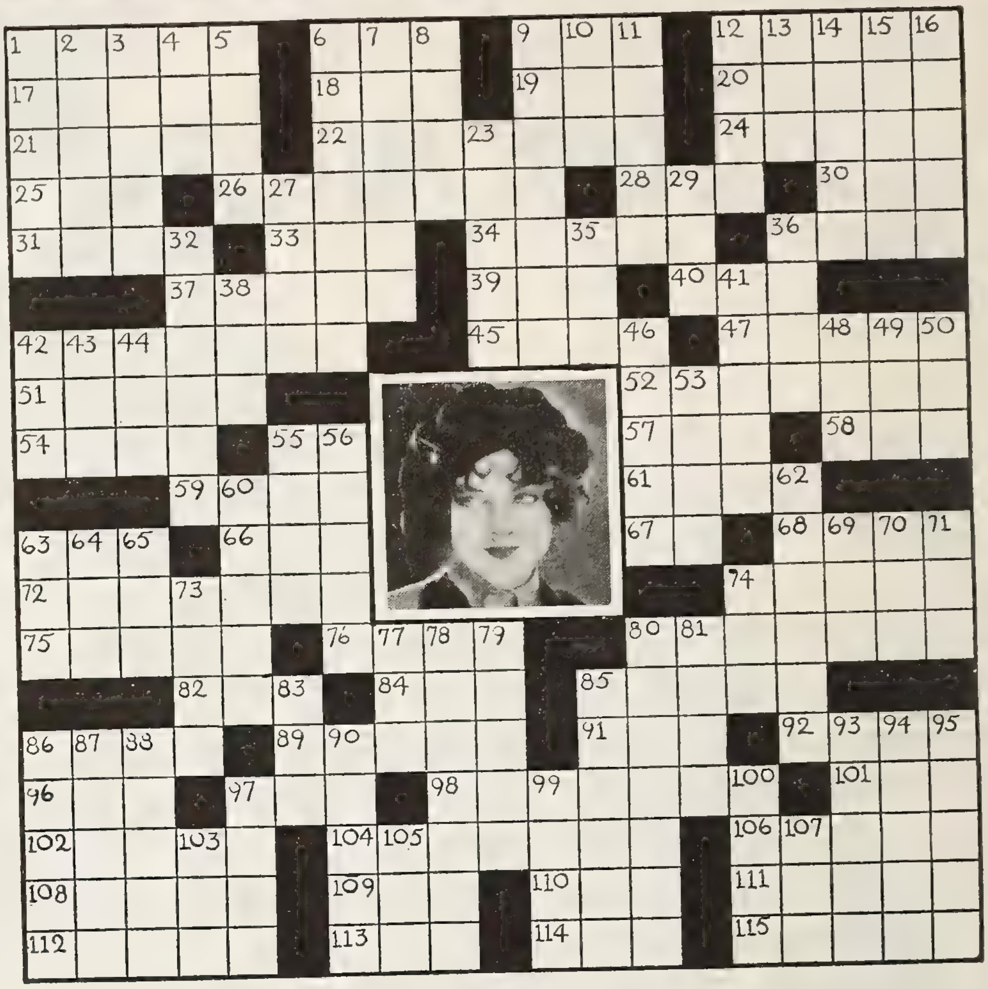
OUR PUZZLE



Puzzle Solution on Page 96

ACROSS

1. & 6. The actress featured in the puzzle
9. Pouch
12. Director of "Lost Horizon"
17. Drug from the poppy
18. Ginger Rogers' Ma, L - - -
19. M - - - played in "Eskimo"
20. Elaine was called John Barrymore's - - - - -
21. Make a speech
22. Distended
24. Song-writing partner of Mack Gordon
25. " - - - urn of Peter Grimm"
26. His name was changed from Stevenson to its present form
28. Bridge-player Culbertson's first name
30. N - - -, star of "Nine Days a Queen"
31. Brother of Jacob
33. Unrefined metal
34. Zest
36. She appeared with Ralph Bellamy in "The Wedding Night"
37. Edward Arnold was a Forty - - - - - in "Sutter's Gold"
39. Large Australian bird
40. Weight measure
42. Her first important role was in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"
45. Her real name is June Vlasek
47. Star of "The Man Who Knew Too Much"
51. First name of star falsely rumored killed in Spain
52. "- - - - - - - Love," Fox picture
54. Hollywood fashion expert. The first name is Dolly
55. Toward
57. First name of Bebe Daniels' husband
58. Tint
59. Gloria - - - -. You may remember her from "Bolero"
61. Mother of Helen of Troy
63. Mrs. Joel McCrea
66. Noah's houseboat
67. Mr. Wynn's first name
68. He was Lilyan Tashman's husband
72. Comic in "When You're in Love"
74. She gives George Burns his headaches
75. Basil Rathbone played the villain role in "Captain - - - - -"
76. Rim
80. Young actor cast as Jean in "The Woman I Love." He was born in S. Africa
82. County in Nevada
84. Sphere
85. Too inquisitive: slang
86. Girl in "Waikiki Wedding"
89. Frogs
91. Single
92. Bird home
96. Mountain peak
97. First name of Freddie Bartholomew's father in "The Devil is a Sissy"
98. Comedian in "Top of the Town"
101. Pig pen
102. Son of Abraham
104. Insipidly
106. Rotating part of a machine
108. Audacity: slang
109. First name of juvenile in "Her Husband Lies"
110. Born
111. Star of "High, Wide and Handsome," first name
112. Scoff
113. Profound respect
114. "The Thundering H - - -"
115. Peels

PAGE

DOWN

1. Singing star whose married name is Mrs. Valentin Parera
2. Belgian battlefield of the World War
3. Lasso
4. Shelled fruit
5. She was recently divorced for the second time from Bruce Cabot
6. The husband of "My American Wife"
7. She was born Edna May Nutter
8. American University
9. Hard-glazed, yellow pottery of Japan
10. Strong beer
11. Military student
12. Virginia Cherrill's ex-hubby, first name
13. Exist
14. Turn in place
15. Old-English overseer
16. Nichette in "Camille"
23. Actress with a celestial name
27. He's married to a young lady who used to be Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
29. Movie studio
32. Unfastens
35. Hot star
36. Stuck-up person
38. Indisposed
41. The screen's Chinese detective
42. "- - - Parade," M-G-M picture
43. Make a mistake
44. Anger
46. Co-starred with the actress of the puzzle in an Irish film
48. Free of
49. First name of actor who played in "Bulldog Drummond Escapes"
50. Marl - - -, gal with the beautiful legs
53. He was the most handsome Indian in "The Last of the Mohicans"
55. Von S - - - - berg, who discovered 50 down
56. He's happily married to Venita Varden
60. Big fat member of the team in "The Bohemian Girl"
62. Mrs. Robert Kent
63. Pat
64. Old long measure
65. Central American tree yielding oil: variant spelling
69. B - - - nd, comedienne
70. "- - - ewolf of London"
71. "Journey's - - -"
73. Eternities
74. Yes
77. "First-Nighter" of radio fame—his first name
78. The lady in "Soldier and the Lady"
79. Rustic dancer, married to Winchell's ex-Girl Friday, now appearing in "Born to Dance"
80. Sweetened
81. Llam - - - - y, temple in "Lost Horizon"
83. Epoch
85. Finer
86. He played Don Luis in "Anthony Adverse"
87. Supporting player in "The Plough and the Stars"
88. Extra
90. Page and Louise both have this first name
93. Groucho is a topnotch j - - - - -
94. The father in "Alice Adams"
95. Rubber for auto wheels, as the British spell it
97. All cutting room equipment includes spl - - - - s
99. First name of the director of "The Ghost Goes West." His last name is - - - - Clair
100. Journey
103. Hail
105. Shirley Temple and Gary Cooper appeared in "- - - and Forever"
107. C - - -, first name of actress who played "Patty" in "Quality Street"

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Buy Djer-Kiss Talc in drug and department stores at 25c and 75c. New generous 10c size in ten-cent stores.

When Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond are "at home" to their pals, here's how they'll treat 'em

By Marjorie Deen

There'll be nothing hit or miss about the buffet suppers served by the future Mrs. Gene Raymond. She will serve her informal meals from a comfortable table with plenty of candlelight, if you please!

A SIT-DOWN SUPPER

WHEN THE hit tune of the week is Mendelssohn's Wedding March; when the churches are bedecked with flowers, ferns and white satin ribbons; when the society magazines and newspaper columns are filled with photographs of young lovelies in trailing gowns and diaphanous lace and tulle veils, then we know it's summertime, the bride's season.

This year's most famous summer bride, of course, is Jeanette MacDonald. And certainly she will also be the loveliest we shall see for months to come! As I write this, her marriage to Gene Raymond, on the seventeenth of June, is only a little way off, and it is, of course, Hollywood's favorite topic of conversation. For everyone out here loves a wedding, particularly when the bride is beautiful, the groom handsome, and both are as unmistakably in love as are Jeanette and Gene.

I don't feel that I'm exaggerating one little bit when I declare that it's in the nature of a real scoop to be able to offer you, at this particular time, recipes and suggestions for informal entertaining given by the bride-to-be.

Yes, the future Mrs. Raymond was delighted to give Modern Screen readers directions for making some of her favorite dishes and also described at some length her idea of a perfectly grand way to give a supper party—one, that is, that will not be too taxing on the hostess yet a huge success in the eyes of the guests.

As usual I'm going to give you some of the recipes here and the others in the little leaflet that the coupon brings you free of charge. Of course, I shall also discuss these leaflet recipes with you later on so that you will know what you'll be getting if you go to the trouble of writing in for your copy. A small enough task, isn't it, when you consider that by writing in you can learn how to prepare the special dishes that have appeared most frequently when Jeanette entertained in her Hancock Park colonial house and that will continue to be featured when the Raymonds move into their new San Fernando home.

But I do want to reserve a major part of the space for the really worthwhile suggestions given by Miss MacDonald for Sit-Down Suppers.

"What!" you might well exclaim, "has the sit-down craze spread into the home?"

To which Jeanette would cheerfully reply, "If it hasn't already, then in my opinion it's high time it did!"

For fear that you might think of her as some militant feminist, which she most certainly is not, I asked her to explain in detail for my readers the stand she takes on Sit-Down Suppers.

"Well, you see," Jeanette assured me, green eyes sparkling with amusement, "I'm fully convinced from personal observation at recent Buffet Suppers we've attended, that few women and practically no men really enjoy giving an imitation of a circus juggler. You've seen them, too, I suppose, trying to find a corner to settle down in while balancing a well-filled plate, an overflowing glass and silverware!

(*Continued on page 70*)

The Modern Hostess, Modern Screen.
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a free leaflet containing Jeanette MacDonald's Informal Supper Recipes.

Name..............................

Street..............................

City..............................

State..............................

A Straight Tip—and a Good One!

USE COSMETICS ALL YOU LIKE! BUT DON'T TAKE CHANCES WITH **COSMETIC SKIN...**
LUX TOILET SOAP REMOVES COSMETICS THOROUGHLY— HAS AN **ACTIVE** LATHER THAT PREVENTS CHOKED PORES. I ALWAYS USE IT!
JOAN BLONDELL
WARNER BROS. STAR

HOLLYWOOD STARS can't afford to take chances with dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores—Cosmetic Skin! That's why 9 out of 10 of them use fragrant white Lux Toilet Soap. It has an ACTIVE lather that goes deep into the pores, removes every hidden trace of stale rouge and powder, dust and dirt.

Keep *your* skin smooth and lovely with the same gentle care Joan Blondell uses. Before you put on fresh make-up, ALWAYS before you go to bed, protect your skin with Lux Toilet Soap.

LUX
LUX
TOILET SOAP

Girls everywhere follow Hollywood's lead—use Lux Toilet Soap for a bath soap, too!

SMALL TOWN BOY

This domestic scene will probably wind up in a cozy spot in the good old family album. Here are Stu and June Erwin with little Billy and Judy.

By Robert H. McIlwaine

SUCCESS WITHOUT glamor may seem like next to nothing to you, but to the thousands of Stuart Erwin fans it means a heck of a lot. True, if prizes were being given out to those who fill the bill for that certain glamorous something, Stuart probably wouldn't be in the running—that is, unless they were giving out a consolation prize!

For, according to the rules of male pulchritude, Stuart just doesn't get into the race. But when it comes to doing a bang-up job of personality plus entertainment, he steps right up to the head of the class. Not that he cares to be in on the class, because he already has what he wants from life—a home, his family and a darn good job.

"This acting is a business to me," Stu began, "and that's the way I handle it. It's no different than if I worked in a bank. Then I'd probably work from nine to five and catch the five-twenty home. As it is, I work all day and drive home instead. Just a home body, that's me—a small town boy."

After one look around, we thoroughly understand why Stu hurries home each night. There's a Mrs. Erwin, who is even more attractive than when she was June Collyer, once Hollywood's most promising ingenue. Though this would seem almost enough, there are two other darn good reasons for Stu to stick to the fireside—Stuart Jr., and little Judy.

June Collyer gave up the screen and her career to devote herself to making a marital success. This she has done in no uncertain way and is naturally as pleased as punch about it all.

"You see, after Stu and I were married," Mrs. Erwin explained, "I decided there needn't be more than one career in the family, at least one professional career. So I quit pictures and have made Stu's career mine. It's so much safer and ever so much more fun this way."

Looking in on the Erwins, we could easily understand why it was fun for them both, and why in topsy-turvy Hollywood, where most marriages seem destined to go on the rocks, their life together is slated to survive. You see, the Erwins are an institution, and they are the only stockholders. They don't give advice and, what's more important, they don't take it.

As to Erwin's histrionics, we can safely predict a long and prosperous future for him. Gifted with a sympathy-inducing physiognomy (face, to us) and a self-deprecative style of acting, he is the typical small-town character in search of an author. There is a real homespun quality about Stu and, in a modest but highly efficient manner, he carries on much in the Will Rogers manner, which is traditonal for portraying "just folks" on the screen.

Though youthful, Stuart Erwin seems the logical successor to the late Will Rogers and can fill his shoes as well as anyone could ever hope to do.

One thing above all else is true of Stuart Erwin. No matter what he does, he always does it well. Indeed, Stu does what he does better than anyone else. This is applicable to any and all exigencies confronting our hero, from movie acting to mixing a mean Martini! To be sure, his prowess at this last mentioned talent was aided and abetted by a little professional instruction and Mr. Erwin wasn't one bit reluctant to give credit where credit was due!

There have been a couple of (*Continued on page 14*)

Stuart Erwin "makes good" in the movies—and at home, too

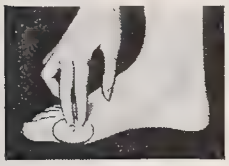
RELIEF FOR YOUR FEET

Don't suffer another day from your feet. No matter what common foot trouble you may have, you can now have IMMEDIATE RELIEF at very small cost. Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, the noted foot specialist, has formulated a Foot Comfort Remedy for every foot ailment. They are made under his personal supervision in the largest institution in the world devoted exclusively to the feet. Go to your Drug, Shoe, Department or 10c store *this week* and get the original Dr. Scholl's in the yellow package for quick, safe relief.

For FREE BOOKLET explaining the symptoms, causes and treatment of all foot trouble, write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., 247 W. Schiller St., Chicago.

CORNS, SORE TOES
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads relieve pain; remove corns. Stop cause—shoe friction and pressure; prevent sore toes, blisters. Thin, soothing, healing.

CALLOUSES
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, special size for callouses, quickly relieve pain, safely remove hard, dead skin. Stop shoe pressure. Very soothing and healing.



BUNIONS
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for bunions relieve pain; stop shoe pressure on the sore spot. Thin, protective, healing, safe, sure. Easy to apply.

SOFT CORNS
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for soft corns between toes, relieve pain instantly; take pressure off the sore spot; safely remove soft corns.

TENDER FEET
Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder relieves tender, hot, tired, or perspiring feet. Soothing, healing, comforting to irritated skin. Eases new, tight shoes.

TIRED, SORE FEET
Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm quickly relieves sore, feverish, chafed, swollen, aching, tender feet. Promotes foot health. Very soothing.

CLEANSES FEET
Dr. Scholl's Foot Soap (granular), loosens secretions of the skin; cleanses skin pores; stimulates normal circulation, promotes foot health.

FOOT LOTION
Dr. Scholl's Foot Lotion cools, soothes, invigorates tired, burning feet. Relieves soreness. Deodorizing, antiseptic.

CORNS, CALLOUSES
Dr. Scholl's Liquid Corn and Callous Remedy 2 drops relieves pain; quickly, safely loosens and removes hard or soft corns and callouses.

REMOVES CORNS
Dr. Scholl's Fixo Corn Plasters quickly, safely remove corns. Instantly relieve pain; stop shoe pressure. Easy to apply, stay in place. Waterproof.

FOOT RELIEF
Dr. Scholl's Kurotex velvety-soft foot plaster relieves shoe pressure on corns, callouses, bunions, tender spots and prevents blisters. Cut to any size.

BEFORE
AFTER

CROOKED HEELS
Dr. Scholl's Walk-Strates prevent crooked heels, keep shoes shapely. Cushion heel; save on repairs. Easily attached in any shoe. For men and women.

EASES FEET
Dr. Scholl's Moleskin, foot plaster for relieving shoe pressure on corns, callouses, bunions, tender spots and preventing blisters. Cuts to any size.

BURNING FEET
Dr. Scholl's Pedicreme a soothing, healing, cooling vanishing cream for relieving tired, tender, aching or burning feet. Delightfully refreshing.

REMOVES CORNS
Dr. Scholl's Corn Salve stops pain instantly and quickly, gently, safely loosens and removes old, hard corns.

SORE, TENDER HEELS
Dr. Scholl's Heel Cushions make walking a pleasure; help support arch. Sponge rubber, covered with leather.

RELIEVES SORE FEET
Dr. Scholl's Bath Salts relieves tired, aching feet. Also recommended for bath in rheumatism, lumbago, gout. Softens water.

LAMB'S WOOL
Dr. Scholl's Lamb's Wool sterilized super-soft, for padding and separating the toes; relieves scalds and soft corns.

CORNS, BUNIONS
Dr. Scholl's Felt Pads in sizes for corns and bunions instantly relieve pain and stop shoe pressure on sore spot.

ITCHING FEET, TOES
Presto Athlete's Foot Remedy relieves itching feet and toes, kills fungi it comes in contact with. Aids in healing skin.

Dr Scholl's Foot Comfort Week

"WATCH YOUR STEP" He said—

—SHE'S A WILDCAT!

WHAT a penalty people pay for being mean and nasty-tempered! They forfeit friends and romance! They're their own worst enemies!

Still, they're not always to blame. You know, yourself, that you can't escape being nervous, irritable, crabby, if your system is clogged with poisonous wastes. So if you really want to be light-hearted . . . popular, fresh-looking . . . *be sure that your bowels move regularly.* And whenever Nature needs help—take Ex-Lax.

Ex-Lax works by the "GENTLE NUDGE" system

The "gentle nudge" system is a simple, easy, effective method of giving you a thorough cleaning-out. Ex-Lax just gives your intestines a gentle nudge at the point where constipation exists. Evacuation is easy, comfortable—and complete. You'll feel *clean.* You'll feel more *alive.* And you'll be grateful for the absence of the strain and nausea that make the action of a harsh purgative so unpleasant.

Another thing—Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. Children actually enjoy taking it, and Ex-Lax is just as good for them as it is for you. Available at all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes.

FREE! If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. MM77, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

instances, however, when Mr. Erwin has not been able to come through with such flying colors. Notably among them was the business of that theatrical producer, years back, not letting him act in his plays.

"You know, that guy would let me stage manage all his shows, handle the money and the business, ferry the company up and down between Los Angeles and San Francisco, but he *wouldn't* let me play in them," Stu explained. "Nope, he said he didn't like my type of work and I should be kept behind the scenery and not in front where the cash customers could get a load of me. He stuck to his guns, too, and he never did let me play a single role the whole time I was with him!

"The funny part of it came when June and I ran into him some years later. It was at the preview of one of my pictures. He came over to us afterwards and said, 'Stu, I didn't think you had it in you. I want to apologize and take my hat off to you. You certainly did a fine job and I'm proud of you. If you ever want a job, let me know.'

"Well, we had a good laugh and we're great pals to this day. The real joke of it is that sometime I might take him up on it."

Having been under contract to one of the big studios for years, we were naturally interested to learn the reason for Stu's departure, for Erwin has certainly done nobly by all the roles he has been given to portray.

WELL, it may be like the other case of the producer who was my pal but just wouldn't let me act in his plays," Stu explained. "There's a producer at the studio who doesn't seem to like my work. He's a good friend, but every time I thought I was set in a role, I found I wasn't. So I went to the studio and we agreed quite amicably to disagree about signing another contract with them."

Stuart Erwin wasn't stepping around long, for he was lately nailed to a nice contract at Grand National. Now he is on the same lot as his old friend, Jim Cagney, and is looking forward to some of the better breaks he is entitled to. Under his old contract, Stu was not allowed to make personal appearances nor do radio broadcasts, but under the new banner he has the privilege of doing both.

Suddenly there were some lusty shouts from another quarter of the Erwin apartment and, just as suddenly, the reasons for all the shoutin' appeared. Bill and Judy—the Erwin young hopefuls!

Bill was enthralled with New York, having just completed a tour of most of the park and all of the zoo.

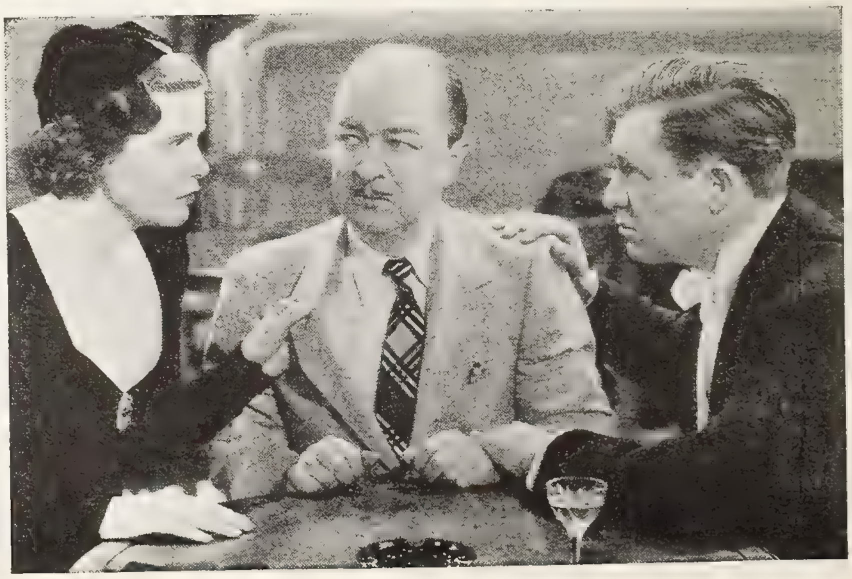
In fact, he was so pleased with our city that at a word from us he was all for staying right here. When reminded that his mother and father were going back he said, "Oh, that's all right. I'll write to 'em on picture postals. And we can play policeman all the time. You know, I'm going to be police-on-a-horse when I grow up."

WE WERE all very properly impressed when we learned that Bill's hero was the cop on the corner who was mounted on a sleek horse which immediately took Stuart Jr., for a loss and captivated his fancy. It seems as though it was his first meeting with law on horseback, and now his mind is made up as to what the future holds for him in the way of a career.

However, Mr. and Mrs. Erwin informed us that they were going to let the children pick their own vocations and if they followed in the footsteps of their father there would be no parental objections.

If there is one person Mrs. Erwin is proud of, it is her hubby and now that he is playing his first star role in "Small Town Boy," she is more pleased than ever.

And for us movie-goers, it means that our pet comedian, the homespun hero, can visit us again in bigger and better roles and who knows—maybe glamor will set in, too!



Slow talkin' Stuart Erwin, right, with Jean Muir and Chester Clute in "Dance, Charlie, Dance."

It's their Birthday.. but Your Gift!

THE
Country Doctor
TALKS TO WOMEN
DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE

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Mothers—ACCEPT THIS "DIONNE BIRTHDAY BOOK"

THE whole world shares a thrill of joy as those darling Dionne babies toddle past their *third* milestone—"bigger and better than ever"!

"Lysol" disinfectant celebrates with a birthday gift for *you!* Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe's own thrilling story of the methods used in bringing up his five famous little wards. Illustrated with many of their most appealing photographs! *Free* with each purchase of "Lysol"!

Dr. Dafoe talks to mothers on the radio (Columbia network) every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning. This is the only book containing the important information he has broadcast, as well as many additional facts of fascinating interest to everyone. While these books last, your druggist is authorized to give one *free* to each purchaser of "Lysol" disinfectant.

Since the day the Quins were born, May 28, 1934, "Lysol" has been the only disinfectant used to help keep their surroundings *hygienically clean*. . . one of the important measures directed toward the prevention of Infection.

Are you taking this simple, but scientific, precaution in the care of your *own* baby? You owe it to your family's welfare to keep their surroundings *hygienically clean* with "Lysol" disinfectant.

Use "Lysol" in *all* your household cleaning. Add "Lysol" to the laundry tub for washing towels, bedding, handkerchiefs, etc., especially when there is any sickness about. "Lysol" adds no work; hardly any cost—because it is highly concentrated. Get "Lysol" *today* and ask your druggist for a *free copy* of Dr. Dafoe's valuable book!

Lysol
Lysol
Lysol
Disinfectant

FREE! AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S with every purchase of "LYSOL"

If your druggist is out of these books, send "Lysol" carton and coupon below and we will mail you a copy, absolutely free and postpaid.

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Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

I am enclosing a carton from "Lysol". Please send me, by prepaid post, a FREE copy of Dr. Dafoe's book. My druggist's supply was exhausted.

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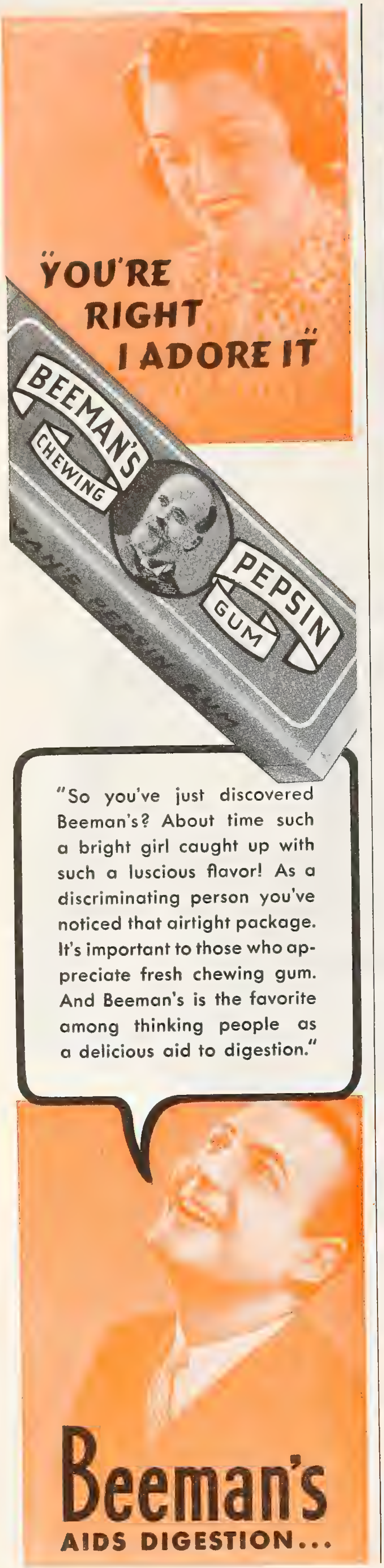

"YOU'RE RIGHT I ADORE IT"

"So you've just discovered Beeman's? About time such a bright girl caught up with such a luscious flavor! As a discriminating person you've noticed that airtight package. It's important to those who appreciate fresh chewing gum. And Beeman's is the favorite among thinking people as a delicious aid to digestion."

Beeman's

AIDS DIGESTION...

ALL ABOARD FOR HOLLYWOOD!

By Jack Smalley

Last call for Modern Screen vacationers to see the stars

WILL YOU be sharing in the last-minute bustle and scurry, the frantic waving to friends down to wish you bon voyage? Will your heart beat faster to the conductor's "All aboard"?

The whush of steam, the barely perceptible start, the quick scanning of faces about you and the hasty glance at the printed list of passengers to see who the pretty girl in the next seat is—that's just the start of *Modern Screen's* tours to movieland.

Will you be part of this exciting picture?

THE BIG special trains are ready; reservations for hotels at the various stops en route have been made, the final touch given to the elaborate plans for your reception in the film capital, and soon we'll shove off across thousands of miles of entrancing country to see the stars, visit studios, enjoy parties at the homes of the celebrities, and be living that vacation to top all vacations, a visit to glamorous movieland.

This is your last call to join in the fun. Only a few reservations are open for the three big tours which will leave Chicago July 11, August 1, and August 15. And for the astonishingly low costs of the trip, you simply can't afford to miss the train.

Previous issues of *Modern Screen* have fully described the plans made for your enjoyment. We've told how we'll go by special train to Seattle, down the coast to Los Angeles and back through Salt Lake City, all in two weeks, with a shorter trip of eleven days for those who are in a hurry.

AND THEN those carefree, exciting days in Hollywood! Leo Carrillo's Spanish fiesta, Glenda Farrell's Gold Diggers Party, the garden fete at Dick Arlen's; lunching and seeing pictures in the making at the new Universal Studios; dropping in at NBC Studios for a view of radioland, meeting the stars of your

Joan Bennett trips along Hollywood Boulevard on a shopping tour.

favorite air program. All this is just a birds-eye view of the round of activities in the cinema city.

Every detail of these house parties of ours is covered in the beautifully illustrated booklet which is yours for the asking. In it you'll find photos of the hosts and hostesses, scenes at the studios, pictures of the parks where stop-overs will be made, and the complete itinerary as well as full schedule of costs. Send for your booklet today.

Here's one real-life movie in which you can play a part. All you need do is make up your mind that this year you owe it to yourself to enjoy the finest vacation that anyone could devise, and cast yourself for a leading role in the picture.

THE first trip out finds Leo Carrillo as host. And there is a man after your own heart. Leo has a gorgeous ranch near the ocean at Santa Monica, and we'll all drive down there for an old-fashioned Spanish barbecue and fiesta, with Leo to welcome us and with many of his pals in the movie colony to help make this a grand occasion.

Right now Leo Carrillo is making "Hotel Haywire" at Paramount, but he's not going to let that interfere with your having the time of your life at his party. As a matter of fact, the novel angle of your party has temperamental Leo steamed up full pressure. And that means plenty of fun ahead for all of you.

Glenda Farrell postcards from England, where she's seeing the Coronation and making a movie, that she'll be home in ample time to greet the tour leaving August 1, and Dick Arlen is counting the days till his Melting Pot Party, in honor of the shorter trip which leaves Chicago August 15. You can imagine that Glenda, ordinarily such an intriguing person, will be an out-and-out social lion with all the tall stories she'll be telling you about coronation goings-on.

No matter where you live you can easily join the house parties, either at Chicago or en route to Hollywood. Because we're traveling in groups by special trains, a trip that would be very expensive for a private enterprise becomes astonishingly inexpensive; as low as $169.00 for the two-weeks' tour, or $139.50 for the shorter trip.

If you wish to be sure of a reservation, enclose $10.00 as deposit for each person in your party. If you are unable to make the trip, your deposit will be returned.

So it's all aboard for Hollywood. This is the last call. Are you with us?

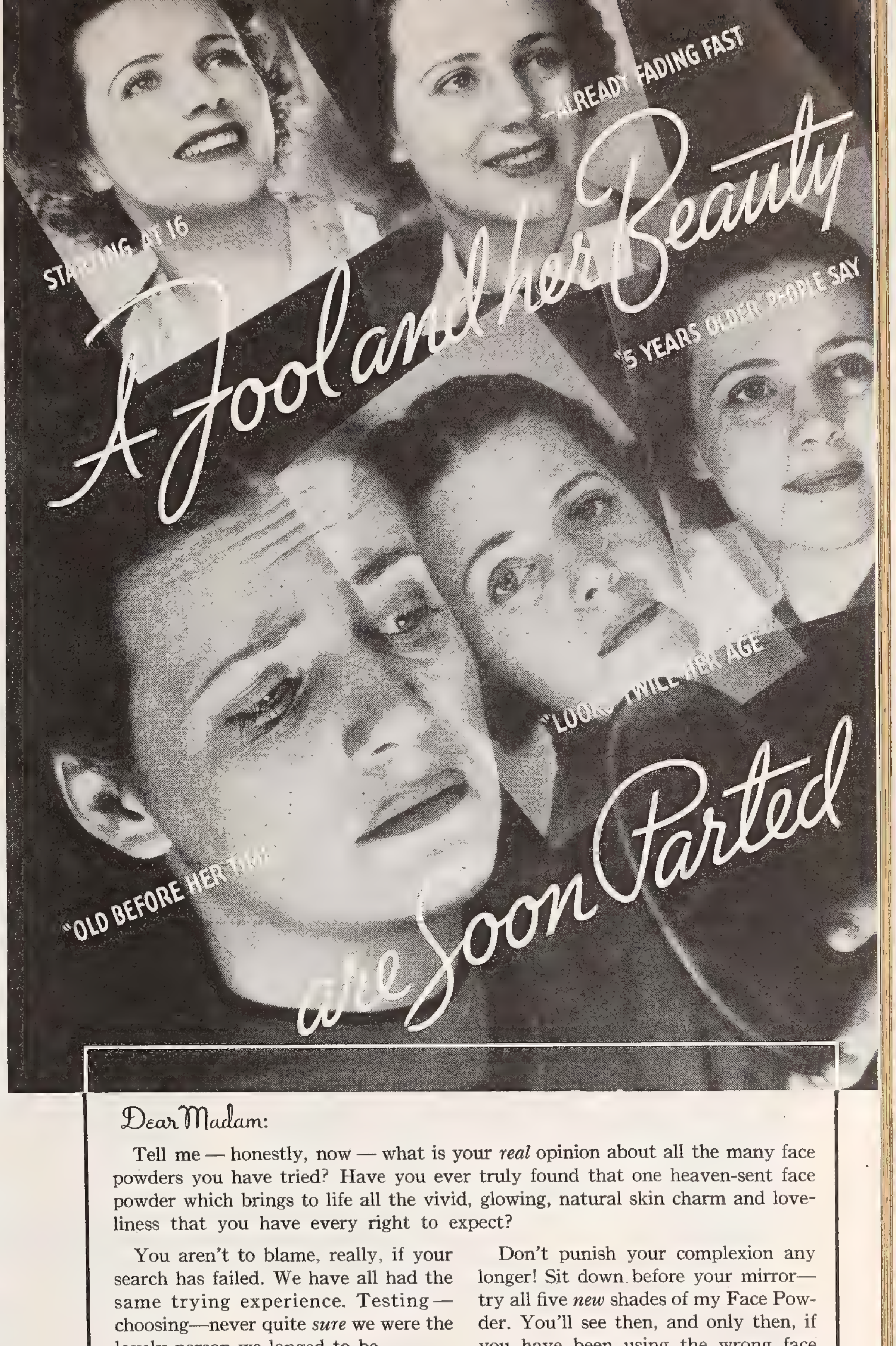
Mr. Joe Godfrey, Jr., Manager,
Modern Screen Tours to Hollywood,
360 N. Michigan Ave., 18th floor,
Chicago, Ill.

Please send me the free booklet describing MODERN SCREEN Tours to Movieland.

Name............................

Address..........................

City.................. State.......



Dear Madam:

Tell me — honestly, now — what is your *real* opinion about all the many face powders you have tried? Have you ever truly found that one heaven-sent face powder which brings to life all the vivid, glowing, natural skin charm and loveliness that you have every right to expect?

You aren't to blame, really, if your search has failed. We have all had the same trying experience. Testing—choosing—never quite *sure* we were the lovely person we longed to be.

You—are the very problem modern cosmeticians studied year after year before LOVELY LADY was created. Millions of women go on switching face powders, grinding *hard-base*, sharp-flake powders into the skin, finally spoiling their natural skin beauty.

Now,—BALMITE the exquisite new *soft-blend* base—chosen for my LOVELY LADY Face Powder ends harsh over-powdered look caused by hard-base, sharp-flake powders. . . . Because of BALMITE all five exquisite *new* shades of LOVELY LADY *blend out* to *cover your every seasonal variation of complexion color*. Smooths away horrid lines that have made you look years older, brings out the flattering loveliness of your natural skin tone beauty.

Don't punish your complexion any longer! Sit down before your mirror—try all five *new* shades of my Face Powder. You'll see then, and only then, if you have been using the wrong face powder. You'll see instantly which one shade of LOVELY LADY makes you look youngest, loveliest. Just send the coupon—NOW and I'll send you generous vanity size samplers of all 5 new shades of my Face Powder by return mail — FREE.

Sincerely,

Lovely Lady

FREE

77

LOVELY LADY,
603 Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free by return mail generous vanity size samplers of all five shades of LOVELY LADY Face Powder. Include a week's supply of LOVELY LADY All Purpose Face Cream FREE.

Name..............................

Street..............................

City....................*State*..............

Paste this on a postcard or enclose in envelope

ON SALE AT COSMETIC COUNTERS EVERYWHERE

REVIEWS • A TOUR

★★★★ A Star Is Born

Here is the most true-to-life story of Hollywood ever to reach the screen—a drama which combines all the humor and all the heartbreak of this fabulous village. In telling the tale of a small-town girl who makes good in pictures, "A Star Is Born" is comedy and tragedy rolled into one, and certainly one of the season's finest films.

Janet Gaynor is the young lady in quest of fame, and although she is befriended by a good-natured assistant director (Andy Devine), fortune never crosses her path until she meets a bibulous screen idol (Fredric March), who promptly makes her his leading lady. They fall in love and marry, and she skyrockets to fame while he slips slowly into oblivion. It's a story which has been lived over and over again in Hollywood, and there must have been more than one actor squirming in his seat at the preview.

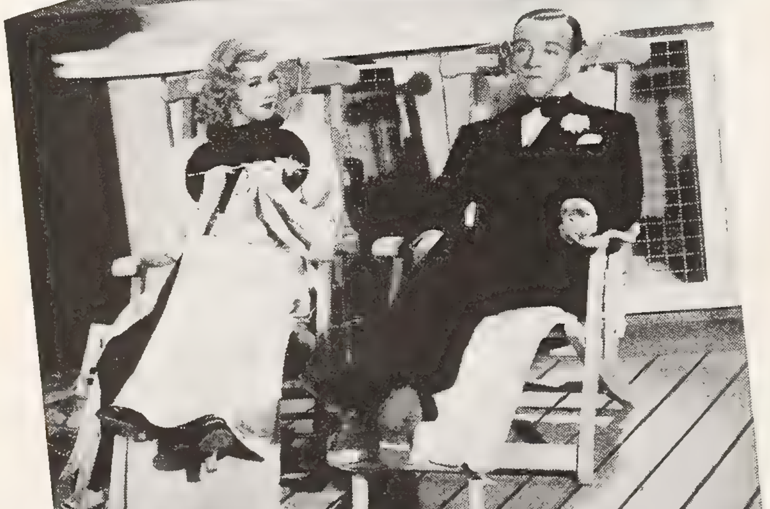
Technicolor, which improves with each new film, is employed most effectively. Incidentally, it definitely enhances the beauty of Janet Gaynor, whose performance in the picture is a revelation. Fredric March is splendid as the alcoholic star; Adolphe Menjou is, as usual, faultless in the role of the producer; May Robson does a fine portrayal of Miss Gaynor's grandmother, and there is a swell performance of a cynical press-agent by Lionel Stander. Directed by William Wellman. *—Selznick-International.*

★★★ Night Must Fall

In England two years ago Robert Montgomery saw a play in which the central character was a psychopathic case, a combination of good-natured buffoon and cold-blooded killer. Bob, tired of portraying insipid playboys, persuaded M-G-M to purchase "Night Must Fall" for him. The result is a picture which will chill you with its brutality as easily as it amuses you with its cockney English humor. To steal a line of dialogue from one of the characters, "there's only one word for it—'grisly.'"

Shortly after the murder of a woman hotel guest, Montgomery, page boy at the place, is hired as a servant in the home of a crotchety old woman (Dame May Whitty) and her thrill-seeking niece (Rosalind Russell). Miss Russell realizes that Montgomery is the murderer, yet she is strangely drawn to him. Out of this situation emerges what will probably be recorded as the year's strangest drama.

It is a triumph for Montgomery, proving he is a skilled and sensitive performer. Rosalind Russell turns in a very believable portrayal of the inhibited young woman, and Dame May Whitty is superb. Alan Marshal does nicely as Miss Russell's intended groom. Directed by Richard Thorpe.—*M-G-M.*



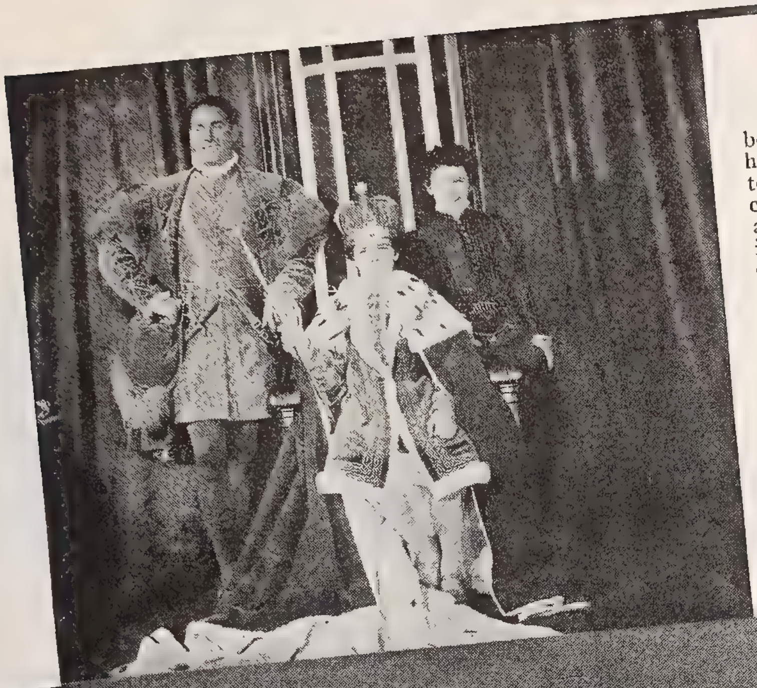
★★★★ Shall We Dance?

Possessing all the chromium-plated virtues of its predecessors, this new Astaire-Rogers musical romp is a delightful affair which gives its two stars ample opportunity to display their well-known and highly specialized talents. The new dances continue to have that breath-taking quality about them which sets the Astaire-Rogers combination in a class by itself. The musical score by the Gershwins is excellent. Best numbers are "Shall We Dance?", "Let's Call the Whole Thing Off" and "They Can't Take That Away from Me." Astaire is magnificent in a solo dance number done in the engine room of an ocean liner, to the accompaniment of the ship's machinery. Perhaps the most ingratiating of the dance numbers is a novelty on roller skates in which the two stars wind up on their respective faces.

"Shall We Dance?" is tops in the comedy department, with Astaire especially effective in the role of a phoney Russian ballet dancer. Miss Rogers, playing a musical comedy star, manages to look fancier than ever. Jerome Cowan supplies sophisticated comedy as Ginger's manager, and Edward Everett Horton is his customary self as Astaire's business department. Best comedy in the picture is furnished by Eric Blore as a hotel keeper. Harriet Hoctor scores beautifully in a ballet number, and Ketti Gallian is sinister as the villainess. Directed by Mark Sandrich.—*RKO.*

By Leo Townsend

OF TODAY'S TALKIES



★★★ The Prince and the Pauper

When Mark Twain wrote his delightful fantasy of the pauper boy who suddenly found himself a prince, he probably had never heard of the Warner Brothers. However, if he were up and about today, he'd be grateful to them for translating his work into a completely enjoyable screen satire. He would also, no doubt, hand a palm to another set of brothers, the Mauch twins, who are so identical that even Henry VIII, father of one of them in the film, couldn't tell them apart.

Story tells of a son of the poor who inadvertently gets into the palace of Henry VIII. He meets young Prince Edward, and the two of them, in a spirit of fun, change clothes. When the prince wanders out into the courtyard, he is ejected by the guards and so, when Henry dies, the pauper finds himself about to be crowned king.

Montagu Love is a competent Henry, and Claude Rains is excellent as a scheming lord protector. Errol Flynn is properly swashbuckling as a soldier of fortune who aids in the cause of the young prince, and Henry Stephenson is fine as the Duke of Norfolk, and Barton MacLane does a good job as the thieving father of the young pauper. Directed by William Keighley.—*Warner Bros.*

★★★ Wake Up and Live

When 1937's musicals reach their judgment day, critics and audiences alike will probably agree that "Wake Up and Live" is the brightest and most enjoyable of the lot. If you're a reader of the public prints you no doubt know by now that it features Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie. Producer Darryl Zanuck's sagacity in capitalizing on their much-publicized "feud" is matched by his shrewdness in casting the pair in the roles they play every day.

Ben Bernie makes an admirable orchestra leader, and Winchell plays a newspaperman who looks and acts like newspapermen actually look and act. He doesn't wear his hat when he's working, he doesn't show up at the office drunk, nor does he win the most beautiful girl in the world in the last reel. Despite the novelty offered by the presence of Winchell and Bernie, the real stars of the picture are Jack Haley and Alice Faye. It is a pleasure to report that Haley's is one of the most hilarious performances we've seen on the screen. Alice Faye is both swell and elegant as the heroine of the piece. Ned Sparks and Patsy Kelly do a grand job with their comedy romance. Walter Catlett is excellent as a phoney agent, and Joan Davis is surprisingly funny in an adagio number. The best tunes are "Wake Up and Live" and "Never in a Million Years." Directed by Sidney Lanfield.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★★ Woman Chases Man

Never let it be said that Samuel Goldwyn isn't thorough. When he makes a social document he generally makes it the most penetrating social document of the year, and when he decides on slapstick he goes the whole route and leaves no pie unthrown. Which is to say that "Woman Chases Man" is no social document. It has no message, and you'll probably forget what it was about a week after you've seen it. But while you're looking at it, you'll have a swell time.

Just to give you an idea, the story concerns a ne'er-do-well father (Charles Winninger) who is trying to blast a loan of $100,000 from his conservative son (Joel McCrea). Miriam Hopkins gets into the picture on the old gent's side, and together they give poor Joel the works.

Miss Hopkins is swell in a grand-comedy role, and Charles Winninger is an able foil for her antics as the conniving father. Joel McCrea turns in a fine portrayal of their unfortunate victim, and there are good performances by Leona Maricle, as the "other woman" in the case, and Erik Rhodes, as Miss Maricle's lover. Broderick Crawford shows a grand-comedy flair as a phoney butler, and Ella Logan, as a maid, makes her small role outstanding. Directed by John Blystone.—*Samuel Goldwyn.*

More Reviews on Page 102

Movie tips which guide you to the best in entertainment

Don't be a Wash-out!

SAYS Jane Heath

Never again should you come out of the surf looking less than lovely! (LASHTINT LIQUID MASCARA is the secret of summer sirens!) There'll be no more streaky cheeks or pale, sun-bleached lashes —*this* mascara is *really water-proof!* It never cracks or flakes, and looks completely soft and natural. Comes in black, brown, blue or green. $1.

and then

The girl with an eye to conquest understands the allure of a subtle touch of eye shadow to give her eyes depth and color under a strong, white sun . . . or to put glimmering highlights on her eyelids at night. SHADETTE comes in ten subtle daytime shades to match your gay vacation clothes, and in gold and silver for evening. 75c.

and never forget

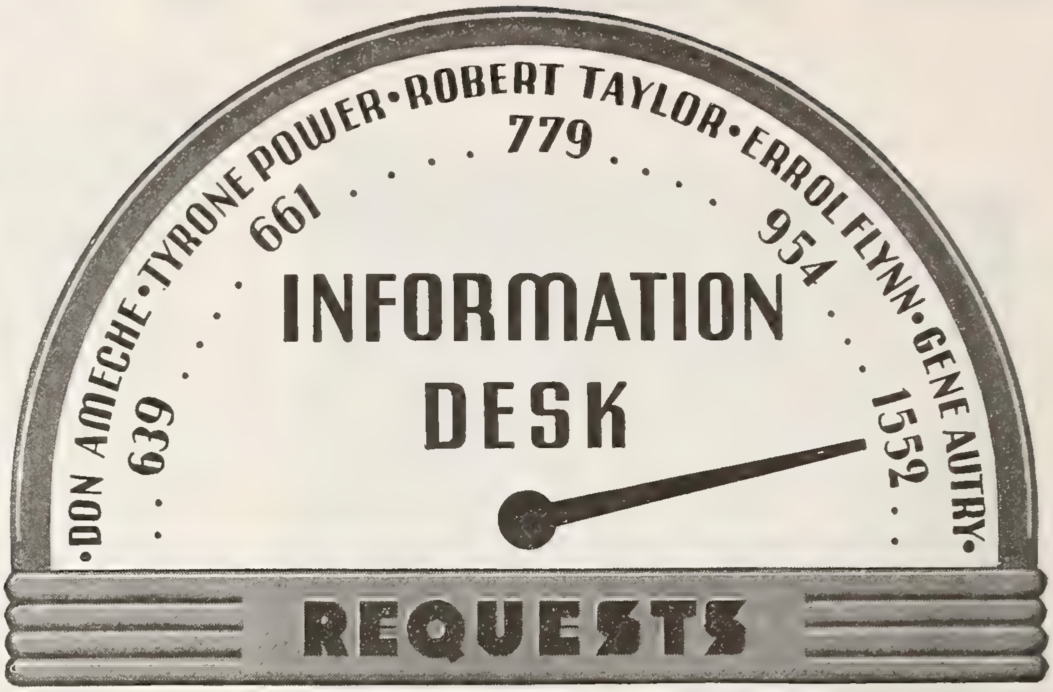
That the basic secret of all beautiful eyes is a frame of glorious curling lashes. Just slip your lashes into KURLASH, the handy little beauty necessity that curls them in only 30 seconds, without heat, cosmetics, or practice. $1.

OTHER KURLASH PRODUCTS ARE:

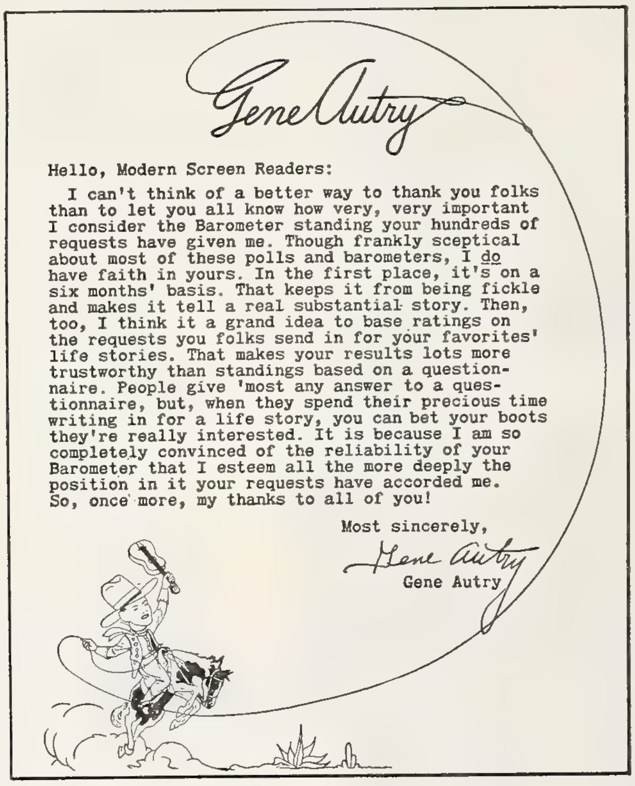
TWEEZETTE—the automatic tweezer for painlessly removing face hair
LASHPAC—a purse-size lipstick mascara with built-in brush
LASHTINT MASCARA—cased in metal compact with a patented sponge arrangement that assures perfect applications at all times
KURLENE—to promote luxurious lashes and brows
TWISSORS—the ingenious tweezers with scissor-handles

Kurlash

MAIL THIS TODAY
To: JANE HEATH, Dept. D-7
The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y.
The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3
Please send me, free, your booklet on eye beauty, and a personal coloring plan for my complexion.
Eyes______ Hair______ Complexion______
Name______
Address______
City______ State______
Copyright 1937, The Kurlash Company, Inc.



"BAROMETER BEST POPULARITY CHECK"—Gene Autry



Gene Autry

Hello, Modern Screen Readers:

I can't think of a better way to thank you folks than to let you all know how very, very important I consider the Barometer standing your hundreds of requests have given me. Though frankly sceptical about most of these polls and barometers, I do have faith in yours. In the first place, it's on a six months' basis. That keeps it from being fickle and makes it tell a real substantial story. Then, too, I think it a grand idea to base ratings on the requests you folks send in for your favorites' life stories. That makes your results lots more trustworthy than standings based on a questionnaire. People give 'most any answer to a questionnaire, but, when they spend their precious time writing in for a life story, you can bet your boots they're really interested. It is because I am so completely convinced of the reliability of your Barometer that I esteem all the more deeply the position in it your requests have accorded me. So, once more, my thanks to all of you!

Most sincerely,
Gene Autry
Gene Autry

If you'd like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, and, incidentally, help boost his or her standing in our Barometer, fill in and send us the coupon on Page 21, or, if that seems too much trouble, just write. Your request will be recorded whether you bother with the coupon or not. Try to save yourself 2c by using postcards whenever possible. We answer general questions, too, either here or by mail. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, New York.

GENE AUTRY (Last printed March, 1937. Total number of requests since then 1050.) Unglamorous is the word for Gene Autry. In fact, so unglamorous that in the history of Hollywood he has had but one serious rival. That was Will Rogers. And Will was the only other chap so utterly likeable. Pretty hard, though to pin down just what it is that makes you an Autry fan. You couldn't mistake Gene's face for Bob Taylor's or his voice for Lawrence Tibbett's. He has, however, one salient virtue which he shares with no one else on the screen. When he sings, he does his level best to put his song over and not himself. There is no eyebrow "magic"; he doesn't try to "make" the women in the audience. He sings as a cowboy should—to no audience other than the plains, the stars, and the cattle.

Born in Tioga, Texas, Sept. 29, 1907, Gene was trained to two careers almost before graduating from rompers. His grandfather was pastor of a Baptist church, his father a rancher. In the church Gene sang hymns, on the ranch he rode. But when the boy had turned sixteen, it was neither to singing nor riding that he strayed. In typical idealistic Autry fashion, he longed to try his hand at something novel, something that would speak to his imagination. He took up Morse code and for four years clicked out messages from one of Oklahoma's most deserted way-stations. It was in the lone railroad shanty, with its ancient, spattered coal stove, that Gene's voice was discovered. His talent scouts were the simple cowhands who gathered 'round the stove in the dead of winter to listen to the homely strains of Gene's own compositions.

It took these cowmen four years to convince Gene that he might be talented. He left for New York. To Nat Shilkret he sang one of Nat's own compositions, "Jenine, I Dream Too Much." Nat, flattered and amused by the youngster's politic selection, took him under his wing. He advised him to spend another year in Oklahoma, getting experience on local broadcasts and in local roadshows. It was a sound bit of advice. When Gene came back East, he was asked to make records for almost every existing record company, and soon after, he joined the National Barn Dance program over a nation-wide hook-up.

When, in 1931, the Barn Dance went on the road, the gang stopped a night in a sleepy little Missouri college town. Gene met a pretty girl. A year later the Barn Dance followed the same itinerary. The girl, still in college, cut a few classes, became Mrs. Ina Mae Autry.

Meanwhile, Tex Ritter and Dick Foran were setting the style for singin' cowboys. To Republic officials, Gene Autry seemed the likely man to contend for the box-office laurels Tex and Dick had been dividing between them. Gene was hired, mounted on that noble horse, Champion (who, by the way, had been bred by the same trainer who had raised all Ken Maynard's horses). In the three years that have elapsed since the signing of his contract, Gene and Champion have left all the other cowboys trailing behind in their dust. "Git Along Little Dogies" is their newest screen venture.

BARBARA RUSSELL, Duluth, Minnesota: You can't see why it is that the girls in your sorority are all agreed that the Information Desk Barometer is a much better gauge of popularity than the poll your college paper runs? If you will give Gene Autry's letter to our readers a careful once-over, I think you'll find yourself on the same side of the fence as your sorority sisters. Coming from Gene, the arguments presented in the letter are doubly effective. Gene's been in pictures long enough to have a pretty good idea of what's what in this matter of popularity. When he singles out the Barometer for extra-special praise, I think all your friends who have helped build it up with their requests can consider themselves flattered.

GARY COOPER (Last printed June, 1936. Total number of requests since then 388.) People have stopped trying to talk sense to Gary Cooper. Back in the days of Clara Bow, when he was a movie extra, they told Gary there was no future in the extra racket. You might as well beat your head against a brick wall as to try and emerge from the ranks. But Gary didn't want advice. He preferred to run his head against a brick wall —and become a star.

Gary's mother is the first to admit that her son is a bit of a ne'er-do-well. She often wonders whether he has ever recovered from the quart of beer that Turkish laborers on his dad's Montana ranch tempted him with when he was a little tot of eight. Possibly to protect their adventurous child from friendly Turks, or possibly because Mrs. C. had relatives in England, the Coopers migrated to that country in 1914, when Gary was twelve, and remained there for three years. When Gary came back to Helena, Montana, his old pals were amused by his knee pants and Eton collar, charmed by his accent. They took him out behind the barn and thrashed him soundly—because you can't *talk* sense to that Cooper guy.

It was around this time that the U. S. A. declared war, and when Gary's brother enlisted, young Cooper was left with the job of delivering a thousand head of cattle to the Minneapolis stock yards. Acting as tour conductor for a thousand yawping steers proved less of a problem to Gary than getting through college. After a pessimistic three years' trial, and Gary confesses that what he was really trying for was not so much a degree as the consent of one of the co-eds to marry him, he gave it all up with a bang and took to drink. When he had quite drowned his sorrows and had tired of his cartoonist job on the Helena paper, he left for Hollywood.

After prancing through several extra roles on horseback—now a Texas bad man,

(*Continued on page 99*)

INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please print a brief life story of

....
in your department.

Name ....

City......................State..........

The Half and Half by JANTZEN

GLORIA BREWSTER
20th Century-Fox Player
Half and Half (illustrated) $4.95
Other Jantzen Creations
$4.50 to $10.95

Beauty with a French accent! This intriguing version of the half-skirt vogue—so important on the Continent—blends the sophisticated daring of a maillot with the modesty of a full-skirt suit. Very chic, very brief. The luxurious quick-drying wool basket-weave Kava Knit fabric provides sleek "girdle-fit" through the magic of Jantzen-Stitch. Wear the straps straight for sunning, crossed for swimming—quickly, easily changed. The high, separated bust-line is charmingly youthful. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada.

Jantzen
FIGURE-CONTROL SWIMMING SUITS

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS
Dept. 362, Portland, Oregon
Please send me style folder in color showing new 1937 models.

WOMEN'S ☐ MEN'S ☐
Name
Street City

NOW - *Amazing new underarm creams!*

Which . . . for you?

- this one stops odor

FRESH NO. 1

- Formerly known to a discriminating few as simply Fresh, this cream deodorant is big news wherever it is tried.
- For Fresh No. 1 has no medicinal smell—nothing to identify it as a deodorant. Yet it positively eliminates underarm odor.
- And Fresh No. 1 is antiseptic... safe after shaving. Not gummy, greasy. So easy to use. Travel-size tube, 10c at variety stores. Large tube, 50c at toiletries counters.

FRESH
FRESH

- this one stops perspiration, too!

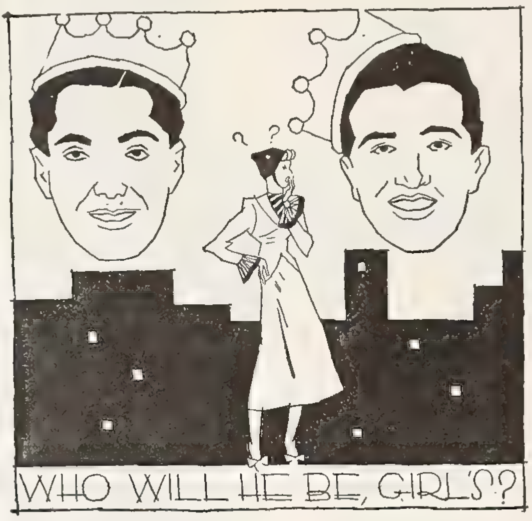
FRESH NO. 2

- Brand-new! Fresh No. 2 is a *vanishing cream*, which dries quickly and stops perspiration for from 1 to 3 days. Eliminates odor, too. Greaseless, stainless.
- And how quickly it dries . . . how quickly you can go right on with your dressing! Once you've tried Fresh No. 2, you'll never use another non-perspirant. Travel-size jar, 10c at variety stores. Large tubes, 50c at toiletries counters.

THE PHARMA-CRAFT CORPORATION, INC.
LOUISVILLE, KY.

BETWEEN YOU

Frank, lively letters from fans to interest everyone. Lucky winners get cash prizes, too


WHO WILL HE BE, GIRLS?

Who's in Power now, Taylor? Is Tyrone about to take your place as King of Feminine Hearts, Bob? What say, Fans?

$5.00 Prize Letter
To Simone's Defense

In these times of hard-boiled sophistication and cynical disregard for human personality, I suppose it is too much to expect people to display anything but crude ridicule or some eyebrow-lifting toward anyone of foreign origin whose ways are not parallel with ours, who cannot seem to fit into any of the pigeonholes of character which we have so neatly set up in our American "culture." No, such a person is temperamental, unjustifiable and just doesn't belong with us!

You see, I have recently seen "Seventh Heaven," and I felt that both the leading roles were well done. I didn't know anything about the personality of Simone Simon, except that she's French. Then, I happened to read the screen reviews—casual remarks about the "play-acting of the unpredictable Simon," "the baby-carriage French accent," and in MODERN SCREEN a comment about the "redundant French gal" doing a good turn for her stand-in (evidently a very surprising thing to some people) and letters bemoaning the existence of "Sea-moan" in screenland. And many more quips directed at the French girl, all giving the impression that here indeed was an impossible creature.

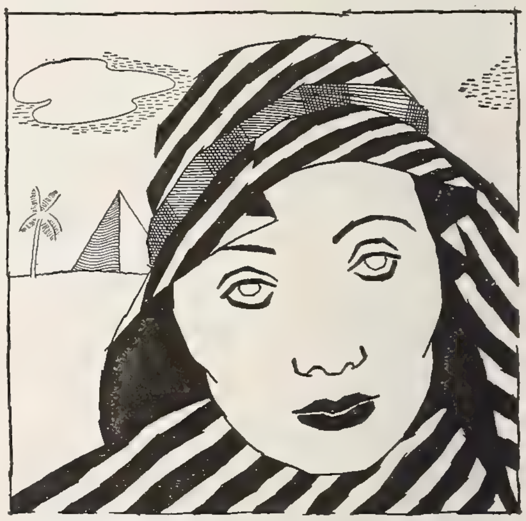
Now, may I ask all of these people just what kind of persons would they be if they were to be set down in some foreign country to carry on as best they could in competition with the best natives of their own profession? I pay tribute to little Simone for her pluck in keeping at it in spite of the bumps. Temperamental? Exasperating? Perhaps. But they are the only weapons she has found effective against a hostile environment—Herbert G. Kelly, Chicago, Ill.

**WRITE A LETTER—
WIN A PRIZE**

Your frank opinions on movie personalities and movies are important to the stars, producers and us. And writing us a letter is one way of telling the stars what you think of them. They're anxious to have your criticism and these columns are yours to tell your story. This is your chance to have your say and win some pin money, too. There are no rules; no deadlines. Send as many contributions as you like. Prizes: 1st prize, $5; 2 second prizes of $2 each; 6 prizes of $1 each. Address: Between You and Me, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

$2.00 Prize Letter
Adorable Shirley

May I come in? I'd like to tell the world through your column how much I love and adore my favorite movie star, Shirley Temple. I guess it's really something more than just admiring her on the screen, 'cause I have a choking feeling around my heart when I see her. I love her like one little girl can love and adore another. You see I'm not really like other little girls my age, 'cause I have never walked or talked and I'm most ten years old. But when the lights go out in the theatre and Shirley dances and sings her way across the silver screen, I forget that I can't walk or talk. I dread to think of the day when Mother will no longer be able to carry me into the theatre to see my beloved Shirley.—Josephine O'Brien, Flint, Mich.



A Michigan contributor thinks she's hit on the secret of Dietrich's oh-so-dead pan.

'N' ME

$2.00 Prize Poem

My Favorites

The finest stars upon the screen,
The ones that I like best, I mean—
The grandest pair that I've seen yet,
Are Nelson Eddy and Jeanette.

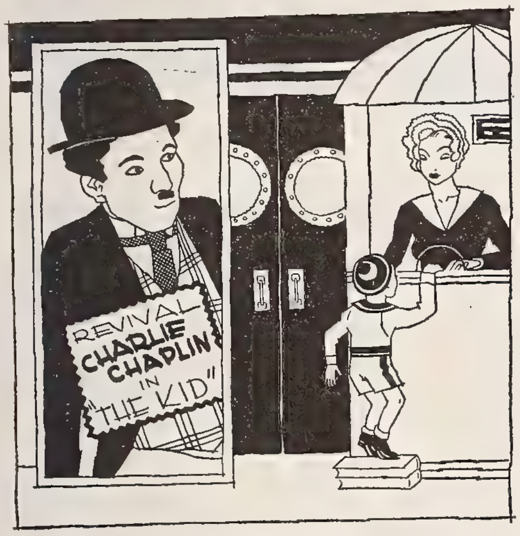
He's so handsome, tall and fair;
She's lovely, with her red-gold hair.
Their voices are so clear and sweet,
To hear them is a thrilling treat.

"Naughty Marietta" was so nice
That I just had to see it twice.
Sweet Mystery of Life, sung by Jeanette
And Nelson, too, was a grand duet.

The next I saw was "Rose Marie,"
The loveliest picture one could see.
The Indian Love Call I would fain
Hear sung by those song-birds again.

The picture that I now await,
Among the highest it will rate.
Is "Maytime!" And it's clear to see
How wonderful 'twill surely be.

The fourth success, if I'm not wrong,
They're blending next with beauteous song,
Jeanette and Nelson at their best,
In Metro's "Girl of the Golden West."—
Margaret Faller, Verona, N. J.



A youthful prize winner begs for a revival of silents. He's never even seen Chaplin!

$1.00 Prize Letter

In Rebellious Mood

I am a movie fan; there is no getting around that statement. I can sit open-mouthed through "Romeo and Juliet" and heartily enjoy Mickey Mouse. I even saw "The Great O'Malley." That proves how good I am. But I have a kick coming.

I can put it down to something or other when Simone Simon's hair has that glorious sheen in "Seventh Heaven." It bespeaks the best of care, although she is next door to a beggar maid. That sort of thing I can understand, but why do all Indians have to say "Um" and "Heap big?" Why do the majority of European noblemen have to be fortune hunters and cads? I have never met a titled person and never expect to, but my intelligence rebels at the same old story.

May I commend the powers-that-be for the wonderful pictures we have been having lately—"The Good Earth," "Camille," "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney?"—Billie Stuart, Newark, N. J.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Smileless Dietrich

Well, I went to see "The Garden of Allah" and the color is perfectly beautiful. It doesn't come up and poke its fingers in your eyes, as earlier color films did.

But—Marlene Dietrich! Her sequences seemed to be a series of rapidly changing still photographs. She shows as much animation as a turtle. I understand that off-screen Miss Dietrich seldom smiles or laughs because of the lines it causes about the mouth and eyes. But does she have to carry this pose before the cameras, too? She is very lovely and is an excellent color subject, but gazing at a mask does get rather tiring. If she would let herself go and really emote instead of posing for camera portraits, it might put life into her voice, too. Just close your eyes and listen to her for a let-down. Or is she too subtle for me?—Julia Kurta, Royal Oak, Mich.

$1.00 Prize Letter

A Welcome To "Silents"

I am 22 years old and have only a faint recollection of ever seeing movies of

(*Continued on Page 100*)

"Glare-Proof"

Glaring sun throws a hard light on your face
Pond's "Sunlight" Shades catch only the softer rays of the sun—soften your face

Now 3 Pond's "Sunlight" shades

Summer Brunette
Sunlight (LIGHT)
Sunlight (DARK)

to soften your face in blazing light • • •

Now *three* new "Sunlight" Shades—to flatter you in hard sunlight.

Pond's "Sunlight" Shades are *new!* They catch only the softer rays of the sun. Soften its hard, unbecoming glare on your face. Completely away from the old "dirty-looking" sun-tan powders. Try them at our expense.

Or, get a box yourself. If you do not find it more flattering than ordinary sun-tan shades, send us back the box, and we will refund purchase price plus postage. Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

POND'S FACE POWDER

Test them FREE! in glaring Sunlight
Pond's, Dept. 9MS-PG, Clinton, Conn. Please rush me, free, Pond's 3 new "Sunlight" Shades, enongh of each for a 5-day test.
(This offer expires Sept. 1, 1937)

Name____________________________
Street____________________________
City________________State____________

Copyright, 1937,
Pond's Extract Company

WELL-DRESSED WOMEN NOW WEAR *BRA-FORMS

Leading American designers recommend the use of dress shields to protect their creations not only from perspiration but also from strong under-arm cosmetics.

At a recent Fashion Show in New York, every dress was worn over a carefully selected Kleinert's Bra-form.

*Bra-forms are smart uplift bras made in net, lace, batiste and satin and equipped with a pair of Kleinert's guaranteed dress shields.

· They can be laundered as easily as your other lingerie, and solve your perspiration problem perfectly without the slightest bother.

You need bras and you need shields—Bra-forms combine them *most* conveniently! From a dollar up in good Notion Departments everywhere—a tiny fraction of the cost of the dresses they save.

The Bra-form illustrated above, is of fine batiste, $1.25.

Kleinert's
LAUNDERITE
DRESS SHIELDS
25¢
Wash and Iron to Perfection

Ask for Kleinert's Launderite Shields—25¢ a pair at Notion Counters everywhere.

Kleinert's

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

485 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.
TORONTO, CANADA . . . LONDON, ENG.

. . . WIN A FREE *Hollywood*

Your Last Chance to Win One of 20 Free Round Trips

Imagine, 20 winners luxuriously transported in a new, smooth-riding "Trailways" bus to the city of the flicker-folk!

Even the sidelights of this tour are breathtaking highlights! The wonderlands of the West—Great Salt Lake, Boulder Dam, the Grand Canyon—places you've longed to visit, you'll see them all! In Hollywood, adventure amid unheard of splendor awaits us! We'll cut capers with the stars and watch them at work on the set!

Never say "Never." Get in on this contest NOW and start humming "Hollywood, Here I Come!"

N	O	R	M	A		S	H	E	A	R	E	R		
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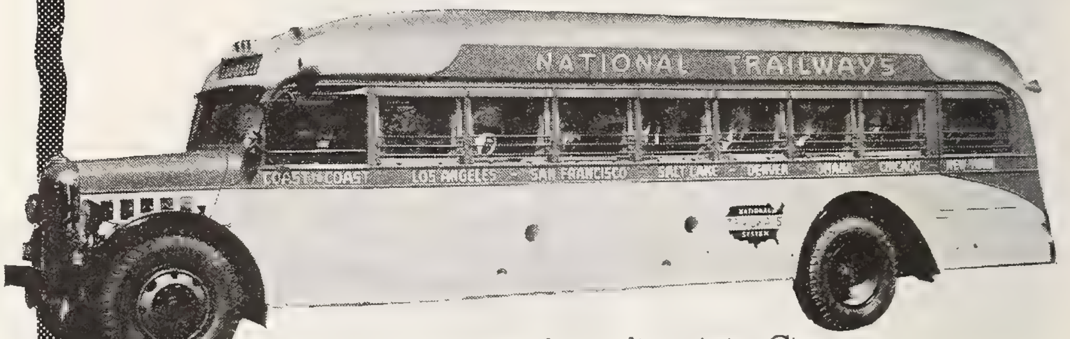
My suggestion for the name of the special bus is:

. . . .

Name . . . .

Street Address . . . .

City and State . . . .
(Please print)



Will you be riding into Cinemaland in one of these luxurious buses? You can, you know!

TRIP TO . . .

To enter this contest, fill in the chart with *full* names of your movie favorites, the first or last name beginning with the letters appearing on each line of the chart. The names selected can have *fewer* letters than squares, but *cannot* have more. Do not use the same name twice. Then, fill in the coupon beneath the chart, suggesting a name for this "Luxury Liner," which will carry our winners to Hollywood. For example, "Hollywood Cruiser," "Luxury Express."

RULES

1. Contestant must fill in the chart on Page 24, with the *full* names of the moving picture stars or featured players whose *first* or *last* names begin with the letters in the words, NATIONAL TRAILWAYS. For example, the letter "N" may represent either Norma Shearer or Nolan, Doris. The names you select can have less letters than squares provided for in the chart; they should *not* have more. Leave one space between first and last names or last and first names. Don't use the same name twice.
2. In the space at the bottom of the chart, suggest a name for the special bus which will carry the winners to Hollywood.
3. The 20 trips will be awarded to the persons who submit the most complete chart and who, in the judges' opinion, give the best name for the bus.
4. If more than one entry is submitted, each must be presented on a separate chart.
5. Neatness and accuracy will count; elaborate entries will not receive preference in awarding the prizes.
6. The decision of the judges shall be final, and in case of ties, additional trips will be awarded.
7. Mail your entries to Modern Screen-National Trailways Contest, in care of Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight of June 30, 1937.
8. No employees of the Dell Publishing Co., or the National Trailways System, or their families may participate in this contest.

Janet Gaynor as she appears in "A Star is Born"

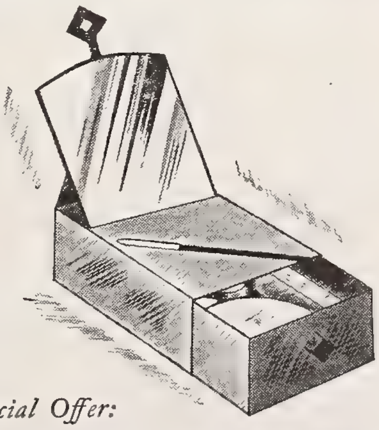
"*It Could Happen to* YOU!"

THE very heart and soul of Hollywood is spoken in those few words . . . words that have brought a thousand Cinderellas to Hollywood and made stars of them.

Elizabeth Arden has used her Screen and Stage Make-Up in David O. Selznick's revealing story of "A Star is Born" to dramatize truly the transformation of grey Esther Blodgett (Janet Gaynor) into glamorous Vicki Lester (Janet Gaynor).

Most Importantly . . . . .

So successful have the stars found the new Elizabeth Arden Technicolor make-up for the screen that they have taken it up in private life, creating a vogue for the subtle coloring offered only by Elizabeth Arden.



Special Offer:

Buyers of any $5 combination of Elizabeth Arden Screen and Stage Make-Up preparations will receive free one handsome, mirrored make-up kit as illustrated above, and similar to those used by Hollywood stars.

Every star . . . every movie fan . . . *every woman* who ever dreamed to possess glamour, may share in the discovery of Screen and Stage Make-Up by Elizabeth Arden . . . that they may find, thrill and believe in their own beauty, and like the people of stage and screen, live the days and nights of their private lives in rich fulfillment.

PRICE LIST

Foundations. . Nos. 1 to 10 (Screen); 1x to 20x (Stage)	$1.00
Lipsticks. . convenient swivel top	$1.00
Liners. . 1x to 15x (Screen and Stage)	$1.00
Powder. . Nos. 1 to 10 (Screen); 1x to 16x (Stage)	$1.00
Remover. . (Screen and Stage)	$1.00

And a complete group of theatrical preparations designed by Elizabeth Arden — sold by exclusive Elizabeth Arden retail distributors everywhere. The booklet "Professional Information" M-1, may be obtained by writing Screen and Stage Make-Up Laboratories: 5533 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

SCREEN and STAGE MAKE-UP

by

Elizabeth Arden

WHAT THEY WHISPER TO EACH OTHER THEY MEAN FOREVER!

Thrillingly these real-life sweethearts achieve their true greatness in the most important story either one has ever had . . . their fire and power given full scope for the first time!

A love supremely courageous and unashamed . . . that shook the nation in its highest places . . . that was fated to happen!

ROBERT BARBARA

TAYLOR·STANWYCK

in the picture the world is talking about!

THIS IS MY AFFAIR

with

VICTOR McLAGLEN

in his most powerful role

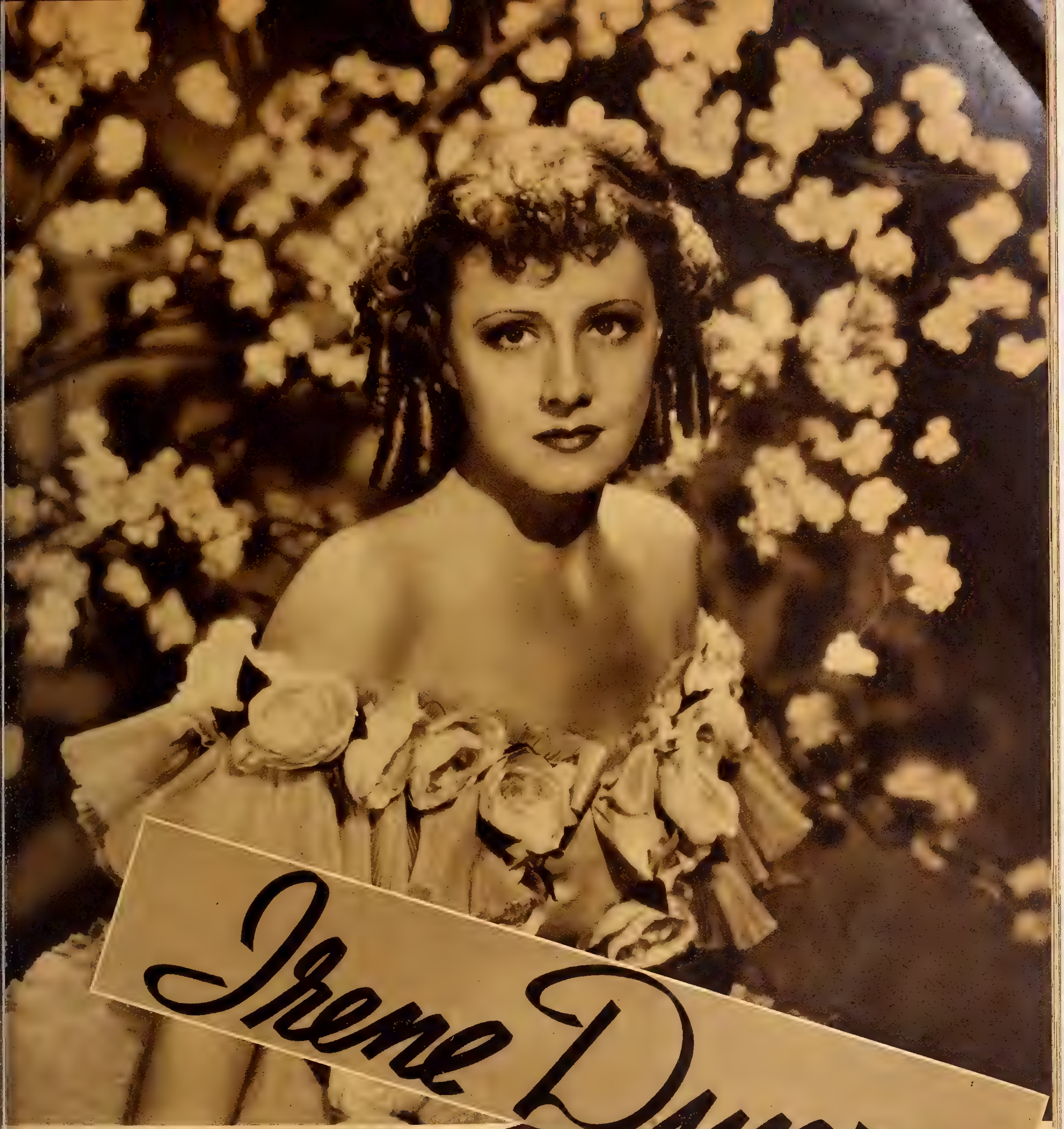
and

BRIAN DONLEVY • JOHN CARRADINE
DOUGLAS FOWLEY • ALAN DINEHART
SIG RUMANN • ROBERT McWADE
SIDNEY BLACKMER • FRANK CONROY

Darryl F. Zanuck In Charge of Production
Directed by William A. Seiter
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan
Gay songs . . . love songs . . . songs of emotion by Mack Gordon and Harry Revel

20th CENTURY FOX

20th Century-Fox, maker of hits, presents another of its entertainment achievements . . . in the mood of great romance . . . with the thrill of mighty drama!



Irene Dunne

Costume pictures were surely meant for southern belles like Irene Dunne. Isn't she somethin' in this frothy frock from "High, Wide and Handsome"? Pretty soon she'll move her make-up box over to Columbia for "The Awful Truth."

RAINER—*the* REBEL

Miss R. with her playwright hubby, Clifford Odets.

William Powell and Luise in "The Emperor's Candlesticks."

Luise wouldn't give a dime for glamor, but she'd spend a fortune fighting for happiness

By Ida Zeitlin

I SAT waiting in a publicity office something less than two years ago when a small dynamo in slacks and short-sleeved blouse blew in, dropped into a chair and began talking. I had never seen her before. I didn't know whether she was actress, visitor or scribbler. I *did* know—anyone would know the moment she entered a room—that here was an arresting personality.

The dynamic effect was produced not by sound and fury, but by a quicksilver vitality. Expression played over her vivid face like light and shadow over a stream—as changefully, as unconsciously, as agreeable to watch. Dark eyes under the windblown bob flashed and softened by turns. Her warmly tinted skin had a translucent quality. And though she was obviously a foreigner, her speech flowed vigorous and free. Never waiting to fumble for a word, she said what she had to say in a swift rush of language that was always graphic, if not always grammatical. Through sheer color and glow she took and held your attention.

"That's Luise Rainer, a European actress," I was told when she left.

"What? No mystery? No glamor? No airs and graces?"

"She's different."

I'd heard that often enough to be skeptical. Yet I'd seen for myself that her appearance and manner were different. You couldn't type her. You couldn't classify her. You couldn't say she was a second this-one or that-one or any other Hollywood star. She was like no one you'd ever seen but herself. And for any self-consciousness or effort, however subtle, to make an impression, she might have been merely the stenographer next door.

As the piquant little companion of "Escapade," I saw her capture the public's imagination as she had captured mine. For her tender, tempestuous portrayal of Anna Held, she won the Academy Award. Who would have played O-lan if Rainer hadn't appeared on the scene I have no notion. It was Mr. Thalberg who chose her. Had he lived to see the finished performance, to see the child of "Escapade" submerge her youth and charm to become the stolid, deep-souled Chinese woman, he would have been content with his choice.

As she moved from triumph to triumph, Hollywood talked about her as Hollywood does. She didn't like interviews; therefore she was doing a Garbo. She preferred long walks with her dog to lunching at the Vendome; therefore she must be a poseur. Soon after she married Clifford Odets, the playwright, she went alone to New York.

"Why?" she was asked.

"Because every time I am free, I make a trip. Mr. Odets is not free. So I go alone." But the truth was too simple; therefore, "Ha-ha! Rainer's marriage is on the rocks."

After you've lived in Hollywood for a while, you don't believe all the tales you hear. They may or may not be true. Anything for a headline. Suppose you have to

"On the one side, I am strong," asserts Luise Rainer. "And on the other side, it hurts if people think bad about me. Isn't that id-yotic?"

retract your statement tomorrow. So much the better. Today's headline will sell, and so will tomorrow's retraction. I couldn't associate what I'd heard with that unknown girl in the publicity office whose every word and gesture had been spontaneous. Yet Hollywood has been known to crush spontaneity.

So, although I went to see Miss Rainer with an open mind, I couldn't help but wonder if Hollywood really had changed her!

"Please, you must first have your lunch," she said when I came to her dressing room. "If you try to make an interview at the same time, you will not enjoy your eating. Then I will give you what time you want." She went to the phone to order food. "Here is Luise Ryner—Ry-ner—" she repeated, and shot me a rueful glance. "I always mispronounce my name. They all say Ray-ner. So when I say Ry-ner, nobody knows who is there. But so long it has been Ryner, it is hard to change."

Over coffee and cigarettes—my coffee and cigarettes, since she took neither—and with Johnny, her beloved Scottie, sleeping at her feet, we "made the interview." She sat in the corner of a couch, laughing, wistful, excited by turns. Not only her lips but her hands and body spoke, and above all, her velvet-soft eyes that changed with every changing shade of feeling. And, though her English was vastly improved, she showed that same fine disregard of dictionary speech I had noted earlier, for the sake of vigorous, unimpaired expression.

"My rebel-ation," she said, "was from the beginning to the end that I am what I am. But I cannot think of myself as a rebel because I do not fight to make others do what I wish but only to stay myself. And this is not to say I think I am God's wonder—please understand me well—but only that I cannot do what is for me not right and natural to do. It is far-est from my mind to hurt somebody else. It never came to my head till I heard someone say, 'This girl is a Frankenstein. She will spoil everything.' "

Her hands flew to her face, her eyes widened, recalling the shock of that moment. "I thought, 'Am I crazy? Are they crazy?' What can I spoil if I am true to myself? This I must be. Sometimes I may be convinced for a moment against myself. But before I know it, my own color comes through. Not that I will not do what for me is wrong. I cannot do it. Every person has inside of himself a judge," she tapped her forehead, "and for him this inside judge is the best.

"I will tell you something. What is the most important thing for a child? (*Continued on page 78*)

Here's the smile and profile the girls go for! Tyrone's next will be "Thin Ice," with Sonja.

NOT *too many* KISSES

IS TYRONE POWER in love? What does love mean to him? What have his romantic experiences been? How does he look at marriage, at women? What he's like, emotionally, has suddenly become of great concern. In his habit of half closing his eyes when he starts to smile there is—a provocative promise. This tall, dark newcomer, suddenly giving Robert Taylor a run for honors, has created a big stir in Hollywood, as he has with the public.

Girls have been drawn to him as automatically as he has been drawn to them. He is so vital. Women swear that his sense of humor—and his chuckle leaps into an infectious laughter—is the ultimate touch. He is, they vow, fervent, yet doesn't take himself "big."

I WAS over to his house the other day. In his own room, an extremely masculine haven at the garden end of the low, rambling white cottage in which he lives, there are a couple of vivid sketches splashing the walls. Several pictures of himself and Loretta Young, romantic "stills" from their latest teaming. Then atop a mahogany chest was an enlarged informal shot of himself with Sonja Henie. Queening it on his desk was a beautiful, silver-framed close-up of the blonde star. It is affectionately autographed to "Darling . . . With Love."

Everywhere he goes socially, the vivacious talented Sonja is on his arm. But does he actually want to get married so soon? If so, what was all that flurry about his stepping out with Loretta while the skating wonder was away on an exhibition tour? It is rumored that that brief interlude upset the Young-Eddie Sutherland understanding, that the report of those dates threw Sonja into a frenzy. For when news reached her that Tyrone and Loretta were happily partying at the Trocadero, she flew in from the East for a week's rest. Her studio gave her a luncheon, but it was plain that she hadn't made the continental dash simply for that. You've guessed the real magnet—Tyrone!

He is an amazing contradiction in person. Meet him briefly and he reminds you of the Buddy Rogers of years ago. Or of the Prince of Wales of yesteryear. He is completely attractive. Bring up stern reality and you'll be surprised. He not only has charm and tact; he has worked with his brain and with his hands. Although only twenty-three, he has encountered so many different kinds of people, and from them he has learned so many ways of life.

Tyrone's dominating characteristic is a remarkable sensitiveness. Now, of course, it is this innate sensitiveness

On or off the movie lot, Romance is never far away when Tyrone Power's near!

By Ben Maddox

which causes him to guess a girl's moods and easily fit in with them. He is obliging that way. He's an old-fashioned gallant, with 1937 ginger!

His most embarrassing moment with a member of the opposite sex came when he was but sixteen.

I MET a gorgeous girl at my mother's dramatic school," he confided. "We were living in Cincinnati then, Mother, my sister and myself. I ushered at the Orpheum and worked in a drug store after high school hours and I earned the money to buy my first Tux.

"I sorely needed one to escort such a vision to The Fortnightly. That was the society club and they were giving one of their dances when I fell so hard. She was blonde and had lovely long hair." Tyrone grinned at this description. He admitted then, "I can't resist hair that sweeps a girl's shoulders!

"I managed to borrow my uncle's car. It was huge—there was room enough in the back to put on a Shubert revue! Anyway, it helped me bolster up my pose as a nonchalant young man about town. When I parked in front of her apartment, I discovered the heater wasn't functioning. It was snowing like the devil and freezing cold. When we came out, the battery was too low to turn over the engine. I had to apologize and jump out in the slush and push.

"But finally I clambered in again and rolled up in front of the clubhouse as elegantly as I could. The pretentious doorman bent stiffly to open milady's door. At that moment the fellow in front of us backed up and my uncle's gleaming fenders folded right into the radiator. Tragedy! I wanly took the offender's name, checked the car, and somehow made the stairs. But when we had taken off our coats and were ready to step into the ballroom, I reached into my inner pocket—to pull out two blank pieces of cardboard. Later it developed that my cousin had borrowed my tickets to take his girl and had substituted those blanks. Have you ever had a cousin?

"Fortunately," he sighed, "we sighted some friends who knew we were supposed to attend the affair."

And once inside Tyrone had a whale of a good time. She was a divine dancer and he is very partial to girls who are smooth on a ballroom floor. He doesn't care to talk when the music's going dandy, incidentally. Girls who are continually dabbing on more make-up distress him and he dislikes the girl who invariably has to have two lights for her cigarette.

That blonde girl of the near-

(*Continued on page 76*)

Sonja Henie seems to be Ty's favorite "stepping" partner. Will they marry soon? Now, what is your guess?

Loretta Young and T rone in a reel mome from "Cafe Metropole He likes the gal in re life, too.

SHE'D RATHER BE DEAD!

If you had beauty, fame and wealth, would you be willing to give them up? Miriam Hopkins would

By Gladys Hall

A sophisticate to her fingertips, Miriam Hopkins is no snob about the things she likes to do. She's a rabid "tourist" when it comes to traveling. She gapes and gawps and asks guides a million questions, even as you and I.

Miriam and Louis Hayward in the intriguingly-titled picture, "The Woman I Love."

These two, Anton Litvak and Miss H., are constant companions. Is it "lurve"?

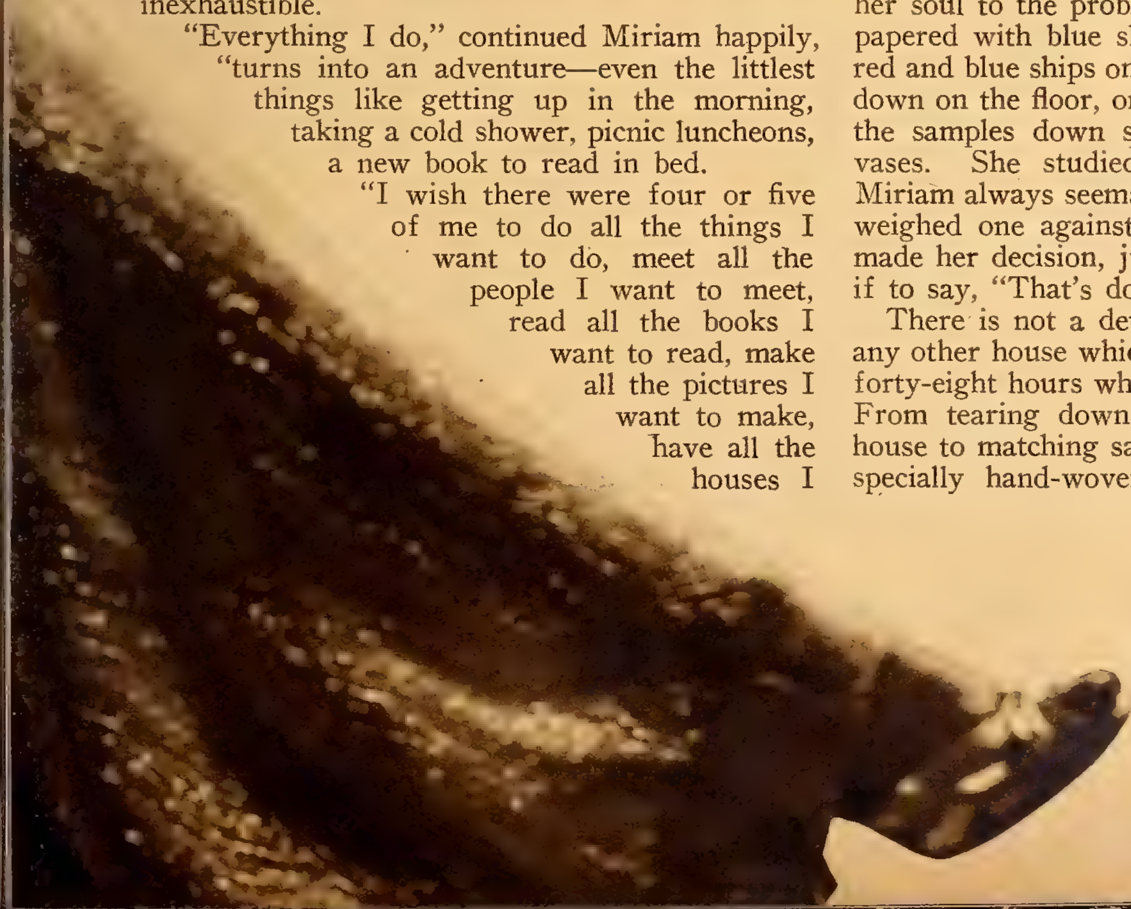
IF THE time ever comes," Miriam said, "when I fail to enjoy the things I am doing, when I fail to get pleasure and satisfaction out of every minute of every day, I'd rather be dead.

"Only I wouldn't rather be dead," laughed Miriam, making one of her quick mental reverses, laughing the low, in-the-throat, velvet chuckle which is Miriam's. "That's a ridiculous thing for me to say because such a time couldn't come for me."

Miriam lay back on the oyster-white divan in her dressing-room suite, a small, compact electrically-charged young woman, her corn-silk hair vibrant, her forget-me-not blue eyes wide, as they are when she talks, her mind like a flashlight, a revolving flashlight taking in, with searching brilliance, all aspects of the passing parade. She said, "Such a thing couldn't happen to me. I'm too curious about everything and everyone. Life is too inexhaustible.

"Everything I do," continued Miriam happily, "turns into an adventure—even the littlest things like getting up in the morning, taking a cold shower, picnic luncheons, a new book to read in bed.

"I wish there were four or five of me to do all the things I want to do, meet all the people I want to meet, read all the books I want to read, make all the pictures I want to make, have all the houses I want to have, live in all the cities and countries I want to live in, make come true all the dreams I have dreamed, and still dream and shall keep on dreaming. I get so impatient," said Miriam, "with my physical limitations."



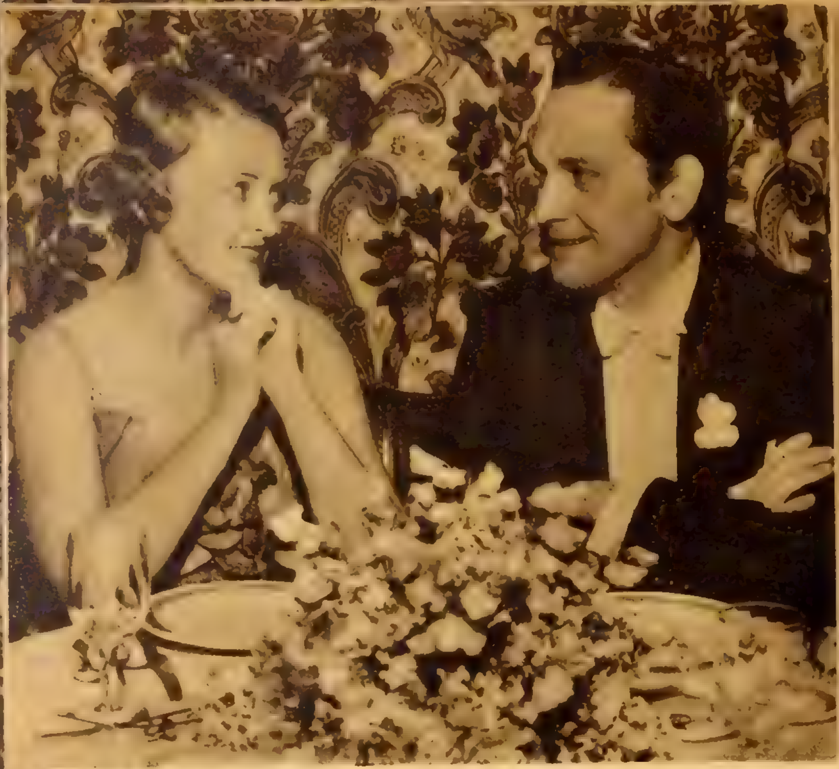
On the floor were samples of wall paper for small Michael's nursery in the John Gilbert house which Miriam has bought and is doing over.

"I bought it because it was a bargain," she explained, "and I adore bargains. If I buy a hat, and if it is reduced from $25.00 to $24.50, I wear it like a crown of triumph. I bought the house because it was a bargain, because its location is superb and mostly because I detest living in a leased house. I like the feeling of a home of my own."

Samples of door panellings were all over the floor. Harold Grieve, who is "doing the house," not for Miriam, but with her, brought them in. And with complete concentration, brushing away every other care, Miriam gave her soul to the problem. Should Michael's cupboards be papered with blue ships on a cream background or with red and blue ships on a pale gray background? Miriam got down on the floor, on her hands and knees. She weighted the samples down smooth and straight with books and vases. She studied them with a breathy absorption. Miriam always seems to be just a little out of breath. She weighed one against the other, asked advice of no one, made her decision, jumped up, brushing off her hands as if to say, "That's done—now what?"

There is not a detail in the John Gilbert house nor in any other house which Miriam buys, leases or lives in for forty-eight hours which she does not personally supervise. From tearing down the vaulted ceilings in the Gilbert house to matching samples of specially woven linens with specially hand-woven rugs, Miriam shops, selects and confers with her decorator. Every drape, every pot and pan, every scrap of linen, every detail down to the soap in the powder-room bears the mark of Miriam's taste and choosing.

"I adore houses," Miriam said, sinking *(Continued on page 94)*



Florence Eldridge, of stage fame, dines with Fred March, her film-famous hubby.

Olivia de Havilland and Fred in a sentimental scene from "Anthony Adverse."

THINKING THINGS

Fredric March admits he's afraid to tell what's on his mind—

By Caroline S. Hoyt

EIGHT AND a half years in Hollywood," Fredric March said, "and I've been thinking things over, listing my assets and liabilities, holding up a damp forefinger to determine whither the wind listeth and why. And, I'm afraid to say what I'm thinking." Fred laughed a little, sitting there relaxed, on a divan in his dressing room, where he was "between work" in "The Buccaneer." "I all but cross my fingers," Fred said then, "look at the moon over my right shoulder, apologize to a comb if I drop one, when I realize how terribly lucky I have been and am. I must have some of the Chinese superstition bedded in the Bickel blood, that fear of speaking of one's own good fortune lest it may call down the wrath of some jealous gods.

"Perhaps," said Freddie, his gray eyes grave in the Palm Springs sun-tan of his indisputably handsome and thoughtful face, "perhaps that's why so few people ever do admit their own happiness. But I will admit mine;" here Fred crossed his fingers. "I have been astoundingly lucky. I have to pinch myself hard to make sure that I'm awake, not dreaming. And I'm grateful for everything.

"Not only because I have the things I always knew I wanted, but also because I have the things I didn't know I wanted. And most of all the things I haven't got and can still want.

"One of the grave dangers of Hollywood, especially if you are in the money, is the danger of satiety. The fear that the day may come when there'll be nothing left to want. As poor John Gilbert once said, 'What will there be left for me to want after I am forty?' Tommie Meighan, too, once warned me about that. When I first met him back East, he was awfully kind to me. I was nobody, and he was 'tops.' He made me feel like big pumpkins because he singled me out, took an interest in me.

"He said, 'Easy does it, kid. Be content to go slowly. Don't try to swallow the whole dinner in one course.' Although he was a comparatively young man, he'd made all the money he could use, had achieved stardom, tasted fame, travelled, bought homes. 'So now what?' he asked me.

"Well, I haven't reached the 'so now what' stage. For I haven't got everything I want. And the not having is, and thank God I have sense enough to know it, my most priceless possession. The only one, after all," smiled Freddie wisely, "that cannot be taken away from me.

"I could look back on these past eight years or so, sit out in a deck chair by my pool, let my mind linger luxuriously over my home and wife and children, our possessions, let my imagination dwell on some of the pictures I feel the greatest satisfaction in: 'Death Takes a Holiday,' 'A Star Is Born,' 'Anthony Adverse,' and let it go at that.

"I'll never 'let it go at that,' " said Freddie vigorously, "that's the best of it. And maybe, the best of me.

"I have got, so far as it is nowadays possible to get

You'll see Fred next with Janet Gaynor in "A Star is Born." It's in technicolor.

OVER

and then proceeds to do so

and keep—security. And security is what I have always wanted beyond and above all else. An heritage, no doubt, from my business-man father who knew the value of a dollar and the greater value of a dollar 'put away.'

"When I was a tiny chap of eight or nine," laughed Fred, "I can remember trotting down to the bank every week and depositing twenty-five to thirty-five cents of my fifty-cents-a-week allowance. 'Against a rainy day,' I said, aping my elders.

"I am afraid of rainy days," said Fred gravely, "not so much for myself as for Florence and the babies. Perhaps I should be colorful and say that my Art has given me my most profound satisfaction. But if it's truth you want and not trimmings, then I am forced to admit that my knowledge that Florence and the babies are as safe as I can make them is the most heart-warming satisfaction I have.

"Do you remember talking to me shortly before we took Penny?" asked Freddie with a look in his eyes that was nice to see. "I was skeptical about it, remember? Afraid, perhaps. I wanted to postpone it for a year or two. Still wishful that we might have sons and daughters of our own. Thinking it

(*Continued on page 86*)

Freddie asks two favors from the luck gods. Bet you can't guess what they are!

WHEN PRIMA

Grace Moore whispered into Lily Pons' ear. Lily laughed and replied in French. Could it have been about Lily's best beau?

By Nanette Kutner

Our reporter, having caught up with Lily Pons and Grace Moore at tea, gives you a first-hand account of what goes on

When prima donnas meet, what do they discuss—men, careers or clothes? Above, Nanette Kutner records the teatime talk of two of the world's most famous singers—Lily Pons and Grace Moore.

WHEN I suggested taking Lily Pons to tea with Grace Moore, a facetious friend asked who would act as referee.

Grace Moore laughed at this. "We're twentieth century prima donnas," she declared with pride. "True, there is a spirit of competition, but no jealousy."

Lily Pons averred, "In Paris—what jealousy! But not here."

Grace Moore said, "Lily and I are the best of friends."

And so, they agreed to meet. Lily Pons suggested we come to her apartment. Grace Moore wanted us at hers. Trying to be tactful, I insisted upon neutral ground—the Weylin Hotel in New York.

It was settled. And they came.

Lily Pons, a little uncertain, nervous, but utterly natural, arrived five minutes early. She spoke English, carefully dividing the syllables, accenting them charmingly in the wrong places.

"It is so secret, meeting here. Like ambasse*deurs* from foreign countries," she whispered.

AS THE waiter carried in the large snowy linened table, Lily looked dismayed and suggested he fetch another.

"Not such a beeg one with white *clothes* on it," she implored.

When asked what she cared to order, she took a glass of water.

"I drink twenty glasses a day. It is for health. I work so hard, five operas, twenty-four concerts, radio and pictures."

Her talk turned to the still absent Miss Moore.

"She is charming woman. I have not seen her since 'ollywood. I went to her party there last September. I never accept parties, but to hers I go. Funny, she bought villa in Cannes where I come from, and I buy house in America." There was a pause. "She is late. I scold her when she come."

Wearing a coat of satiny broadcloth, Grace Moore arrived a half hour later. If she planned an entrance, it was spoiled, for as she walked through the doorway, Lily Pons unexpectedly leaped from her chair, ran across the floor, threw her arms around Miss Moore, kissed her, and cried triumphantly, "I got here first."

Thus Miss Pons unwittingly stole the show. But not for long, not with Grace Moore standing, radiant as a Klieg light, in the center of that room. Grace Moore of the blonde hair and vivacious laughter, Grace Moore, our gay Irish-American lyric soprano, who stood waving her hands and talking—French!

SHE WAS being a woman of the world, a linguist—a prima donna. She was being it for all she was worth, and it was a good act, and she knew it. She was having a wonderful time.

She explained the outburst with, "After all, Lily isn't at home in English."

I asked her what she would like to order.

"Hungarian Baruck," calmly demanded Miss Moore. The waiter looked bewildered.

"Oh, you won't have it," she assured him, and turning to Lily, "You know how bad drinks are for us, but *this* one!" She threw a kiss towards the ceiling. "An apricot brandy, my dear. A few sips before you go on; it does wonders for the voice. Every singer should take it." Then, aside, "I just ordered that to have Lily ask what it was."

Round Two definitely went to Miss Moore.

Lily stared at her. "Blonde meets brunette," said she.

Theirs is more than a surface (*Continued on page 97*)

DONNAS MEET!

An attractive little thing called a drawl was once Gail Patrick's chief drawback.

Guess what prevented George Raft from getting breaks? Producers didn't like his ears!

HOW TO STAY

You must have looks and talent, of course—but much more than

YOU'RE A foolish, stupid girl and you'll never make an actress. I don't know why the studio ever put you into this role."

The fourteen-year-old girl with the beautiful skin and the great blue eyes tried to keep back the tears.

For days it had been like this—with the director screaming at her. And she had thought when the studio put her into "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" that her great chance had come. Instead she had been subjected to the torment of being criticized mercilessly.

She crept into a corner, away from the eyes of the director and began to sob. But the kindly eyes of Lon Chaney found her. "Listen, child," he said, "stop crying. You're in the hardest game in the world. If they kick your heart around like a football, pick it up, brush it off and go on your way again."

The girl followed his advice and today you know her as Loretta Young. Her story illustrates what it takes to stay a star. Thousands of young people who have gone out to Hollywood and who have come back defeated have looked about them at the Shearers, the Myrna Loys, the Jeanette MacDonalds, and have said, "What have they got that I haven't got? Why did they get to the top and stay there?"

Talented young people. Handsome young people. All crying out in bitter mutiny, "Why?"

What does it take to stay a star? Countless times you've been told that it takes great beauty and talent. But they're not enough—not nearly enough. More than anything else, it takes courage. The men and women who get anywhere in Hollywood have to go through their own private Gethsemanes.

Look at Ida Lupino. She is very young to have been called upon to fight fear and discouragement. But Hollywood spares no one.

She was brought from England to Hollywood to play an unsophisticated girl in a picture that was expected to be a sensation, "Alice in Wonderland." But in one of those typical movie upsets, the executives gave the role to another girl. Instead of turning her back and returning to

If it hadn't been for one man's advice, Loretta Young might not now be in movies.

Bing Crosby wouldn't take "no" for an answer, so the box-office says "yes" to him today.

A STAR

By Dora Albert

these are needed to keep a player on top of the movie heap

England, Ida did away with herself. Not literally, of course. She isn't the type to shoot herself, or jump off a cliff. But she decided that Hollywood had no use for another artless young thing when they grew as thick in Hollywood as berries in the field. So she did things. She changed her make-up, the way she did her hair. She turned sophisticated. Hollywood executives rubbed their eyes and gave her parts to play. Today, she'd laugh if you mentioned "Alice in Wonderland" to her. For "Alice" turned out to be a failure and the girl who played the part got nowhere.

Jean Hersholt has been in Hollywood for twenty-four years, longer than almost any other actor, so long that his own studio thought the public must be getting tired of him. It tossed him around like an old shoe. Finally another studio offered him the plum of the year, the role of Dr. Dafoe in "The Country Doctor."

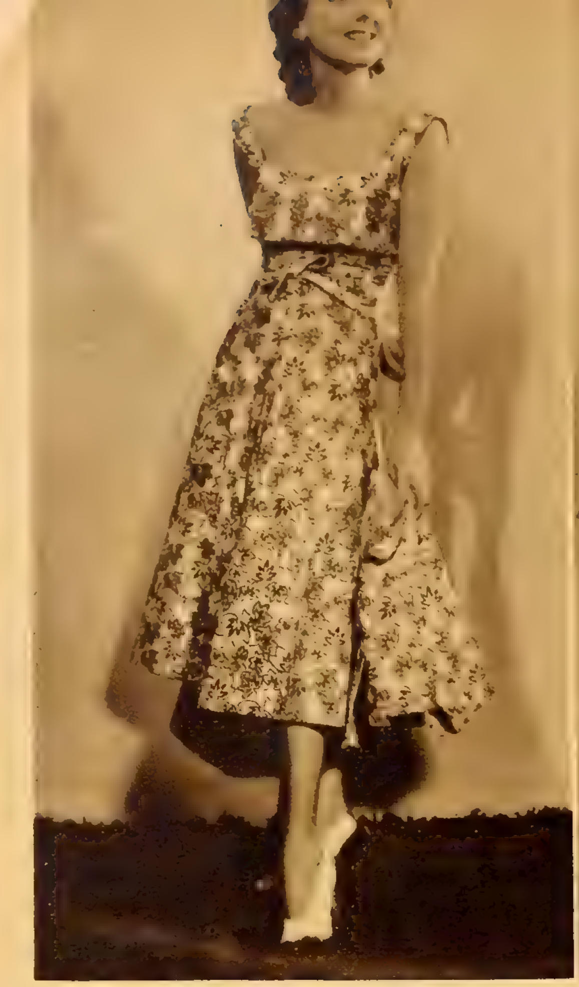
Hersholt could hardly believe it. After all these years, to have a role like this. He made up his mind to play the part so that people would never forget it.

Then one day, while he was on location in Callander, he stepped into a crevice and fell. For several minutes he was unconscious. When he came to, he couldn't move and he thought his leg was broken. The newspapers that day carried scare headlines indicating that he might be crippled forever. Lying still and white in the hospital, he told his wife, who came to visit him, "Honey, keep your chin up. Don't you know that you mustn't believe everything the newspapers say?"

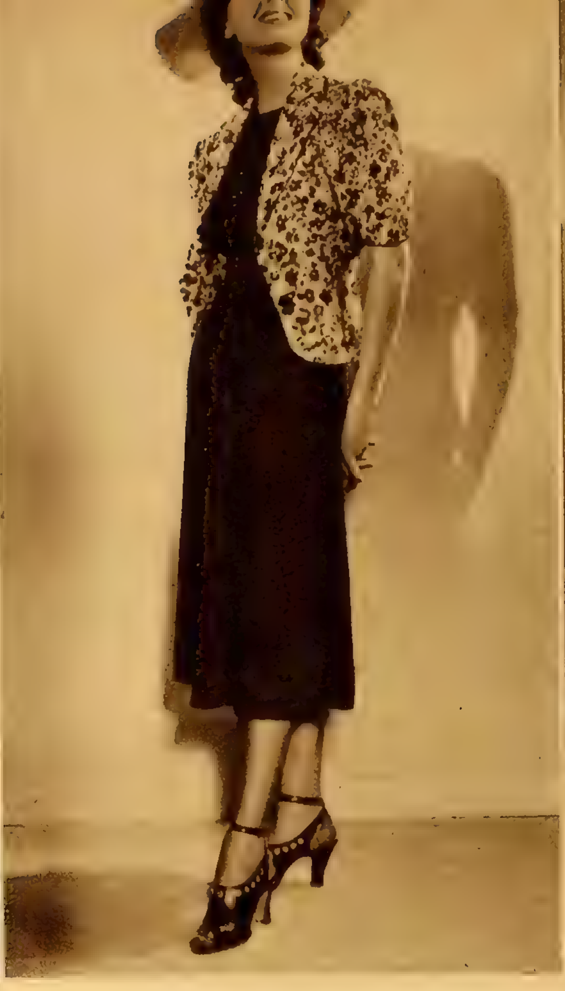
He lay in the hospital, his foot horribly twisted. At the end of three days, though he was still in great pain, he left the hospital and started to play his role as Dr. Dafoe. The first scene he was called upon to make was rolling with the Quintuplets on the floor. Over and over again they rolled, while every muscle in his leg tortured him; every time he moved he went through unbearable agony. Finally the part called for him to chuckle as he played with the Quints.

"I felt like getting up and screaming instead," confessed Jean Hersholt.

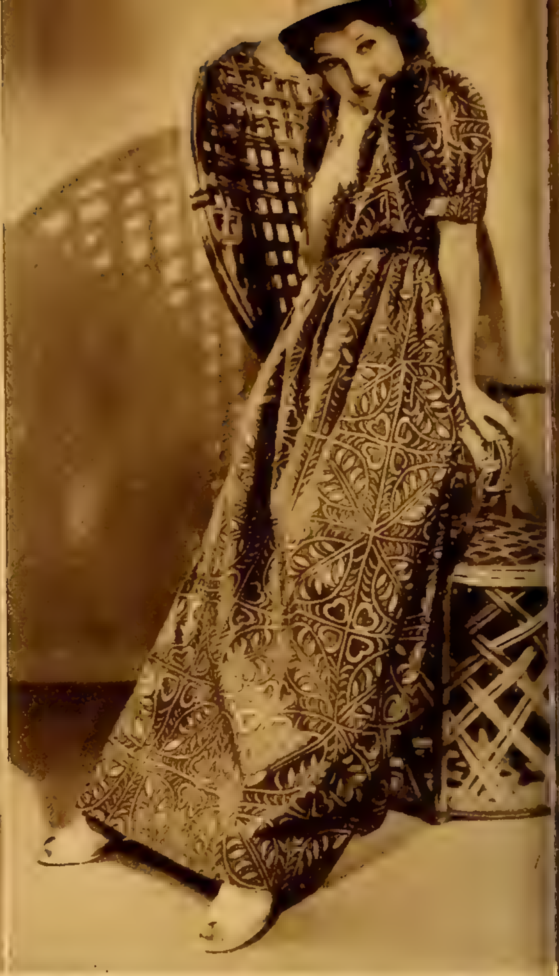
(*Continued on page 74*)



Jean Parker's printed cotton play dress, with matching jacket, is an indispensable playtime item.



A backless frock of Navy linen goes to town with perfect aplomb, topped with a figured cotton jacket.



She wears a peasant dress instead of a beach coat—as contrast to the sophistication of her swim suit.

Help Yourself to

YOU ARE going to have a lot of fun this summer—if you have the right clothes. That's the way of this wicked world. People may love you for yourself alone, but somehow it never occurs to them until they see you in a knockout outfit. A gaily flowered, crisp cotton sports dress, such as the one Jean Parker is wearing, as she dangles its impertinent matching jacket in her hand, is practically guaranteed to make that exciting new man you just met decide that you're just the companion he needs at the tennis matches.

The suave, dark linen dress, with its dashing flowered jacket, will convince almost any man that he can get away from the office long enough to take you to luncheon. And as for the beach clothes she is wearing, you have no idea how many young men never discover that they can get away with the family car and take you exploring all the beaches and pools in the vicinity until they see you in such an outfit. That settles it. They just have to show you off to their friends and rivals.

Now, a lot of girls have foolish and stubborn pride about admitting the effect that wisely-chosen clothes have on

Fashion Flashes From New Films

SMARTEST outfit of shirt, shorts, and jigger jacket yet seen on screen, worn by Sally Eilers in "We Have Our Moments." They are made of blue and white striped bed ticking.

CLEVER use of beads as dress trimming shown by Ginger Rogers in "Shall We Dance?" Black sheer dress, shirred from neck to hip is fastened with zipper, ending at neck in cluster of white beads. Matching beads are wound around each wrist.

GRAY tailored suit worn by Doris Nolan in "As Good As Married" is far from severe when seen off-screen, for hat, gloves, and other accessories are rich shade of wine red.

AND IF you think that this season's hats are trying, just take a look at the ones Miriam Hopkins wears in the wartime picture, "The Woman I Love."

Jean Parker shows you how to dress economically for summer fun

Jean peps up a classic white silk sports dress—a summer "must"—with a peasant bodice.

Her sleek, figured white satin bathing suit accentuates Jean's figure's lithe lines.

Style

By Ann Wills

their lives. They think it is kinda cute to play the merry madcap in a sweater and old slacks all the time. They want to believe that it is personality that counts, that men never notice what they are wearing, anyhow. Actresses know otherwise. They know that the girl who gets thrilling parts to play, in real life as well as films, is the girl who looks exciting.

They know that judicious use of brilliant colors in dresses makes a girl seem more alive, more vivid. They have discovered that there is nothing like a severely tailored dark dress to show off a slim, supple figure. And they have learned, too, the greatest secret of all—that clothes can bring

(*Continued on page 89*)

CHARLIE CHAN AT THE
CHARLIE CHAN AT THE RACE-TRACK
CHARLIE CHAN AT

Warner (Chan has a Chan-o-gram for the tip of his tongue for every occasion. Olive and George Brasno are his listeners.

First of all, is there anyone in the audience who doesn't know that Charlie Chan and Warner Oland are one and the same person? Okay. Then, here he is with Sam Flint in a recent Chan-er.

Expert sleuthing in Shanghai, at the Race-track and even at the Opera, has nothing on the mysteries your favorite Chinese detective, Charlie Chan, unravels here about a certain Mr. Oland

I WENT to interview Warner Oland about Charlie Chan. I remained to interview Charlie Chan about Warner Oland. For, actually, the two men are one.

Mr. Oland admitted, with his shy, Chan-ish smile that playing the one part in so many pictures, for so many years, has so steeped him in the character that "not even my wife," smiled Mr. Oland, "can tell now whether she is married to Warner Oland, Dane, or Charlie Chan, Oriental."

When I arrived at the studio commissary to lunch with Mr. Oland, we ordered, with a sense of the fitness of things, Chicken Chow Mein, Mandarin and yellow tomato juice. And when I remarked, with an attempt at Oriental courtesy, that it was interesting to be talking to the creator of Charlie Chan, lo, it was Mr. Chan, himself, who rose from the table, made that well-known little bow from the waist, said sibilantly, "Thank you so much."

Mr. Oland is painfully shy about interviews. He says, "Don't talk too much. Words like sunbeams. The more they are condensed the deeper they burn." Warner Oland actually speaks in Chan-o-grams.

The result of this reticence is that no one knows anything about Warner Oland. It has been said that the Chan pictures make more money over a period of years than his studio's much touted super-super productions. But so deep-rooted is Mr. Oland's conviction that people are not interested in him, personally, that it would be painful for him to talk glibly about himself.

There sat Charlie Chan, the ends of his eyebrows brushed up, the ends of his mustache brushed down—his only make-up for the role of Chan. For the eyes, the voice, the build, and the gentle courtesy of Warner Oland are the eyes, the voice, the build, and the soft, impersonal courtesy of Charlie Chan. Knowing that Oriental courtesy cannot refuse a gift, even the gift of words, I induced Charlie Chan to talk about Warner Oland.

MR. AND MRS. OLAND live very quietly on their ranch in the Carpenteria Valley near Santa Barbara, in a Cape Cod farmhouse type abode, facing the sea on one side, the Santa Barbara hills on the other. The furnishings are a fascinating and discriminating conglomeration of treasures from the travels of the Olands. The antique English oak table was purchased in London. There are candlesticks from Italy, rare porcelains, some Early American pieces, an English Sheraton desk—Mr. Oland's favorite chair—and an Early American needlepoint. Occasional touches of Chinese red flame in the English oak living-room.

One room, which started out to be a library, now houses Mr. Oland's ever-increasing collection of Chinese prints and art objects. With this one exception, Mr. Oland does not go in for collecting. The two bedrooms are done very simply, one in green and lemon-yellow, the other in red and white. The servants' quarters are as cheerful as the rest of the house. And there are several portraits of Mr. Oland about the rooms, done by his artist wife.

There is a lovely rose garden. There are lemon groves, and avocados, limes and oranges, growing in abundance. Oland has an arrangement with one of the big fruit packing houses to tend his lemon groves and market the crops. He makes from sixty to eighty dollars a month on his lemons, believe it or not.

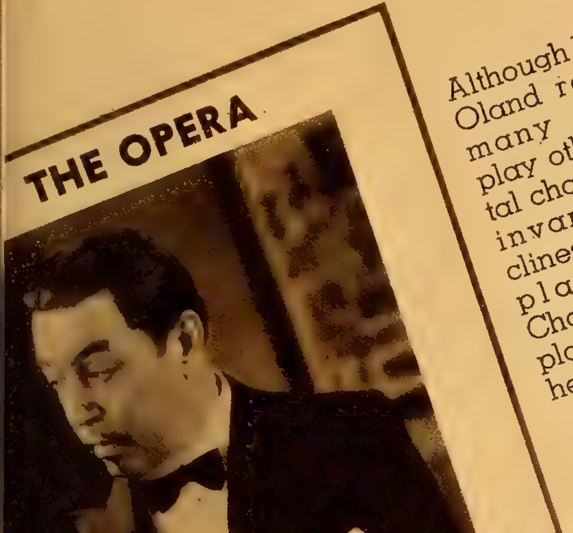
Mr. and Mrs. Oland seldom go out socially, and they entertain very little. On Sundays when they are at home at the ranch, they have a few close friends in to spend the day with them. These often include Louise Dresser and her husband, Jack Gardner, the Jean Hersholts, the Frank Lloyds, the Richard Arlens. Mr. Oland is a most casual host. He supplies his guests with bathing suits for a before-luncheon swim and after luncheon they will often play pinochle, poker or dominoes—never bridge.

But let Mr. Chan tell you about the Olands, in his own words. "Now and then he does some gardening himself. But he is an indolent fellow, this Oland," smiled Charlie. "He spends much time walking by the sea and in the hills. He calls this 'refreshing his soul.' He also sits before the fire, meditating and reading Chinese philosophies. As the years go by, he is becoming more and more steeped in Oriental literature and the ancient wisdoms. But he says, sadly, that not all his reading will 'capture the sea of literature in the thimble of man's brief span of time.'

"The marriage of the Olands is completely happy. The seed of their romance which was planted in the sound soil of mutual interests," said Charlie Chan, "has developed into the full flower of their marriage." Then he told the story of that romance from its beginning. They met in New York when Mr. Oland was playing "Peer Gynt" at the old Keith and Proctor Theatre on 28th Street. Mrs. Oland, then Edith Gardener Shearn, well-known portrait painter, had written a one-act play, "The House of a Traitor," and was backstage arranging for its presentation.

The press agent of the theatre asked if she would like to meet Warner Oland whose perform-

(*Continued on page 83*)



Although Warner Oland receives many offers to play other Oriental characters, he invariably declines. If he can't play Charlie Chan, he won't play at all. Here he is with Nedda Harrigan.

CHARLIE CHAN AT THE OLYMPICS

Playing Charlie Chan's son is Keye Luke's chief mission in movie life. Here they are in their latest bit of joint detectiving.

and CHARLIE CHAN AT THE INTERVIEWER'S

By Faith Service

SOLVING SOME

If Loretta Young can eat and stay slim, why can't you?

Yes, Simone Simon can pout and look cute, but don't you try it!

By Mary Marshall

THIS MONTH, ladies, the beauty seminar will be conducted in question and answer form. By this snappy and efficient means, I hope to clear up a lot of beauty troubles which have been bothering you and me. So—without more ado . . .

Question: Why do I gain weight, when I eat scarcely enough to keep a bird alive, and why does my friend stay thin when she eats like a horse?

Answer: There *is* a difference, to be sure, in the rate at which individuals assimilate food. The canary's rations on which you claim you subsist seem to go, full speed ahead, into fat—usually around the hips—whereas the potatoes and pie consumed by your girl friend don't do her a bit of damage. But please notice that I said "canary's rations which you *claim,* etc." I'm not doubting your honesty. You think you're being honest. But wait—are you? You may eat little in quantity, but howz about the nature of the food you eat? When you say you "had only a salad for lunch," did you have mayonnaise on the salad instead of a dressing compounded of very little olive oil (mineral oil would be better), lemon juice, salt and a little pepper?

You know what's right to eat as well as I do—

Loretta Young loves sweets and indulges in them without gaining an ounce. How does she do it?

BEAUTY PUZZLES

Here is the answer to this and 24 other exasperating "whys"

Dolores Del Rio may have to count her calories, but she keeps that streamline by constant care.

Bette Davis knows how to make large eyes look starry instead of starey.

or you should, by this time. All fruit juices and fruits except bananas. All vegetables, 'cept corn, and go easy on the peas and beans. A baked potato or very little starch now and then. All roasted or broiled lean meats except pork. Also fowl and fish. And beverages without cream and sugar.

No trimmings on food—like sauces and stuff. No nibbling. Eat three light meals a day and don't get the snack habit. (That's put in especially for married women who "don't feel like eating anything alone"—so they have a cup of tea and a piece of cake, and what could be worse?) No hard liquor or beer. Don't go round saying you "have a thyroid condition" unless a doctor has told you so. That excuse has been worked to death.

Dolores Del Rio, up thar, puts on weight like a house afire if she doesn't watch out. Loretta Young, down thar, can't gain a pound without concerted effort. But Dolores sees to it that her luscious curves stay luscious and not lumpy, and Loretta, by constant attention to the cream soups and glasses of milk, stays slim like a willow and not skinny like a bean pole.

Question: If I'm fat (or thin) all over, what should I do—exercise or diet?

Answer: Diet for a spell, till you get somewhere near the weight

(*Continued on page 91*)

A LARK THAT LASTED

Claire was a hey-hey gal 'til Hollywood crossed her path

By George Benjamin

You'll see Claire Trevor in "One Mile From Heaven" next.

CLAIRE TREVOR is the most surprised star in Hollywood today. The light-hearted lassie for whom life was all a game has turned into the darndest career woman. Yesterday's dabblings are over. The old carefree fun is laid away in lavender. Why, even love's blacklisted!

"Imagine it!" she exclaims. "Gone career-crazy. Me of all people. How do you figure that one out?"

And it all began as just another lark.

She grew up in Larchmont, a pleasant suburb of New York City, without the slightest fancy for fame. The only child of a Fifth Avenue merchant, Claire's one aim was to have as good a time as possible in as quick a time as possible.

Her present stern sticking to business, her conversion to the cause of serious self-improvement, is all the more remarkable remembering that she was such a belle.

As a high-school senior she was as peppy and irresponsible a gal as you could find. Popular, you bet. She had snapping brown eyes, blond hair and a trim figure. She danced well, dressed with chic and was more fun than half a dozen other seniors altogether.

So it wasn't astonishing that even before she graduated she became the ideal prom girl. The college boys she met, and she seemed to meet the most interesting ones, decided that. She was invited to the best house parties from Harvard to Annapolis, including Princeton, Dartmouth, West Point, and way points.

Her adamant stand against falling in love now is the result of falling in love twice before she hit Hollywood. The first time was when she was seventeen.

Claire was still a senior when her cousin who had just joined the Dekes at Colgate wrote that she was to come up for the fraternity formal as his roommate's date. Naturally she dreamt of a Robert Taylor. But when she and the three other girls who went along with her for the auspicious week-end set foot upon the campus Claire had reasons to mentally moan. However, being ever polite, she bore up. When the dance was over and he was in the mood to spoon she drew the line though.

Saturday night, the remaining evening of that week-end, luck was with her. She went to another dance with her unappealing escort and was cut in on by a genuine R. T. effect. Zing went the strings of her heart, and his, too. He said, "I must see you later. Can't you get rid of the fellow who brought you?" Claire, like any romantic girl in that predicament, whispered, "Of course!"

The minute the orchestra finished "Home Sweet Home," she had a headache. She was so sorry but she had to retire right away. Cousin Frank's forlorn pal left her on the front doorstep of the house occupied by the visiting girls. Freshening her make-up, she tip-toed down the back stairs to the kitchen door, where *he* was waiting. With another couple they proceeded to go tobagganing in the moonlight. It was glorious. It was first love. When Claire returned home Sunday night she was in a daze.

But next day came a ten-page blast from her irate cousin. He'd heard about Claire slipping out on his roommate, then going tobogganing with the R. T. boy friend. The roommate had also heard about it, and was he on fire! "You'll never be asked to another prom," Cousin Frank underlined thrice. (She received five bids from Colgate the following year notwithstanding.)

She and the One Man corresponded. Her mother agreed that he should be invited down. Then the urge to move seized her parents and the house was in a mess. It was no time to intrigue a suitor. So in the confusion Claire somehow didn't answer his next letter and she never saw him again.

Keen as she was cute, Claire found lessons a snap. In fact, so much of a snap that she made a practice of not studying too hard. When she was ready for Vassar she learned she'd have to return to high school for a bit of brushing-up on certain credits.

"I decided that was too much trouble," she admits candidly. Tell Claire she has to do anything and instinctively she doesn't want to—with a vengeance. The university polishing was speedily abandoned. Still, she had to go on to something. Public speaking had been her pet subject so it occurred to her that a dramatic academy might be jolly. Her parents sent her.

But Claire wasn't stirred by an overwhelming inner flame seeking self-expression (*Continued on page 80*)

By the time you read this story, Gene and Jeanette may be Mister and Missus.

Gene's life is a series of cartoons—with most of the laughs on Raymond.

HIGHLIGHTING GENE

So Mr. Raymond won't talk? Well, listen to this—and all about himself, too

By Franc Dillon

BEFORE I interviewed Gene Raymond, I was warned not to question him about his romance and approaching marriage to Jeanette MacDonald. "He just won't talk about it, and if you so much as mention it to him, he freezes up," is what I heard from those in the know.

Oh yeah! Well, try talking to that lad five minutes about anything *but* his romance these days. It can't be done. Gene's too enthusiastically in love, too thrilled over the whole thing.

"I'm the happiest man alive," he exploded, and he looked it. Gene is a surprise to those who have seen him only on the screen, for he has a virility, an inner strength, which could almost be described as stern, and a vital personality that the camera seldom seems to catch. His shoulders are so broad that you have to look twice to see both of them, and his handshake so firm that you feel its effects for an hour afterward. Usually good-natured, he has a mind of his own which nothing can change when he thinks he is right. One of the points on which he is obdurate in his determination not to make a publicity stunt of his marriage.

FOR THAT reason and because they are both taking it so seriously, they have used good taste about the whole thing. Jeanette's mother announced the engagement at a tea last Spring, which Gene's mother attended. They set the date for their wedding—a church wedding—months in advance, believing that a long engagement would give them the opportunity to make sure they were making no mistake. They planned their honeymoon—not just a sleeper jump to Yuma, but a three months' trip to Honolulu and perhaps to the Orient.

They plan a home in San Fernando Valley, forty miles from Hollywood, which will necessitate a place in town where they can stay when they have early morning studio calls. But the place they call "home" will be just that, with all the trimmings. There will be kennels, stables, a tennis court, a swimming pool and a carefully planned garden.

The house itself will be a rambling, comfortable retreat. There will be a music room, of course, and, incidentally, Jeanette won't be the only musician in the family. Gene has composed several songs and wrote both words and music for "Will You?", one of the successful numbers in "The Smartest Girl In Town." He plays the piano very well, too, and hopes to compose a symphony when he has more leisure.

(Continued on page 81)

Offscreen, too, Margaret Lindsay is surrounded by an air of mystery. In other words—

Margaret's idea of fun is going 'round the world on a freighter!

She KEEPS YOU GUESSING

By Mignon Rittenhouse

SHE SEEMS like a girl fresh from finishing school, but she graduated six years ago. She's a lady with inhibitions, and not afraid to admit it. She believes that women can be good friends even when they're both Hollywood stars. She believes that men should be bosses after marriage, but you can't pin her down as Victorian. She's the girl in the snappiest evening gown, whom the fellows in the stag line fall all over each other to dance with. And she's pretty good at giving workable advice on how to break into the movies.

She's the girl in one of the mystery stories she plays in. She's a debunker. Before you meet her, you think she's going to be up-ity, that she's doing a Garbo on you.

Later she seems grandly human, intelligent and humorous, does Margaret Lindsay. You like her, even if she does keep you guessing!

On the way to her hotel suite, the elevator man asked sharply, "Are you sure you have an appointment with Miss Lindsay? Because *I'm* sure she isn't in to anyone."

Even when I'd reassured him, his eyes followed me suspiciously as I walked down the corridor toward her rooms.

Now as I rang the bell, I half expected a maid to appear and hand me a written announcement saying, "Margaret Lindsay doesn't live here any more."

But the door opened and a girl with frank hazel eyes and a low expressive voice said cordially, "I'm Margaret Lindsay. Won't you come in? I'm awfully sorry about that appointment. Please don't think I'm high-hat. The studio and I just seemed to miss connections. I've been so terribly rushed. You see, I'm on my vacation."

She wore a tailored Panama suit with a crisp brown linen blouse and nary a frill. She ushered me into a long feminine living room. Bright flowers everywhere—red tulips and yellow and blue-purple irises in colorful vases.

She had the same crisp incisive way you felt in "Green Light." But she seemed younger, with a fairer complexion than you'd think, judging from her pictures. More vital. Her personality did things to the room.

"I'm telephone operator, doorman et cetera today," she explained, as she curled up on one end of the sofa. "It's been like a madhouse here all afternoon."

The place didn't look like a madhouse. It looked smart, sophisticated and very bright. It looked as though Margaret Lindsay had gone around doing little things to it, changing the position of a chair or vase, rearranging the draperies to suit herself. It had the look of a room that a girl lived in, not one that she dropped into on a short vacation.

The telephone rang; Margaret darted off to answer it. She was back in a few seconds but not for long. The telephone rang again and again. Margaret was back and forth, back and forth. Janet (*Continued on page 72*)

YOU CAN *Tempt... Excite... Thrill*

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GARDENIA and SWEET PEA Blended
Landers
SMELL SWEET ALL OVER

and Still Be Refined...If You Use This Talc That's Perfumed with Blended Flowers

Ah-h-h!...what madness you can stir in the blood when you appeal to a man's sense of smell! Like the cave-man of old, seeking his mate among sweet flowers of the forest, a modern man is primitive, too.

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Then, stand on your toes...stretch up, up... and whisper, "I'm utterly lovely—thrilling. I *can* win love." And you'll *feel* the power to go forth and conquer. Lander's Blended-Flower Talc does this for you and more...

It guards your refinement...makes a man long to protect you, because you're sweet as a flower. There may be fever in his kisses, but there'll be worship in his soul. He *knows* you're refined. Strong-scented talcums give the wrong idea. Play safe, get Lander's...perfumed with a blend of true flowers. Only 10c each at your 10c store.

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SOLD ONLY
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10c STORES

Young Howard is giving himself just six more months to make good in movies. And then?

After finishing "Lost Horizon," Johnny stepped right into "Let Them Live."

By Martha Kerr

HE'S A COWARD

John Howard's not afraid of poverty, heartbreak or death, but just the same—

"ARE YOU a coward?" I asked.

John Howard laughed. It did seem a touch preposterous to ask such a question of a young man five-feet-ten in height, weighing 160 pounds, with bright blue eyes, brown hair, active and sound of mind and limb. Yet he answered my question promptly, quite without offense. He is enough of an intellectual—a Phi Beta Kappa from Western Reserve University—to be interested in any discussion which probes and analyzes human motives, even his own.

"Yes, I am a coward," he answered. "I'm afraid of being mediocre. I am terrified of being an inbetweener. It is my bogie-man, my nightmare. I am terrified of being one of that legion listed 'and the cast also includes.' If I can't be a spectacular success, I prefer to be a spectacular failure. I would rather be a good, juicy melodramatic 'dreg of humanity' than a comfortable and unsung semi-nonentity. There is something about walking the mid-stream of life, sitting at the 'second table,' which is sheer nightmare to me.

"I believe," laughed John Howard, "that this is my only cowardice.

"I've faced death on more than one occasion without flinching, so far as I know. I've faced blindness and kept my chin up against impending darkness. I've faced poverty and have found that it holds no terrors for me. I've faced the loss of the career I hoped for and sustained the loss. I've faced love and the loss of love and have emerged with the break in my heart neatly mended and ready for the rebound. I've faced Hollywood," laughed John, "and that's no mean test of the temper of the steel.

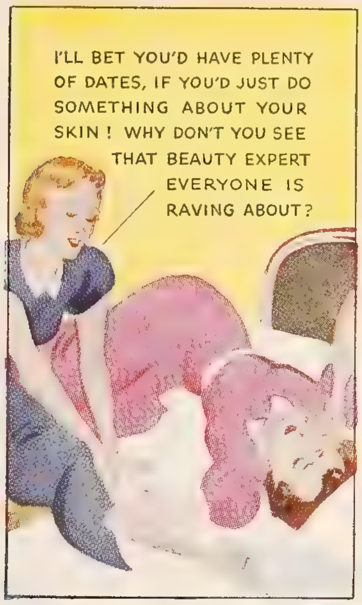
"I faced the formidable cast of 'Lost Horizon' and if my bright, brave little spirit did quail a bit at that, it can doubtless be ascribed to my psychopathic fear of mediocrity again. The fear that, pitted against such experienced troupers as Ronald Colman, H. B. Warner, Isabel Jewell, Edward Everett Horton, Margo, and the others, little John would go down in oblivion.

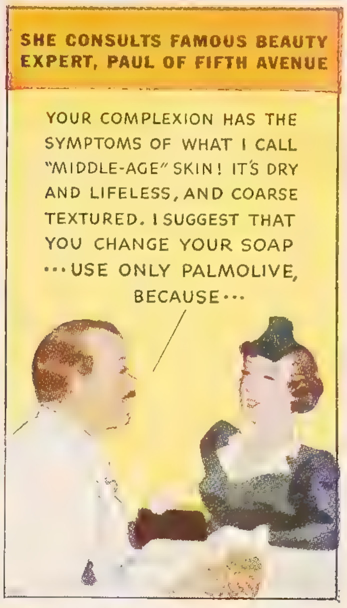
"I was terrified all the more because I didn't for one minute believe in the character I was playing. The fellow was a fool. Whenever I had to cut loose and have a good bout of hysterics because I had to stay at Shangri-la I'd be thinking to myself, 'What an ass the fellow is. Who would want to leave a place like this?' So, I had the added difficulty of playing the character 'against the grain.' If I did it at all creditably—and I can see enough room for improvement to put me well in my place—it is all to my credit.

(Continued on page 85)

Only 22 BUT "ON THE SHELF"

BECAUSE OF "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!


I'LL BET YOU'D HAVE PLENTY OF DATES, IF YOU'D JUST DO SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR SKIN! WHY DON'T YOU SEE THAT BEAUTY EXPERT EVERYONE IS RAVING ABOUT?


SHE CONSULTS FAMOUS BEAUTY EXPERT, PAUL OF FIFTH AVENUE
YOUR COMPLEXION HAS THE SYMPTOMS OF WHAT I CALL "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN! IT'S DRY AND LIFELESS, AND COARSE TEXTURED. I SUGGEST THAT YOU CHANGE YOUR SOAP ···USE ONLY PALMOLIVE, BECAUSE···

PAUL EXPLAINS WHY PALMOLIVE CORRECTS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

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You may have a soft, smooth complexion today. Yet next month, or even next week, you may look in your mirror and find your skin dry, lifeless, coarse-looking.

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Use Palmolive Soap regularly. For Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, does more than just cleanse. Its gentle, protective lather helps prevent your skin from becoming dry, old-looking; keeps your complexion soft, smooth, *young!*

Does the soap you are now using give you this same protection? Do you know what ingredients go into it? Are you sure it is as pure, as gentle and safe as Palmolive?

You *know* that Palmolive Soap is made from a blend of real beauty ingredients . . . soothing Olive and Palm oils.

That's why Palmolive, more than any other soap, promises to keep your complexion young and lovely through the years! Why not start using Palmolive Soap—today?

FREE! DIONNE QUIN CUT-OUT BOOK FOR CHILDREN! Beautifully colored cut-outs of the Quins, with dresses, coats —63 in all. A lovely picture of the Quins on cover . . . ideal for framing! Send 3 Palmolive Soap bands to Palmolive, Dept. M-151, Jersey City, N. J. (Offer expires July 15, 1937.)

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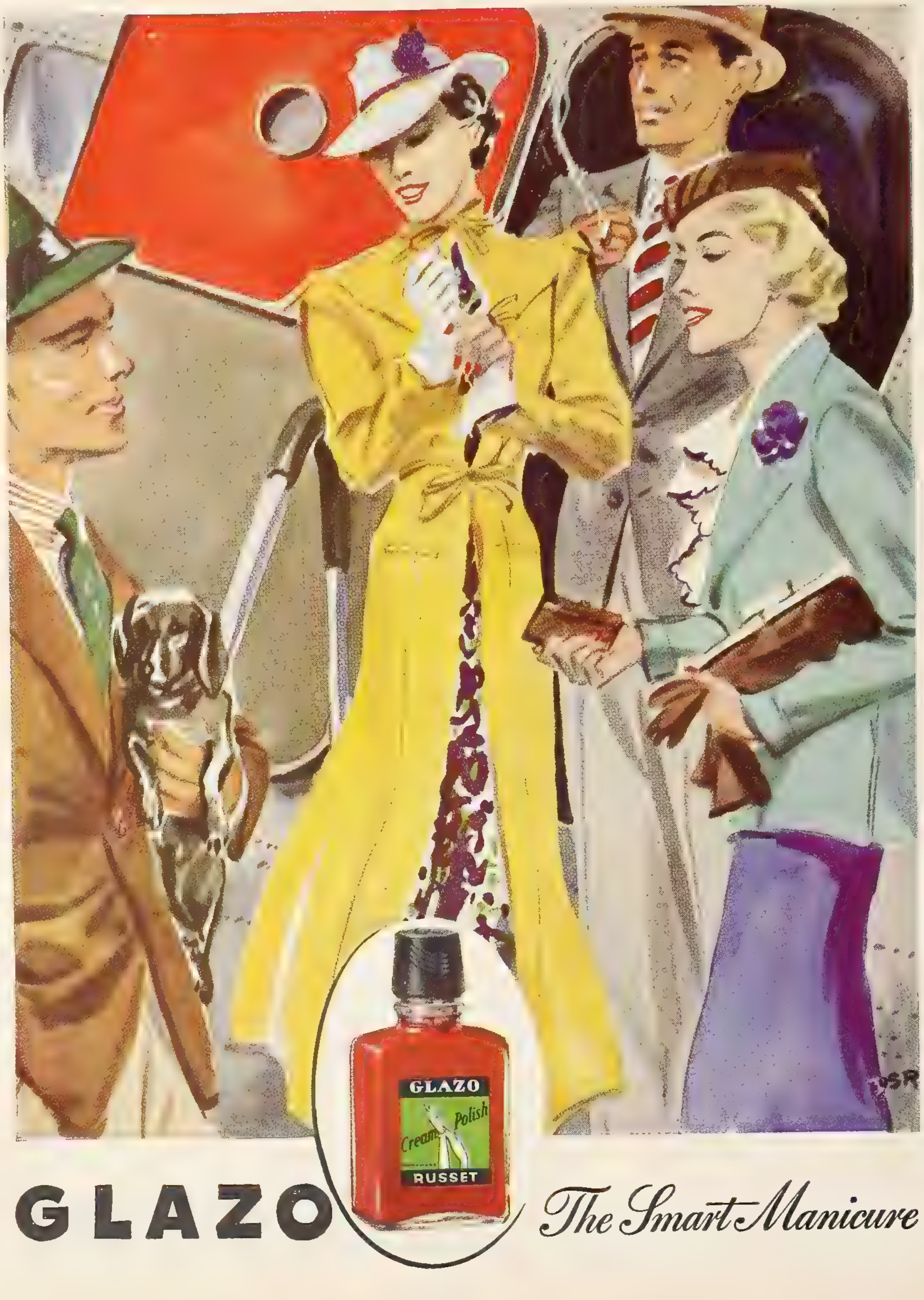
SOUGHT-AFTER girls . . . gay young moderns who never let themselves or their escorts down in the matter of smartness...are climaxing their chic with Glazo's "Misty" nail polish shades.

Where else can you find colors so excitingly lovely? . . . the perfect accent to that ravishing new frock . . . the ultimate in fingertip flattery! Beguiling as their names are Glazo's subtle, misty, smoky hues—Shell and Old Rose, Thistle, Rust and Russet, Suntan, Dahlia, Imperial Red.

And Glazo, as good as it is beautiful, possesses all the virtues that smart young things demand...satin-smoothness on the nail...stern prejudices against peeling or fading . . . the rare ability to stay smooth-flowing, usable to the last drop in that economical 20¢ bottle, or in the new and larger 25¢ size.

For a new kind of Social Security—the knowledge of your own loveliness—choose Glazo in clear shades or the sophisticated new "Misty" tints.



GLAZO *The Smart Manicure*

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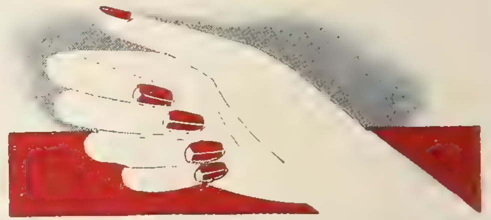
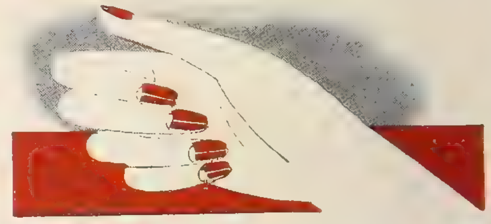


OLD ROSE *A subtle, smoky rose. Utterly feminine and flattering. Lovely with fashion's new "off-colors," with pastels . . . No chipping . . . No peeling.*



THISTLE *A new misty beige-rose. Perfect with sun-tanned or pale skin. Excellent for wear with gray, beige, green, brown . . . No chipping . . . No peeling.*

RUSSET *A misty red with subtle brown undertone. Becoming to almost every type of skin. Enchanting with light or dark colors . . . No chipping . . . No peeling.*

Off Their Guard

Rochelle Hudson performs this "handy" with the greatest of ease. If you don't think this slick trick is difficult, try it yourself sometime! But unless you're on the petite side—five feet four and tip the scales at about 100—the results are apt to be a mite disastrous.

Summer's the time for fun and Frank Muto candid-cameras the cinema girls and boys during their gayest moments

With not a care in the world and all done up in smart Jantzen beach regalia, Rochelle emerges from her cabaña with quoits and surfboard in tow. You guessed it—Mam'selle is out to do some fine and fancy playing!

When a gal has to work up an appetite 'fore she can start work in a new picture, that's news. Well, Rochelle wanted to be prepared for any emergency that might arise in making "She Had to Eat," thus all the activity!

That ball gets a mean send-off from the little lady. Powerful stuff for a mere bathing belle. Rochelle evidently thinks she's down at the Rose Bowl, competing with the collitch boys.

Movie Mermaid

Rochelle Hudson casts herself as a sea nymph when the director isn't looking. Her location? Santa Monica

This business of sitting around on the beach, basking in the sun, a la typical bathing beauty, doesn't appeal to our little star. She dives right in and lets the nasty waves knock her down—that is, if they can.

The name of Rochelle's current heart throb is a deep, dark secret. But there is one, you can be sure, for when a gal starts drawing hearts in the sand, there's a gent lurking in the offing.

Four more quoits to go and everyone a guaranteed ringer. With a surefire aim like that, there's little wonder that Rochelle has made her mark in the movies — and we don't mean "X," either.

A gal's gotta keep busy

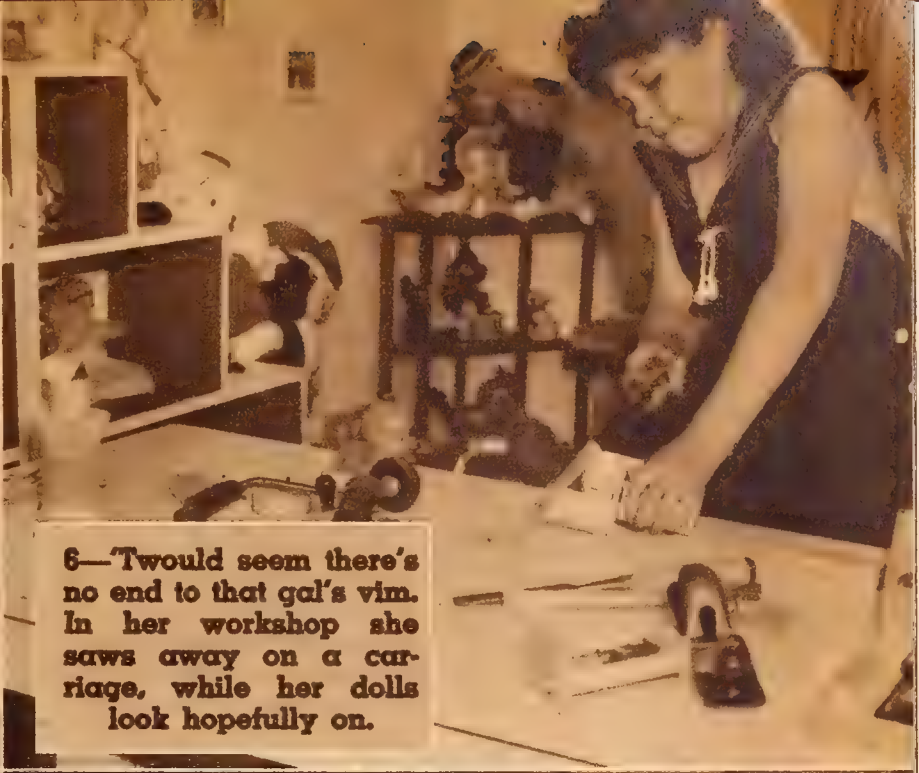
1—The days are never long enough for a regular kid like Jane Withers. She's up bright and early to do her sprint around the old cinder track. What pep! What form! What a gal!

2—This busy Miss spends part of each acting day in the studio schoolroom learning readin', ritin' and 'rithm'tic. And, naturally, she's a star pupil.

3—After "business hours," she takes up farmeretting. Here she is coaxing her chicks to eat out of her hand—as her fans are doing.

4—Two's a crowd on a motor bike built for one, but Jane's decided her pet dog needs an outing. The dog isn't so sure about it, though.

5—There's nothing young Miss Withers won't try once. Now she's lending a helping hand in building her new fish pond.



6—'Twould seem there's no end to that gal's vim. In her workshop she saws away on a carriage, while her dolls look hopefully on.

7—Next, she tries her hand in the culinary department. Won't Mother be surprised when she tastes the cake Jane's making?

8—Playtime's nearly over and she's only getting started on that new summer wardrobe for her dollies. The needle just won't stay threaded!

9—"Aw, shucks, can't I practice my scales some other time?" pouts Jane. But Mother thinks there's no time like the present.

10—Bedtime at last. Like lots of girls and boys, the Withers lass lingers on. How can a gal sleep with an unsolved mystery on the air?

To Market, To Market

A morning's bargain-hunt with Hollywood's loveliest bargain-cute Anita Louise

No one knows better than the Louise gal that an army marches on its stomach. But who ever heard of an army marching on a cup cake? Come, come, Anita, is that cricket?

Marketing's a lark for Anita Louise. "Yep," says she, "it's all in knowing how," as she makes the bananas look a pound or two lighter. Honor system, Anita! Besides, that scale trick is as old as the hills.

Anita grins—and bears three baskets. How about wearing that middle one on your head, peasant style? Or how about—aw heck, aren't there any gentlemen in the house?

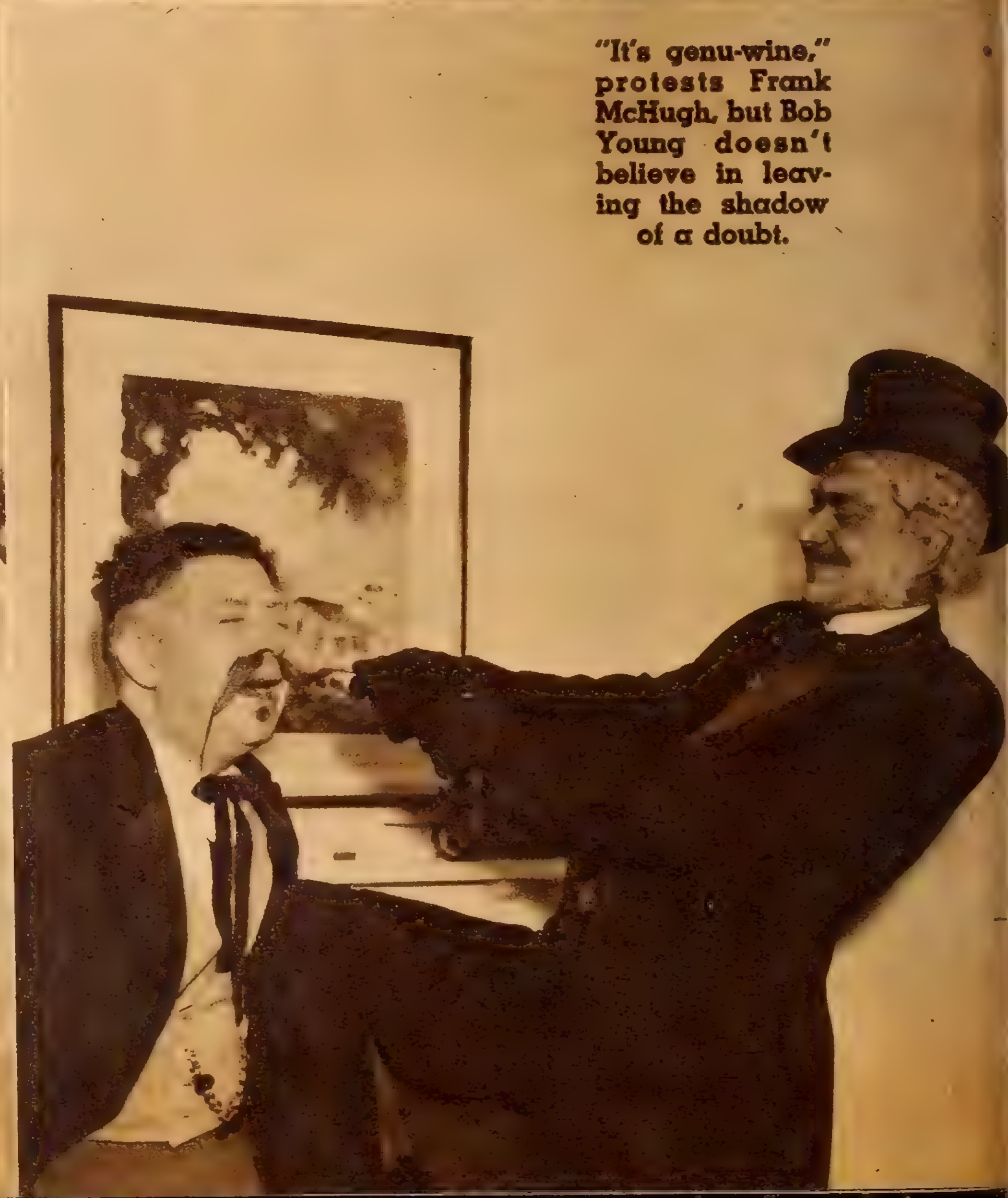
"Oooh, what a cute lobster!" enthuses Miss Louise. And can you imagine what the lobster is mumbling into his antennae about cute blondes? Just another case of love at first sight.

And now for a bit of lightning calculation. If five red apples cost twelve cents, how much will the lamb chops come to if Jack Smart drops in for supper? "Gosh," complains Anita, "I can't do a thing without my slide rule."

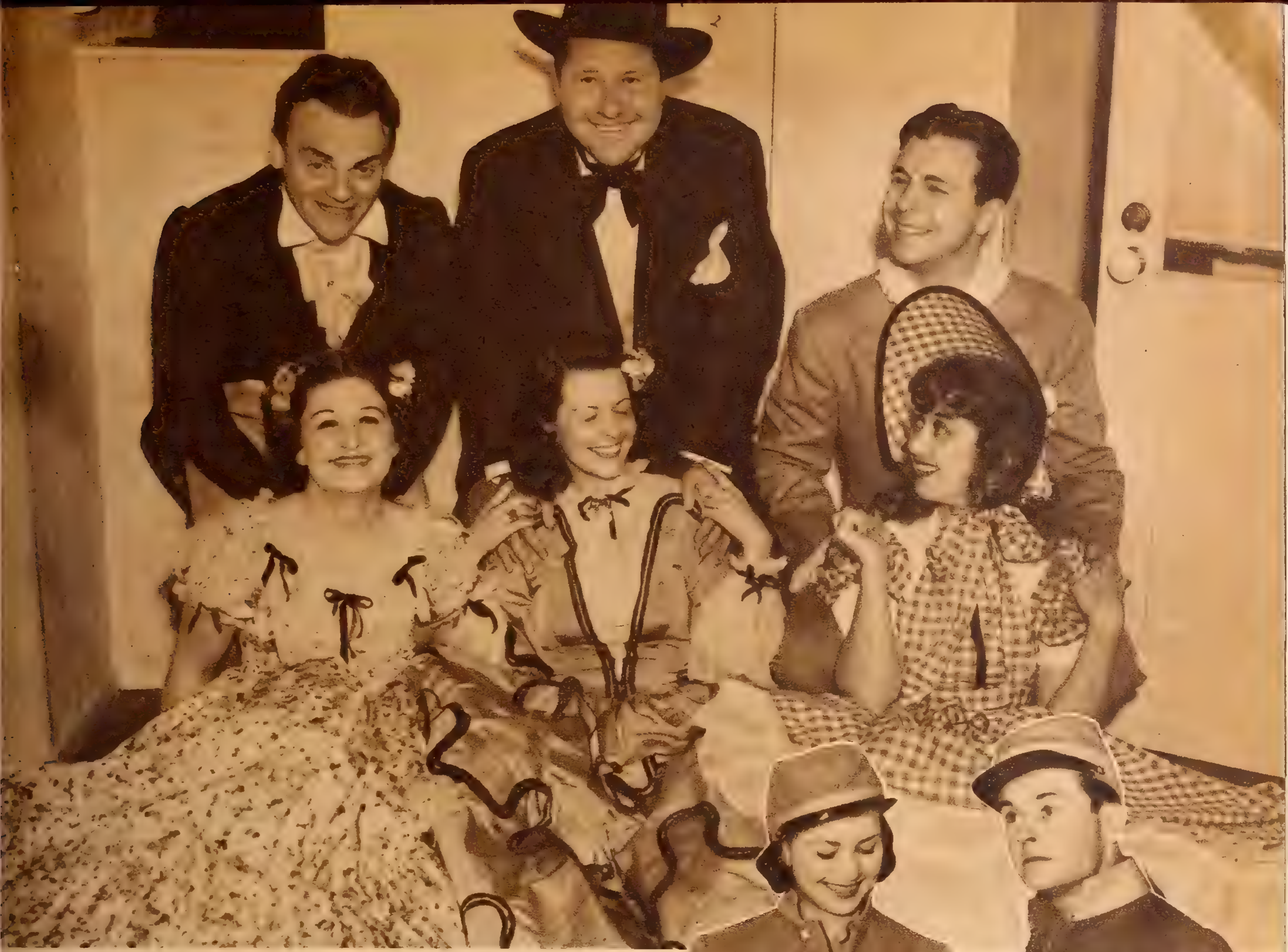
Figures are figures, but Anita obviously hasn't figured on this. Must have been the caviar. She has a good mind to call the manager and tell him to keep his groceries. She'll economize by roughing it at the Trocadero.

Jean Hersholt and Heather Angel enjoy a private joke, while Pat O'Brien hides behind his wife's hoop-skirts. The "non-com-poop" on the right is Corp'ral Joe E. Brown.

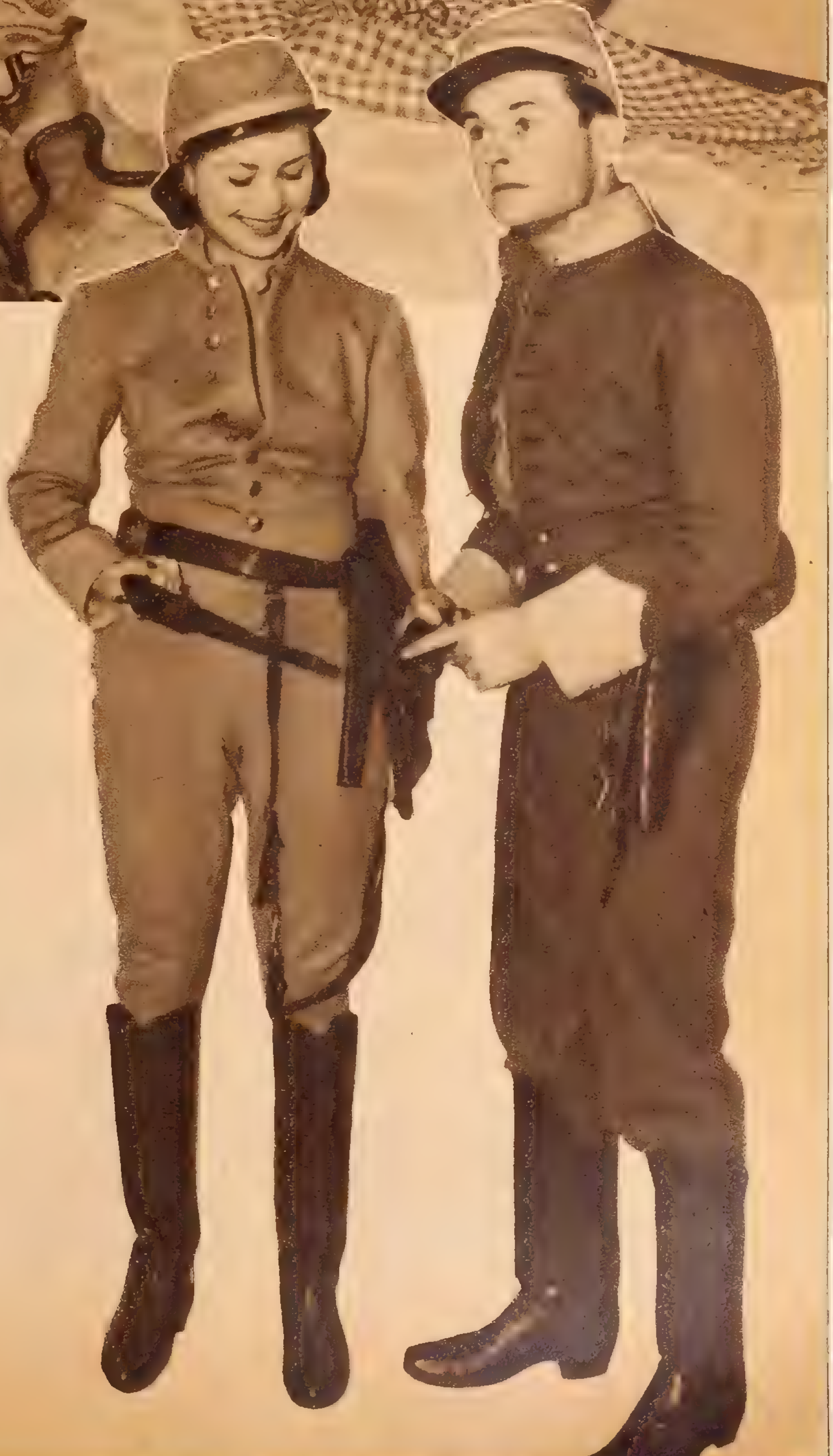
Courtly "Diamond Jim" Arnold requests the pleasure of the next waltz with Elaine Barrie Barrymore.



"It's genu-wine," protests Frank McHugh, but Bob Young doesn't believe in leaving the shadow of a doubt.



A homey gang of Confederates gets together to sample "Rhett" Oakie's southern hospitality. The occasion is Jack's "Come with the Wind" party. Mr. and Mrs. Cagney both seem thrilled by the old plantation glamor, as do Dick and "Maw" Powell—Joan Blondell to you. The shy little gal in the middle is Mrs. Oakie.



Tom Brown, shooting iron and all, seems headed for the front, or is he merely warning the cameraman to wait till he gets his coat buttoned? At any rate, his girl friend, Natalie Draper, looks ship-shape to blaze away at any enemy shoulder-to-shoulder with her man.

Come with the wind

Craig Reynolds and Pat Wilder play hookey from camera, cast and crew for a canoeing lark.

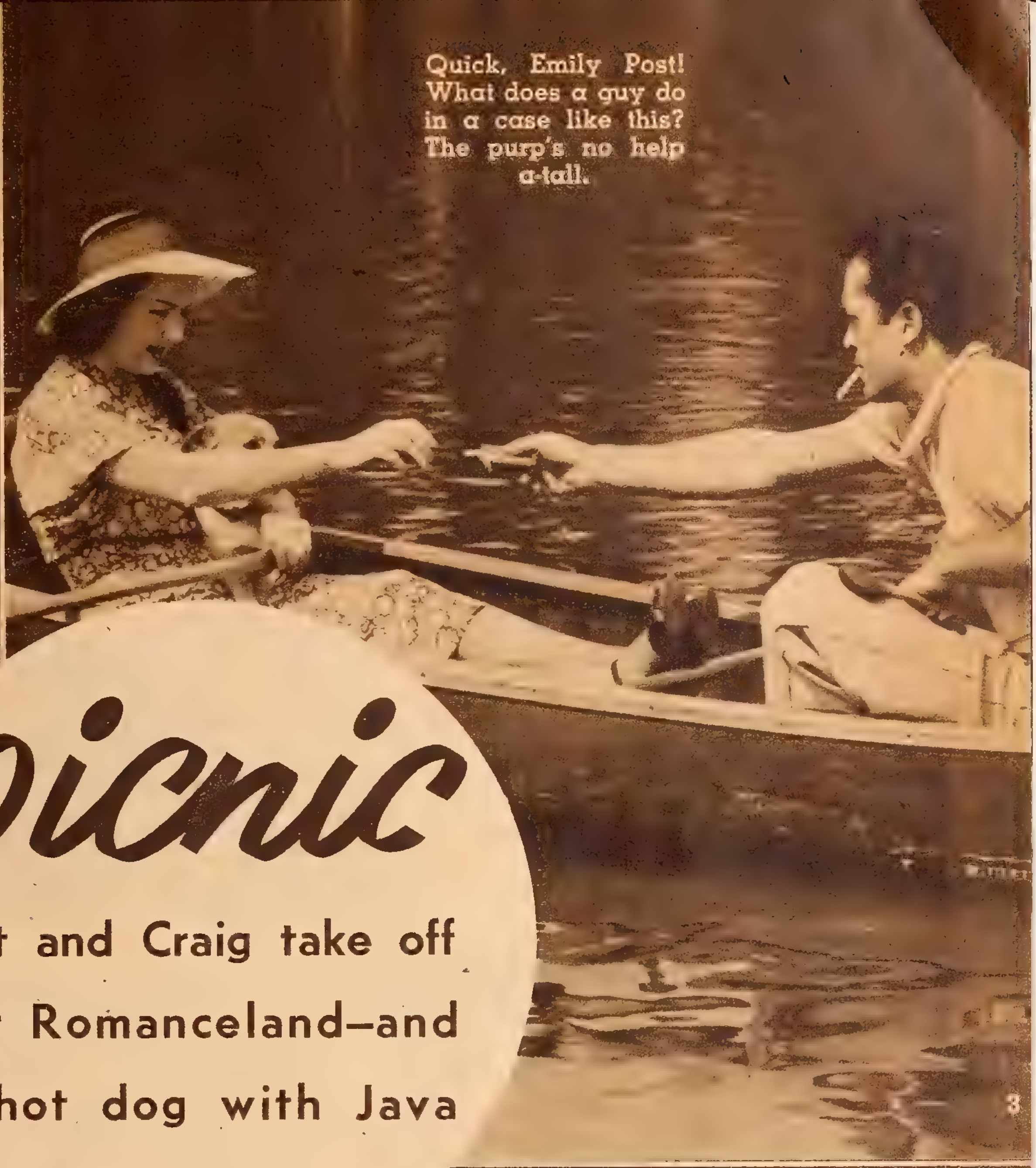
Craig has some ideas of his own and maybe he's not doing so badly, after all! We'll see.

picnic

Pat and Craig take off for Romanceland—and a hot dog with Java

She's no Johnny Weissmuller, so Pat steps charily as Craig hangs onto her for dear life.

2



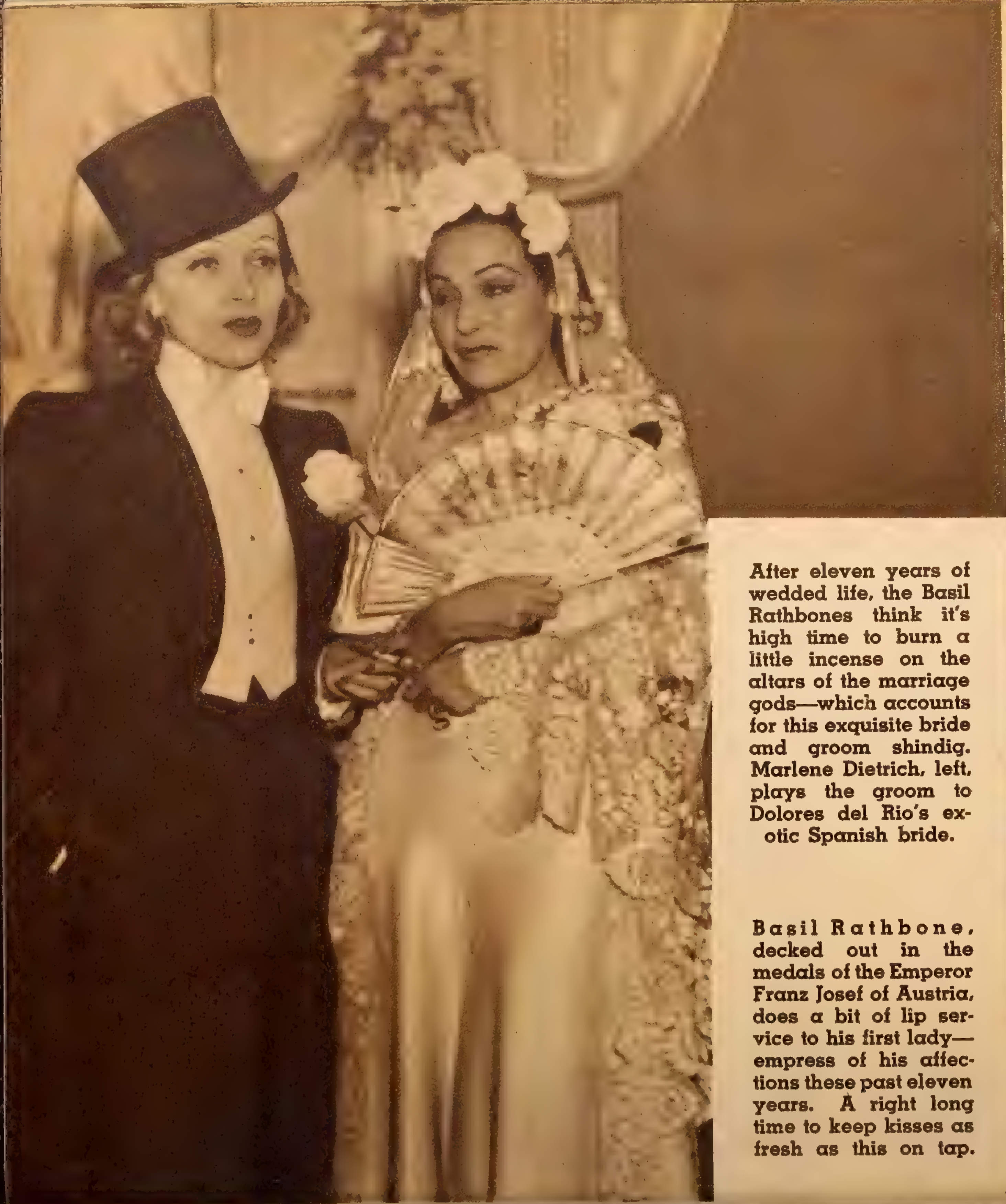
Quick, Emily Post! What does a guy do in a case like this? The purp's no help a-tall.

3

That ole dabbil diet plays second fiddle when weenies and cawfee are the theme.

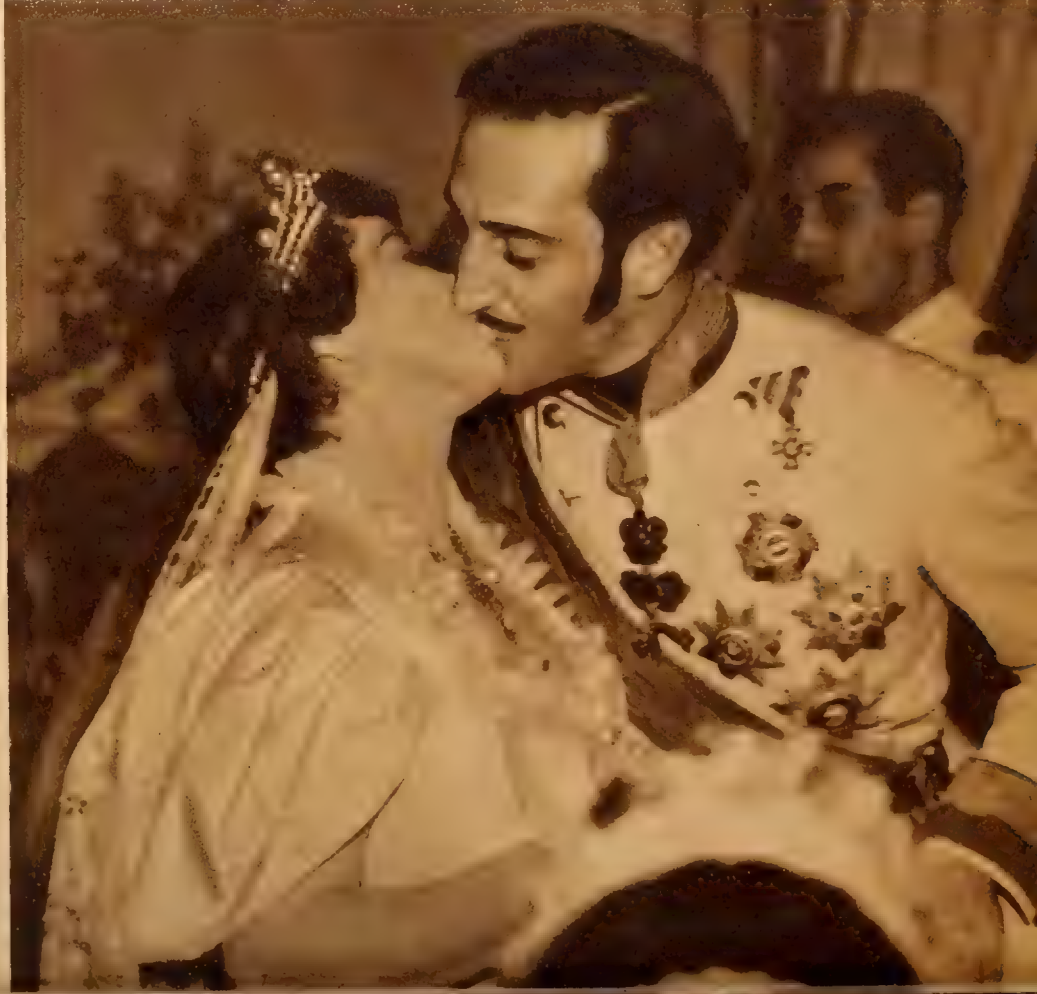
"Mister and Missus" Masquerade

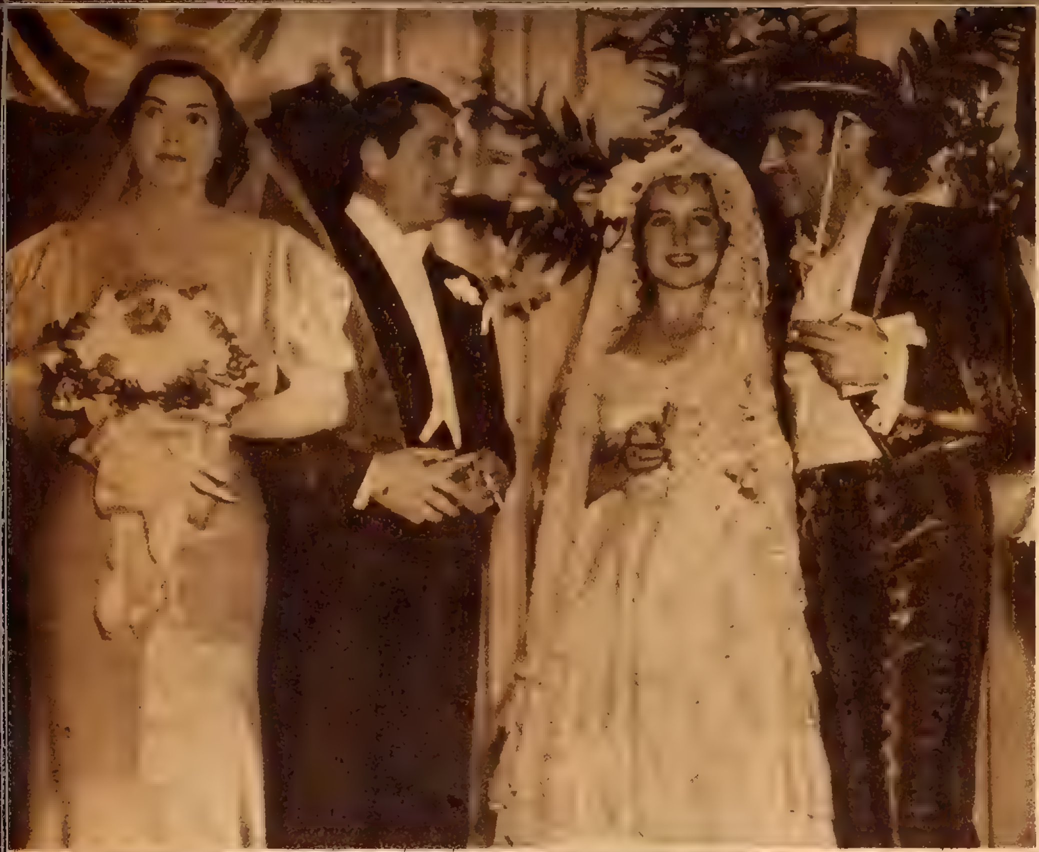
The Basil Rathbones Entertain

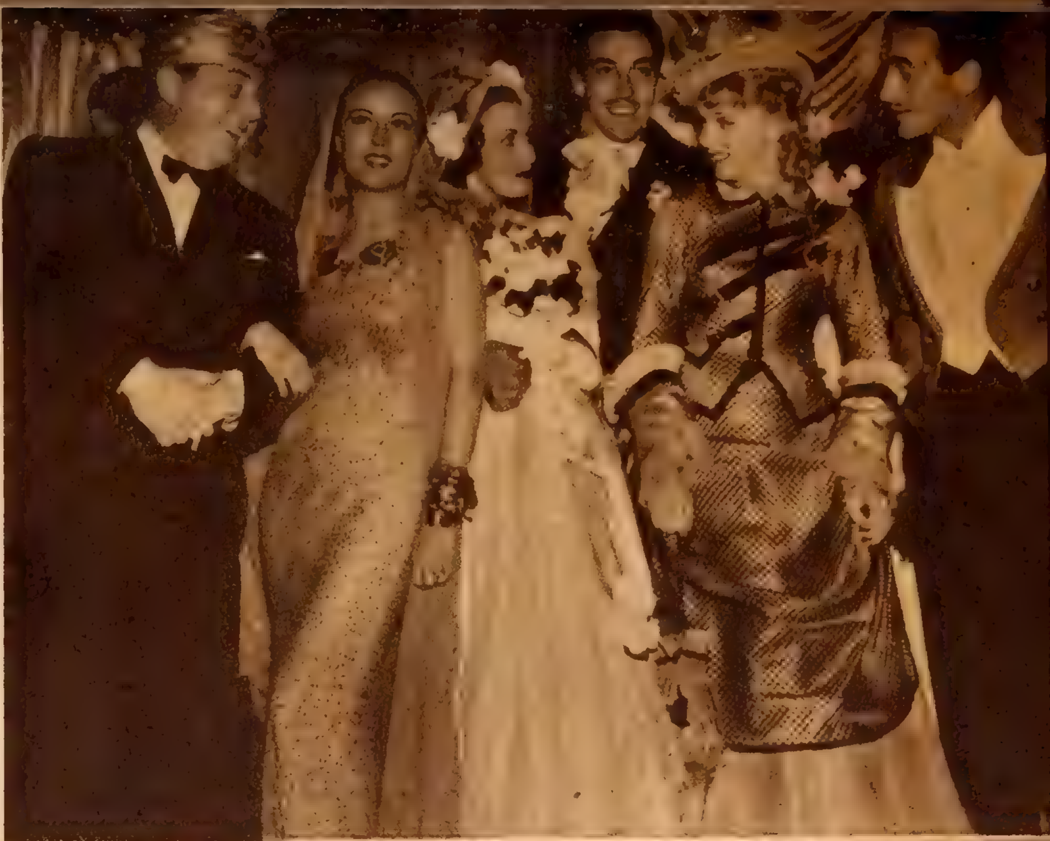


After eleven years of wedded life, the Basil Rathbones think it's high time to burn a little incense on the altars of the marriage gods—which accounts for this exquisite bride and groom shindig. Marlene Dietrich, left, plays the groom to Dolores del Rio's exotic Spanish bride.

Basil Rathbone, decked out in the medals of the Emperor Franz Josef of Austria, does a bit of lip service to his first lady—empress of his affections these past eleven years. A right long time to keep kisses as fresh as this on tap.

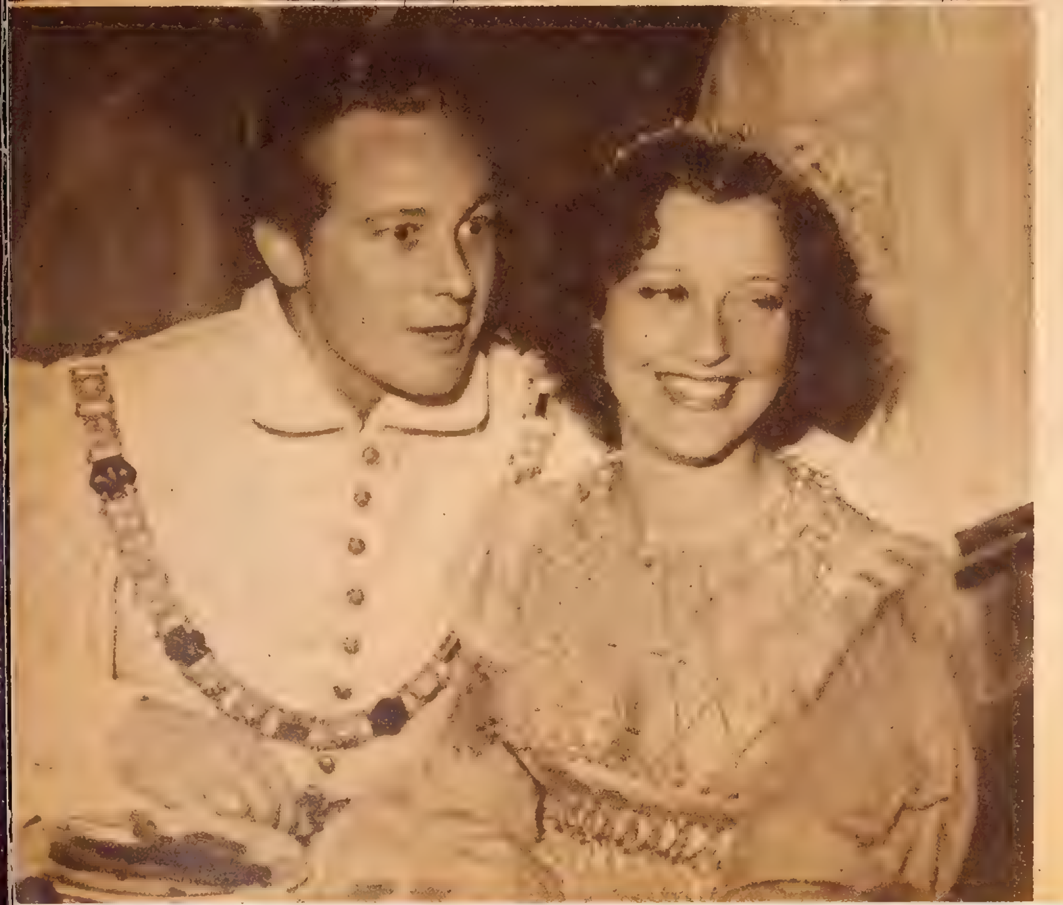


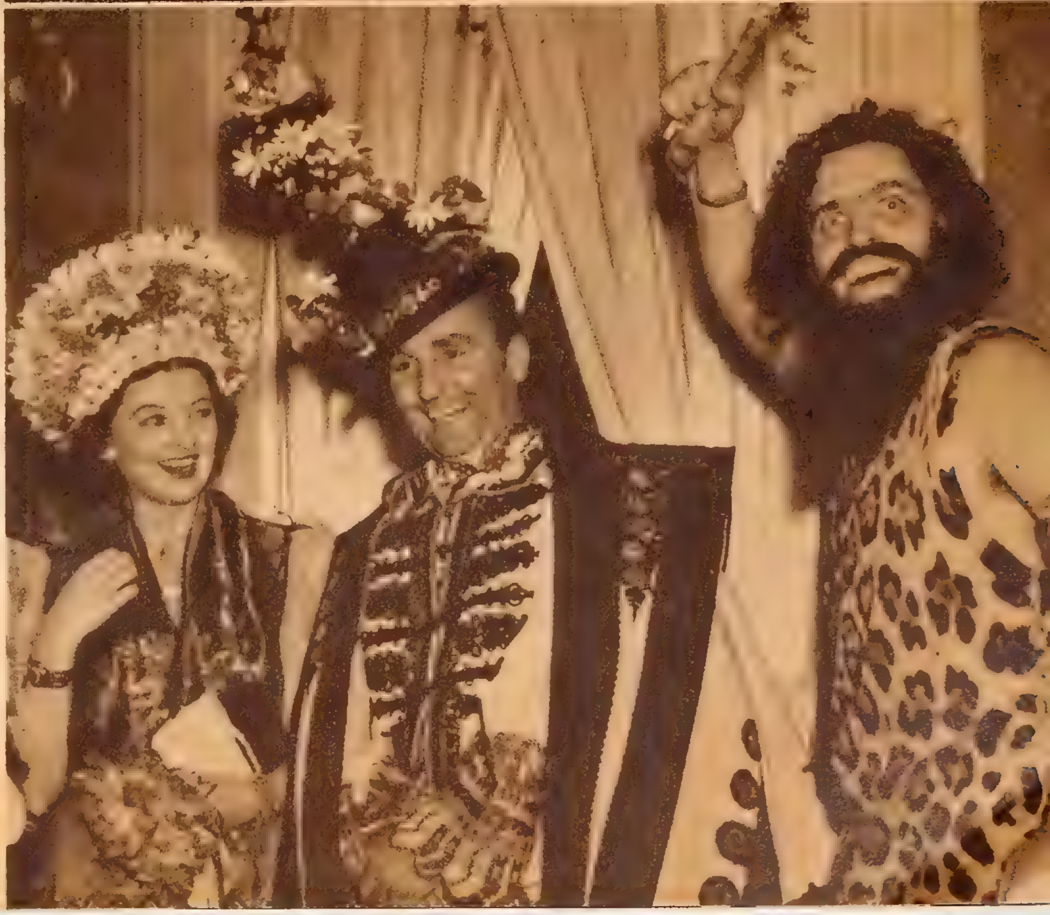




Says Charles Boyer to Mr. Baxter, left: "Ze señor is jesting? Thees reediculous costume!" Warner smiles sagely. He doesn't dare speak his mind about the Boyer get-up. Meanwhile, the brides, getting in the mood to love, honor, and obey, say nothing.

Maybe the turban doesn't make Lewis Milestone anything, but at least it "makes" Fay Wray. Don't look now, Lew, but that's your Missus in the white dress. Cesar Romero and David Niven haven't yet settled who's to wed the pert Scotch. lass, Virginia Bruce.





Nothing superstitious about Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond. They're masquerading as Romeo and Juliet—and everyone knows what happened to that unfortunate pair. But J. and G. are too busy with love to spare time for such trifles.

Just a couple of Tyrolese hill-billies are Myrna Loy, right, and Arthur Hornblow, but they know enough not to be alarmed by Freddie March's King-Kong ensemble. On the level, Fred, are you sporting a white tie under the beaver?

Eleanore Whitney and June Lang (right) congratulate Paul Muni on winning the Academy Award.

Cecilia Parker and Johnny Downs trip the light fantastic at Anita Louise's party.

By Leo Townsend

They glamorize everything in Hollywood. The average discovery, for instance, is brought here, and the first thing she gets is a going-over treatment. They give her the works and when she comes out looking like everybody else, she's ready to go before the photographers to have her glamor recorded for the world. But the all-time high was reached by one studio a few weeks ago. They took a portrait sitting of Wafford, the pig.

■ ■ ■

The most popular gal in Culver City is Jean Harlow, and we'll fight the man who says she isn't, provided the weights are right. Day after she went to the hospital to have three wisdom teeth removed, the florist across the street from her home lot reported he dispatched an entire truckload of flowers to her. The floral donations were from studio pals—of which, as they say, Miss H. has more than anybody.

■ ■ ■

Flash: Jimmy Stewart retains his title of champion beau of Hollywood. The lanky Mr. S., long a favorite of the town's lovelier sex, definitely established his position last month when he was wined and dined by the models appearing in Walter Wanger's "Vogues of 1938." A round dozen of the gals—a very round dozen of them—cooked the dinner, with Jimmy as guest of honor. P. S. The champ ate a hearty meal.

■ ■ ■

At the Clover Club the other night, Lupe Velez dumped forty dollars in quarters in a slot machine, with no results. She went away for some change, and on the way back another gal stepped up to the machine, inserted a lone quarter and hit the jackpot. Lupe smacked the gal, but she immediately apologized. Probably thought she ought to hit something, after spending forty bucks.

■ ■ ■

A few days after the candid camera craze had set in in Hollywood, we donned our Inquiring Reporter costume and went about getting a few reactions. Bette Davis, we discovered, is fond of candid camera shots. She thinks they're cute. John Carradine is a candid fiend. He slinks along Hollywood Boulevard shooting facial expressions of unsuspecting strangers, hoping eventually to use them in screen characterizations. Clark Gable, on the other hand, isn't so sure. "They used to photograph our teeth," he says, "and now they take our tonsils."

■ ■ ■

Watched Marlene Dietrich on the set of "Angel" recently. Watching Dietrich this time was more fun than usual, for with

Summertime finds Hollywood hard at work and play, with our

Charles Boyer takes time off from "Marie Walewska" to take Wifey Pat Paterson for a spin.

Bette Davis and Hubby "Ham" Nelson celebrate four years of marriage by dining out together.

Ernst Lubitsch directing, the reign of silence on her sets is over. Everybody relaxes and pretends that Miss Dietrich is just another ordinary mortal. Even Marlene seems to be pretending. Lubitsch rehearses a scene with Dietrich, Herbert Marshall and Melvyn Douglas. While Lubitsch reads their parts, Marlene grabs a cigarette and lights it. Imagine—the most beautiful woman in the world, and she has to light her own cigarettes.

■ ■ ■

Jimmy Stewart is the happiest guy in town at the moment. Reason is that he's making "Vivacious Lady" with Ginger Rogers, his best gal. Those twelve "Vogues of 1938" models were a mere passing fancy; he's not going to marry them, even though they can cook. So now Jimmy spends his days emoting with Ginger and when evening comes he throws away the script and does his emoting on his own.

■ ■ ■

It's nice to be famous, but it isn't always fun. Take Clark Gable and Carole Lombard, for instance. For three Sundays in a row they took themselves out to a rodeo in San Fernando Valley and had a wonderful time. Then something happened; people heard about it, and the fourth Sunday found the place jammed with visitors. There wasn't a rodeo lover among them—they all came to see Lombard and Gable. So now Clark and Carole spend their Sundays at home.

They gave away another medal the other night. This time the award was sponsored by the newspaper critics of the country, and the recipients were, as usual, Paul Muni and Luise Rainer. The critical gentry held a banquet, and Producer Harry Cohn read a gracious presentation speech, but when it came time to hand Muni his medal no one could find it. After a few faces reddened Muni himself pulled the medal out of his pocket. "I took it before the banquet started," he said. "Thought it might save a few speeches."

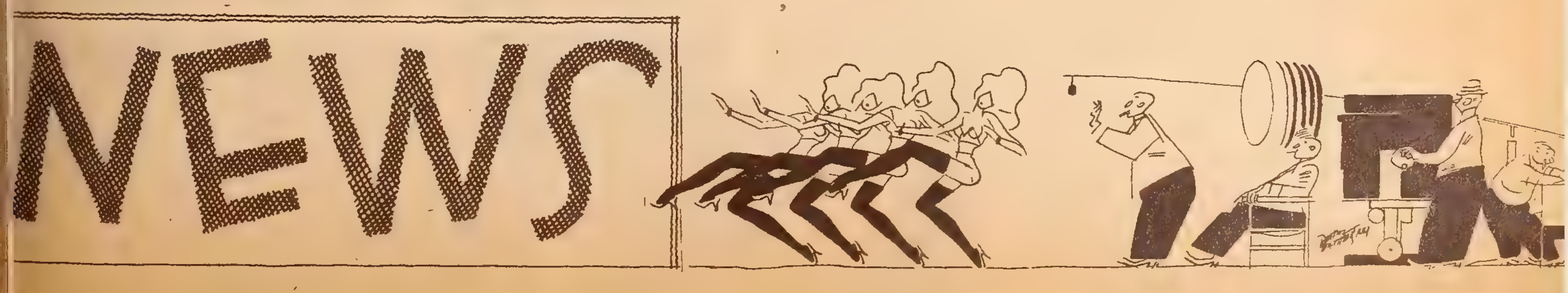
■ ■ ■

It happened during the making of "Shall We Dance?" Fred Astaire, on roller skates, was posing for a series of pictures in the portrait gallery. He went through a number of intricate poses, balancing precariously on one wheel and then another. Winding up the series with an extra fancy pose, our hero skated off, and fell flat on his face.

■ ■ ■

Private life of an Academy Award Winner: A few days ago Luise Rainer's secretary strolled into one of the publicity offices at the studio and asked for copies of all the current movie magazines. The young lady in the office, who had no extra copies, informed the secretary she could get them all on the corner newsstand. "But," said the gal, "Miss Rainer wants them free."

sleuth reporter right in the thick of the hottest happenings



The big news about Mae West at the moment is that last month she held up a bank. Our Mae held the bank up for an hour after closing time, and all she had to do was phone in and tell the boys she was coming up to see them. It seems Mae is one of the bank's most solvent patrons, so the entire staff waited until four o'clock, when Mae swished in accompanied by five ominous looking gentlemen who couldn't have been anything but bodyguards.

* * *

When they finished "Shall We Dance?" Gertrude Wellman, who has been script girl on all the Astaire-Rogers pictures, complained that her job was wearing her down. Typing gave her a headache, she said. Two days later Gertrude was around the lot showing off a new charm bracelet with two solid gold charms—a typewriter and a pill-box with two aspirin tablets. Miss W. would like it known that the gift was from Ginger Rogers, the working girl's friend.

Leslie Howard and Robert Arnold beau Anita Louise.

* * *

An automobile concern still thinks the Marx Brothers are the goofiest trio in pictures. Harpo, Groucho and Chico signed testimonials for the firm, and each received a brand-new car. Next day they were called to the studio to pose for advertising pictures and all three of them showed up in elaborate sedans, much higher priced than the car for which they had given their signed approval. It seems all three of them had traded in their free cars for the ultra-ultra brand.

Edward Arnold, Junior, breaks some good news to Dad.

* * *

His studio won't admit it, but the swell singing voice purported to be Jack Haley's in "Wake Up and Live" isn't really his. Jack sings, but his own voice is pitched higher than the crooning tones heard in the picture. In Palm Springs the day after the picture's preview, with the trade-paper reviewers raving over the Haley "voice," we overheard a lengthy conversation between Jack and his agent. It seems they wanted Jack to appear in a radio version of the picture. "I'll do it," wailed Jack, "but I can't sing."

* * *

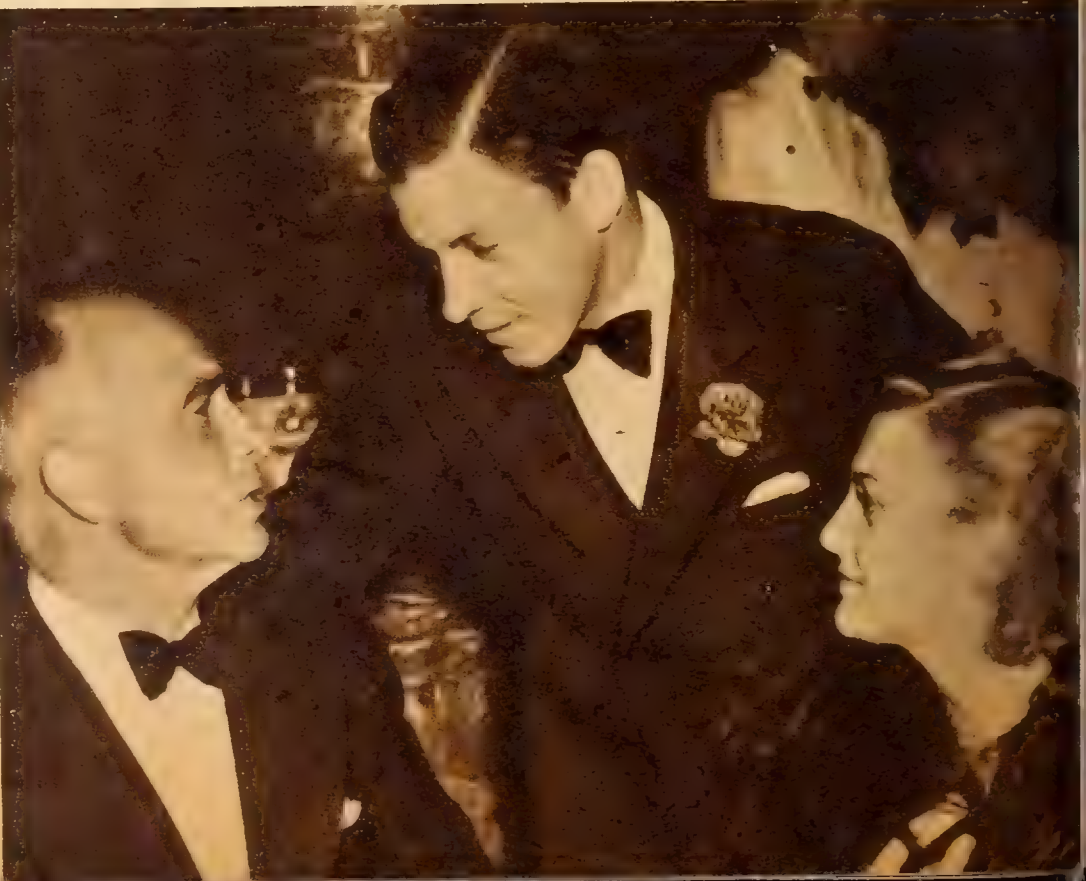
Questions without Answers: What prominent male star, playing opposite a glamor girl several years his senior, is telling friends they're thinking of changing the title of their picture to "Boy Meets Grandmother"? Don't all talk at once, boys and girls!

And out at Hal Roach studios they're actually talking about the new Constance Bennett. The old one, it seems, has been traded in on a brand-new model, equipped with all the latest improvements, including smiles for the press and a fine cloak of graciousness. You'd never recognize the once-haughty Miss B., surrounded by the Our Gang moppets, but we saw her actually surrounded by them, and everyone seemed pretty happy about it. The Bennett favorite is freckle-faced Alfalfa Sweitzer, who is a constant visitor in her dressing room and who hopes one day to make her Mrs. Sweitzer.

* * *

Martha Raye vigorously denies that she's gone elegant since the money started rolling in. The story was around that she closed the set of "Mountain Music" to visitors. Martha's reason, she says, was that she was being tossed around in an adagio dance scene and she didn't want a lot of people watching her land on her anatomy. Touches of elegance, though, are reflected in a new town car, a chauffeur, and six fur coats.

(*Continued on page* 107)



George Murphy "cuts in" on Gregory La Cava and Doris Nolan.

THIS *Freshening Up*

DOES MORE THAN CLEAN YOUR SKIN —IT INVIGORATES!

- The freshening up before a party that does more than clean your skin. That gives it the lovely, vital look the world admires.

That's the Pond's method, whose fame has spread around the world! Girls have found that it *invigorates* their skin! In over 50 countries, they use this rousing treatment.

Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it softens and releases dirt, stale make-up and skin secretions—wipe them all off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—*briskly*, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated and freshened. It is softer—and so much smoother!

Every morning (and before make-up) repeat . . . Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Try this famous freshening-up method yourself. See your own skin daily growing clearer, smoother—altogether lovelier!

Miss Mary Augusta Biddle

Getting ready for a dance, for a canter, or for a morning out of doors with her spaniel, Miss Biddle always begins with Pond's. "A Pond's freshening up does more than clean my skin. It gives it a vital look. I always use Pond's before I go out."

Miss Biddle has used Pond's ever since she started using creams! "And I found girls using it in England, France, Belgium, Holland—wherever I visited last summer."

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NOT MY KITCHEN! I'M GOING TO HAVE THIS DELICIOUS FRANCO-AMERICAN SPAGHETTI TONIGHT—IT'S SO EASY TO FIX —DOESN'T HEAT THE KITCHEN
SOUP
SPAGHETTI

HOT WEATHER HINT!

Serve Delicious, Nourishing Franco-American Spaghetti

Ready in a jiffy...costs less than 3¢ a portion

YOU can make your kitchen-work much easier this summer. Several times a week give your family delicious Franco-American Spaghetti. They'll love it! It's simply packed with nourishment—good for children and grown-ups, too, and it is the greatest little work-saver you ever saw. All you need to do is just heat it, and it's ready to eat.

Sometimes serve Franco-American Spaghetti as a main dish. It makes a complete meal with perhaps a fresh green salad, milk, and a fruit dessert. Other times, use Franco-American Spaghetti to make your left-over meats into savory, delicious meals.

Please do not confuse Franco-American Spaghetti with ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. Franco-American is entirely different. That marvelous cheddar cheese and tomato sauce, with its eleven delicious ingredients, makes Franco-American what it is—a tasty, delicious dish, with a flavor all its own.

Franco-American is a real help to the budget, too. A can usually costs ten cents, so Franco-American costs less than 3 cents a portion. Why not give yourself a break this summer, and give your family a treat, too?

Franco-American
SPAGHETTI
Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups

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Please send me your free recipe book:
"30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

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Address________________

City__________State__________

A Sit-Down Supper

(*Continued from page 10*)

"True," she continued, "a hostess with a long list of dinners that must be reciprocated and people who should be invited to the house, can dispose of many obligations in one social swoop by throwing a Buffet Supper, no matter how limited her facilities may be. I'll go even further and admit that they're generally jolly and friendly parties, too, because the very situation does away with all formality. But I still prefer to sit down comfortably at a charmingly set dinner table. And I'm sure if the matter were put to a vote the 'Ayes' would have it my way."

Then Jeanette went on to explain that she wouldn't for the world wish to sacrifice any of the air of happy informality "just because you're seated at your ease in the dining room instead of eating from the living-room mantel like a bad boy, or precariously holding your plate on one terror-stiffened knee or leaving rings on the shiny case of the grand piano!"

Jeanette has found a way to get around all this by giving the kind of Sit-Down Suppers we were just discussing. For these a limit of six is generally set for the participants, but no limit is placed on the pleasure given by these delightful informal feasts.

YOU, doubtless, will enjoy playing "Follow the Leader" with such a charming guide to show you the way. So here you have Jeanette's favorite supper menu as well as some of her prize recipes, a promise of still more recipes in the leaflet and a detailed description of how to plan and carry out just such a party as she recommends giving. One particularly nice feature of these Sit-Down Suppers is that they solve the problem of entertaining without a servant about as well as any way I've ever heard of.

Let's start off then with one of Jeanette's favorite menus. Then you can visualize the dinner better as we go about serving it.

(By the way the dishes followed by an asterisk are those which you'll find in this month's leaflet.)

MacDONALD MENU FOR A SIT-DOWN SUPPER

Hors d'Oeuvres and Canapés
Casserole of Sea Food, Catalina *
Baked Tomatoes en Surprise *
Mixed Salad Bowl
Home-made Bran Bread*
Crustless Apple Pie *
Demi-tasse

The first course is served in the living room, and what a charming room Jeanette's is with its Colonial furnishings and subdued coloring in autumn shades.

Here trays of assorted Hors d'Oeuvres and Canapés are passed with the cocktails. However, as Miss MacDonald herself does not care for alcoholic beverages she makes a point also of serving tomato juice cocktails for those who share her dislike for the other type. These are made with the usual popular tomato juice which is thoroughly chilled and highly seasoned with salt, pepper, lemon juice, Worcestershire sauce and a few drops of onion juice. The dainty little morsels of food that accompany the drinks are all of the type that can be eaten gracefully with the fingers, for remember, Jeanette is convinced that plates are even harder to balance than the national budget. Gay colored toothpicks and amusing, feathered "cocktail picks" stuck into holders made especially for that purpose, impale some of the tiny treats, while rounded toast, salted crackers and special canapé crackers supply a variety of bases for the spreads. At the end of this article I shall give you several suggestions for first course foods of this type. Just now I want to move on into the dining room where the dinner itself awaits the guests.

Before doing so I'd like to point out to you that the hostess who has no maid can be getting the next course onto the table while the guests are enjoying the initial food offering in the living room. However, in order to be sure that all is going well during her necessary absence, the hostess should delegate to the host or some close woman friend the job of keeping the first course food in circulation. Jeanette's mother acts in this capacity for her, since even though there are plenty of servants, the young hostess likes to step into the dining room in advance of her guests to see that everything is ship-shape, and to light the tall candles which give such a flattering glow to the complexions of the ladies present.

The Sit-Down Supper is now on the table. And here lies the greatest charm of such a feast; it is served family style. That is, everything is placed on the table to be passed by those sitting around it. If there is a maid her sole duty then, during this course, would be to see that the water glasses are filled. In the maidless home even this can be taken care of by placing a water pitcher on the table and the hostess can thus be at her ease without having to jump up constantly.

THE main course menu for such a repast must not be too complicated, naturally. Another glance at Miss MacDonald's supper suggestions will give you an idea of what I mean. Here, for instance, you have a Casserole which gives you your main dish, a rich, creamy gravy and a flaky pastry-topping all in one. Sea food is the main ingredient of this prize concoction. Fortunately for the inland residents who read this, the fish recommended by Miss MacDonald are all of the sort that can be bought in cans or bottles. You'll like the combination of shrimp, salmon and lobster, I know, for it is colorful, unusual, tasty and, better still, far more economical than would be lobster alone. The recipe card also tells you how to make the pastry, which, cut into individual servings before being baked, gives this Casserole added distinction.

Accompanying this dish and also served by the hostess, are Tomatoes en Surprise. These are filled, baked and served in a way which is really as surprising as their name indicates. The addition of a home-made bread to the menu, in this case Bran Bread, is a delightful idea, one which I hope you'll be ambitious enough to try, too. I particularly like the recipe you'll find in the leaflet and I don't imagine you'll think it a bit hard to follow. How people do fall for home-made bread and what a reputation as a first-class cook you'll gain by being able to make it! So here's your chance.

The Mixed Salad Bowl which decorates the other end of the table should contain, according to Jeanette, plenty of lettuce—endive, watercress; raw vegetables, such as cabbage, grated carrots, chopped celery, sliced radishes and wafer-thin slices of cauliflower. Add to this thin Julienne

"TO GO OVER BIG—GO LUXABLE"

says Bette Davis

Bette has everything it takes! A gay sense of humor. Down-to-earth naturalness. A fetish for freshness. Her washables (she adores them) always look ravishing. (They're babied with gentle Lux care.) With Luxables it's easy to have that lettuce-crisp look all summer long.

Don't miss Bette in her newest role as the
Star of Warner Brothers'
"KID GALAHAD"

Tailored linen with bright piqué bandings is Bette's choice for a charming Luxable evening dress. She'd never let its color and texture be spoiled by cake-soap rubbing or harsh soaps containing harmful alkali. Lux has no harmful alkali.

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Men fall for meticulous freshness . . . sports things clean-cut as skimming sailboats . . . sweaters fluffy as a kitten . . . romantic Luxable frills . . .

"Fastidious girls wear things they can whisk through Lux each time they wear them," emphasizes Bette Davis.

In Hollywood, not only personal wardrobes, but glamorous screen costumes are constantly Luxed. "They come out so perfectly, you can't even tell when they've been Luxed in the course of a picture," says N'Was McKenzie, wardrobe director of the Warner Brothers lot.

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Specified in the big Hollywood Studios

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—then what's to keep my skin SAFE from germs?

"What's the big idea, Mommy? You're not going to take a day off from rubbing me with Mennen Antiseptic Oil, are you? Not if *I* can help it! *Germs* don't take any days off, do they? They keep getting on my skin *all* the time. That's why the nurse over at the hospital told you to rub me with Mennen Antiseptic Oil *every single day*. Doctor says it kills germs . . . and leaves a film of protection all over the skin. He says *every* baby needs this protection and *I'm* certainly no exception! Oh, you *were* going to give me my Mennen Antiseptic Oil rub anyhow? Why didn't you say so—hurry up, I need it—NOW! I want to sleep in peace *and* safety."

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MENNEN *Antiseptic* OIL

Most hospitals rub their babies with it daily

shreds of ham, chicken or swiss cheese.

"The dressing for this," Miss MacDonald explained, "is made of olive oil, lemon juice, salt, white pepper and a little onion juice or a suggestion of garlic; just a whiff, you understand, without which no salad abroad or in my home is considered complete."

So much for the main course, and now we come to a real MacDonald triumph. It's called Crustless Apple Pie, a name which doesn't begin to do it justice. This wasn't the first time I had heard of pies that had neither top nor bottom crust, but I never before had gotten hold of a good recipe to try out myself before passing it on for your approval. Well, gals, that situation is now a thing of the past, for this particular recipe of Jeanette's is a peach. The pie comes out of the oven with a caramelized top that beats any pie crust I ever tasted. It can be served hot or cold, with cream or without, and if that doesn't make you want to try it yourself, either you have no imagination or no appetite. I don't list skill as a requirement for true appreciation of this dessert because even the world's most hesitant cook need have no fear with this recipe. As for the brides, here's their chance to shine as chefs.

Dinner over, coffee is served in the livingroom with Jeanette presiding at the low coffee table. This always is followed by games for which everyone feels in fine fettle after their excellent, not-too-heavy meal.

Try it yourself sometime real soon. The recipes are ready to be sent out to all those requesting them. And by the time you start preparing them in your own home, the new bride who has shared some of her cooking secrets with you here will be serving similar Sit-Down Suppers to groups of friends who will be dropping in to wish Jeanette and Gene "Long life and happiness"—as do we.

Hors d'Oeuvres Suggestions

Crisp potato chips topped with a dab of softened Roquefort cheese; tiny cocktail sausages and frankfurters on "picks"; olives wrapped in bacon and broiled radish roses, celery, curls, carrot strips; pickled onions and tiny green pickles; wafer-thin slices of dried beef wrapped around asparagus tips or filled with cream cheese, then rolled and skewered with a toothpick, etc.

Canapé Suggestions

Cut bread into many shapes, the more the merrier. Use cooky cutters, a sharp knife, and take especial pains, gals, for they must not be too large. Bread may then be toasted on one side, on both sides, or it can be sauted in oil or butter, or fried in deep fat. Try 'em all, each gives a different texture. Spread these prepared pieces of bread with pâté-de-foie-gras or any of the various prepared cheese or fish spreads that are now sold in such variety.

Other favorite canapé toppings are salmon, caviar, anchovies, parsley butter, sliced or minced cucumbers, flaked crabmeat and so on. Garnishes, which add immeasurably to their appearance include such things as riced eggs, yolk or white; chopped chives, onions or parsley; paprika; watercress; sliced stuffed olives, pickles, radishes and hard-cooked eggs; circles and stars of pimiento and curlicues of cheese forced through a decorating tube after being softened to the right consistency, with mayonnaise or cream added. With these suggestions to start off with and Jeanette's favorite dishes to follow, the success of your Sit-Down Supper is virtually assured!

She Keeps You Guessing

(*Continued from page 48*)

Gaynor, who was also vacationing in town with her mother, was on the phone. Men friends called wanting to take her to plays, night clubs.

"But I'm leaving first thing tomorrow," she said when she returned the fourth or fifth time, "and I've seen just about everything. I've been to every night club and every restaurant in town. I've been in a Long Island blizzard. I've been to Virginia. I've even been to the zoo.

"Do you know what I'm going to do when I'm back working? Take a nice long vacation. I mean a restful one. Go to bed every night at seven. Not see anybody, or do anything after hours. Vacations are grand, especially when you only get one in four years, but—"

This time it was the doorbell.

"M'gosh!" exclaimed Margaret as she dashed away. "This is going to be hectic!" Her voice from the hall called back, "I've got some sparkling water here. How about a Scotch Valentine?"

"Swell," I returned.

"Let's make this a sparkling interview," she laughed.

"Sparkle away," I laughed back.

"I don't know how to," she said soberly, putting her glass down on the coffee table. "I mean, I'm not the kind of a girl who can pour out her love life while munching a sandwich with you in the studio commissary. I'm a girl with a lot of inhibitions.

"I tell you what," Margaret went on, her eyes facetious, "I'll ask a few questions myself. And answer them, too.

"Have you been to the Trocadero lately, Miss Lindsay?" asked Margaret. "And whom did you get yourself engaged to the last time you were there? You say you weren't there? Your picture was in the papers? It must have been your double? You say you're *not* married to Pat De Cicco, not even engaged to him anymore? That that was all washed up long ago? But I read about it in one of the columns. It said you were married. And a columnist's never wrong. You say that's what *he* says? What do you think about Hollywood? You don't think about it; you just live there!

"Seriously," said Margaret coming out of her ventriloquist act, "my kid sister wants to crash the movies. She writes me about it at least five times a week. I'd like to advise her on how to go about it. But I don't know what the heck to tell her. Now, if there were stock companies around the country, I'd tell her to get into one of those first. It seems a shame they're out, don't you think? Where are actors and actresses going to get any real training? Maybe in WPA plays; I don't know where else."

"YOU ought to know," I retorted. "Wasn't it Margaret Kies of Dubuque, Iowa, who passed herself off as an English actress named Margaret Lindsay, and landed in Hollywood in the 'all-English' cast of 'Cavalcade'? Didn't Margaret Lindsay tell an actor-friend of hers to pose

"The snapshot wouldn't let me forget her"

"I DIDN'T KNOW there was such a person as Betty in the world when I went on my vacation last year. I met her at the Inn, and she was one of the crowd that went around a good deal together during the two weeks.

"Of course some snapshots were taken—one of the fellows shot this of Betty and me on a picnic. When I got back on the job, things seemed pretty flat, somehow. Every little while I'd dig this snapshot out of my pocket—then write Betty another letter.

"The snapshot wouldn't let me forget her. Boy, am I glad right now!"

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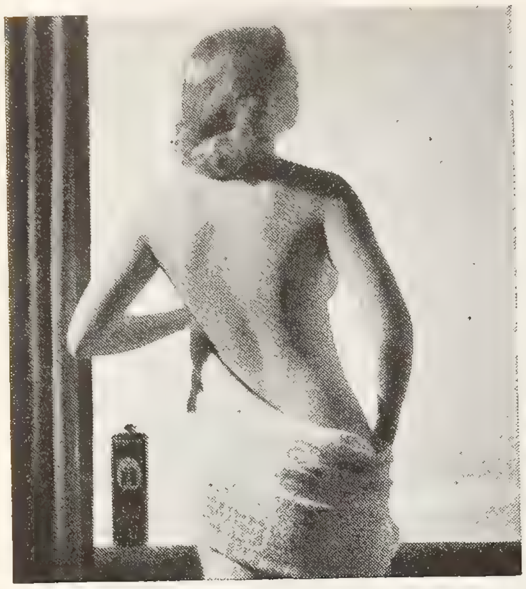

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as a Britisher, too, and land a nice fat contract?"

"Oh, you mean Robert Cummings," laughed Margaret. "Well, I'll tell you about that. I met him on the street one day. Robert was terribly blue. Just couldn't get a tumble from Broadway or Hollywood. Just another American actor without portfolio. I did tell him to go to England and pick up an accent as I'd done. I knew producers could always spot talent when it was farther away—especially talent with an accent. But I didn't think up that one. A smart press-agent told me about it in the first place."

"You worked it though."

"Yes, and so did Robert. I'm glad, for he's a grand guy. But I don't think it would work for my kid sister. The producers are all on to it now. The only way left to break in, I suppose, is to get a drag."

Margaret is a girl with a thousand faces; her expressions change with every shade of thought. Her movements are all quick, but never graceless. You know she learned about life from women—dignified, cultivated women—nuns and deans and dramatic teachers. Learned how to enter and leave a room. How to sit down and stand up. You know she brought her finishing-school manners and attitude toward the world right along with her to rough-and-ready Hollywood. They're as much a part of her as her fresh out-of-door complexion, her candid eyes and chic clothes. But you also know she picked up a few tricks elsewhere, that she's got what it takes to get along. She's got a chin, and she's going places with it!

Margaret was born in Dubuque, Iowa, on the Mississippi, and might be living there still if it hadn't been for that chin, plus her single-track mind.

THAT'S all I ever wanted to do—act," said Margaret. "I wonder if I ever will be as good as I used to dream I would be? I used to see myself on the New York stage. I never thought of Hollywood then. I never wanted to be a great tragedienne. I wanted to do comedy. So now I'm in Hollywood doing mystery yarns. Isn't that life?"

She paused a moment before going on, "I want to get married some day, but not while I'm in pictures. I don't think marriage and careers mix, though some girls mix 'em successfully. I wonder if I'll marry an actor. God forbid. Well, most of the really attractive actors are already married, so I suppose that lets them out, for I'm not a home-wrecker. When I marry, it's got to stick. And the man will be boss in my home.

"Now that I'm talking about likes and dislikes, here are some more. I hate picture premieres and parades of all kinds. I don't like pomp and ceremony and that's funny, for I adore the theatre and exotic places. I like the simple and clean-cut in clothes and people, and here again I'm contradicting myself, for I also like them to have that certain something else, *savoir faire,* zip. I love sitting under a hot sun at the beach. I love to play golf. I love night clubs and cocktail parties. I detest subways; they stifle me. Even when I travel on a train, I get out at every stop for a few moments.

"And speaking of traveling, I want that terrifically! How I'd love to start out on a freighter with my own crowd. Stop at places along the way that suited my fancy. Live among the people and really get to know them as I did in England, not just dash through countries with a Baedeker in one hand. But that'll have to wait. Meanwhile, I've bought a home in Honolulu. My 'Castle in Spain.' It's next to Janet Gaynor's. Janet and I are grand friends, and I think we knock into a cocked hat the fixed belief that girl stars can't be friends because they're jealous of each other professionally. That's the bunk.

"Well," said Margaret, "I didn't sparkle much. Not even on a Scotch Valentine. We'll try rye the next time."

How to Stay a Star

(*Continued from page 39*)

BERT WHEELER once risked becoming permanently crippled, so that he might not lose his job. One night during a performance of "Ziegfeld's Follies," in which he was playing his first important stage role, he fell and broke his arm.

For a week he fumed in the hospital, until one day he heard the doctor tell Flo Ziegfeld not to keep Wheeler's job open for him, since it would be impossible for Bert to go back to work for six months.

"You've got to give your arm a chance to heal," the doctor told him.

That would have stopped almost anybody, but it didn't stop Bert.

Three days later, his arm still in a huge steel sling, he left the hospital. It was impossible for him to walk without someone walking in front of him and carrying the sling; and that was the way he walked into the Orthopedic Hospital in New York.

"I want to go back to work immediately," he told a specialist. The doctor warned Bert that since his arm was already set, it would be very painful and dangerous, but Bert insisted. The doctor broke the arm again, set it once more, and Bert went back to work that night.

That was the turning point in his career. From then on his stage work spurted steadily upward and led finally to an offer from the movies.

THERE are many players who have fought less spectacular but no less real menaces to their careers than broken arms and necks. Take that simple, sinister little thing, a drawl; it can ever so subtly draw a silken cord around the neck of the most promising career.

That was the problem which faced three young players, Frances Drake, Gail Patrick and Randolph Scott. They were told by their studios that they would never get anywhere as long as they spoke with an accent. Gail and Randolph were Southerners; Frances Drake came from northern England.

But they wouldn't be licked! Gail went to Phyllis Laughton, a dramatic coach, and studied earnestly. Scott persuaded Sir Guy Standing to give him voice instruction. Frances Drake took Claudette Colbert as her model. All of them beat "dat ole debbil" drawl and won out in pictures.

Self-consciousness ruins the careers of many girls in pictures, and Bette Davis once told me that when she first went into the movies she had a terrific inferiority complex.

"But I learned," she said, "that if any-

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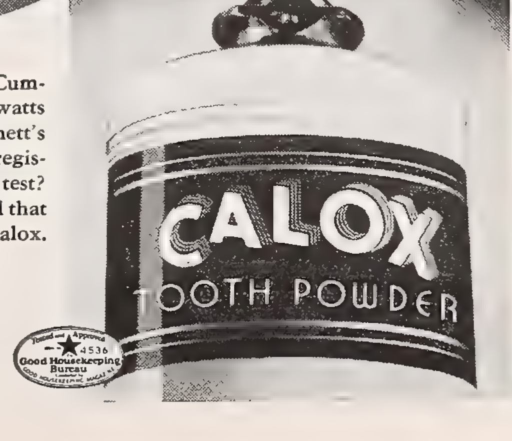

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one has an inferiority complex, the camera picks it up. Watching a picture, you can tell if the person who made it was embarrassed. On your first picture you're thinking, 'I hate my nose. I wish I could do something about it. Gosh, am I supposed to smile in this scene? I know I'll look as if I were simpering all over the screen.'

"I knew that I'd have to kid myself out of it. I'd get in front of the camera and tell myself, 'Go right ahead, Bette Davis. You're marvelous.' And gradually, assurance came to me."

If Bing Crosby hadn't been the sort who wouldn't take "no" for an answer, he wouldn't be a movie star today. For Bing Crosby was thrown out of the office of the first studio he ever worked for.

In those days, before he had achieved any real recognition, he was singing in a Los Angeles hotel, where Ray McCarey, a young director, discovered him. He persuaded Bing to make a picture with him at an independent studio. Unfortunately, the picture was nothing but a "quickie," made on an economy basis; the lighting, directing and acting were all bad.

When the picture was completed, the producer summoned both McCarey and Crosby into his office. He had a reel of the film on his desk.

"This picture is impossible," he yelled. "Whoever told you this young man was an actor? Or a singer? You're both fired."

When Bing walked out of that office, he felt like crawling in shame. He was afraid that he might meet some of his friends and that they might ask him what had become of his great screen opportunity.

Certainly it was Crosby's courage more than his ability that enabled him to succeed after this blow to his pride. He realized that the producer was partly right and that he could never hope to succeed until he had improved himself both as a singer and actor. And he labored ceaselessly to accomplish just that.

PERHAPS the hardest of all things to face is ridicule.

Before George Raft came to Hollywood, he had done many things in his adventurous career. At one time he was a prize fighter, and during a fight, the cartilage in one of his ears had been broken, affecting his good looks. When Raft began to be famous, people laughed at the disfigured ear. Leading men didn't have ears like that, they said.

Instead of departing from the town which mocked him, Raft faced the ridicule. He consulted the best surgeon he could find, had an operation performed and returned to his career.

Then there is Jeanette MacDonald. When Jeanette was singled out by the great Herr Lubitsch for an important role in "The Love Parade," Jeanette played the role beautifully. She had every reason to believe that she was a success in it. Hadn't the director himself praised her in front of all the company?

The day after the picture opened in New York, she picked up the newspapers to read the reviews. The first one that she read said that the picture was an amusing comedy, but unfortunately the prima donna ruined it. "She has buck teeth, a scrawny neck, and looks simply terrible," jibed the critic.

At first Jeanette was furious. Buck teeth indeed! Jeanette has gorgeous, evenly spaced teeth.

But instead of running home humiliated, she went to see the picture again. And she saw what the critic had meant. In the picture she really looked as if she had buck teeth. Undoubtedly, this must have been caused by some mistake in her make-up. She went to see the cameraman and the make-up man, and begged them to devise some make-up which wouldn't give that horrible effect in the future. They did.

The next time she was in New York, the first person she looked up was that particular critic. Sitting back in his seat, he waited for an explosion.

"I want to thank you," were the first words Jeanette said. "If you hadn't told the world that I had buck teeth, I would never have discovered the fault in my make-up that caused my pictures to look that way, and I might have gone on forever, making the same mistake."

Even children in Hollywood have to learn how to "take it." There's Jane Withers. At one time, when Jane was scheduled to make personal appearances in Chicago, she ate something that disagreed with her and became quite ill. Her mother then volunteered to go to the manager of the theatre and explain to him that Jane was not feeling well and would not be able to make her scheduled appearance that night.

Jane was shocked by the suggestion. "Oh, no, Mother," she said. "We couldn't do that. I have to go on. I promised."

Yes, it takes personality and talent to become a Hollywood star. But to stay on top of the heap takes something else again—courage, then more courage.

Not Too Many Kisses

(*Continued from page 31*)

tragedy episode who was clever enough to be really feminine, stands out as the most interesting girl he knew in his high-school days. But there were others to come.

INSTEAD of going to college, Tyrone began an acting career by trouping with his father's illustrious Shakespearian group. Then he came to Hollywood, joined a stock company one of the studios was then experimenting with. Here he was thrown in with a young struggling Hollywood crowd and was for the time being wrapt up in seeking opportunity.

He lived in tiny apartments. He had no automobile, and every cent went for actual expenses and clothes he needed to make a decent appearance. Once in awhile he would double-date with some of the other aspirants, go to a movie, for a drive to the beach, have a fleeting evening of casual fun. But resolutely, I remember, he tempered himself.

He got nowhere by avoiding kisses. The noble experiment was a frost. So Tyrone packed his suitcase and went to Santa Barbara to try acting with the community players.

It was there he met the second girl who mattered to him. She was the debutante daughter of well-to-do people in the plays at the Lobero Theatre. She dressed strikingly and Tyrone inevitably notices a woman's flair. She was all gay exuberance.

In high school he had worshiped at a shrine, almost. Here was a different sort of girl, a girl who subtly teased him into enjoying the moment. She had a dashing roadster and she frequently invited Tyrone for week-ends on her family's ranch. His spirits rose. For a year he was in one show after another. But he had to go on, he couldn't settle down to a frivolous society whirl.

When he signed a movie contract he was sure he wouldn't seek another romance. At the studio he met Alice Faye and they went around for a month or so. It was just friendship. His meeting with Sonja Henie did lead to something, however.

"I'd only vaguely heard of Sonja," he confesses. "She was giving her Los Angeles skating exhibition and was lunching at the studio. I no sooner looked down into her merry blue eyes than I was—er, impressed!

"She said, 'You are coming to see me tonight?' Not having planned to, I replied, 'I haven't been able to get a seat.' Sonja twinkled. She reached into her purse. 'Here are two tickets, and you must come back during intermission and say hello and to my house afterwards for a little party I am giving!'"

TYRONE had made an immediate impression upon the little Norwegian marvel. Sonja is only in her early twenties, as he is. But she has been feted by Europe.

As keen to success in Hollywood as she was to capture all the skating trophies, the bond which links these two is their sky-rocketing simultaneously and their great wish to be accomplished as actors. At Sonja's spectacular all-white house that night after her tremendous acclaim for her skating, her attention was all on Tyrone. She wasn't glad that he'd invited a girl to go to her performance. Not at all. Tyrone still doesn't catch on. "Why did she give me two tickets then?" he wonders, reverting to naïvete. Sonja expected he'd throw one away and come alone!

She is accustomed to luxuries and he can't afford them. She spins around town in a big, all-white, streamlined motor, with red-leather upholstery. She will build a huge colonial home. Her picture salary is right at the very top, and whenever she skates she reaps thousands of dollars.

But Tyrone, who appreciates niceties, has had to skimp. And as soon as he was handed a raise he prudently mapped out a budget. His Uncle Frank, who isn't his uncle at all but a wise friend who's been the family lawyer for years, is investing for him so in the tomorrows there'll be interest coming in to live on. The one extravagance Tyrone's indulged in is a snappy roadster.

He was assigned that lead in "Lloyds" just as Sonja made her picture debut. After the cold mountains in which she grew up, the eternal sunshine of Hollywood is a brand-new treat for her. Tyrone has eagerly shown her California's charms. They swim and bicycle—her father was the fastest bicycle rider in the world—and most often they go dancing.

Sonja studied dancing between the ages of four and twenty; so she shines at the Trocadero and the Cocoanut Grove. But she doesn't want him to spend money on her. The evening of the day I was at Tyrone's last they were going to the movies.

They have so much in common besides their work. Both had Irish grandfathers, and both have inherited the quick wit of the Emerald Island. Both are impetuous, relying on hunches, and they have to control this impulsiveness. Tyrone has a stalwart appetite, and Sonja's daily workouts to remain in perfect trim keep her from having to diet. "I always seem to fall for hungry girls," he laughs.

Sonja has been most assiduously chaperoned, and it is only now, in Hollywood, that she is experiencing American girls' independence. But Sonja has sensed that Tyrone doesn't especially care for overly-athletic women, so though she has broken more sport records than any other man or woman in athletic history she artfully ignores that side of herself when she is with him.

She has become, naturally, grace personified. Yet she is sweetly feminine—except when she's a trifle imperious. Yes, Sonja is imperious at times and that merely captivates Tyrone all the more. He couldn't be attracted to a woman with no fire.

"I AM sure marriage is still the right thing," he has said to me emphatically. "I want to avoid the blunders which break up couples who start off so happily. For one thing, I do not believe in separations. Then I think, too, that a husband has to strive just as hard to make a marriage a success as the wife does.

"That's one important reason why I don't want to marry until I am older, until I have achieved permanence here. I couldn't find the time to be a very good husband now. To progress I have to be free to jump at chances. "Love," he added introspectively, "is a fundamental reply to something in me. It's a tremendous inspiration and influence."

His dates with Loretta Young were not a deliberate stepping out on Sonja. He and Loretta were each invited to dinner at the home of the vice-president of their studio. Each discovered the other was going alone. They were working together, and it struck them as silly to part only to meet an hour or two later. They went out again; Sonja was always skating, and Tyrone was lonely. Loretta, at a standstill in her romance with Director Eddie Sutherland—he has been previously married and her religion prohibits marriage with a divorced man—was in a quandary. Here was an amazingly refreshing newcomer who was temporarily minus his girl friend. She said yes when he asked her out, as what young lady wouldn't?

But Tyrone and Sonja are devoted to one another. She is filling a place no other girl could. She not only is a superb companion but she is going through the identical grooming, facing the same perplexities, learning what Hollywood is all about as an equally surprised overnight victor.

Perhaps you read a columnist's tale about Sonja having to stop telling Tyrone where she was going to open next when she was away on tour. Tyrone bought his first orchids when he proudly escorted her to the premiere of "Lloyds." Then, recollecting that the King of Norway always sent carnations and a personal telegram to Sonja when she had competed for her nation, he decided he should send orchids once a week, to remind her of him, as she skated in each Eastern city. His flowers were magnificent. Sonja guessed he couldn't afford the gesture and refused to say where her bookings were taking her. The columnist played up this intimate incident.

But here is the real topper to the story. Tyrone went downtown to his Uncle Frank's. The staid attorney was beaming. "This really is fine publicity for you, my boy, this account of you sending orchids!" Tyrone gasped, "Oh, you think so?" Uncle Frank expanded. "Yes," he declared authoritatively, "that press-agent yarn is worth a lot to you."

Tyrone pulled out the bill from the florist; the orchids had distinctly not been anticipated in his budget, and he owed for every one he'd ordered! "I trust, sir," said the new man of the moment with all the *savoir faire* he could muster, "that the gag is worth this much to *you*."

Uncle Frank looked at the bill and darn near fainted!

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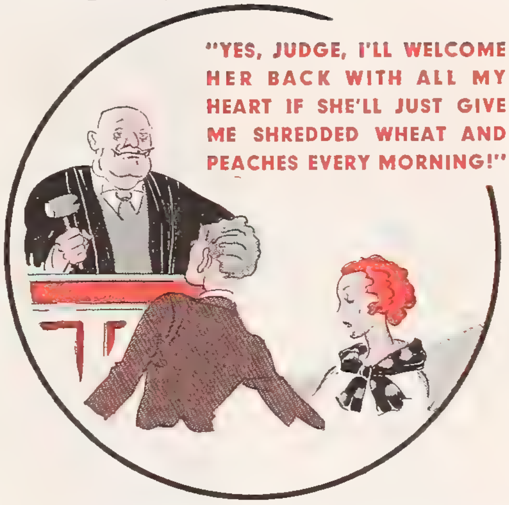
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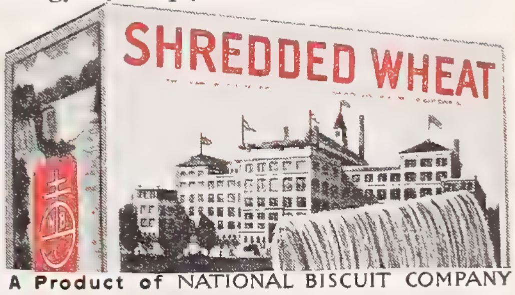

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MEN HATE THE SIGHT OF ME, I'M SO SKINNY. I'M GOING TO TRY IRONIZED YEAST
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2
YOU'RE GORGEOUS SINCE YOU'VE GAINED WEIGHT!
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A FEW WEEKS LATER

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Rainer, the Rebel

(*Continued from page 29*)

To have rest and quietness, isn't it so? I had not this. I had deep difficulties. I had shocks like war and shooting and revolution and inflation, things which every child is afraid of. For days our only safe place from airplane shooting was the cellar. I didn't dare to go from one room to the other because I was afraid to go alone over the floor. You know, this kind of thing can make you sick for your whole life long or it can make you strong, if you overcome it. What many other children have without question, I had to fight for, and this fight made me strong, and this fight made me think and this fight brought me to the bad or good which is in me.

SO I am sixteen and I start out and I am full of ideals. Well, I tell you my life hasn't changed for a dime. In me the same thoughts and ideals live which then lived, and which I have built up in myself as long as I can think. I had to compromise, yes, and every compromise made me unhappy. But I have not compromised with myself. Only with the outside. The day I compromise with myself—" she leaned from her corner and a small fist struck her palm—"I guess I have to commit suicide. And this means never. Because," she said, with a kind of amused grimness, "I do not dream to commit suicide.

"Maybe," she continued more quietly, "this sounds high-hatted to say I am strong. I am not high-hatted. How is it possible that your hat grows high if you have your eyes open? Because there is always another thing to reach to and another thing, and when you have reached that, and when you have reached the highest height of an actress, there is always far, far above you an Einstein or a Toscanini. Why I am strong is very simple to explain. Because I know so strong what I want. And what is that? To make out of yourself the best what can be made of yourself in everything, in life as in work. And nobody else can tell you how to do that, isn't it so?"

Suddenly she laughed. "It is funny. On the one side, I say I am strong. On the other side I must admit, if you ask me, that it hurts me if people think bad about me. Isn't it id-yotic? Because everybody cannot think good. I know it. Yet everybody matters to me. Everybody in the whole world can hurt me. It is so easy for me to have an inferiority complex. If I have nine hundred and ninety-nine good notices and one bad one, you can be sure I have the bad one in my pocketbook. The good ones I overfly. (*Ed. note*:—skim through.) Mr. Odets always laughs about that. 'Why do you laugh?' I tell him. 'You love me. That is why you think everything is good I am doing. This man does not love me. So it must be something bad I am doing.' "

Then her face cleared. "The only thing I don't read, and what doesn't bother me is the gossip column. They can write about me what they want to. It doesn't matter. Once, yes, I did read. One day I saw my test. Somebody asked me, 'What do you think?' I said, 'All right.' Because that person on the screen is to me not me but an actress. Shall I say always she is bad because her name is Luise Rainer? Somebody heard it and wrote, 'Luise Rainer thinks she is *kolossal*.' I laugh because I know I do not think it. They say, 'She must be thirty.' I am not hurt, because to be thirty is first not a crime in America, and anyway, this is something I know. I know I am not thirty. But I do not know, am I a good actress.

"Still, if something hurts me, I can bear it. Even if they would say, well, she's a rotten actress and if they would throw me out of the whole America, all right, they can do it, and surely I will not like it, but I will still go on being what I am. This is the real something, what is deep within me and what nobody can touch. I mustn't be an actress. Of course I love to act, but if they don't let me there are million things in life you can do and do good.

"This, that I am an actress, is something secondary to me. I was never longing for that which they call glamor. For glamor I don't give a dime. To be a human is so much more important. And that will come through if I make stitches in a cushion;" she seized one and thumped it, "or what my hands find to do," she cried, flinging it down again.

You couldn't have listened and remained unconvinced. These were no airy theories, whisked out at a moment's notice as a sop to publicity, but a philosophy painfully arrived at, intensely felt, solidly rooted. Nor was her object to convince me. What I believed was up to me. But "whatever you do, you must do it good," she had cried. So she was "doing good" the job she had undertaken of explaining herself. In fact, she was doing so nobly from my point of view that I couldn't help wondering about her rumored reluctance to grant interviews.

SHE answered that with the same willingness and clarity and candor she had shown throughout. "In my country," she said, "you work very hard, and you don't get so many rewards. People are not bowling—how do you say?—bowing? I thought always bow-ling! People are not bowing to you all the time. When I came here I was surprised. I didn't understand what are those interviews. For publicity, they told me, for advertising. So people will know you. But they will know me through my work, if they like it. If not, they don't care to know me. I don't want to make my way through that. I don't want a success that goes—swish!—up and then down. I want to find for myself what I am in this country, without publicity.

"That is why, in the beginning, when I was nobody in America, I do not give interviews. Today I allow myself to give a few. Because people have been so kind to like my work, I stand now on my feet here as an actress, and the rest is no more so important. Does it sound proud? It is then only the proudness of an honest shoeman in his shoes.

"And still I think, if you do the best work you can and spend the other life you have left in not thinking about yourself, but taking new things into yourself, it is more important than any interview. My acting I give to who wants it. The rest I would give to my husband and those few who love me. This is three-quarters of myself, what I give to the fans. They should please leave me the last quarter." Her voice had turned almost pleading, her face very sweet and serious. Then a little coaxing smile flickered 'round her lips. "And they should please not be angry with me."

I asked what the Academy Award had meant to her. She raised her lashes and I caught a glint of mischief in her eyes. "I am very thankful," she said. "For a couple of weeks I have no more my inferiority complex.

"You see," she said, "the last thing I did was this ugly little woman, O-lan. Beautiful inside, but ugly outside. Each time I look at myself I think, 'No man in the world could like you again.' So the complex becomes always more inferior. Then I was supposed to do this—'The Emperor's Candlesticks,' my next picture. William Powell got lost in the woods, nobody could find him, so I said, well, if he gets lost in the woods, I make a trip in my car." Gone was the serious mood of a moment ago. Now she was having fun.

"So I took my husband and we both went to see a piece of the country and we were very happy, and we saw the redwoods and Carmel and a piece of San Francisco, and we were lying in Santa Barbara on the beach—see, I am all sunburned. Then we came back late in the evening and my maid grabbed me. 'Miss Rainer, Miss Rainer, you are back. Mr. Mannix called, Mr. Mayer called, Mr. Capra called. They send the police behind you.' 'What's the matter?' I said. 'What can happen? They didn't start the picture yet.' 'I don't know what's the matter,' she told me, 'but the telephone doesn't stop.'

"Then again it rings, and a friend of us tells to Mr. Odets, 'Well, you better look out. The grapevine—' is there such a grapevine?—'the grapevine says Luise probably gets the Award.' I say, 'It's nonsense.' Mr. Odets says, 'Well, darling, what do you want? Do you want to go to this banquette?' 'But I cannot go like that. I am burned with the sun. Look, I have a head like a balloon.'

"'You are beautiful,' he said. He is my husband, you must excuse him. 'You look so healthy,' he said. 'But I am afraid, I am embarrassed.' 'They will think you are high-hatted.' So we chase down in a taxi. And I was afraid, and I was embarrassed, but deeply thankful, too, so I don't know how to look. But now when I see my little statue I say, 'Go away, complex. I don't give a dime for you.' Sometimes he goes, sometimes he stays," she shrugged.

I CLOSED my book. "You are finished? Then I must tell you one thing, and I want you to print it, because I come in many funny situations, especially lately, through certain circumstances. It is about politic." I pricked up my ears, beginning to realize that the "certain circumstances" had to do with her marriage. Because Odets' plays reveal him as an enlightened and compassionate thinker, in tune with his times, the undiscerning have tagged him radical.

"I never had anything to do with politic," said his wife, "and I don't dare to give any remark on politic because it would be id-y-otic, everything I say. But I do not believe in women having to do with politic. This I leave to my husband. I deeply believe that women should shut up in politic and better be womanly. I know that I make with this remark new enemies but I cannot help it. Maybe I am a rebel in this, too," she smiled, "that my husband's happiness means more to me than success. I am only happy if he is happy, and happiness and success—" her eyes looked off into space—"they haven't much to do with each other," she concluded gently.

My first impression of her innate simplicity, I knew now, was the true one, and her leap to the pinnacle of movie fame has changed her only in this—to intensify her appreciation of the genuine, her hatred of sham.

Shirley Temple flashes real dramatic talent in this "Wee Willie Winkie" sequence. But her fuzzy little pooch steals the scene.

I had always thought of her as a gay and charming child, despite her perfect identification with the woman O-lan. Now I began to understand how she had been able to sink herself so completely in the role. I think it was because she understood O-lan with her heart, because she shares with her O-lan's essential grace. "To be human is so much more important," she had cried. Like O-lan, I think she knows how to be human and to be it "good."

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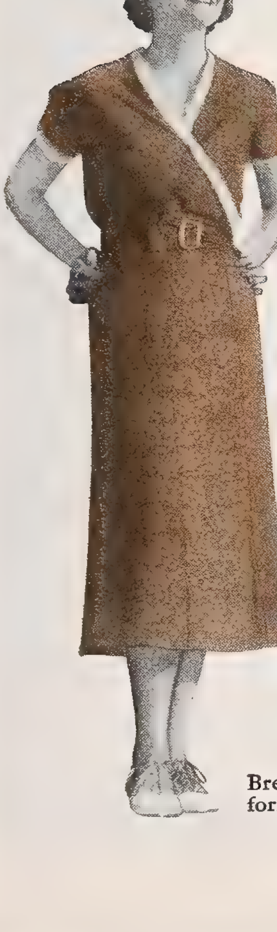

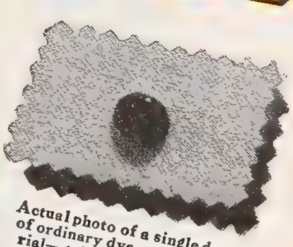

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Sevilo Cream

Blended with Pure Imported Olive Oil

25c Complete

VS

A Lark that Lasted

(*Continued from page 46*)

then. Rushing to so many football games and proms kept her from going profound over The Drama. She was gifted at drawing, so shortly she transferred to a Columbia University extension course in sketching.

HER twentieth birthday came, was celebrated and passed. Claire was restless. Art wasn't soul-gripping. Proms were no longer a passion. Quite accidentally she stumbled upon professional acting, through two chums; one was a girl who'd already played a few roles, the other, stage manager for Ethel Barrymore. Both of them vowed Claire ought to have a footlight future.

She went downtown one spring morning with the former girl friend, to make the rounds of the theatrical agents. Warned that novices wouldn't be considered, that the password was "past engagements," Claire promptly created a fine record. Her imagination has never done her wrong.

Finally her nerve was rewarded. She was waiting to give one of these free performances when she overheard a man say he was in from Michigan to hire an ingenue for his drama festival there. Claire hastily dropped her handkerchief and the conversation was on. Casually she disclosed that she herself was a superb Broadway ingenue. Between plays at the moment, don't you know? Go West? Well, that was something she'd never done!

She was prevailed upon to accept his offer and arrived in Ann Arbor to find herself billed in support of Margaret Anglin, the noted veteran actress.

But undaunted, she just went ahead and acted, and competently. When she reached home after this engagement she was prepared to snare more leads. Which she soon did. She went to St. Louis to be leading lady in the stock company there, opposite Lyle Talbot, an established favorite.

With summer, Claire went to Southampton and the fashionable playhouse there. She enacted four leads, and Broadway scouts were so attracted by her that in the autumn she was a main stem heroine for sure.

"The opening night of 'Whistling in the Dark' I got to the theatre at seven sharp," says Claire, who has no sense of time and is always late. "I was going calmly to put on my make-up and relax awhile." Telegrams and flowers poured in. She'd sent tickets to her relatives and friends; some sixty rooters were out front. "I had to stop and read every wire, sigh over every flower and examine every card. All of a sudden it was eight-fifteen, and I looked into the mirror. I screamed. I'd been dabbing on my make-up absent-mindedly, and I was a sight. Frantically I creamed it off and slapped on a new face. I had to snap myself together as I tore onto the stage!" After that Claire never arrived at the theatre until eight-fifteen.

A year in this one play and then another hit. And then love goaled her for the second time. "I was so preoccupied with him that I resented having to report to the theatre." She had cocktails before the show; there was supper and dancing afterwards. The glamor of sophisticated New York life got her. But although this was a much more mature romance, it wasn't to be, either.

FORTUNATELY, Hollywood grabbed her; this helped her forget. But Hollywood wasn't what she expected at all.

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New BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO & RINSE

"When Mother and I started for California I thought we'd only be here six months. It was to be one more laughing adventure." Claire not only has become a permanent resident of the film capital with no desire to live elsewhere again, but she has been notably changed by pictures.

On her arrival, she was met at the station with instructions to hurry to the studio. While fitting her into outdoor garb, they passed on a few pointers on screen make-up. Her second day in Hollywood she was on a train for the great open spaces to be George O'Brien's sweetheart. They thrust her on a horse—she, who'd never so much as looked at one! But she rode the ranges because there was no choice. And she was such a gracious Western heroine that she was immediately assigned to the next O'Brien horse opera.

"I've grown to love my work," Claire avers. "I want to stay in Hollywood in the profession I know I prefer. I like the people here; they're so stimulating. Kind also. The breadth of the country out here has won me. I stumbled into the work I'm cut out for instead of the social life I anticipated. It's so gratifying."

She's lost interest in big parties. Claire doesn't care much about dancing any more. Rather, she chooses the latest movie so she may see what the other actresses are doing and profit thereby. She's been earnestly taking voice coaching and dancing lessons.

Fame was but one more fling when she gave it a tumble. But here is the lark that lasted.

Highlighting Gene

(*Continued from page 47*)

Another one of Gene's pastimes is drawing, and he often illustrates informal little notes to his friends with comical caricatures. He would like to be a good enough cartoonist to illustrate some of the highlights of his career and hang them where he could see them frequently and be reminded that he wasn't always a motion picture star.

One picture might show Gene on a train, deeply engrossed in a poker game and would remind him of a time he needed an overcoat but lacked the money to buy one. The $65 he won took care of the bill.

Being in a sentimental frame of mind just now, his first cartoon would undoubtedly illustrate his introduction to Jeanette, which occurred on the doorstep of a friend's house when they arrived simultaneously to attend a party.

"I'm Gene Raymond, Miss MacDonald," Gene said politely, as they stood waiting for the door to be opened, but their hostess exclaimed: "How nice of you to come together!"

THE second picture of this series would no doubt chronicle their next meeting which, strangely enough, occurred on the doorstep of another friend's house where a breakfast party was in progress. Again they entered the house together and their friends jumped to the conclusion that they were "that way" about each other. No amount of denial on their part could convince their friends that their meetings had been accidental.

Almost unbelievably, they met the third time at the box office of a theatre where they had gone to attend a preview. Jeanette asked for her tickets, but through some error there were none for her. Gene then stepped up to the box office and was handed four tickets. Having but one guest,

● ***"Hi-ya, Fuzzy! Don't be scared of me—come over here and get acquainted! Where did you come from and why the heavy woolies on a day like this?...You can't change 'em?...Say, that's tough!"***

● ***"Mother, come quick! Look at this poor guy—has to wear a camel's hair coat the year around! And he's so hot it's sticking tight to him—bring some Johnson's Baby Powder right away!"***

● ***"Now cheer up, pal—that soft, cooling powder makes you forget all about prickly heat and sticky hot weather. And every time Mother gives me a rub-down, I'll get her to give you one, too!"***

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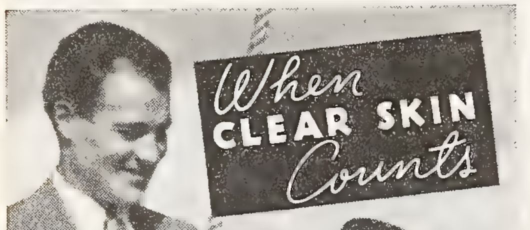

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he promptly offered Jeanette and her mother his extra tickets. They entered the theatre together and were photographed by every cameraman in town. They sat together and laughed at the strange series of coincidences.

"We'd better make it official," Gene whispered. "Will you have dinner with me tomorrow night?"

There might be another picture to end this series, showing them repeating their marriage vows at the wedding they plan on the 17th of June, 1937, just two years from the day of their first official "date."

In the romantic corner there would be a little picture illustrating one of Jeanette's April Fool jokes. When Gene was ringing her front doorbell, Jeanette ran out another door and climbed into the tonneau of his car. Her butler informed Gene he was to pick Miss MacDonald up at another address. A little puzzled, but still willing, he drove off. About a mile away, at a particularly dark spot in the road, he saw in his mirror a dark figure rising up behind him.

"I'm held up," he thought, and, quickly pulling over to the curb he stopped the car suddenly and prepared to give the intruder a good battle. With his fist upraised he was interrupted by Jeanette screaming: "Don't shoot! It's I!", and Gene nearly fainted at the thought of what one of his hard punches might have done to her.

IN a mood of boastfulness, he might draw a picture of the time he got the best of a motorcycle officer. Hurrying down the boulevard one Sunday morning late, as usual, Gene was stopped by a cop who was so obviously Irish you could almost see the shamrocks sticking out of his ears.

"Shure, and I'm late for mass, officer," Gene explained. To which the good-natured Irishman replied: "Be hurryin' along thin, me lad, and be shure you say a prayer fer me."

Of course, his art gallery would include some pictures illustrating his motor trip West and his introduction to Hollywood. It was while he was making a hit in "Young Sinners" in New York, that he signed a contract to come to Hollywood and make pictures.

"You can drive out, Gene," he was told. "But you *must* be in Hollywood two weeks from today."

Gene and his brother started off from New York in high spirits. Their first stop was in Chicago and there they had rather a hilarious time, staying two days longer than they had expected. From Chicago on, they began to run into detours, bad roads, mechanical troubles, and one delay followed another.

Arriving finally at the studio, he was received coldly by the clerk at the information desk. Did Gene have an appointment? What was his business with Mr. Young?

"I'm under contract here," Gene explained, whereupon the man cast his eye on his contract list and said "no."

"But I *am*. I just arrived from New York," Gene insisted. "Maybe you have my other name—Raymond Guion," he suggested, but a second perusal of the list only brought fourth another determined "no."

Gene decided that his tardiness had caused him to be fired, but finally persuaded the man at the desk to telephone Mr. Young's office. Mr. Young was out, but his secretary arranged a pass, and Gene was inside the studio. He almost ran to Mr. Young's office, where he cooled his heels for half an hour awaiting Young's return. Presently he came in and, looking very surprised at the sight of Gene, exclaimed: "Hello, Gene! What on earth

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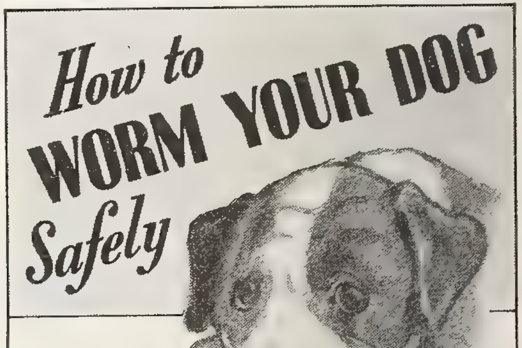

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are you doing in California?"

"That was deflating enough," Gene laughed, "but when he took me down to introduce me to B. P. Schulberg, that gentleman just looked at me and said: 'I thought you'd be a much older man.' And when he introduced me to Al Kaufman, production manager of the studio, Al remarked sourly: 'Didn't know you were blond.'"

HOWEVER, Gene was under contract, and for the next four months he waited around for an opportunity to work. Every week he collected a salary, but nothing was ever said about putting him in a picture. Then came an offer to return to Broadway, so Gene went to his employers and said: "I don't know whether you know it or not, but you've been paying me a lot of money that I haven't earned. You don't seem to need me around here; I have an offer to go back to the stage, and I'm leaving in three weeks for New York."

Never let it be said that an actor who is good enough for Broadway isn't good enough for Hollywood. Gene was put to work immediately.

He takes his career seriously, seriously enough so that he gave up a good contract and free-lanced for awhile because he didn't think the pictures he was making were doing him any good. He refused to play opposite a great star in an important production when, from every angle, it seemed a great opportunity for advancing his career. He didn't think it was the right role for him. Another time he refused an equally important picture because the producer insisted that he dye his hair.

Although firm in his beliefs, he never crosses bridges until he gets to them and doesn't worry over things to any great extent. Actually, he dislikes publicity.

"If I make good pictures, the publicity will take care of itself," he says. "I don't believe in saying just *anything* in order to get your name in the paper."

Publicity is Gene's biggest bugaboo, and his efforts at cartooning would include one to illustrate what he considers an all-time low in exploitation.

Picking up a magazine one day he saw a large picture of himself in which he was looking admiringly at a dish of some unrecognizable food. Under the picture was a caption reading: "Gene Raymond's favorite recipe for Crepes Suzette."

"Crepes Suzette!" Gene exploded. "And *what*, may I ask, is Crepes Suzette?"

Charlie Chan at the Interviewer's

(*Continued from page 43*)

ance was just over. Miss Shearn was shown his photograph, expressed interest, but did not have time to wait for an introduction. Just then Mr. Oland came in. He was presented to Miss Shearn. They talked, and it was as if they had known each other all their lives.

Someone who had joined in the conversation commented on Mr. Oland's "Peer Gynt" and that of Richard Mansfield. Mr. Oland's performance, she said, was old wine, Mr. Mansfield's, beer. Oland quietly replied, "I think it was wonderful of him to produce 'Peer Gynt' at all." Miss Shearn, impressed with the modesty of the man, wondered if she had met, at last, a man humble and sincere, who thought only in terms of art. She forgot her other appointments and remained to talk. She made arrangements to paint his portrait, the first

Back in his heart again!

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57

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of many. He went to her studio to watch rehearsals of her playlet. Within three weeks they were engaged to be married.

"It is a marriage," said Charlie Chan, "which is enduring because it is joined by the treasures of the mind which neither rust nor corrupt. They are as much married in their tastes and interests as in their affections."

THEY do everything together. Mrs. Oland started to paint when she was twelve. She studied at the Smith College Art School, at the Art Students League in New York and later in Paris. She studied under such artists as William Chase and Robert Henri.

Mr. Oland also paints, though he speaks of his wife's painting, not of his own. He would, he confesses, rather have been a painter than anything else in the world, but he never had enough confidence in his ability. He never had lessons. He watches his wife paint and does landscapes himself. He says that his wife's work is "virile," while his is merely "lyrical." His favorite among his own paintings is one he did of Benedict Canyon, near Beverly Hills. He called it "Spring" and stood knee-deep in mud during a rain to get a certain landscape mood.

The Olands, jointly, translated the first eleven Strindberg plays ever translated and published in English.

The household of Mr. and Mrs. Oland consists of Preyedes Venedetti, the cook, and Preyedes' husband, who is the gardener. He did not know a weed from a geranium when he started, for his trade in Italy was that of a stone worker. There is also Milton Thorp, the chauffeur, who not only drives the Oland cars, but also answers all of Mr. Oland's correspondence, fan and personal mail.

"Perhaps the most important member of the Oland household," resumed Charlie Chan affectionately, "is Mrs. Oland's mother. Mrs. Shearn is over ninety and has the verve, the gaiety, and the vigor of a woman of forty. Mrs. Shearn maintains her own bungalow at the Beverly Hills Hotel, visiting the Olands only upon occasion. She believes that mothers-in-law should not live 'with the young folks'—unlike the custom in my country," added Charlie Chan.

"There are no children in the Oland family. But there is Shaggedy Ann, a German Schnauzer given the Olands by Richard Arlen. And there are Shaggedy's children, Countess Julie, Mr. Chan, Princess Ming Lo Fun and Till Eulenspiegel, named for one of Mr. Oland's favorite Strauss tone-poems.

"A whimsical fellow, I am afraid, this Warner Oland," said Charlie Chan, "for he threatened, at first, to give all of the puppies away. Then he changed his mind as his affections were assailed and now, not only keeps all puppies but takes them with him on his travels and also to his various places of residence. They go along to their farmhouse in Southboro, Massachusetts, an old house built in the days of the Revolution, and to their 7,000-acre ranch on the wild Mexican island of Palmetto de la Virgin.

"Mr. Oland has some distressing little habits," Mr. Chan pursued, something like a gleam of satisfaction in his slightly slanted eyes. "He has a habit, for instance, of putting his lighted cigarettes—at all times he resembles a lighted chimney rather than a portly gentleman of some 200 pounds—on desks, tables, ancient books, choice prints. Accidents occur. I would like to tell him that he should pay attention to detail. Insignificant molehill sometimes more worthy of notice than conspicuous mountain. He does the same with wet fountain pen. Mrs. Oland does not believe in Occidental wifely habit of nagging. As Oriental wife she bears and forbears; she permits him to blot and burn. One time he ruined his wife's costly white opera cloak. Several of their prized Sheraton chairs have been marred by such burns. On the other hand, he keeps very fine care of his clothes. He has neither a valet at home nor a dresser at the studio.

"Mr. Oland habitually brings his lunches to the studio—sandwiches and coffee, principally coffee, to which he is an addict. He brings his lunches in humble fashion, in a workman's metal container. And he brings them not because he cannot stand cafe cooking, but because he must concentrate, while working, on character of Chan. The only intrusion into this concentration is Shaggedy Ann.

"One afternoon Mr. Oland disappeared from the set. Great disturbance resulted. Scouts were dispatched. Calling All Cars was considered. It was found that Mr. Oland had rushed Shaggedy from his dressing room to the dog hospital, having found that a medicated flea bath was indicated.

MR. OLAND has a bland, calm manner. He moves slowly and with deliberation. His voice is pitched so low as to be, at times, inaudible. Inwardly, he is very nervous and tires easily. The only time he ever shows signs of nervousness is when someone stands in his line of vision off-stage while he is playing a scene. He takes his work very seriously. He takes Charlie Chan very, very seriously. One of his greatest regrets is that he never met Earl Derr Biggers, creator of Charlie Chan.

"He has played many Oriental characters prior to Chan. His first screen appearance was in support of Theda Bara in 'Jewels of the Madonna.' He played in 'Old San Francisco,' 'Chinatown Nights,' 'Heels of Chance,' 'The Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu,' 'The Return of Dr. Fu Manchu' and many others. Then he began the Charlie Chan pictures and will make no others.

"Mr. Oland cannot live in Hollywood. He says that the vibrations would destroy him. When Mr. Oland is in Hollywood, he has rules for living there and for working in pictures. They are:

Don't alibi. Old excuse like ancient goat, has whiskers.

Face the facts. Dreams, like good liars, distort facts.

Be punctual. Cold omelette, like fish out of sea, does not improve with age.

Think things out. Hasty conclusions, like hind leg of mule, kick backward.

Don't hog the picture. One man cannot move mountain.

Lead the right sort of life. Talent without virtue like silver without a master.

Be determined. Oak tree do not fall with first stroke.

Invest wisely. Much wealth will not come if little does not go."

Mr. Oland is not, Mr. Chan said, greedy for money. He believes that much money, like much poverty, is much responsibility. He receives many offers to play other Oriental characters and invariably refuses. He was offered a fabulous sum for playing the general in "The General Died at Dawn" and declined the part. He makes his three Charlie Chans a year and will make no others.

"This is a saying of Mr. Oland," Charlie Chan added. "When he is told that he should make more money, work more often, strive for greater gains he always says, 'Naked I came into the world and naked I shall go out of it.'"

He's a Coward

(*Continued from page 50*)

I'M not afraid of death. Once, a few short years ago, Mother, Dad and I were on a fishing trip that almost proved fatal. There are just the three of us, you know; I am an only child. And naturally we have been, and are, always together. We have a little house here in Hollywood now. Anyway, we were on this fishing trip late one afternoon when we came to a river that was in a state of flood. We started to cross the seemingly safe bridge. Midway across, the bridge cracked. Dad thought fast, reversed, backed the car swiftly to the high precipitous bank overhanging the river—but the engine stalled. There we were, imprisoned in that car, the slightest move on our parts almost certain to send the car hurtling down that drop of several hundred feet into the roaring torrent and sure death. We didn't dare to move or breathe. We didn't speak a single word. For some fifteen eternal minutes we hung there.

"In that fifteen minutes we made good acquaintance with the thought of death. I knew that, at any instant, life might be a thing of the past. And it wasn't fear I felt. To my own amazement it was, instead, a sort of deep curiosity. What would I find on the other side? I also had a weird sense of gratification that the three of us would be together in death, as we had been in life and that I would not be dying, dismally, in bed, with the measles or the mumps. There, again, you see my fear of the mediocre even in the teeth of death.

"At last, using the most infinite caution, Dad climbed out of the car. He found that it was being held there by the upthrust root of a tree. As lightly and swiftly as was humanly possible, Mother and I stepped out. We clung there to the bank and then, with the release of our weight, the car, soundlessly and instantly slid into the waters which closed over it.

"Another time," reminisced John, "I was hurled through the windshield of our car. My eyes were badly cut. For days they thought that I would never see again, and I faced the dark thought of being blind for life. My whole life had been filled with books. We'd never stayed in any one place long enough for me to make friends, or to join in the activities of the football field, or clubs. I'd done most of my living through books. My other hobbies were painting, piano and the theatre. A blind man would be in a bad way with painting, piano and the theatre as hobbies. I had no other interests. Still I was not afraid.

"I decided that if I were fated for blindness I would be one of the most extraordinary blind men in the world. I would be a male Helen Keller. Again, you see, the rebellion against mediocrity. So, when I was finally told that the eye injuries were, after all, curable, I was not conscious of any overwhelming relief.

"I've been in love. I had always thought that love was something to be afraid of. I'd never had any romances in college. For one reason because we moved around so much I never had time to strike any roots, even romantically speaking. I fell in love out here in Hollywood, and I awoke one morning to find myself thinking in terms of marriage. Then I knew that I had not escaped. I expected to feel something approaching terror. I didn't.

"Now," said John quietly, "it's over. And the loss of love is something from which stronger men than I have quailed. Emotional anguish is harder to bear than physical pain. Well, it hurt. There were some bad hours. But I've lived through that, too. And I'll never be afraid of love, or the loss of love again. It hasn't embittered me. It hasn't made me cynical. I hope to fall in love again, to be married.

I'M not afraid of loss of my career, either. I've been through that. I studied, I planned, I hoped to become a professor of English. Then, after I graduated from Western Reserve University, in Cleveland, I found that there was not enough money to give me the post-graduate course I needed in order to be eligible, one day, for a chair at Harvard, Yale, or one of the ranking colleges. This meant, again, that I might become just another professor. I couldn't go that.

"A talent scout had approached me, on the campus, a few months prior to graduation. At that time, dangling my Phi Beta Kappa key, I had laughed at Hollywood. I hadn't been interested. What should I do there? Only when I knew that my whole planned career was not to be, did I wire the talent scout in Holly-

STRANDED UNTIL HER DENTIST TOLD HER WHY...
GAIL! HOW ARE YOU?
I'M BROKE, SUE --STRANDED! I HAVEN'T WORKED SINCE THEY FIRED ME AND GAVE YOU MY JOB!
GAIL, I'M LEAVING TO BE MARRIED, AND YOU CAN HAVE THE JOB BACK IF--WELL ...WON'T YOU SEE MY DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH?
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THANKS SO MUCH, MR. ALLEN!
NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
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wood and ask him if I might reconsider.

"I am in Hollywood, and I'm not at all afraid of losing out here. I know that there is no such money to be made elsewhere. I'm not keen for money. I do want to establish a substantial trust fund for Mother and Dad so that I can know that they are safe. After that, it doesn't much matter. I haven't luxurious tastes because I was brought up with simplicity. I was taught that the 'best things in life are free.' Woods and rivers, books and music, the heritage of all men, rich and poor. I had expected to be a professor with the full consciousness that an English prof does not correct his term papers in a limousine or on the edge of a blue-tiled swimming pool.

"Yes, I am inoculated against the major fears: death, poverty, loss of chosen career, loss of love, competition with my betters. I am afraid only of mediocrity. And because of that fear I shall give myself six more months in Hollywood. If, at the end of that time I haven't found myself or 'been found,' then I shall leave Hollywood and seek other fields to conquer.

"It's going to be a little difficult to find myself here in Hollywood because I don't seem to be any standard type. There is no pattern, cut and ready for me to wear. I don't think I'm enough like any other screen actor to be classified as 'another Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone,' or whatever. Not that I'd want to model after anyone, but it does make it easier to cast a man who fits into some category, I believe. I'll have to find my own niche, as others have done. Fred MacMurray, for instance.

"Fred and his wife are among my best friends in Hollywood, by the way. They're grand, regular people. I haven't many friends out here. I haven't been 'taken-up' by society. My name doesn't appear in the columns as 'among those present' at smart parties. I don't go Troc'ing. I don't belong to tennis clubs and beach clubs. And I don't care. But I do have a few close friends. I do go out on occasional dates with Ginger Rogers, Anne Shirley, Margo and a few others.

"I am not afraid of age. I want to grow older as rapidly as possible, for youth, in Hollywood, is a terrific liability. They don't believe out here that young people have any brains. Youth in Hollywood has only pictorial value. Young men must be leading men, juveniles. Young men must pose, simper, smirk, shake cocktails, say, 'I love you.' Don't I know? Didn't I smirk and simper and act young through 'Soak the Rich,' 'Valiant Is the Word for Carrie' and the others? They won't give youth a chance to be raw, ugly, wounded and violent.

"No, it isn't what I am doing that matters to me. It's the figure I cut in doing it. If I were in a bank, I must be the president or nothing. If I go to war, I must be an officer, not a private. If I am an actor I must be either a ranking character actor or, at least, star material. It is the whole law of my being."

Thinking Things Over

(*Continued from page 35*)

over now I know that we have a son and daughter of our own. And I can't be grateful enough to Florence for making me see it her way. I only wish we'd had the idea sooner.

I can't imagine now what the house would be like without children in it.

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Without Penny and Tony. I can't imagine what it would be to live without children's toys all around the place, children's parties, even children's problems—and there are plenty of those.

"I find myself feeling actually sorry for people without children. Even sorrier for people who have children and complain about how it's a wear and tear on their nerves; the business of measles and whooping cough and mumps, of having teeth straightened, and all of the bumps and bruises; the 'lap and heart trouble of having children at all,' my mother used to call it. It's life, isn't it? The famous man who once said, 'Why is it that we always come in the end to a little child?' was so darned right.

"When we have children, we are giving ourselves hostages to the future," said this star who will never be lonely. "For there is nothing more deplorable, more tragic than the actor or actress who, when the grease-paint wears off, the applause dies down, sits alone among a heap of dusty scrap-books, all his eggs in the one basket of his own fame, and that basket frayed or broken.

"There is nothing more pitiable than the sight of the actor or actress who, his or her day done, runs madly after the receding figure of Popularity.

"And thinking back, I can tell you that I couldn't possibly be fonder of children of our own than I am of Penny and Tony. There'd always be the fear," laughed Freddie, "that the terrible traits of some Aunt Lulu of Florence, or some Uncle Dodo of mine, or even some of my own traits which I admit I don't want perpetuated, would rear their ugly little heads in our offspring.

"We have no such fears. We have no inhibitions about our children. We can rave about their beauty, marvel at their cleverness, boast and brag about them to our hearts' content and no one can say, 'Well, they think they did pretty well, don't they?' It's very gratifying to watch Penny and Tony taking on some of the better characteristics of their proud parents, some of the habits of thought, the manners, the reactions we have tried to give them through environment. Penny, for instance, speaking with the lilt in Florence's voice.

"Of course, we'll tell them they're adopted when the time comes. We'll tell them in the way other parents who have adopted children have done. That other children just come to their parents, and their parents have to take them as they are, but that their mother and daddy adopted them, chose them from all the little boys and girls there are in the world just because they were Penny and Tony. We hope to make them proud of being adopted, able to feel secure about it.

"Whenever I possibly can, I give some happy significance to the word 'adoption.' For instance, last Easter I took Penny to buy some Easter bunnies. And when we found the ones we wanted the most I said to her, 'Shall we adopt them for our very own, Penny?'—thus stressing the meaning of the word 'adoption'—the love in it, you know.

"AS I think back," smiled Freddie, "when I remember myself as I was ten years ago, I am amused. And a little sorry for that chap with the single-track mind, before all the warmth and varied interests had come into his life. Then my one and only idea was to win success in the theatre. Nothing else mattered. I wanted to crash the theatre. That wanting was all of me. Well, I didn't crash it. I did several plays, got good enough notices, saved a little more money each year, never quite making that crash. I never achieved

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Odorono Ice is made on a totally new principle. Its light, melting texture is entirely different—refreshing and cooling on your skin. And unlike ordinary creams, it frees you not only from odor, but from all dampness.

This means you need never again worry about ruining your lovely frocks. You'll save on both clothes and cleaner's bills.

Odorono Ice is so easy and pleasant to use, so dainty and so wonderfully effective that 80 per cent of the women who have tried it prefer it to any other deodorant they have ever used! Buy a jar tomorrow. 35¢ at all Toilet-Goods Departments.

ODO-RO-DO
Ice
CHECKS PERSPIRATION
STOPS BODY ODOR

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

*ODO-RO-NO ICE
NON-GREASY

SEND 10¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY JAR

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 7-E-7*, 191 Hudson St., New York City
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I enclose 10¢ (15¢ in Canada) to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

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Follow THE NEW HOLLYWOOD HAIRSTYLES WITH ENDURA

ENDURA KEEPS YOUR HAIR LOVELY, ALLURING

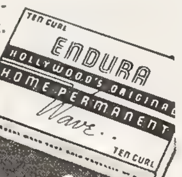
PERMANENT WAVE THOSE STRAGGLY END CURLS

Endura permanent waves those unruly end and side curls and makes your present permanent last twice as long. Endura is so easy to use, so inexpensive, so certain. Without machines, heat or electricity you can permanent wave your unruly curls at home while you work or read or even sleep; it's no trouble at all. More than 100,000 women have changed to this modern way to lovely, lasting waves.

A COMPLETE PERMANENT $1.00

The large-size Endura gives you 50 curlers. Everything you need for a complete home permanent.

Endura is featured at drug, department and 5 and 10c stores. If your dealer cannot supply you, ask him to order it.



ENDURA *Ten Curl* 25¢

THE ENDURA CORPORATION
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Look Years Younger

APPROVED WAY TO TINT

GRAY HAIR

● Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. BROWNATONE and a small brush does it. Used and approved for over twenty-four years. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting —will not wash out. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

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Stenotypy.......
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Stenotypists win today's preferred jobs and better pay. Stenotype's machine speed, accuracy and ease make your work faster, better, easier—and you get the credit. Executives welcome this machine way of taking dictation—faster than any man can talk. Stenotypy is easy to learn — easy to write — easy to read. We train you thoroughly at home in your spare time — at low cost and on easy terms. Write for interesting, free booklet, "Stenotypy, the New Profession," describing the many opportunities in Stenotypy and telling how you may master it successfully.

THE STENOTYPE COMPANY
Dept. 7318-ST, 4101 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

what Florence achieved in the theatre, nor anywhere near it.

"So, when I came to Hollywood in 'The Royal Family of Broadway' and was offered a job in pictures, we decided to take it. We'd stay a little while, we said. The climate was pleasant. The experience would be valuable. The money was even pleasanter than the climate. I'd make some real money here and then we'd go back to the theatre again. I needed money. All actors need money. We are, by nature, luxury-loving brutes.

"Thinking it over," Freddie said thoughtfully, "perhaps the security bug has been the 'ole debbil sea' in my life. Perhaps actors shouldn't be too secure. It may not make us smug to feel that way, but it does tend to make us soft. Too many limousines, too many easy-to-get-into swimming pools. Palm Springs at hand if you feel too cold. Too much good food, good clothes.

"I love making pictures and I certainly don't despise movie gold—far from it. But too much gold from any source may harden the heart, insulate the spirit against the aches and pains and hurts that are good for it. It was a terrific temptation, you know, to stay tucked snugly into a contract and to re-sign when my contract had run its course and another was offered me. I fought the temptation, Florence helping me. I decided to freelance. And when I asked myself, 'Why do you want this kind of freedom?' the answer was, 'So I can be free for the theatre and the licking I never gave it.'

"So my thoughts lead me," smiled Fred, "to one of the two things I want and haven't got—a chance to crash the theatre. And that's what I'm going to try to do. Within the year, I hope. We're going back, Florence and I; Florence to the place she has already made for herself, I to the place I hope to make for myself. And I like the idea of reversing the usual procedure.

"It has been the custom, you know, for stage successes to come to movies and movie failures to go to the theatre. I want to go to the theatre when I am among the 'tops' in pictures, when I don't have to go. I don't want to go begging at the back door of the theatre when the front door of films begins to close on me.

"So, that is one thing I still want.

"THE other," said this amazing Freddie, "is twins . . . Yes," grinned Freddie, "Florence and I would like to adopt twin boys. And very probably that's exactly what we will do. We may decide to wait until Penny and Tony are old enough to go with us and help us choose them. This, even more than the Easter bunnies, should prove to them what adoption really means, how much love goes into it.

"Thinking it all over," Fred said, "I realize how great, how immeasurable a part Florence has played in everything. She is never jealous. And I know well that the role of wife to a Hollywood actor is the most difficult role in the world. Especially for a woman who has been what Florence is in the theatre, and has given up her world for mine. At least temporarily. She has helped me keep my feet on the ground. She is not the kind, thank goodness, to gush over me.

"Sometimes I kid her and ask her why she doesn't throw her arms about me, give me some of the adulation to which a gent in the movies should feel entitled. And she always laughs and says, 'Because I don't fuss over you is one reason why you are still around.' And how right she is.

"I am grateful to her for the sacrifices she has made. I am grateful to her for helping me find other interests in life apart from scripts and sound stages—photography, which she encouraged; music, which

Your eyes can seem to be natural beauties!
PINAUD SIX TWELVE 612
PINAUD'S IMPROVED SIX-TWELVE CREAMY MASCARA
PREPARED IN FRANCE

● **Make your eyelashes a natural-looking fringe of dark, long, silky beauty with this extra-creamy mascara. Smudgeproof. Permanent. Non-smarting. Apply with or without water. Black, brown, blue, green.**

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PINAUD'S SIX-TWELVE EYE SHADOW
PINAUD'S SIX-TWELVE EYEBROW PENCIL

THE HOUSE OF PINAUD PARIS NEW YORK

NOW! *Beautiful* NAILS AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE

NEW! Smart, long, tapering nails for everyone! Cover broken, short, thin nails with NU-NAILS. Can be worn any length and polished any desired shade. Defies detection. Waterproof. Easily applied; remains firm. No effect on nail growth or cuticle. Removed at will. Marvelously natural-looking. Try them!

Set of 10 20¢ At all 5 and 10c Stores

NU-NAILS ARTIFICIAL FINGER NAILS

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Happy Relief From Painful Backache

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

I knew very little about until she made me realize how little I did know; art, languages. She speaks French exquisitely. Penny is fast learning. I know that I must get busy and keep up with them.

"I am grateful to Hollywood, too, for many things besides security. For the friends we have made here, the Bob Montgomerys, Gloria Swanson, the Chester Morrises, Marion Spitzer and Harlan Thompson, Bart Marshall—others.

"And," went on Fred thoughtfully, "it's a pet theory of mine that the reason so many of us do keep our feet on the ground, some common sense in our heads in spite of all the flattery and fulsome praise our celluloid images induce, is because so many of us are small-town boys. Take Gable, Gary Cooper, Bob Montgomery, Bob Taylor, Bing Crosby, any number of us—all small-town boys. Kids who were brought up without fuss and feathers, made to go to Sunday School, wash behind our ears, do chores, obey the Ten Commandments, to darn well know the difference between black and white, or else.

"Yep," mused Freddie, shaking hands in goodbye, "I'm the luckiest man alive. I've always been afraid to say that before. But I've said it now. I hope," he added under his breath, "that the gods who shape man's little destiny are bowling with thunderbolts or something and don't hear me."

I looked back as I stepped into the car. And there, sure 'nuff, was Freddie, fingers crossed, in the act of placating the greedy gods for the happiness he dared to confess; the good fortune he has earned—gratefully.

Help Yourself to Style

(Continued from page 41)

out the many moods of an impulsive and versatile individuality and save you from being always the tailored type, the fluffy type, the schoolgirl, or the siren.

New fashions for this summer are particularly exciting because they have all the contradictory traits of the ideal girl of 1937. They look alluring, frivolous and high-spirited and actually prove to be thrifty and durable. In their gay coloring and crisp daintiness there is no hint of their sturdy virtues, their resistance to stretching, spotting, and wrinkling. Just as you would never suspect to look at Jean Parker's exquisitely-thin arms and legs that they mask a steel-wire strength that makes it possible for her to swim confidently through the pounding waves of the Pacific.

Now, before you go out to buy your summer playtime wardrobe—whether it is to be one outfit or ten—I want you to ask yourself frankly just what sort of shopper you are. Do you dash into a store and buy something you just saw in the window because it is a color you like or the price you can afford to pay? Or do you do as Jean Parker does, study each purchase carefully and score it by points? Is it becoming; that is, does it do something definite for you spiritually, not just cover you up? Does it heighten your coloring or accent the best lines of your figure? Is it appropriate? Do many occasions crop up in your life when you need just such an outfit? Is it comfortable? You can't have poise without comfort, and poise is the essence of style. Are its details true to the newest fashion trends? Has the fabric been treated by the new processes that make it resistant to dust, perspiration, crumpling, wilt? Is it washable? Does it

Duchess of PARIS wraps you in fragrance

LILAC BUDS — for daytime . . . refreshing, sweet as the first blossoms of spring.

SINGAPORE NIGHTS — for evening . . . a haunting, glamorous fragrance of the East.

GARDENIA — for cocktail time . . . accent to brilliant afternoons.

MISCHIEF — for sports . . . light, dashing, modern as youth itself.

When you wear Duchess of Paris, you are truly "wrapped in fragrance" . . . these indescribably lovely odeurs surround you with an aura of charm. Each blended with the highest skill of the parfumeur's art . . . with restraint, with exquisite taste. In four elusive scents created to match your every mood.

DUCHESS OF PARIS PERFUMES IN PURSE SIZES AT LEADING 5 & 10c STORES—10c EACH

Also Duchess of Paris "Parfum Cologne" at department stores—$1

Duchess of PARIS
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

offer marked contrast to the dresses you already have?

JEAN PARKER did not always have the lavish funds at her disposal that she has under her new contract with Columbia Pictures. But always, even in her days as a shy youngster down at M-G-M, she was not overlooked, even when Norma Shearer and Jean Harlow and other experienced fashion plates were nearby. Necessity had taught Jean how to shop cannily and thriftily. She knew that mistakes in a wardrobe were costly, not only in money but in wasted opportunity. Dresses that don't add some zip to your appearance are just like a great blanket of fog hiding your personality. But dresses that serve as an accent bring all sorts of invitations your way.

Now I am going to ask you to study carefully the pictures of Jean on pages 48 and 49 to see if you can figure out her exact reasons for selecting these summer outfits. Then come back and check your findings against what I have to tell you about them. You'll know then how to go about selecting your summer clothes.

First let's look at the figured cotton sports dress, because that is the type of dress that every girl needs in her summer wardrobe, whether she is staying in town or going to the country. The background is white for daintiness, and the leaf-figures are a fresh, clear red and yellow for gayety. Jean is inclined to be a shy, retiring girl, so she deliberately selects clothes that are striking in color, or fit, or novelty of style. The low-cut square neckline is an important style point. (If you have high-necked sports dresses left from last year you may want to cut them down just as the rest of us are doing.) The peasant-fashion tie belt emphasizes her slim hips, and the fullness introduced in the skirt by inverted pleat front and back makes the skirt comfortably wide for tennis or golf. Of far greater importance than its size would suggest is the jacket that matches this dress. That trifle takes the dress into the dual-role class, makes it suitable for town as well as country or sports wear.

Her tiny hat that looks like a Dutch cap is crownless and is made of linen, so it can be washed daily, emerging fresh and clean as new. You will find these hats, in pique and novelty cottons, ridiculously cheap. Her shoes are the ever-popular brown leather and white buckskin spectator sports pumps. Girls who buy only one pair of summer shoes do well to select this model, as these shoes go well with all types of summer clothes except the dressiest chiffons.

Jean Parker enjoys wearing skittish novelty fashions, if they can be thriftily discarded when she tires of them. That is why she selected a simple white silk sports dress with a detachable bodice of peasant embroidery rather than one of the new peasant frocks. If the Tyrolean fashions run their course swiftly, as they threaten to do, she can just leave off the bodice. This is not an extravagant gesture, because she still has a distinguished white dress that can be enlivened with various colored scarfs, with one of the new basket-weave moire ribbon belts, or with the flowered jacket shown with her dark linen dress.

Note the tiny stand-up collar on this white dress, the puffed sleeves and the circular fullness of the snug-hipped skirt. Those are all featured in the newest fashions.

There are many sly reasons behind Jean's choice of the dark linen dress. When you have been wearing white and pastels continually, and everyone you know is dressed in light, girlish colors, don't you long to show up in something suave and dark? So does Jean. Any director who harbors a notion that she is just a naive and guileless ingenue is going to visualize her in more worldly roles when he sees her in this outfit. And if your friends are accustomed to pigeon-holing you as a jolly, open-faced playmate, you can jolt them into suspecting hidden depths, if you wear an artfully simple Navy, or mahogany, or black linen dress like this occasionally.

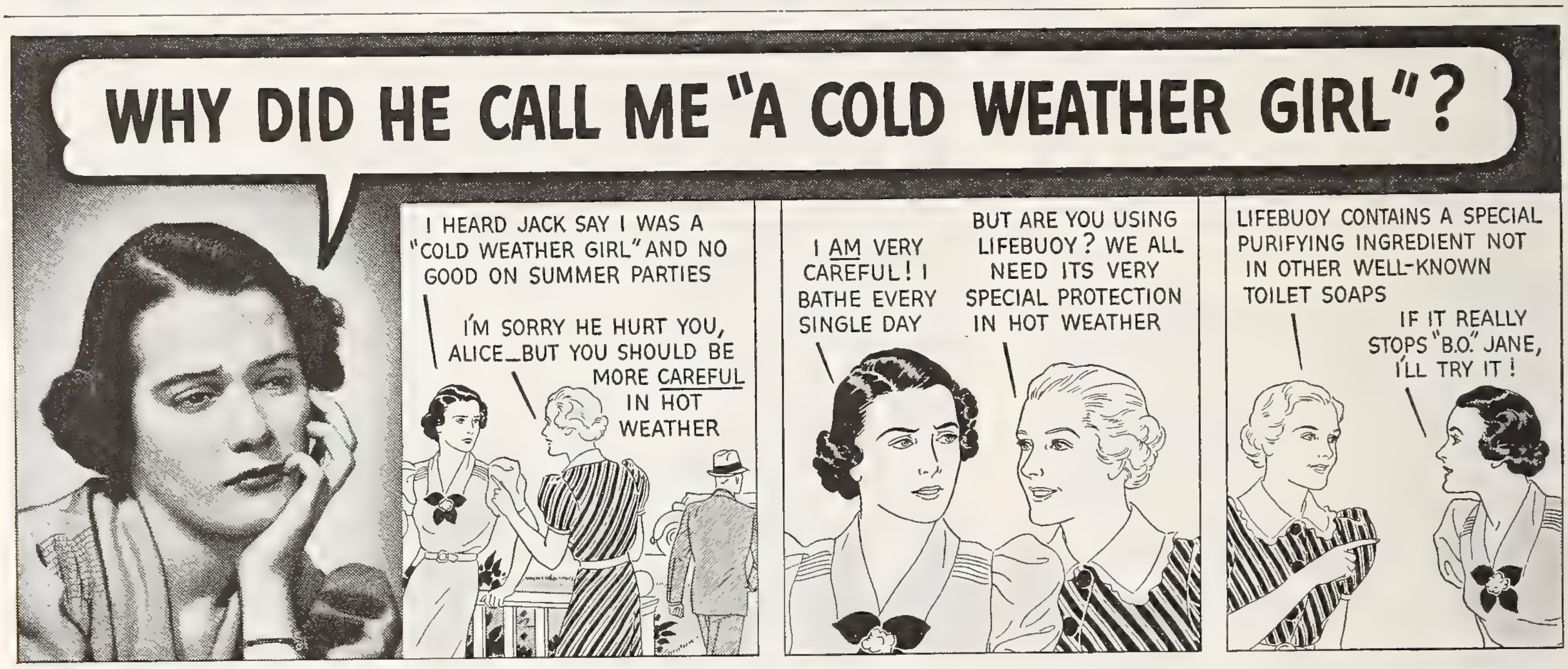
This dress, like the white one we just discussed, is a basic dress that is the delight of a girl dressing on a small budget, because it can look different every time you wear it, by merely adding a bright scarf, a jacket, a peasant bodice, or novelty belt. It is grand for motoring or train travel, because the linen is crease-resistant and smooth enough to repel dust.

THE trim jacket that she is wearing with this Navy linen dress is made of matelassé (we plain folks call it crinkly or blistered, cotton printed in red, yellow, blue, and green. Can't you just see how you'd practically live in such a jacket, wearing it with all your dresses?

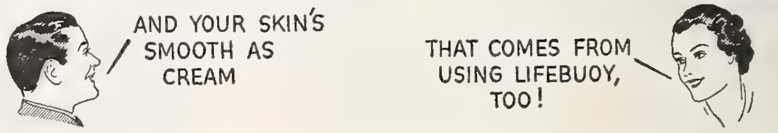
Her Navy kid shoes, stitched in white, show you how heels are coming out in the open this summer in street shoes as well as in evening and beach sandals. They are so comfortable and cool, you will wonder why we never demanded them before.

We really should have started with the bathing suit, instead of ignoring it all the time, for it was her appearance in a bathing suit that launched Jean Parker into a film career. She posed for an Olympic Games poster, and as soon as M-G-M saw it, they sent for her.

The bathing suit she is wearing in the

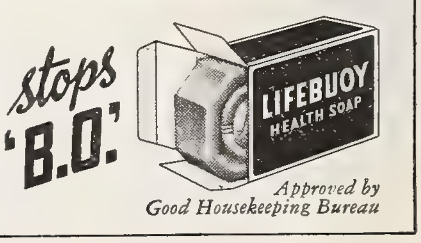

WHY DID HE CALL ME "A COLD WEATHER GIRL"?
I HEARD JACK SAY I WAS A "COLD WEATHER GIRL" AND NO GOOD ON SUMMER PARTIES
I'M SORRY HE HURT YOU, ALICE—BUT YOU SHOULD BE MORE CAREFUL IN HOT WEATHER
I AM VERY CAREFUL! I BATHE EVERY SINGLE DAY
BUT ARE YOU USING LIFEBUOY? WE ALL NEED ITS VERY SPECIAL PROTECTION IN HOT WEATHER
LIFEBUOY CONTAINS A SPECIAL PURIFYING INGREDIENT NOT IN OTHER WELL-KNOWN TOILET SOAPS
IF IT REALLY STOPS "B.O." JANE, I'LL TRY IT!

WHAT GLORIOUS LATHER—I NEVER FELT SO THOROUGHLY CLEAN IN MY LIFE
LATER Alice enjoys lasting freshness
HOW DO YOU KEEP SO FRESH AND DAINTY IN ALL THIS HEAT?
CROSS MY HEART—JUST REGULAR LIFEBUOY BATHS!


AND YOUR SKIN'S SMOOTH AS CREAM
THAT COMES FROM USING LIFEBUOY, TOO!

LIFEBUOY freshens, clears, helps condition dull, tired skin . . . And it really flatters skin already lovely . . . For Lifebuoy is *mild!*—More than 20% milder *by test* than many so-called "beauty soaps" and "baby soaps."

Do you know that more American women — men and children, too — use Lifebuoy for the bath than any other soap? It's a fact — revealed when 8 leading magazines questioned 120,000 women!


Stops 'B.O.'
LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

photograph on page 49 is of smart white satin, figured in sprays of California poppies. And let me warn you right now that only a girl of her gentle temperament and willowy figure could get away with a suit like that without looking downright brazen. Pastel colors are better for those less lithe and plain dark suits for those with bulges. (And shame on you if you bulge when our beauty expert, Mary Marshall, would be so glad to send you corrective exercises.)

These well-made suits give the figure firm support, and are so durable they will survive at least two summers of daily plunges through surf. They are comparatively inexpensive, and come in all colors and every style.

VARIETY is the spice of personality, so having played the siren in her bathing suit, Jean goes to the other extreme in selecting a beach wrap. Quaint and modest as can be is the wrap of blue cotton printed in white, made on the lines of a peasant dress. Don't you see what a dramatic build-up that is when she slips out of the picturesque wrap and emerges so woman-of-the-wordly in her swim suit?

Current fashions make it possible to play the drama the other way around if you want to. You can choose a stately wrap of gleaming white acetate jersey or fine white terrycloth tightly fitted through the hips and swirling into deep folds like the most glamorous evening wraps. Under that, for contrast, you would wear one of the dainty, full-skirted swim suits made like a little girl's pinafore.

These beach coats aren't a rash extravagance, even if your visits to the beach are rare, for you will wear one the year 'round at home as a lounging robe. They are quite inexpensive when made of chintz or paisley cotton.

You are going to be deeply grateful to Jean Parker, I know, when you go shopping and discover how much her advice has helped you.

Solving Some Beauty Problems

(*Continued from page* 45)

you wish to be. Then some exercises won't hurt.

Question: If I'm fat (or thin) in spots, what should I do?

Answer: Exercise for the fat. Diet, plus special exercise for the thin. By "special exercise," I mean stunts to smooth out any lumps and bulges that may appear as you gain weight.

Question: All kidding aside, can the bust be reduced?

Answer: You mustn't expect miracles, but you can do considerable to improve your appearance in this respect. A general reducing diet, if you're generally fat, will reduce the bust some. Buttermilk is a helpful bust reducer. Always wear a good uplift bras. And do deep breathing exercises for ten minutes every morning. Raise the arms in front to shoulder height, move them out to the sides and as far back as you can, meanwhile trying to feel a "lift" in the breast muscles.

Dress devices to kid the public into thinking your figure to be better than it is, are as follows: Let your dresses fit easily—not form-fitting, nor yet so loose as to look old ladyish. Don't wear knit goods. Wear V-necks, long tunics. Don't go in for jabots and frills. Set your waistline a

"Always worth stopping for"

BEECH-NUT GUM

BEECH-NUT BRAND
BEECH-NUT CHEWING GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
USE TAB ALWAYS REFRESHING
BEECH-NUT GUM PEPPERMINT
Beech-Nut SPEARMINT Gum
Beech-Nut PEPPERMINT BEECHIES CANDY COATED GUM
Beech-Nut SPEARMINT BEECHIES CANDY COATED GUM
Beech-Nut PEPSIN BEECHIES
Beech-Nut ORALGENE Chewing Gum

Most popular gum in America is Beech-Nut Peppermint. Try our Spearmint, too, if you enjoy a distinctive flavor!

BEECHIES
Gum in a crisp candy coating . . . doubly delightful that way! Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin.

ORALGENE
The new firmer texture gum that aids mouth health and helps fight mouth acidity. "Chew with a purpose."

You can taste the difference Quality makes

The Beech-Nut Circus

SEE THE BEECH-NUT CIRCUS
Biggest Little Show on Earth!
A mechanical marvel, 3 rings of performers, clowns, animals, music 'n' everything! Now touring the country. Don't miss it.

In spite of her daily bath she's an

UNDERARM VICTIM!

EVERY day she makes the same mistake. She expects the bath she takes at 8 o'clock in the morning to protect her from underarm perspiration odor at 3 o'clock in the afternoon!

It can't be done. All a bath can do is to wash away the traces of *past* perspiration. It cannot prevent perspiration odor from cropping out later in the day. A bath works backwards; never forwards.

You cannot count on your daily bath to keep your underarms fresh, free from odor longer than an hour or two.

It takes more than soap and water to do that; it takes *special* care.

You can give your underarms this special care in just half a minute. With Mum!

Mum takes care of you all day. Smooth a quick fingertipful of Mum under each arm and you're safe for *that* day, no matter how long and strenuous it is.

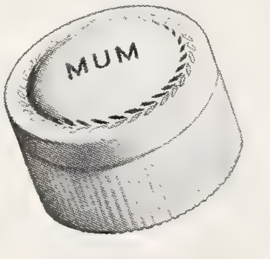
No trouble to use Mum. You waste no time in using Mum. And when it's on, you're through. No fuss of waiting and rinsing off.

Harmless to clothing. Mum has been awarded the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics. So don't worry — if you forget to use it before you dress, just use it afterwards.

Soothing to sensitive skin. Mum is so cooling and soothing you can use it right after shaving the underarms. How women appreciate this!

Does not prevent natural perspiration. Mum does just what you want it to do—prevents the ugly odor of perspiration and not the perspiration itself.

Don't be an *underarm victim!* Depend upon the daily Mum habit as the quick, easy, sure way to avoid repellent underarm odor. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York City.



USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO. Mum daily gives to countless women comforting assurance that they cannot offend.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

bit lower. Above all, don't slouch.

Question: Where should very short girls watch out for excess weight?

Answer: Besides the obvious stomach-and-hip area, the back and upper arms should be watched. Stretch—stretch—every morning. Make an exercise of stretching.

Question: What can (1) the very short girl do to look taller and (2) the very tall girl to do to look shorter?

Answer: First place, the short girl can emulate Luise Rainer's walk and posture. To be pretty sure of good posture without thinking about yourself every minute, just get the habit of keeping your chest out. When the chest goes out, the shoulders go back, the tum just naturally *has* to be pulled in, and there you are. The short girl can wear the highest of heels, but she shouldn't wear the highest of hats nor high coiffures, because such ain't in keeping. Beltless, princess-style frocks are good. And though fashion says skirts are shorter, the petite lass might well keep her clothes ten or twelve inches from the ground, rather than fourteen.

The very tall girl, now, should also stand up to her full height, for slouching will only make her look slovenly. She should wear high heels when high heels are appropriate, for the little smitch taken off by low heels won't help her height enough to matter. A page-boy coiffure, if she can wear it, will flatten her down some. Two-color outfits, if she's slim, are swell—the dark frock, with the neutral or bright toned jacket. And big hats are just her dish.

Question: What make-up problem is illustrated by Simone Simon?

Answer: The problem of the heavy lower lip. Very cute on S. S., but unattractive on some girls because they erroneously try to make their mouths look smaller by not applying lipstick to that lower lip. Build up the upper lip a trifle to balance the cute pout, and see if you don't like yourself better.

Question: What make-up problem is illustrated by that ace actress, Bette Davis?

Answer: The problem of large eyes, light in color, which can so easily look starey, rather than starry. Eyebrows, in such a case, should be trained down, rather than up. They should be straight, rather than curved. And never pluck them too thin—but of course, you wouldn't do that, for it ain't fashionable no mo'.

Question: What make-up problem is illustrated by that lovely person, Myrna Loy?

Answer: The difficult problem of the red-head, who simply must get herself rouge and lipstick in the new rust tone, and not wear much of either. If she has the pink-and-white skin that so often goes with red hair, let her by all means wear a creamy, pinkish powder—more creamy than pinkish—and pay no attention to the folks who urge her to try a suntan shade to cover her freckles. Mascara should be brown—on the light side, rather than dark.

Question: What's a good make-up scheme for the girl with light hair and dark skin?

Answer: Golden shade of powder—one of the many suntan shades, darker than her skin rather than lighter. Very little face rouge and bright, bright lipstick, in a clear red. If her lashes and brows are naturally dark, no mascara at all. If not, brown mascara, not black.

Question: What's a good make-up scheme for the girl with dark hair and very fair skin?

Answer: Cream or ivory powder, no face rouge, bright lipstick. Black mascara, if she needs any at all.

Question: What should the woman with gray or white hair do about make-up?

Answer: A little rouge—delicate pink—

is essential to keep her from looking washed-out, no matter what her age. A little lipstick more pink or rose than red. If her lashes and brows are naturally dark, she should be a knockout. If they're not, a little dark brown mascara at night for young ladies who are "prematurely gray."

Question: Why, even on skins which are rather dry, does the nose shine?

Answer: There's an oily path, down the center of the forehead, over the nose and chin. The oil glands here work overtime. Even if your skin is dry, anoint the beak occasionally with a good astringent.

Question: What—and why—are blackheads and how to get rid of them?

Answer: The pesky curse to the human face known as the blackhead is a particle of natural oil, plus dirt, which makes an enlarged pore for itself, or settles in one already provided. Two cleansings with cold cream, plus a gentle washing with bland soap, plus the application of a warm towel to the face, will loosen these unattractive blights. When they're well loosened (and it may take a few treatments) rub gently, with a circular motion and a piece of tissue, over the affected area, to remove the blackheads. No pinching and gouging. Touch the spot afterwards with alcohol or astringent.

Question: What can be done about fingernails which break all the time?

Answer: Soak 'em in warm olive oil. Don't wear them longer than finger-tip length.

Question: What's the latest news in shades of nail polish?

Answer: The latest news is that we're getting a little more sensible about same. For everyday doin's, we are wearing the lighter, smoky rust shades. These shades blend well with the riot of colors fashion decrees. They're chic, they're ladylike, and they're not so darn pale that they look washed-out and uninteresting. For gala occasions, there are bright and deep tones, but even these have an overlying smokiness.

Question: To what extent should one try to keep up with "fashions in faces" and hair-dos?

Answer: Only so far as you please and is becoming to you. Take the best of any new trend, and pay no attention to the freakish side of it. For instance: 'tis fashionable for eyebrows to be heavier and more natural, and I think that's fine. But if some dodo in Paris told us to wear colored wigs—green and purple and so on, as actually happened once, so 'elp me, though you young things won't remember that far back—well, one should say "phooey!" to that. Remember that it takes a lot of time and money to doll your face or your hair up in some artificial manner. Fashionable ladies with plenty of dough are the target for such decrees of fashion, and it keeps money in circulation and amuses the fashionable ladies. But you and me, toots, we can't afford the regular services of expensive beauty experts, and we only look tacky if we attempt highfalutin' beauty stunts on our own.

Question: What can be done to keep pretty blonde hair from turning darker as a girl gets on into the thirties?

Answer: Rinses. Heaps of warm olive oil. Daily massage. Daily brushing. Judicious sunning. A girl can do all these things for herself. Watch out for excess oiliness. And how about dyes and bleaches, you ask? If you must resort to such, go to the best beauty parlor you can find to have it done. To make a simple comparison: if you want to tint a slip, or old summer dress or something, you feel no tremors at doing that yourself, do you? But if you wish to have a lovely evening gown dyed, you send it out to the best cleaner and dyer in town, don't you? Treat

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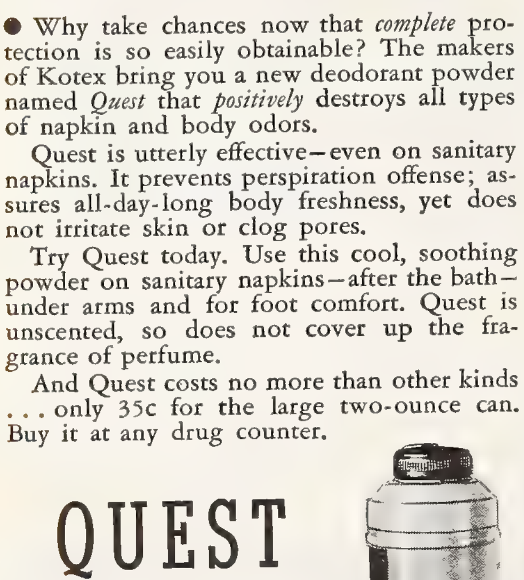

your hair as well as you'd treat a dress.

Question: What can be done about (1) a large nose, (2) a double chin, (3) a receding chin and (4) heavy jaws?

Answer: (1) If it's flesh and cartilage that make your nose large, you can refine it with massage. Takes heaps of time and heaps of patience, but you'll get results. Powder your nose with powder a shade darker than you use on the rest of your face. (2) If you're on a general reducing diet, your double chin will come down along with the rest of you. A lifting massage will help, too. Very important, keep your head back and up, and the double chin won't seem nearly so dreadful. (3) You can sit with your chin in hand, pooshing and pooshing, and that will help. You can train yourself to keep your chin thrust forward a little, too. I know, on account of I did it. (4) Again, a general reducing diet will take down the lower part of the face. A rouge shadow, very cleverly applied on the lower part of the pan, will help kid the public.

Question: Do the various rather high-priced cosmetics called "tissue" this and "muscle" that, really do any good?

Answer: They help some. They don't do any harm, and they often do some good. If you can afford 'em, use 'em.

Question: Can I make my eyelashes grow?

Answer: Yes, a little. By constant application of a good eyelash grower, your lashes will thicken and perhaps increase in length. The grease, too, makes the lashes look more healthy and luxuriant than they may be in reality.

Question: How do some of the movie stars get that fascinating point in the hairline? You know, the hair is parted on the side, swept straight across the head, and right at the place where one would have a widow's peak if one were that lucky, there's a little point in the hairline that's not quite a wave.

Answer: If you think this would be becoming to you, see if the following method won't achieve it: part your hair where you want it parted. Now, right at the center front, where you want that point, comb the hair back just the least bit. Just as though you were going to comb your hair straight, slick back, then stop. Then bring the hair over from its side part as you want it. You'll have a sort of cowlick right at the center front. Sometimes, the judicious plucking of a few hairs will help to give the desired pointed effect. Set the hair with lotion as you want it. Let it dry very well indeed and don't comb it out thoroughly—just sort of lift it a bit with the comb. It's pretty difficult to explain this on paper, but go ahead and experiment, and I think you'll understand better what I'm driving at.

Question: Do them there beautiful stars, with the gudgeous figures, wear girdles?

Answer: Yes, indeedy. Even if they're streamlined to the hilt, they wear a wisp of a girdle—lastex pants, or a featherweight step-in model—to give their gowns a beautiful smooth line. So, gentle reader, even if your figure is pretty durn good, wear a little something in the way of a foundation.

Question: Why, Miss Marshall, haven't you said anything about dry skins during all this tirade?

Answer: I'm coming to that. I gotta present for yuh, and it isn't a present for dry skins alone, either, though it's particularly good for dry skins. It's a lotion, of which I'm positively aching to send you a sample, and it's inexpensive to buy, non-sticky to use and serves a dozen purposes. It smooths your skin out quickly, if you're suffering from temporary roughness; it's a protection against sun and wind and "cloudy weather" burns—a blessing to be thankful for, now that summer is on our necks again. And it's a good make-up base. If you want to try it, fill in the coupon below and send it to me.

And remember that Mary Marshall is always at your service. I am only too eager to help you with your beauty problems. Just address your letter to Mary Marshall, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. That'll be all for now. Be seein' yuh next month.

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New York, N. Y.

Please send a *sample* of the lotion, at absolutely no cost to me.

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She'd Rather Be Dead

(*Continued from page 33*)

back on the divan. "If I were not in pictures I'd be a real-estate woman, I'm sure. I love to look at houses, just go through them and snoop. I love to do them over. I always 'settle in,' make a home of any place where I happen to be staying, however transiently. If I stay in a hotel room overnight I order flowers, arrange my books on the tables, put out some framed photographs. My dressing room here, even my portable dressing room on the set, gets 'fixed.' Even though it may be only a bowl of flowers, or a picture of Michael, I want it to be homey, my own."

THERE is something extraordinarily rich and warm about Miriam. She talks like a character out of a book. A rapid talker, she is also a rapt listener. People come to her with their problems and their troubles. Ex-husband Austin Parker brings to her all his plans, triumphs and fears, sure of the sympathy and understanding only Miriam can give.

In Miriam's dressing room every new book worth reading was spread over the tables; a victrola poured forth symphonies, jazz songs; favors for young Michael's fifth birthday party cluttered chairs and divans; scripts, costumes, long-distance calls from New York, maids, publicity men, retakes, fittings—all these things came in for their share of attention from Miriam. She was supposedly resting during her luncheon hour and the place was like a beehive at swarming time.

You might suppose that Miriam, socially-minded, popular and sought by so many of the eminent people of the world—Lady Mendhl, Gertrude Stein, the Duke and Duchess of Kent (she lunched with the Duchess at home and reports chops and peas, much folksy talk of "where did you buy that frock?" and babies and servant problems); Mrs. Simpson (she has met Wally and reports her as a vivid, intensively vital personality, always eager to go places and do things, no sooner at one place than she is planning on going to the next) —yes, you might suppose that Miriam would take her work lightly, hold Hollywood casually, even with a touch of gay, amused condescension.

Miriam studies her scripts with the same quality of absorption with which she studies blue ships on a cream background.

Recently, while making "Woman Chases Man" (her fifth picture opposite Joel McCrea, incidentally), she did a scene where she had to appear a touch on the stiff side from champagne. The plain gingerale she was drinking on the set was hardly conducive to authentic champagne capers. It is against the Hopkins grain to fake anything. She never wears any make-up at home or on the street. So Miriam thought it over. One of her chief charms is that she doesn't send her lively mind down blazed trails of thought. She blazes her own trails and they are full of fascinating curlicues.

When you see her in this particular sequence you will find that she appears very champagne-caperish, indeed. What she did was this: she walked briskly onto the set a moment or two before Director John Blystone called "Cameras!" With her pulses racing from the rapid walk, she stopped, spun violently on her toes for fifty revolutions or so, and then, the sound stage reeling about her, she went into action before the cameras.

MIRIAM is also a realist. She may walk with kings (and Mrs. Simpson), but she never loses the "common touch." She may entertain the Maharajah of Indore in her drawing room, but she also knows full well what goes on in the kitchen, what the Maharajah is going to have to eat for dinner. She can discourse on world economics with economists, Chinese philosophy with a disciple of Lao Tse and infant feedings with any young mother.

She has an intense love of being in the center of things. When she was abroad last year, she saw to it that she was in Berlin on Hitler's birthday, in Venice at the close of the Ethiopian war to hear Mussolini broadcasting from Rome. Wherever history is being made, there Miriam would like to be. She flew over a great part of Europe on this last trip with a woman friend. When she settled in England to make a picture, she had her small son, Michael, brought over to her.

She said, "I intend to take Michael to England with me every time I go, and I'd like to go once a year to make a picture. I want him to be familiar with all of the historic spots of Europe. I want him to know languages. He had a French Mam'selle and speaks baby French right smartly. He came back from England with an English Nana and spoke so veddy, veddy British that I found myself asking him, 'What say?' "

Miriam is no snob about the things she does and likes to do. Sophisticated down to her tapering fingernails, she is quite honest when she says that she has more to learn than she will ever know. She isn't stuffy either about being a "tourist."

She says, "I am one of the best. I go to all the tourist spots. I visit the Tower of London and ask to be shown the exact spot where Mary, Queen of Scots, was executed—it was Mary, Queen of Scots, wasn't it? I stand in front of Buckingham Palace and get a thrill if the flag is up and I know that the King is 'in residence.' I gape and gawp and ask guides a million silly questions and learn a lot."

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She adores people. When she was in Versailles Lady Mendhl gave a party for her. In Paris she saw Gertrude Stein. Her friends are everywhere, in London, Paris, Berlin, and New York. Her best friends in Hollywood are Edmund Goulding, Ex-hubby Austin Parker and Anton Litvak. "We are very good friends, Anton and I," Miriam told me, "but *definitely* there are no matrimonial plans.

I LIKE to have a great many people around me most of the time. There is no Garbo in me! I have never been bored with any human being. I have never met a dull person. Everyone has something to give if we care enough to drag it out. I talked to clerks in little drugstores all over Germany, to taxi drivers, concierges, shop girls, and policemen in Paris and learned a lot.

"I love luncheons and dinner parties, with plenty of good food and good talk. I love tennis parties, surprise parties, swimming parties and children's parties. I love Punch and Judy shows and word games.

She loves jokes, too. A few weeks ago she was lunching with Edmund Goulding, Anton Litvak and the Earl of Warwick, known as Michael Brooke in the movies. Austin Parker called to ask his ex-wife, who is also his best friend, whether he might borrow her car and man for the next day. His man, he said, was going to the dentist and would be off for the day. He needed the car and he needed a man to wake him in the morning, make his tea, shine his shoes, and so forth.

Overhearing the conversation, Edmund Goulding called out and offered to lend Austin Parker his man, an Englishman, who was very good, he said. The next day, promptly at eight o'clock, Austin Parker was awakened by Goulding's "man." The "man" made the morning tea, so bitter and so black that poor Parker gulped it unprotestingly only because he didn't want to be ungracious. His shoes were polished and the polish spilled into the shoes and on the floor. Two teacups and two vases were broken. When Parker left his house he was a nervous wreck; his suit was badly pressed; he was jerkily shaven and the car was driven with such speed that he was on the verge of collapse.

That noon he lunched with Miriam, Edmund Goulding, and Anton Litvak. Miriam said to him, "I'm sorry, Parker, but Edmund's man says he can't possibly stay the day with you. He says you are impossible, temperamental, sloppy, surly and hard to please." Austin Parker saw fifty-nine shades of red. He was just about to slip the last control when the "man" came in casually, took a place at the table, rubbed his hands together, gave an off-hand nod at Parker. Miriam said, "May I present the Earl of Warwick?" High, joyous and unrestrained was Miriam's laughter then.

Puzzle Solution

M	Y	R	N	A	■	L	O	Y	■	S	A	C	■	C	A	P	R	A
O	P	I	U	M	■	E	L	A	■	A	L	A	■	A	R	I	E	L
O	R	A	T	E	■	D	I	L	A	T	E	D	■	R	E	V	E	L
R	E	T	■	S	T	E	V	E	N	S	■	E	L	Y	■	O	V	A
E	S	A	U	■	O	R	E	■	G	U	S	T	O	■	S	T	E	N
■	■	■	N	I	N	E	R	■	E	M	U	■	T	O	N	■	■	■
W	E	I	D	L	E	R	■	■	L	A	N	G	■	L	O	R	R	E
E	R	R	O	L	■	■						A	R	A	B	I	A	N
T	R	E	E	■	T	O						B	E	N	■	D	Y	E
■	■	■	S	H	E	A						L	E	D	A	■	■	■
D	E	E	■	A	R	K						E	D	■	L	O	W	E
A	L	B	E	R	N	I						■	■	A	L	L	E	N
B	L	O	O	D	■	E	D	G	E	■	■	H	A	Y	W	A	R	D
■	■	■	N	Y	E	■	O	R	B	■	N	O	S	E	Y	■	■	■
R	O	S	S	■	R	A	N	A	S	■	O	N	E	■	N	E	S	T
A	L	P	■	I	A	N	■	H	E	R	B	E	R	T	■	S	T	Y
I	S	A	A	C	■	I	N	A	N	E	L	Y	■	R	O	T	O	R
N	E	R	V	E	■	T	O	M	■	N	E	E	■	I	R	E	N	E
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RUN-R-STOP

When Prima Donnas Meet!

(*Continued from page 37*)

difference, more than Lily looking pale, Grace, glowing with buoyant health.

"How do you work so hard?" I asked.

"We are strong," said Grace.

"But not strong enough," added Lily, who is a simple person, and despite her exquisite clothes, remains the thrifty well-disciplined French woman, intensely in earnest, taking everything seriously. I don't think she has had much fun.

Grace Moore gives the impression of knowing her way around and wanting you to know that she knows.

"I have had a grand time." She drawls the words, flaunts them. "Nobody can say I haven't lived! I could have got further, but I like to enjoy myself. And I'm not sorry."

She is on the defensive, this Grace Moore. Wary, quick thinking, there is little restful about her. She commands attention with the same knowing competence in which she pulled up her chair and took charge of our conversation. The parry of words is her stimulant. Under her armor of "my dears," of villas, of general braggadocio grows an honest lustiness. For this, she is likeable.

She smiled at Lily. "Our paths have always crossed," she said. "When I arrived in France to sing 'Boheme,' I was the artist receiving the fuss and ovations. Lily had just sung her first role in 'Lakme.'"

"She was the star," said Lily. "I was the debutante."

"Then, to show you what this business is," went on Grace, "one year later, Lily, the great French star, made her sensational debut at the Metropolitan."

"But we did not meet then," said Lily. "We met in 1931, when we both sang in 'Tales of 'offman.' I was the doll; Grace, the courtesan."

Miss Moore, trying a bit of Spanish on our cameraman, neglected to catch this remark.

"But tell me, Lily, how *are* you?" she asked, again concentrating on us.

"I have cold. Seven months I go without cold, now before I sing I get cold. I think it is hay fever."

"Hay fever!" laughed Grace. "How could you get hay fever?"

"From the air," said Lily.

"G'wan," said Grace, good-naturedly dropping her diction. "G'wan, Lily, it must be love."

AS if this were her cue, Grace Moore, up on all stock interview phrases, spoke her piece.

"I started romance at the Metropolitan," she said. "Until then nobody thought a prima donna could be happily married." Here she stopped to scream at the busy photographer. "Don't you print that picture! Tear it right up!"

Lily Pons, encouraged, asked him not to take her profile.

"Oh, you can take my profile," said Grace sweetly. Then back to love and to the marriage she so proudly wears.

"Everyone said I wouldn't make a go of it. I proved they were wrong. The other girls followed my example. Gladys Swarthout, now . . . Lily. I do not know whether *she* is married or not, but look what romance did for her!"

"Until a year and a half ago I was always alone," admitted Lily Pons. "When you are alone, you are lost. I sing, I go

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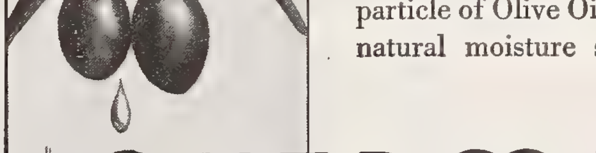

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home, I sleep. What good?"

"A woman must give love in order to get it back," volunteered Grace. "No career is worth loneliness. When I look around at the old stars, with their money gone, and nobody to care about them, I shudder. Was it Henry James or Barrie who said, 'I'm living my life now so I can have roses in my garden in December?' That's the way I feel."

"Her husband is charming man," said Lily.

"So is Andre Kostelanetz," returned Grace, complimenting Lily's suitor.

There was a deadlock.

I broke it by suggesting they question each other.

Grace started with, "Is it really true that you're going to retire in five years?"

"Yes, I quit, I mean it. I work and work, for what . . . for *in*-come tax! Better do four operas a year and not so much *in*-come tax!"

ANOTHER cue for Grace. "I was only saying to Beatrice Lillie last night, we don't seem to have fun any more. All we do is work for security." This failed to jibe with Miss Moore's previous line about living her life, but it fitted the moment.

She said rich people no longer cared about security because nothing, in these days, is certain, when Lily piped up with, "I have house in Connecticut. I build swimming pool. I go three days week. It is my health. I tell you, Grace, I am country woman."

Grace chuckled. "Have you chickens, Lily?"

"No . . . but I have deer."

"I'm country-minded, too. I'm importing chickens from France. Before leaving the coast I planted one hundred-and-forty-three grapevines on my California place. Besides, I have that villa at Cannes, and I'm buying houses in Italy, England, Germany—all over. My pictures play on a percentage basis; I can't take money out of those countries, so I buy property."

"I take vacation," announced Miss Pons. "This summer I just do once week radio program."

"I'm taking a *real* vacation," said Miss Moore. "We've bought a yacht."

"Do you go to see each other's pictures?" I asked.

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Lily. "Grace, I see 'When You're in Love' in Ottawa before my concert."

"What did you like best?" I asked.

Lily Pons did not hesitate. Bouncing in her chair she shouted, "'De Minnie De Moocher!'"

"That was the hardest thing I ever did," said Grace. "I was okay in my dressing room, but it was awful when I had to wriggle before all those people."

"And the sound track," added Lily. "The sound track, she make me jitters."

"Lily sang 'Minnie the Moocher,'" said Grace, "four years ago at a benefit with Helen Jepson and Gladys Swarthout."

"In pictures I am afraid," said Lily "Minnie, she not my style."

"What do you mean!" A determined note crept into Grace Moore's voice. "Your studio tried to buy it for you two years ago, but mine got it first!"

There was an awkward silence, graciously broken by Miss Moore who praised Lily's singing of "The Beautiful Blue Danube."

"I think there is a place for opera on the screen," she said, off to another stock start. "'Love Me Tonight' started a cycle. It took the high-hat off opera."

"You cannot put a whole opera into pictures," declared Lily.

"I disagree with you," said Grace.

"But," argued Lily, "all women I sing are *cra*-zy women. Lucia, she *cra*-zy, everyone she *cra*-zy!"

"Isn't she cute!" Grace Moore laughed appreciatively. "Lily's right. Her roles are different because she is a coloratura. However, I could do 'Louise.' Incidentally, my next picture will bring Wagner to the screen for the first time—'Lohengrin' and Elizabeth from 'Tannhaueser.' I'm going to Vienna to study for it. The story is from the novel, 'Of Lena Geyer.'"

"Mine is 'Kiki'," said Lily. "They have trouble with the writers."

"I want to ask Lily a question," said Grace, "but I don't want you to hear it."

SHE whispered into Lily's ear. Lily whispered back. When Grace heard the answer she uttered something in French. I did some rapid translating and made out the words, "I thought so." Thus, to my way of guessing, Miss Pons may be married to Andre Kostelanetz after all.

This terminated our meeting. On the way downstairs Lily told us she was leaving to do some singing in "Mees-ees-zepp-i."

"Don't come back with a southern accent," teased Grace, whose car was the first to drive in front of the door.

"I have a Nash," she explained. "I sing for them."

Lily, walking toward her car, remarked timidly, "I have a little Pack-urd."

"But they *gave* me mine!" sang out Miss Moore.

I watched them drive off into the distance.

Rushing to telephone the editor, I sighed with pride and relief at my achievement in bringing two famous prima donnas together. But, apparently, there is no rest for a weary reporter. All the editor said was, "Too bad you didn't get Gladys Swarthout in on it, too!"

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A smart tuckaway size for 10c in the ten-cent stores.

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FINE PERFUMES FOR HALF A CENTURY

FAOEN

Information Desk

(*Continued from page 21*)

now a Roman legionnaire—his riding won him a lead in a Western two-reeler. A short while later, his work in "Wings" raised him to star status. For the next two years, Gary was the busiest man in Hollywood. Dividing his time between courting Mexican Lupe Velez and seventeen pictures for Paramount, he found himself on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

Once again folks tried talking sense to him. What he needed was a good rest, and all that sort of thing. So Gary left on a six months' hunting safari through the African jungle, just missed getting gored by a rhino, and came back feeling fit as a fiddle. What he forgot was that Hollywood was as fine a hunting ground as the African jungle. Between Veronica Balfe, a young "huntress" from Park Avenue and a little fella called Cupid, Gary was snared. He proposed, and, of course, the lady accepted. Gary will be seen soon in "Souls at Sea," with George Raft and Frances Dee.

MILDRED KORMAN, Yonkers, New York: You bet following our Barometer is every bit as fascinating as horse-racing! In fact, from what I hear, a good many people are betting on the results. Frankly, I'd like to discourage the practice. Too much of a chance. You can't tell from one month to the next what a star's position will be. For instance, look how close to the top Flynn is in this issue. Well, from the way the requests have come in so far, it looks like Tyrone Power, sprinting up from fourth place, is going to weasel in ahead of Errol in the August Barometer. And little Deanna Durbin—but you'd better stop me. I can talk all night about this Barometer business. Besides, if you want the monthly lowdown on who the first ten are, as well as a few predictions concerning future issues' ratings, just write in. I'll keep you, or anyone else interested, posted free of charge for the next six months.

DICK POWELL (Last printed November, 1936. Total number of requests since then 414.) All a practiced biographer wants is a very few clues about a man—trifles like wavy hair, a melodious voice, roguish eyes, a boyish smile — they do the trick. He'll reconstruct you a life story with no more evidence than that. That there will be lots of admiring girls is a safe bet, says he; plenty of trouble, too; and money, easy money; and no end of chances to go wrong.

Take Dick Powell. Girls? Oh, yes, they were crazy about him, and he loved it. Used to sing to them. One little girl (couldn't have been more than fifteen, 'cause Dick was only sixteen himself) told him he had just about the swellest voice she'd heard. That gave Dick big ideas. Money ideas. He got himself three jobs all at once. Sundays, he sang in the Presbyterian Church. Wednesdays he was a Scottish Rites-man. And every Friday night he donned a prayer shawl and did some heavy chanting in the Little Rock, Arkansas, Synagogue.

Dick was alternately a studious boy and a prankster. In grammar school he became a member of that august body known as the P. I. E. (perfect in everything). However, he ended his education in high school, or rather the school ended it for him. He and a group of his buddies "borrowed" a car to ride in an Armistice Day parade, and prankster Powell was summarily dismissed.

"Aha," says your biographer, "trouble! What did I tell you?" But Dick didn't know what trouble was until, some four years later, he met Mildred Maund. She was attending a P. I. E. dance, a strange girl from the South, and she swept him off his feet. Ignoring the fact that she had come with another escort, Dick took her home. He showed himself so perfect in everything that three months later Mildred eloped with him. At the time, Dick had a good job with the telephone company. But a sixty-dollar-a-week offer from one of the country's better orchestras stifled his ambitions along that line. Opportunities thrust themselves upon Dick after that initial break. At the end of little more than a year, he was commanding a salary of $450 a week as master of ceremonies at one of Pittsburg's largest theatres.

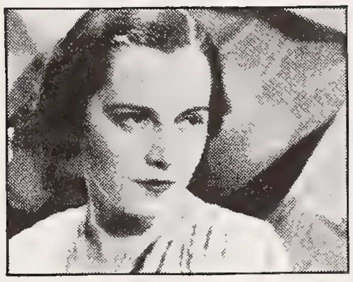
But ol' man trouble still had his number. Life for Dick had become synonymous with business, and his frail little wife from the South languished from inattention. The couple split up shortly before Dick was called out to Hollywood to take a tenor role in "Blessed Event." That was in 1932. Once again the biographer's guess comes true. Dick had gone wrong. But there's a rock foundation of good sense in Dick's make-up. He doesn't go wrong twice. Hollywood love affairs passed him lightly by, until he was sure he had found the real thing. His marriage to Joan Blondell is no kid marriage. It will last. His latest picture is "Singing Marine."

NANCY SQUIER, Chicago, Illinois: Whaddaya mean, Joe Brown doesn't like parties? As a matter of fact he's nuts about them—especially costume parties. A short time ago, he attended four in a single week.

ANTHONY MARTIN (First printing; total number of requests 412.) It happened one

THE BOYS THINK IT'S A PANIC! ANN NEVER HAD HER POWDER PUFF OUT OF HER HAND AT THE DANCE
HER SKIN'S SO SCRATCHY THAT'S WHY... SHE OUGHT TO TRY POND'S VANISHING CREAM. IT MELTS SKIN SMOOTH

SKIN SMOOTH... THEN POWDER CLINGS



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IT DRIVES a girl nearly frantic when powder won't go on smooth—won't *stay* on! No worries like this if you use Pond's Vanishing Cream! "A *keratolytic* cream (Vanishing Cream) has the ability to melt away dried-out, dead surface cells," a famous dermatologist says. "New cells come into view —smooth and soft. The skin takes on a fresh, softened appearance instantly."

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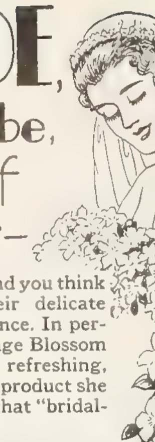

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night at the Trocadero. Dixie Dunbar had just finished her act. To the unbelievably rapid rhythms of Fats Waller's jazz piano, Tony Martin's heart kept time. He was about to do his first vocal solo, and Darryl Zanuck, puffing at one of his everlasting cigars, was in the audience. When Tony broke into the opening bars of "You Hit the Spot," Darryl put his cigar down, let it burn out. After the show, he went back to see Tony—and that was that. A few months later he made a hit in "Sing, Baby Sing."

Sounds ridiculously easy, but back of that evening's success story is a long tale of devotion to music. Tony's a California boy, born in Oakland, on a Christmas day. As far back as he can remember Tony has had musical aspirations. The band he organized in high school was so much in demand in 'Frisco theatres, that his mother began to wonder how Tony could be passing his studies. When she discovered he wasn't, she saw to it that the band was disbanded.

But "music wherever he goes" remained the Martin motto. It proved a most painful motto to the pious brothers at St. Mary's College. When they caught Tony jazzing up some of the hymns on the chapel organ, the good brothers agreed that Tony was carrying his musical devotions to excess and asked him to leave. To make up for the fact that he had left his four years in college incomplete, his life story now ran in cycles of four years. Four years after leaving St. Mary's he was given an M-G-M contract. For a time he remained on their payroll, but was given no roles. And then, after another four-year period, RKO signed him. This studio was every bit as blind as M-G-M. Tony was stalled with promises, but in six months not a single part was found for him. He got a release from his contract and was probably looking forward to another four years' Odyssey as band leader and singing troubadour, when that amazing Zanuck chap caught up with him.

At present writing Tony is unmarried. Whether his lovely sweetheart, Alice Faye, will let him suffer on much longer in that unblessed state is one of Hollywood's burning questions. "Sing and Be Happy" is his latest picture.

Between You 'n' Me

(Continued from page 23)

Charlie Chaplin, Jackie Coogan, Rudolph Valentino, Mary Pickford, and other oldtimers.

I have heard of these stars all my life and would enjoy seeing some of their pictures. Is there any good reason their old films cannot be shown in local theatres? I am sure an occasional silent would be appreciated.

I know there are a number of people my age who would enjoy seeing these players and I am sure there are many older people who would love to see once again such pictures as "The Sheik," "The Kid," "The Four Horsemen," "Beau Geste," etc.—Adele Fisher, Normal, Ill.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Justice for Small Towners

Do we, the people of the small town, get justice? I am speaking of the number of poor pictures we have to put up with. If the picture rated only one star in the leading magazine critics' polls, it is sure to be shown to us very shortly after it is released. But, behold, if it is a grand film, we may see it six months afterward. By that time the film is so blemished and worn and has been patched so much that it has lost all of its charm. We realize

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it costs more to rent the best pictures, especially while they are "new." Why couldn't the managers compromise and give us good shows that are between the poorest and the best? These could be purchased for about the same price that they pay for a six-months-old de luxe picture.—James T. Berryman, Orange, Va.

$1.00 Prize Letter
A 13-Year-Old Speaks Up

We children of adolescent age aren't often heard from, but, after all, we have our ideas about motion pictures, too. We're not so young that the only thing we enjoy is a picture in which a child actor or actress is starred; often that type doesn't even win our favor one hundred per cent.

I want to say in behalf of myself, and I'm sure many other children between the ages of twelve to fifteen everywhere, that Deanna Durbin, for one, deserves orchids and orchids and orchids.

Besides having a golden voice that just thrills you right down to your toes, she's a great actress and rates above Garbo any day. Her role in "Three Smart Girls" was a good one to begin with, but the way she played it made it simply superb.

She isn't a goody-goody girl like Shirley Temple, nor a brat like Jane Withers. She's just—just Deanna Durbin and I predict a great future for her as far as we kids are concerned.—Betty Hindman, Springfield, Mo.

Who's America's Screen Idol, Movie Lover, Boy Friend, or what-have-you—Robert Taylor or Tyrone Power? The following letters seem to indicate that gals the country over have had a change of heart in recent months as to who is King? Your fellow fans and Between You 'n' Me would like to know how these two stars rate with YOU.—The Editor.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Blushingly Yours—

Why not give the Bob Taylor fans a break? Now, for instance, in that scene in "Personal Property" where the thrilling heart throb of millions of American women sat serenely in the bath tub. Just think how much nicer it would have been if Bob could have been taking a shower with that handsome head thrust out of the top of the curtains and his shapely (I hope) legs peeking at us from underneath.

I held my breath hoping he would show his legs at sometime or other, but, alas, he did not. I would like to know just why we are deprived of seeing these two very important features. Maybe it is for the best, though, as they might not be so perfect as he, and I never could love a man with bowed legs. I lost interest in Warren William after seeing him running around in a pair of shorts, and maybe it would be that way with Bob.

I will still continue to see all the Taylor pictures, hoping some day to see him in trunks.—Billie Leer, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Taylor, Beware!

Robert Taylor had better look to his laurels. A certain 20th Century-Fox actor is knocking on the gateway to a million feminine hearts which Taylor couldn't even get within speaking distance of. This actor has a certain boyish quality that stands out. He's good-looking enough to send women home dreaming about him, but he's not good-looking to the point of

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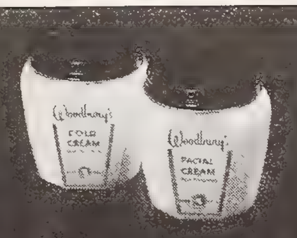

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being beautiful.

I have been taking a private census lately for my own amusement, and out of nearly twenty girls I found only two who like Taylor better than this new rave. Four have never seen this new star and have other favorites. Nine prefer him to all others, even Taylor. His name is Tyrone Power.—Donna Mae Wirth, Portland, Oregon.

Ga-Ga Over Tyrone

Nowadays girls are always sighing and saying, "Oh, Robert Taylor, isn't he handsome or isn't he just too cute for words?" Bosh—I just cannot stand him. Does he have any acting ability, or roles in his pictures that would dirty up his pretty face? No! Can he make a speech in a film that will startle you beyond words? No!

Ah, but there is a young actor who has acting ability and personality with a capital P. He is not conceited and doesn't think all the girls are ga-ga over him. He sent shivers down my spine in his magnificent speech in "Lloyds of London." Please let's have more of Power and give our playboy, Taylor, a rest.—Sylvia Shaw, Dayton, Ohio.

Poor Bob!

I've heard so many people rave about filmland's latest idol, Robert Taylor, that I felt compelled to venture my own humble opinion on this feminine heart throbber. Personally, I think he resembles a goo-goo eyed, washed-out mama's boy. I can't decide whether it's his too divine toothy smile or his immaculately groomed coiffure which has captivated so many gals' hearts. But whatever it is, I'll take vanilla. I hope I'm not too harsh on the poor guy.—Hortense Cupo, S. I., N. Y.

Reviews

(*Continued from page 19*)

★★★ Cafe Metropole

If you're in the mood for a slightly mad jamboree, then this is your dish. Your dish, so to speak, is concocted mainly of satire, but it's whipped up in a manner that won't strain your mentality, just in case you had a hard day at the office.

Loretta Young is the daughter of a wealthy American manufacturer, and Tyrone Power is a young gent from these shores who finds himself the author of a bad check for a gambling debt, owed to Victor, major-domo of the Café Metropole. To pay the debt, young Mr. Power, under Victor's direction, assumes the rôle of a Russian prince whose sole duty is to marry Miss Young and collect from papa. You know what happens, but everything is done in a fine comedy vein, and the thing winds up happily for everyone, including the audience.

Both Tyrone and Loretta turn in excellent performances, and there is an equally deft portrayal by Adolphe Menjou, as Victor. Gregory Ratoff is swell as an indignant waiter, and Charlie Winninger and Helen Westley add splendid comedy. Directed by E. H. Griffith.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★ The Hit Parade

An ambitious effort in the screen musical field, this emerges, due to a faulty story, as no better than ordinary entertainment. Its main assets are the presence of Frances Langford and Phil Regan, both first-class vocalists, and Duke Ellington, who lifts the proceedings to a high point of enjoyment whenever he and his orchestra ap-

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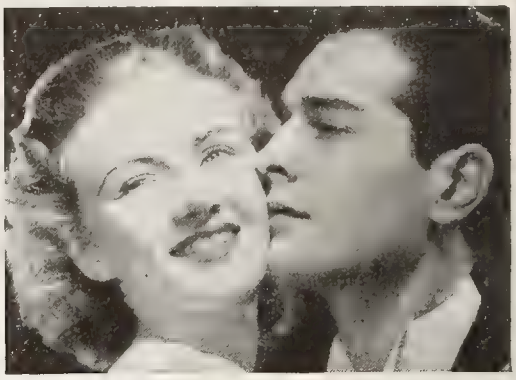

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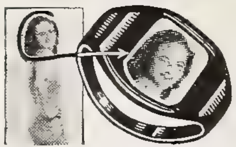

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pear on the screen.

As for the story, it's one of those things about a Park Avenue chanteuse who deserts her Broadway-trained agent for someone on her own level. The broken-hearted agent scouts around for a new singer and finds Frances Langford, whom he skyrockets to radio fame in spite of her prison record, which is revealed, of course, by the mean gal from the social register.

Phil Regan is a handsome and capable hero as the agent, and Miss Langford, photographed to advantage in most of the unreeling, lends her excellent chanting to several good numbers.

★★ Top of the Town

This musical is terrific, colossal, stupendous and not very amusing. Its sets are amazing combinations of chromium, cellophane and imagination. Their very size tends to dwarf the entertainment offered in front of them. In one scene, a huge mirrored floor makes it impossible to see the dancing feet of George Murphy and little Peggy Ryan, which is a pity, for both Mr. Murphy and Miss Ryan are experts. The picture consists of a series of good vaudeville acts without a plausible story to bind them together.

Doris Nolan, as a batty heiress, shows promise of a fine screen future, and George Murphy, who is an excellent dancer, gets the break he should have had long ago. The best breaks, however, are handed to Ella Logan and Gertrude Niesen. Miss Logan can sing and dance and has a swell sense of comedy. Miss Niesen, treated kindly by the camera, registers well in her song numbers. Hugh Herbert, given too much to do, overdoes it. The Three Sailors come through with several good routines. Eleven-year-old Peggy Ryan does a neat impersonation of Eleanor Powell, and Henry Armetta is splendid in a burlesque of a symphony orchestra conductor. Directed by Ralph Murphy.—*Universal.*

★★ The Woman I Love

Almost throttled by an obviously old-fashioned and routine story, this falls short of the splendid drama it might have been. It is difficult to understand why a studio will borrow two such expensive and expert players as Paul Muni and Miriam Hopkins and put them into such threadbare surroundings.

Played against a background of the World War, "The Woman I Love" is a story of two men who love one woman. Miriam Hopkins, as the woman, is the central character. Wife of a lieutenant (Paul Muni) in the French Escadrille, she meets and falls in love with a young officer in Paris. When the young man goes to the front he is detailed to the squadron of the gal's husband. The two become fast friends and tell each other about the woman they love, not knowing they're speaking of the same young lady. The inevitable denouement arrives, according to schedule, but it will be no surprise to seasoned picturegoers. The film's assets, besides some fine air sequences, are splendid performances by Miss Hopkins, Mr. Muni and Louis Hayward in the principal roles. In the supporting cast, there is an admirable portrayal of Hayward's young brother by Wally Albright. Others outstanding are Colin Clive and Adrian Morris. Directed by Anatole Litvak.—*R.K.O.-Radio.*

★★ Let Them Live

Here is an exciting and well-made screen drama which contains a full measure of good performances despite the fact that the cast boasts no "names." Universal has

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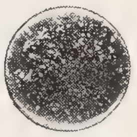

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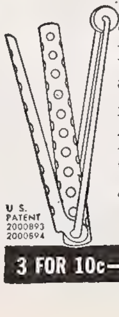

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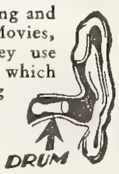

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banded together a highly competent group of young people, and together with the veteran Edward Ellis, they turn in a brace of fine portrayals which help make this good entertainment for all audiences. Story revolves about a young interne in a big city hospital. The city is run by corrupt politicians who grab what they can while the poorer classes suffer in pestilence-ridden slums. Into the young doctor's campaign to free the city from its grip of vice is woven a number of highly dramatic sequences which carry the story on its way swiftly and with considerable punch.

John Howard is admirable as the young doctor, adding another good performance to his growing list. Robert Wilcox, a newcomer, is fine as a fellow interne. This young man has a definite screen future. Edward Ellis is an excellent political boss. Nan Grey and Judith Barrett are more than competent in the romance department. Directed by Harold Young.—*Universal.*

★★ Think Fast, Mr. Moto

If you don't find Mr. Moto one of the most fascinating gentlemen you've met up with in celluloid in sometime, then we're—well, surprised and even disappointed. For Mr. Moto is to the Japanese what Mr. Chan is to the Chinese—a charming example of the race and a crack sleuth. Peter Lorre is a happy choice for this character and makes enough of the role so that you will no doubt be looking for his future adventures. The plot gives Mr. Moto plenty of reason for thinking fast, between straightening out smugglers, spies, murderers and a couple of young people who are madly in love but badly in need of advice. On board a giant steamer, all these intrigues are given a background which helps to build up excitement and suspense. Sig Rumann as the chief meanie and John Rogers and Murray Kinnell as assistant meanies do a good job of it, while Virginia Field and Thomas Beck satisfactorily, if not brilliantly, provide the romantic interest. Directed by Norman Foster.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★ Good Old Soak

Here we have that familiar small-town character, Clem Hawley, played by Wally Beery, who, though saturated with home-brew, still retains an untarnished heart of gold. It is a role well-suited to Wallace Beery, who plays it for every laugh and tear that could be squeezed out of it. A harmless, good-natured souse, he's a constant source of exasperation to his wife, Janet Beecher, and his children, Betty Furness and Eric Linden. Everybody in town agrees that Clem is utterly worthless, but that there's something about the guy you can't help liking. And Clem finally comes crashing through with an heroic gesture which saves his son from prison, his wife from dying of disgrace and his daughter's heart from breaking. It's a fine, melodramatic climax that should wring even the toughest heart.—*M-G-M.*

★★ Pick a Star

Even the appearance of Laurel and Hardy, Patsy Kelly, Jack Haley (he has a streamlined singing voice), Mischa Auer, plus other dependables, does not make it the swiftly-moving, smartly-paced musical that it should be. The fault seems to lie in the plot and its treatment. The whole thing is a hokum view of Hollywood's oft-told tale: the quest for fame.

Pat Kelly's sister, beauteous Rosina Lawrence, has film aspirations. She wins a phoney contest in her native Kansas, the promoter runs off with the money, which sends her garage-man admirer (Jack

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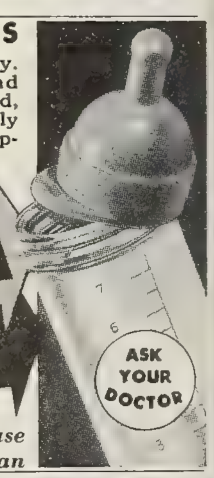

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Haley) rushing to Hollywood to make her happy by snagging a film contract for her. Unsuccessful, he becomes a bus boy at a popular cinema night spot, hoping to contact a movie producer. Chance gives Patsy and her sister an opportunity to fly to Hollywood. It also serves to introduce Mischa Auer, playing a "ham" film Lothario and roasting the part to a delectable brown. Auer's work in the film is outstanding, although Laurel and Hardy, and the Kellys, add their hilarious moments, too. If you like slapstick overtones, you will probably like this.—*Hal Roach.*

★ Another Dawn

This opus is very brave, very British, and very dull. They've taken the age-old story of a woman torn between two men, one of whom is her husband, and they've neglected to give it a modern dress which might have covered its old and feeble bones. Story centers around one of those British army outposts at Dykat—good old Dykat—whose commandant, Ian Hunter, returns from a London furlough with a bride. The bride is Kay Francis, and she doesn't love her husband. She merely respects him, although she was decent enough to let him in on her feelings. There is, of course, the inevitable handsome young captain at the post. Errol Flynn is the dashing young man in the beautiful uniform, and Miss Francis immediately falls in love with him. From that moment on, the story drags along, while audiences sit back knowing that in the end Ian Hunter will follow the customary procedure and walk out of the picture, leaving the two lovers practically alone in the theatre.

Miss Francis manages to be quite effective in spite of her stilted dialogue and a couple of gowns in which she must have felt pretty silly. Ian Hunter is his usual capable self as the husband, and Errol Flynn is decorative as the young officer. Frieda Inescort is given nothing worthy of her talents. Directed by William Dieterle.—*Warner Bros.*

★★ As Good As Married

When a wealthy architect discovers he can save considerable money on his income tax by the simple process of getting married, he dictates a proposal to his secretary. The young lady accepts the business proposition, and the story gets under way. You know, of course, that the young lady has been in love with the handsome architect for some time, just as you know that eventually their strictly business arrangement will turn into romance. In spite of its rather obvious theme, this is amusing and entertaining mainly because it has been handled with a light touch and a sense of humor.

John Boles portrays the architect in an easy, gracious manner and shows improvement in his acting ability. Doris Nolan, while not at her best in light comedy, is attractive and completely believable as the secretary. Walter Pidgeon is excellent as a young man in love with Miss Nolan, and Tala Birell leers her way through the role of the villainess. Esther Ralston, looking young and beautiful, lends an expert touch to a role which should have been much bigger. Directed by Eddie Buzzell. —*Universal.*

★★ Dance, Charlie, Dance

This is the old George S. Kaufman play, "The Butter and Egg Man," slightly revised for screen purposes. With Stuart Erwin and Jean Muir in the leads, and the familiar Warner Brothers set of comedians in supporting roles, it is a light, wisecracking comedy which should please audiences who don't demand too much subtlety in their screen entertainment.

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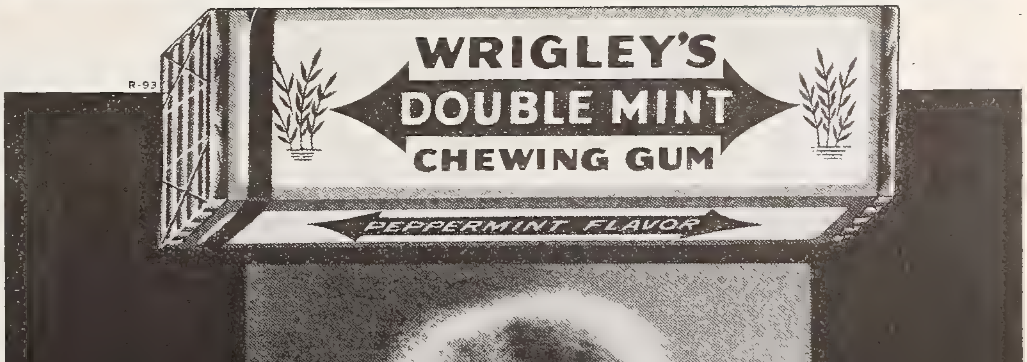

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way agents (Allen Jenkins and Charlie Foy), who have an alleged musical comedy on their hands and no money with which to produce it. A small-town gent with theatrical leanings (Stuart Erwin) takes over the show, and when "Dance, Charlie, Dance" emerges on Broadway, it's so bad it's an instant hit. Best performance in the picture is Stuart Erwin's portrayal of the ambitious young man from Athens, Illinois. Directed by Frank McDonald—*Warners.*

★★★ Make Way for Tomorrow

When Barkley and Lucy Cooper, after fifty years of married life, realize their home is about to be taken away from them, they call in their children and ask for help. The children, most of them married and with homes of their own, are no longer interested in the old people's problems, but after considerable wrangling they parcel their parents out—their father to one home and their mother to another. The two old people, after their years together, find a tragic unhappiness in their new life and in the realization that the years they sacrificed for their children were spent in vain.

That's the story, and it's told with such depth and feeling that most audiences will leave the theatre weeping. Its power lies in the fact that it is drawn from life itself, an honest portrait of many a family whose parents have grown too old. Victor Moore and Beulah Bondi make the old couple a tragic and lovable pair. Thomas Mitchell and Fay Bainter are outstanding as a son and daughter-in-law, and Barbara Read is splendid as a modern granddaughter. Directed by Leo McCarey.—*Paramount.*

★★ Internes Can't Take Money

You won't want to miss this one, for the story is interesting from first to last; it is well cast, and the players give admirable accounts of themselves. In the leading roles are Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea, while the supporting players include Lloyd Nolan, Stanley Ridges, Lee Bowman, Barry Macollum and Nick Lucats.

McCrea is the young interne who has to turn down Gangster Nolan's thousand dollars in payment for an operation, since it is against the rules of the hospital to accept money. This is made doubly hard since Barbara Stanwyck, the girl Joel loves, needs just that amount so badly. Finally she resorts to stealing it from Nolan. The Stanwyck predicament is due to the fact that the underworld will only give her information C.O.D. concerning the whereabouts of her child. And thereby hangs the tale, for the aim of Barbara's existence, since serving a prison term, is to locate her missing child. Stanley Ridges, a big-shot racketeer, offers to lead her directly to the child for a thousand dollars—or else. It looks as if the latter were inevitable, and Barbara is just ready to take off with Ridges when one of the most dramatic rescues in celluloid is staged. Directed by Alfred Santell.—*Paramount.*

★★ Fifty Roads to Town

This is a delightful hour and a half in any theatre. It's one of those surprise pictures; you go in expecting an ordinary little comedy romance and discover you're witnessing a really hilarious piece of screen entertainment. The plot is one of those things you wouldn't believe if we told it to you, so we'll steer clear of it. You ought to know, however, that it co-stars Don Ameche and Ann Sothern, and that these two young people are a romantic team who should be seen together often. Mr. Ameche is a young man who thinks he's being frantically pursued by a process server, and Miss Sothern is convinced that Mr. Ameche is a gangster. Directed by Norman Taurog.—*20th Century-Fox.*

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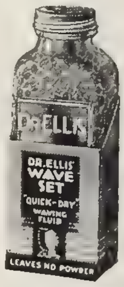

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Good News

(Continued from page 68)

Luise Rainer is the biggest problem yet to confront the studio prop men. It seems that Miss R. has an appetite that would put a whale's to shame and that even cardboard cookies have been known to disappear on a Rainer set. In a scene from "The Emperor's Candlesticks" the other day, the cameras were grinding away as the dignified butler passed a tray of hors-d'oeuvres to Luise and then to Bill Powell. Bill groped all over the tray, then cocked that famous eyebrow at his leading lady. "Certainly strange, isn't it?" agreed Luise, turning on one of those melting glances that win Academy Awards and irate directors.

* * *

Kay Francis is becoming pretty difficult these days, it seems. She's practically impossible to interview, and then when lined up refuses to talk on anything to do with her private life or personal views. "If I'm married," she snapped at an interviewer the other day, "that's my business, and I can't see how it could concern anyone else." Well, our guess is that it might concern Delmer Daves.

* * *

Joan Blondell had her small son, Norman Barnes, Jr., on the set the other day. He was riding a kiddie-kar made by Dick Powell and proudly announced that when he grew up he was going to be just like his daddy. "I'm going to be a carpenter," he said firmly. Norman has evidently overlooked the fact that Papa is a movie star of sorts.

* * *

Who Done It? Dept.: What well-known star, estranged from his wife, recently phoned her at her home and requested her not to divorce him? It isn't because he wants to go back to the wife—he's afraid if she divorces him he'll soon have a brand-new wife on his hands, and he's enjoying himself too much now in his married-but-single bliss.

* * *

Just heard that the real reason for Connie Bennett's change of tactics on the "Topper" set was a threatened spanking. When Connie came to work on the picture she approached Director Norman McLeod. "I guess you know my reputation," she said. "What are you going to do about it if I'm temperamental on this picture?" "I'll take you across my knee and paddle you," announced McLeod. "Okay," said La Bennett, "it's a date." And the word is that the Bennett posterior received nary a whack.

* * *

Out on the "New Faces of 1937" set, the comedians aren't having much fun. The reason being that Parkyakarkus doesn't like Milton Berle, Milton Berle doesn't like Parkyakarkus, Joe Penner doesn't like Milton and Milton isn't crazy about Joe. Parkyakarkus and Joe feel that they really shouldn't care for each other under the circumstances, but can't get over a sneaking liking for each other that they've had for some fifteen years.

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LARGER SIZES FOR ECONOMY

Don Ameche and his leadin' lady, Honore, step out a the Grove, too. Mrs. A.'s pretty enough to be his reel partner, but she'd rather play Mother to their two young heirs.

After deserting his screen fans for ages, Douglass Montgomery is back in the limelight, comforting Anne Shirley and her slightly bruised knee.

Bob Young and Missus sample the food at the Cocoanut Grove. Bob is Devoted Husband No. 1.

It's just recently that Ella Logan is beginning to look like a Promising Movie Star, as far as her wardrobe goes. For Ella wore the same suit every day for a month after arriving in town. Reason was that while in Chicago she had just accepted an offer to sing in a Florida night club, checked her trunks on the train, and was all ready to pull out when a wire came from movie moguls offering her a job here. Ella boarded a plane and headed west, while her wardrobe sped due south. Frantic wires after Ella finally collected herself were to no avail. The baggage had been mislaid, and it represented two thousand dollars worth of raiment that Ella had saved for years to buy. The day the studio signed her to a long-term contract with a fancy salary, the trunks arrived in all their pristine glory.

* * *

Marlene Dietrich's new dressing room is the last word in swank. All the walls and the ceiling are lined with mirrors; the furniture is white and silver, and the rugs white bear-skin. But despite all the grandeur, the lovely lady is unable to enjoy lunch in her fancy surroundings. It seems the food reflected in all those mirrors gives her indigestion.

* * *

Jackie Cooper and Judy Garland are at the hand-holding-at-soda-fountain stage. Which accounts for the completely dejected look on the freckled countenance of Mickey Rooney. But Mickey pulled a fast one at the studio commissary the other day. Jackie and Judy were interrupted in their soulful gazes at each other over malted milks when Mickey passed the table and yelled, "Hi, you kids!" On his arm was Sophie Tucker.

* * *

Here's one for the Crosby fans. In Hong Kong they have just released "Rhythm on the Range." The reason for the delay is that the Chinese theatre managers aren't so dumb. They waited until the festive season when the Sacred Cow is highly regarded by the people. Then great signs went up on the principal theatre, announcing the picture, "Starring prize Hollywood bull with Bing Crosby."

* * *

The cast of "I Met Him in Paris" claims that Hollywood has it all over Idaho, where the company was on location for winter sports. We watched Claudette Colbert and Robert Young out on the movie lot having a fine time on a sleigh-ride. A platform was mounted on rubber wheels and on this Claudette and Bob were merrily bouncing up and down, while Bob cracked a couple of reins over some non-existent horses. And from behind the camera, several prop men pelted the pair with great gobs of studio "snow," supposedly kicked up from the horses' hoofs. It all seemed like fun.

* * *

Francis Lederer arrived in town first, for his role in "Cape of Good Hope." It was just a matter of days until Margo planed in to start in a new film over on a rival lot. Asked about all those rumors concerning romance, Mr. L. just shakes his head and sighs, "Ah, if they were but true." You'd think that would get the gal, if nothing else could.

* * *

Habitues of the Brown Derby's Bamboo Room usually notice a certain chap who parks himself at the end of the bar every evening. The mysterious guy, it turns out, owns a health club, but he does all his business in the Bamboo Room. Which is why, on occasion, this or that actor wakes up of a fine morning and discovers he has purchased a full-fledged membership in the health club. Our friend won't be happy until he makes Hollywood the healthiest little community in the country.

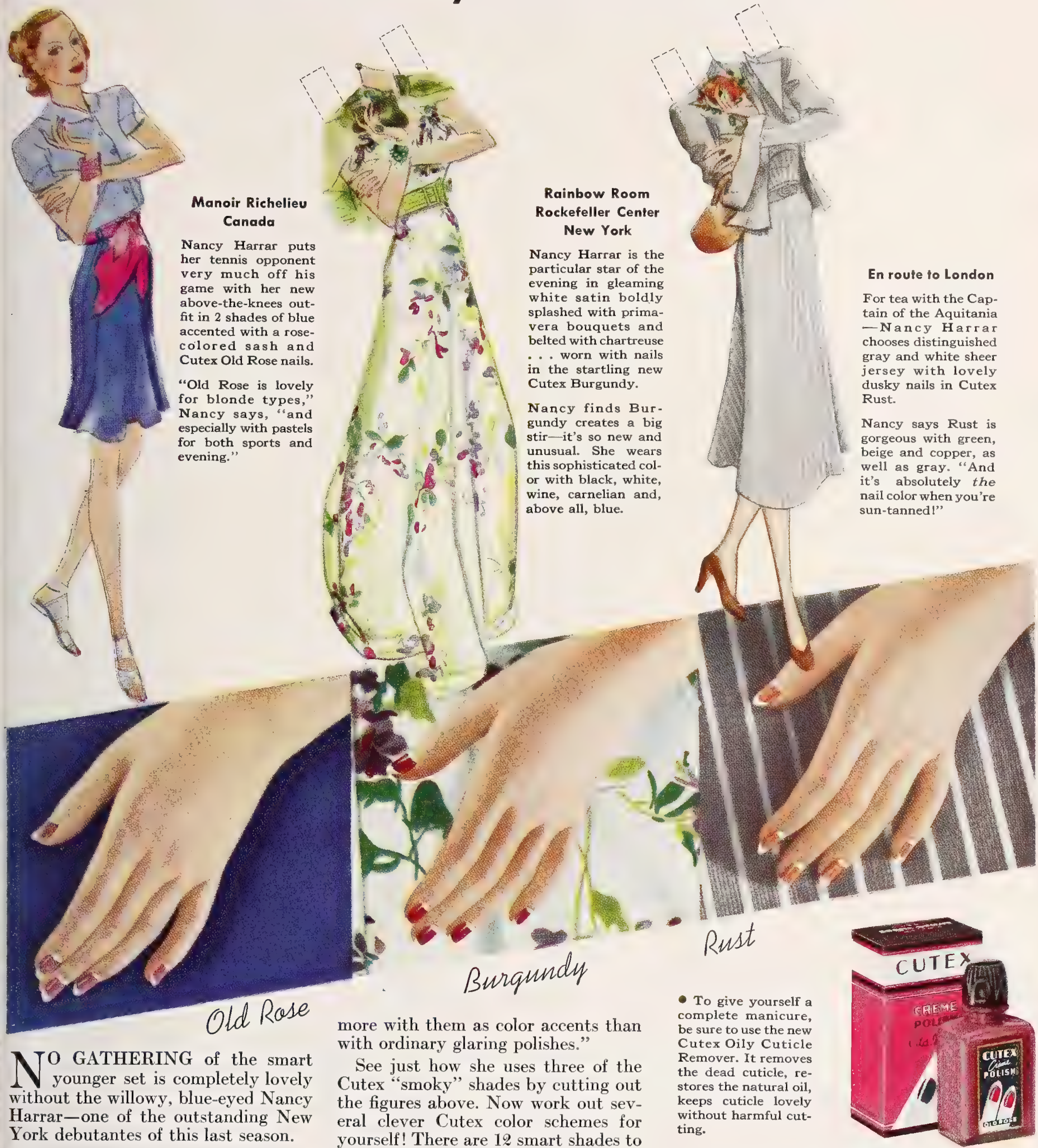
* * *

Elegance Note: We have it, from sources occasionally considered unimpeachable, that Helen Vinson is not one to lag behind when it comes to the little things which make for luxurious living. "Miss Vinson," according to the sources, "has installed before each of the several shower rooms located throughout her palatial new home, an electric beam which automatically starts the thermostatically controlled shower release as one enters the cubicle and which also stops the flow upon leaving."

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

Fashion Parade of the month ... JULY

The New "Smoky" Nail Shades as Miss Nancy Harrar wears them



Manoir Richelieu
Canada

Nancy Harrar puts her tennis opponent very much off his game with her new above-the-knees outfit in 2 shades of blue accented with a rose-colored sash and Cutex Old Rose nails.

"Old Rose is lovely for blonde types," Nancy says, "and especially with pastels for both sports and evening."

Rainbow Room
Rockefeller Center
New York

Nancy Harrar is the particular star of the evening in gleaming white satin boldly splashed with primavera bouquets and belted with chartreuse . . . worn with nails in the startling new Cutex Burgundy.

Nancy finds Burgundy creates a big stir—it's so new and unusual. She wears this sophisticated color with black, white, wine, carnelian and, above all, blue.

En route to London

For tea with the Captain of the Aquitania—Nancy Harrar chooses distinguished gray and white sheer jersey with lovely dusky nails in Cutex Rust.

Nancy says Rust is gorgeous with green, beige and copper, as well as gray. "And it's absolutely *the* nail color when you're sun-tanned!"

NO GATHERING of the smart younger set is completely lovely without the willowy, blue-eyed Nancy Harrar—one of the outstanding New York debutantes of this last season.

Whether she's doing 18 holes of golf or playing Chopin for her friends, Nancy has the knack of making a charming color picture of herself.

Part of this glamour picture are her tapered musician's hands that she makes still more interesting with the new Cutex "smoky" polish shades. "Even the deep shades are soft and smoky," she says. "You can do a lot more with them as color accents than with ordinary glaring polishes."

See just how she uses three of the Cutex "smoky" shades by cutting out the figures above. Now work out several clever Cutex color schemes for yourself! There are 12 smart shades to choose from—Old Rose, Burgundy, Rust, Light Rust, Rose, Mauve, Coral, Ruby, Robin Red, Cardinal, Natural, Colorless. Cutex is more lustrous, too—wears for days, won't thicken up in the bottle, won't fade!

Start right now to accent your personality with 3 or 4 glamorous shades. Only 35¢ a large bottle, at any shop!

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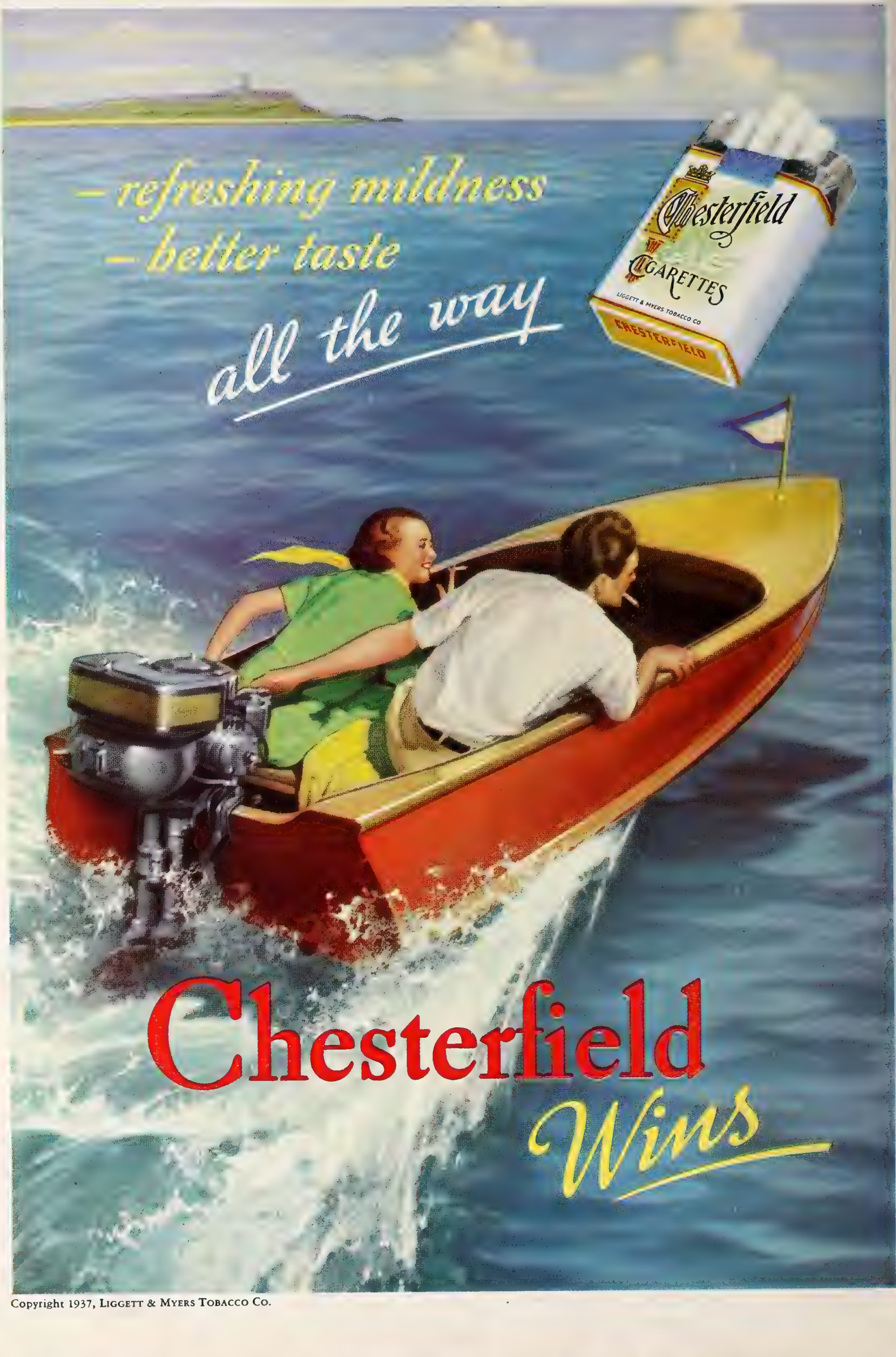
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Modern Screen

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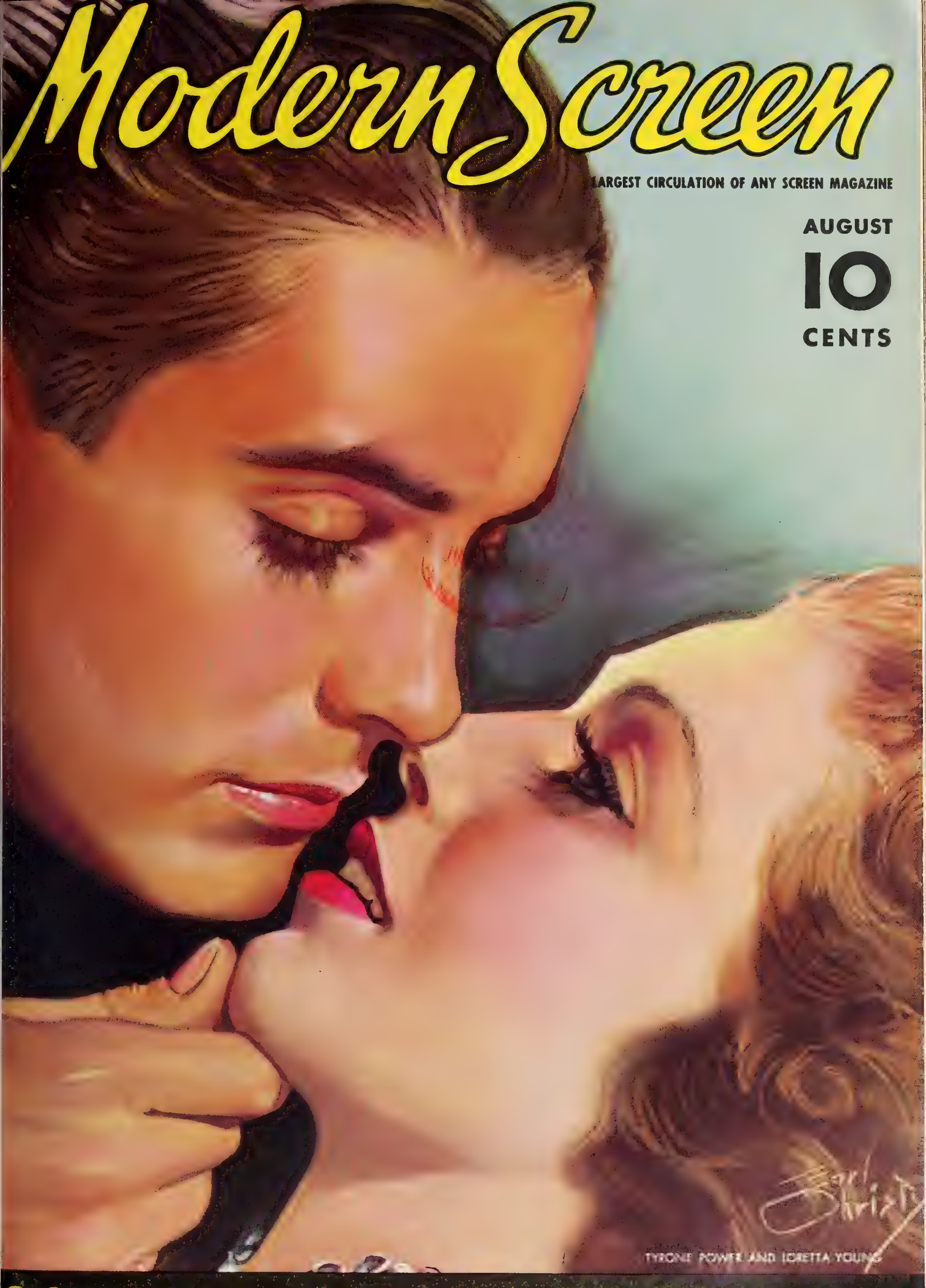

TYRONE POWER AND LORETTA YOUNG

GABLE FEARS SHIRLEY TEMPLE!

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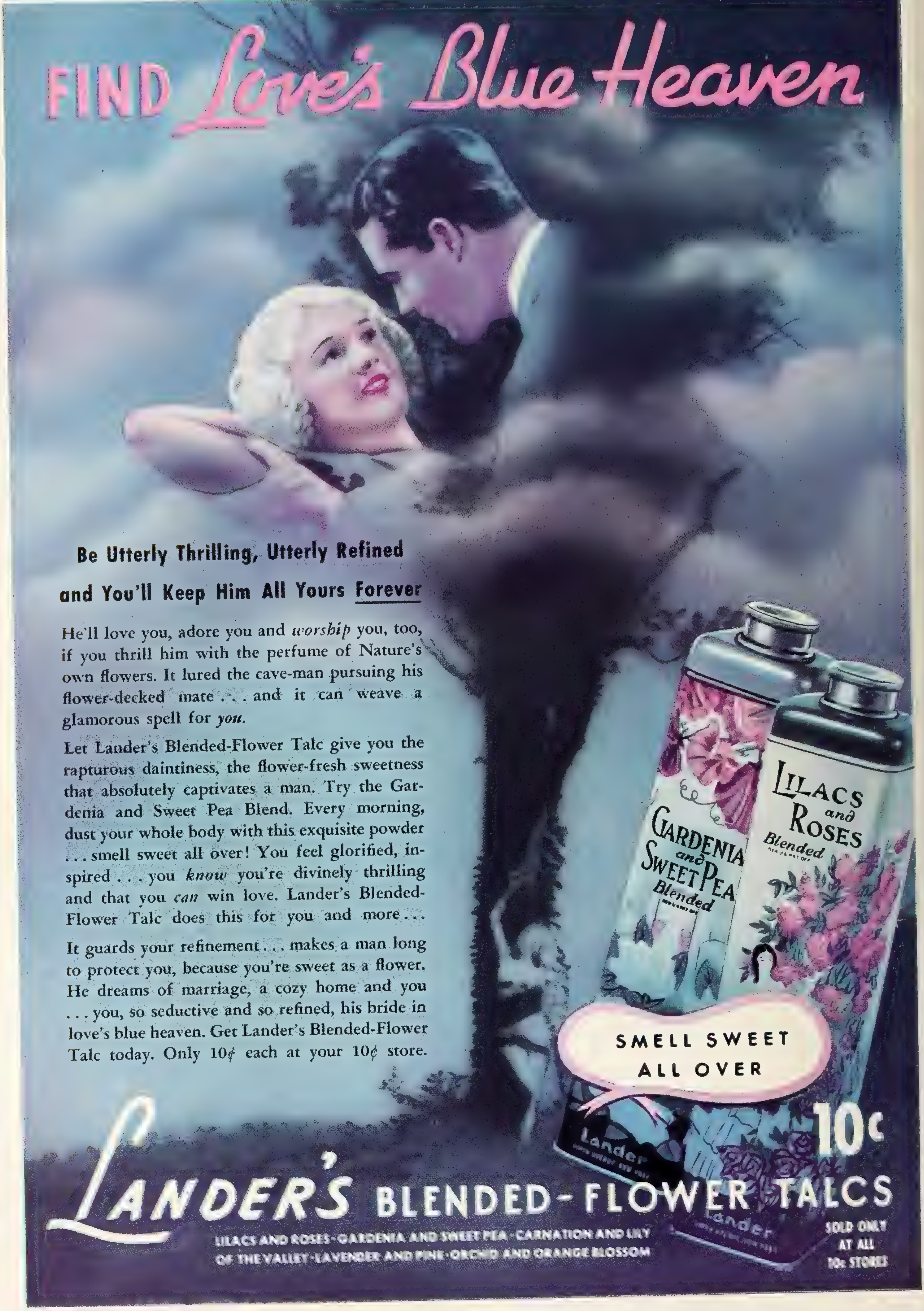

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Freckled ☐	LASHES [*Color*]	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
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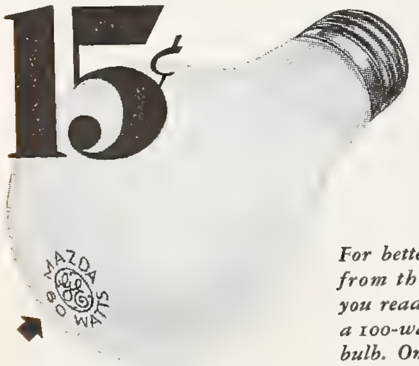

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MODERN SCREEN

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SHORT SUBJECTS

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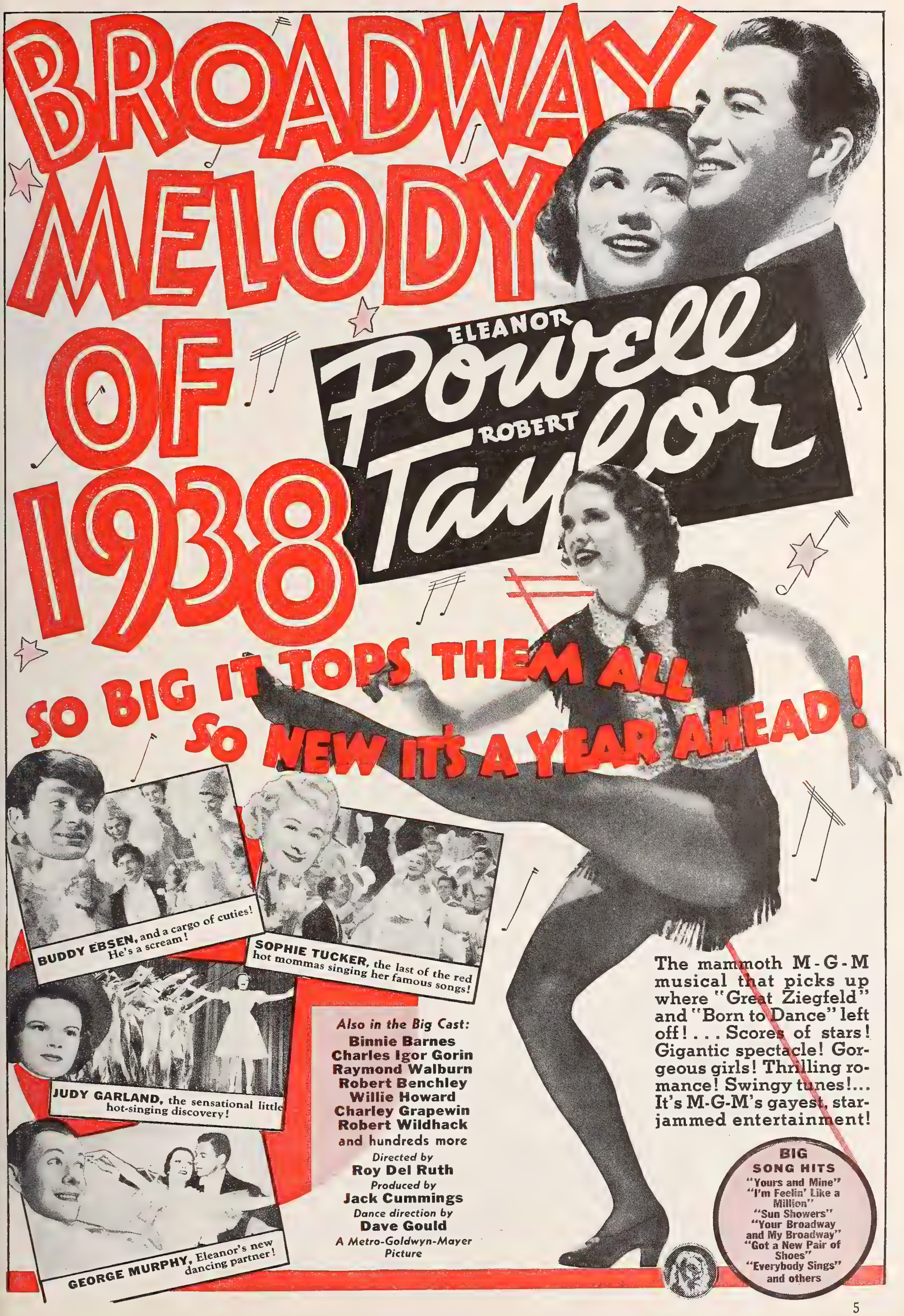
BROADWAY MELODY OF 1938
ELEANOR Powell
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"Sun Showers"
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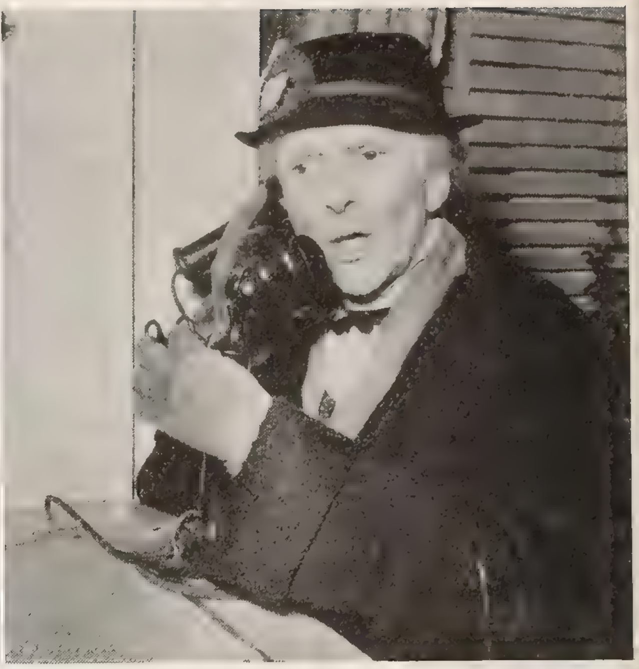
"Everybody Sings"
and others

Yes, the young woman on the left and the older one on the right are the same person — Beulah Bondi.

Miss Bondi should win the Academy Award for her portrayal of Grandma in "Make Way for Tomorrow."



STAGE STRUCK

STAGE STRUCK, as a rule, is the term applied to those numerous youngsters who are severely bitten by the acting bug. But here indeed is a rare exception. Here's an experienced woman who would rather act than get paid. Yes, Beulah Bondi is stage struck after twelve years! Now, when you find a famous actress of the theatre, and the screen's most prolific portrayer of older women, stage struck, it's high time to wonder what it's all about.

To begin, Beulah Bondi is a young and extremely attractive woman. This may be news to her audience, for she has become famous for her character portrayals of women of sixty and over. She is one of the foremost exponents of charm, possessing the perquisites that are commonly considered to determine woman's power to attract. She is chic, without being obvious, delightfully refreshing and intelligent, with a wit and humor that would cause any man to be hard put to it to recall that she portrays grandmothers in most of her work before the camera. She is equally at home before the camera or behind the footlights.

"You know, I think the question that everyone, with few exceptions, has asked me is, 'Do you like the stage or the movies better?' Well, they might just as well ask whether I prefer cocoanut pie or turtle soup! They're just as different and just about as hard to compare as the stage and pictures.

"Of course, in my opinion, pictures—that is the technique—is far more difficult. In my twelve years of stage experience, I never had to work as hard to create the illusion of old age as I have in the last two characters I played for the screen. You know, on the stage, you have the benefit of lights and the set is at a distance from the audience, which helps immensely. With the screen, it's quite another matter, as the camera brings you uncompromisingly before your audience in close-up.

"It was very difficult for me to adjust myself to the movies. In fact, I've only recently become accustomed to them, and that, after three years of intensive study. Before I went to the Coast, I was scared half to death, but now I adore it, every bit of it, even to the outdoor life. I've become quite mad about the desert and spend every not-working minute off on a ranch.

"You know, I guess I love acting better than anything else. In my early days in the theatre, I used to think, 'If they would only pay me when I'm *not* working, they could have my salary when I'm acting.' The time I'm completely happy is when I'm doing a good day's work at the studio."

HOWEVER, let us pause to observe that *these* days if Miss Bondi were to be paid only when she isn't working, she couldn't be too happy, for Beulah Bondi has made seventeen pictures in the short while she has been in California and, if reports from her studio are accurate, she'll have very few spare moments in the future.

When asked how she went about the job of creating these realistic old ladies like Mrs. Andrew Jackson in "The Gorgeous Hussy" and Grandma in "Make Way for Tomorrow," she smiled and, with a twinkle in her eye said, "Truthfully, it's mostly imagination, although I do some research, too. First of all, there's one's voice. It must be old. An old voice is usually toneless. It's like a leaf. When a leaf is young, it's fresh and green and as it ages it loses color and gradually dries up. It's pretty much the same with people. They just relax and the diaphragm rests, too, the result being that old people speak on one key or in a monotone.

"I learned—speaking still of Mrs. Jackson—that there are different types of accents in the South. I had never known a woman from the hill country, so I had to use my imagination to 'get hold of' Andy's wife. Once I had her, I never let go of her until the last retakes were made, because it's much harder to get back into a character than it is to create one in the beginning.

"You know, since I was a girl I've been playing older parts even when I began in stock. I remember a time when we were playing an engagement in Indianapolis. I was quite young but was, as usual, doing an old lady. It was a dreadfully hot summer and one day the local paper remarked, 'The extreme heat we are having is very trying on the cast, particularly to the old character woman.' I was in my twenties at the time and it tickled me to death, because I knew then that I was convincing and there is nothing that makes me happier than to do a good job."

In case you don't know, and you should, Beulah Bondi was almost winner of the Academy Award for the best characterization in 1936.

By Robert H. McIlwaine

Meet Beulah Bondi, First Character Lady of Filmland

Most interesting of all was Miss Bondi's characterization of Lucy Cooper, the seventy-year-old grandmother in "Make Way for Tomorrow." And it's our guess that she will get the Academy Award for it—so we go on record with our crystal ball and present the winner for 1937!

"It was grand playing Grandma Cooper," remarked Miss Bondi. "Victor Moore is sweet to work with and everyone in the picture was so cooperative. It was my first chance at seeing how I could do an older part that ran through the entire picture and it took a lot of work. I never sleep much when I'm working and I think on 'Make Way for Tomorrow,' I slept even less.

"It was quite difficult for me to 'get hold of' Lucy Cooper and it was necessary for me stay in character all the time so as not to lose her for a moment. The hard part was that after I had gotten her down pretty well, I had to accustom myself to her moods and mode of living. She was a woman who had been married for fifty years, if you remember. That's where my imagination came in again, because I've *never* been married.

"The only difficult time I had during the picture was when two of my big scenes fell on the same day—the telephone scene and the one where I find the letter from the Old Ladies Home and have to tell my son that *I* want to go there. We did the telephone scene first and then began with the other. First, we did it from the angle that I was completely crushed. Then the director made it from the other extreme—that I was resigned and self-pitying. When this was finished, he asked me to strike a happy medium, which was the most difficult and was finally used.

"After that, I was anxious for a vacation but now that I'm away, I'm longing to get back to work! You see, I'm just as crazy to act as I was the first day I walked on a stage!"

GIVE YOUR THROAT A KOOL VACATION!

LIKE A WEEK BY THE SEA, this mild menthol smoke is a tonic to hot, tired throats. The tiny bit of menthol cools and refreshes, yet never interferes with the full-bodied flavor of KOOLS' fine Turkish-Domestic blend. A coupon comes with each pack, good in the U. S. A. for beautiful, useful premiums. (Extra coupons in every carton.) *Your* throat needs a vacation, too! Get away from the heat, and head into a pack of KOOLS today! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

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Fred MacM. satisfies a he-man appetite in the commissary between scenes of "Exclusive."

FARE ENOUGH! SAYS FRED

MacMurray likes hearty meals whatever the season

By Marjorie Deen

THE SUMMER season always seems to cause a renewed interest in one of our favorite national pastimes. No, I don't mean baseball, I mean dieting! Come hot weather, every place you go women are discussing weight charts instead of food charts, and they no longer count the costs, but the calories!

I'd be the last one to criticize an interest in acquiring or keeping a trim and becoming-in-a-bathing-suit figure, but I'd like to remind those of you who have a man in the family to cater to that, though women must diet, men must eat! And eat they will, regardless of calendar and weather—a fact which was brought home to me forcefully the other day while lunching with Fred MacMurray in the studio commissary.

In spite of the heat, there was Fred ordering what would be described as a substantial meal any day of the year, while as a midsummer repast it would be considered bounteous. As a result, my interest in culinary matters returned with a bang, for which I was duly thankful, since I had almost begun to think that food was only one of those things you did without, to prove your strength of character.

EAT A square meal in summer? Dreadful! Obey that impulse and have dessert? Why, it just isn't being done. Oh, no? Well, just try and put that over on a man and see how far you get. It didn't take Mr. Fred MacMurray five minutes to convince me that a woman is indeed wise who gives as much thought to her summer menus as she does to those of other seasons of the year. For even though she herself may choose the "salad season" in which to diet, the man of the house still has a right to expect the hearty meals made necessary by his usual business and increased sports activities.

There's a deal of difference between hearty meals and heavy meals, as Fred pointed out, fearful that I'd make the mistake of recommending the sort of menu that neither he nor anyone else in his right senses would attempt when the days are hot and sultry. So, to make sure that I would not give Modern Screen readers the wrong impression, Fred and I went over some of his food preferences in the all too short hour allowed him for lunch between scenes of "Exclusive," in which he is co-starring with Frances Farmer.

The really enlightening results of our little cooking confab appear not only in the following paragraphs, but also in this month's Modern Hostess leaflet, in recipe form. The coupon on page 9 will bring you a copy of our attractive leaflet absolutely free. For the benefit of those who have never sent for our recipe folders before, let me say that as a reward for the small amount of effort expended, you receive home-kitchen tested recipes for the food favorites of your screen favorites. (Fred MacMurray's this month, for instance.) Time and temperature requirements are given, too. And if you want advance proof of how easy these recipes are to follow, just try the Bran Buttermilk Biscuit recipe given at the end of this article.

But I'm getting a bit ahead of myself. Let's see what you can learn from Fred on the subject of summer menus.

IN THE first place, every meal should have one substantial dish. Does that mean no salads, you may be wondering? Indeed not, for Fred is very fond of them. But they must be filling, something to sink your teeth into. Cole Slaw, Bavarian, for instance, served with rye bread,

SPECIAL TODAY
O.S

cheese and a few slices of cold meat, accompanied by a tall glass of cold beer . . . now there's a meal that would appeal to every man almost without exception. Well, you can serve just such a meal almost any day now, by sending for the leaflet which contains the recipe for that very special salad and for a cold meat idea as well.

This meat recipe should be welcome, too, for men want meat in summer as well as winter. Not hot stews, perhaps, swimming in too-rich, too-hot gravy, but some meat that can be sliced and served cold with an appetite-stimulating accompaniment of spicy mustard and crunchy pickles. In this particular case the meat recommended by Fred is Spiced Ham Loaf; easily cooked, highly seasoned and equally good hot or cold.

By the way, there's another Fred MacMurray favorite salad in the leaflet. It's Bermuda Onion Salad and a particular pet with Fred. They've actually found favor in my eyes, too, since I tried fixing them according to Fred's directions, which makes them decidedly milder. That's quite a concession on my part, so don't you turn up your nose haughtily, milady, until you've tried them.

"How about potatoes in summer?" was the next question I put to my luncheon companion. "Must you always have them for dinner?" I insisted upon knowing.

"Not necessarily," was the answer. However, Fred went on to admit a liking for at least one starchy food

(*Continued on page 66*)

The Modern Hostess, Modern Screen,
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a free leaflet containing Fred MacMurray's favorite recipes.

Name..............................
Street..............................
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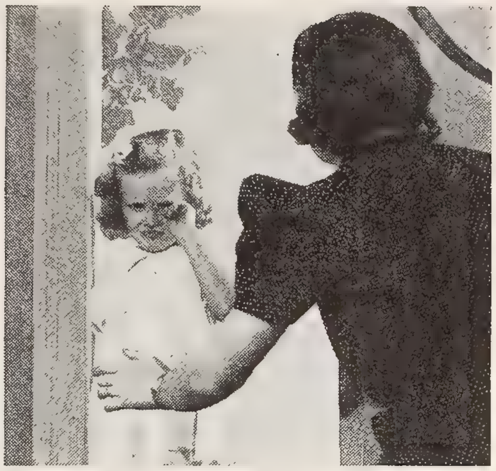
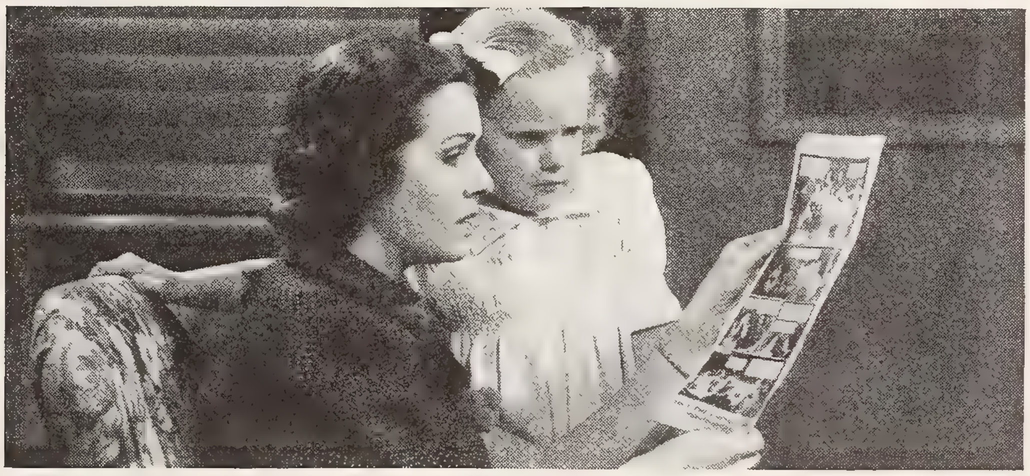
"It was worse than a slap in the face"



A few weeks ago, my little Ann came running home crying as if her heart would break. She said her playmates had been making fun of her clothes.

When the poor kid turned around, I almost dropped. Somebody had pinned one of your ads about tattle-tale gray on the back of her dress.

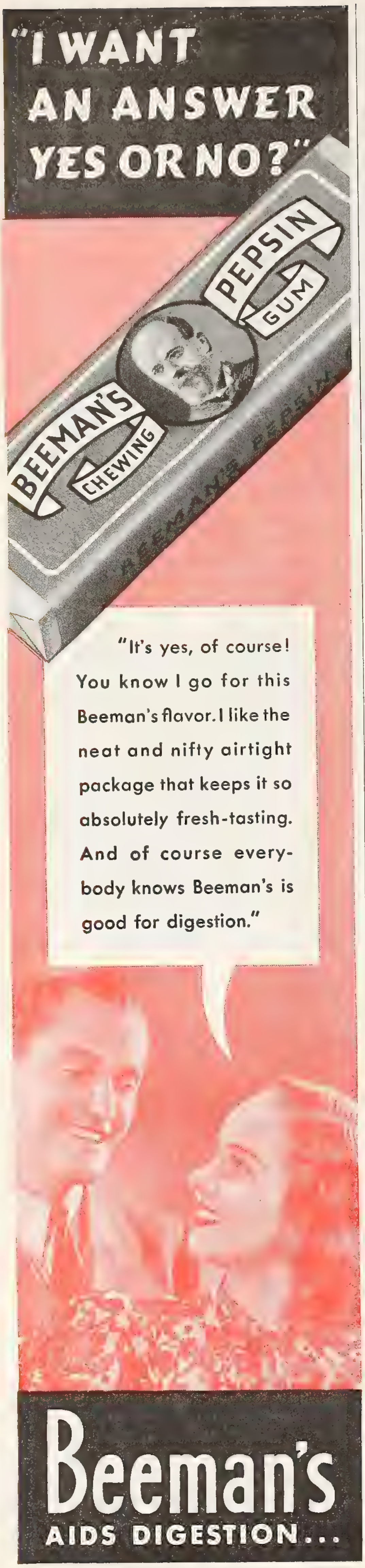


It was worse than a slap in the face. Where did those youngsters get the idea? Had they heard their mothers criticizing my washes? I felt like tearing that ad to bits. But luckily, I read it instead and found how the best housekeepers get tattle-tale gray in their clothes if they use a soap that leaves dirt behind.

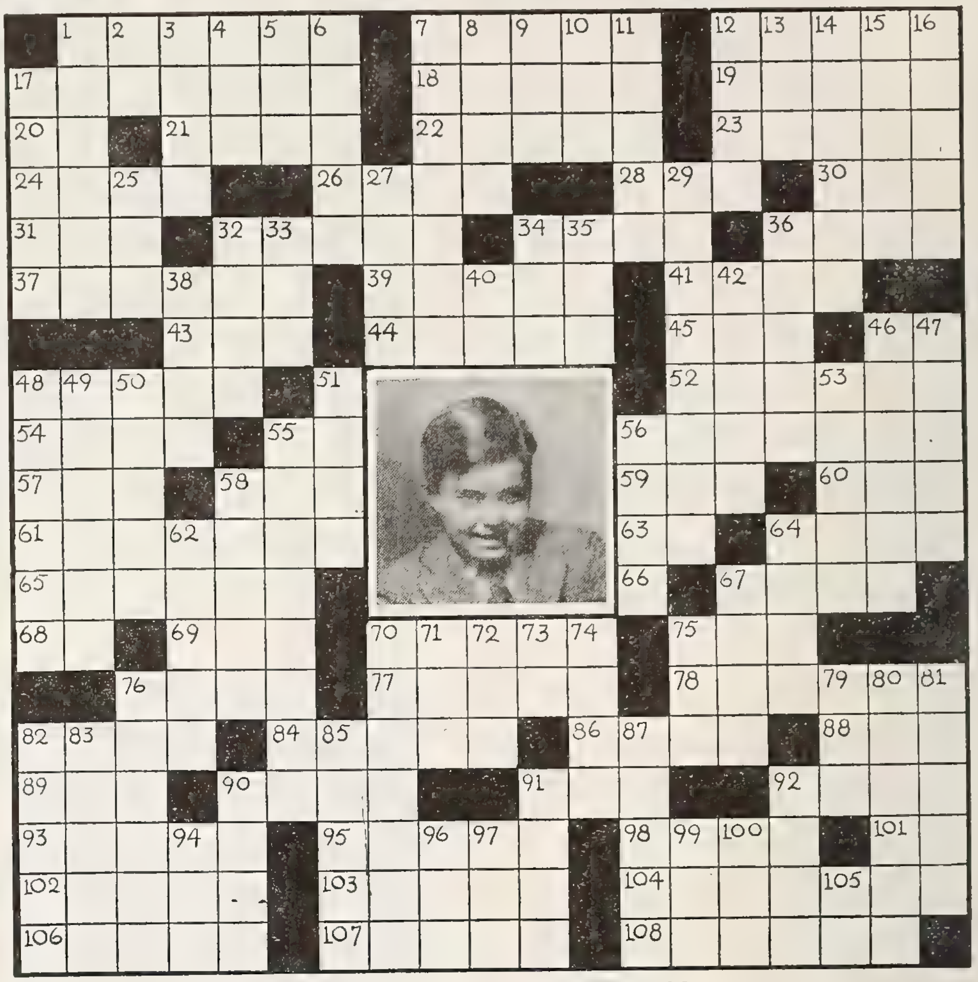
So right away quick I changed to Fels-Naptha Soap — and am I GLAD! How those gentle suds of richer golden soap and lots of naptha hustle out every speck of dirt! My clothes lost that horrid tattle-tale gray in no time! So I made a big freezer-full of ice cream and gave those kids a "thank-you" party.

COPR. FELS & CO., 1937

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP


"I WANT AN ANSWER YES OR NO?"
BEEMAN'S CHEWING PEPSIN GUM
"It's yes, of course! You know I go for this Beeman's flavor. I like the neat and nifty airtight package that keeps it so absolutely fresh-tasting. And of course everybody knows Beeman's is good for digestion."
Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

OUR PUZZLE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Puzzle Solution on Page 99

ACROSS

1. & 7. The lad in the middle square
12. Self-esteem
17. She was the leading Capulet in "Romeo and Juliet"
18. Conscious of
19. Lubricated
20. Toward
21. She helps you "Wake Up and Live"
22. Before his screen debut, he was called "The Singing Cop"
23. She scored in "Top of the Town"
24. Leave out
26. - - - - ie is the first name. She's a full-fledged Marquise
28. Famous dispatch
30. First name of comedienne whose name sounds like "Universal"
31. One of the "Three Smart Girls," first name, - - -
32. Strip of wood
34. Actor wed to Rita Kaufman
36. She's divorced from Bruce Cabot
37. Experiments
39. Homer's story of the Trojan War
41. Comedienne whose mouth-size rivals Joe E. Brown's
43. Constrictor snake
44. He always plays the same Chinese character
45. Mistake
46. Father
48. The master-mind behind Georgie Porgie
51. Tenth letter of the alphabet
52. Give greater depth
54. He played a pilot in "Flying Hostess"
55. River in Italy
56. Prejudicing
57. Self
58. River in Switzerland
59. Possessive
60. Northerly compass point
61. Kings and such
63. State next to Maine: abbr.
64. Part of the foot
65. Knot or rounded lump
66. String of a violin
67. Billie - - - - ud
68. D - - ny, British actor
69. - - - ry Walker, Paramount ingenue
70. His real name is Ralf Zink; his first name's Donald
75. Writing tool
76. - - - - t, first name Paramount director
77. He and June Collyer have two children
78. The Russian who wrote and acted in "Cafe Metropole"
82. First name of actor accused of being pixilated in one picture
84. Moroni - - - - -. Can you remember him from "The Farmer in the Dell?"
86. Pastoral scene or poem
88. Make love
89. Vase
90. A group regarded as an individual
91. - - - nky, of Our Gang fame
92. Interviewer for MODERN SCREEN
93. Severe colic
95. A covering for the hand
98. A horse of a - - - - color
101. Bachelor of Arts degree: abbr.
102. Lady Patricia in "Thunder in the City"
103. Girl friend of boy in the puzzle
104. Systematized course of living
106. "- - - - - Madame," Elissa Landi starred in this
107. Chinook chieftains
108. Makes a speech

PAGE

DOWN

1. First name of beloved actor who died last year
2. You
3. Star whose disfigured ear almost kept him out of pictures
4. Myrna Loy plays N--- in the "Thin Man" series
5. One of Napoleon's marshals
6. Build
7. A Clark Gable role
8. ----, first name of actor once rumored engaged to Anne Shirley
9. "Covered ---on"
10. Period
11. Renovate
12. Petite movie prima donna
13. Cedric Gibbons is the second husband of Del ---
14. Enlighten
15. The blonde you've admired in the "Jones Family" series
16. Possessive form of first name of M-G-M's sniffling character actress
17. He plays Inspector Donahue in "The 13th Chair"
25. The "outs" envy them
27. The gentleman in the puzzle was born in this state
29. Burgess -------, in "Winterset"
32. Married to Bebe Daniels
33. Man's name
34. O---, a Chinese character Luise Rainer played
35. Queer
36. Separated from Ginger Rogers
38. A rollicking flicker, "Cain and M----"
40. Iowa: abbr.
42. Zones
46. Comic with a duck
47. Slang term for someone who backs a show
48. His first name's Brian; he hails from England
49. Lake formed by mouth of a river
50. He's Mildred Davis' husband
51. Oberon in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"
53. Griever
55. Her hubby is Charles Boyer
56. First name of a crooner
58. Poker-faced comedian of radio, stage and screen
62. The cowboy who leads Modern Screen's Barometer
64. Girl in "Murder Goes to College"
67. He was the little minister in picture by that name
70. Actress in "Cafe Metropole"
71. Source of metal
72. Possess
73. Twofold
74. Clip
75. Snoop
76. Boy actor in "Reunion"
79. Be in debt
80. Heather Angel's husband
81. Humphrey Bogart's pal in "Black Legion"
82. Steer
83. Happily married to Jobyna Ralston
85. Klieg -----
87. Frankie -----, youthful actor
90. Employer
91. Observes
92. Weave with needles
94. Western Indian
96. Single
97. Contend with
99. Above: poetic
100. Turkish official
105. Last word in title of Modern Screen's readers' department

Little Peggy cut her thumb,
the thumb began to swell,
And it was nearly seven weeks
before her thumb got well!

• • •

Avoid Infection! Always apply an antiseptic, even to the tiniest scratch . . . and dress with a bandage *as clean as your own doctor would use.*

All Johnson & Johnson Red Cross products marked "sterilized"—Cotton, Gauze and Bandages—are sterilized not only in the making. *They are sterilized again after they are packaged.*

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REVIEWS • A TOUR

★★★ This Is My Affair

Based on a dramatic incident alleged to have occurred during the administration of President McKinley, this picture emerges as a lively and colorful highlight on the period in America when gals had hips and guys knew it. The story is concerned with a gang of bank robbers, whose activities so upset McKinley that he details a young naval lieutenant to become a member of the mob and find out the name of the man higher up who seems to guide their plunderings. The young man is Robert Taylor, who succeeds not only in getting into the gang headed by Victor McLaglen and Brian Donlevy, but in falling in love with Donlevy's sister, Barbara Stanwyck, a singer in her brother's "elite" beer hall. From this point on, effective drama is interspersed with rousing old-time vaudeville numbers in a manner that should please all types of audiences.

Robert Taylor turns in one of his finest performances, McLaglen and Donlevy are excellent as the villains, and Miss Stanwyck makes the most of her limited acting talent. Sidney Blackmer gives an astonishingly real portrayal of Theodore Roosevelt, and Frank Conroy is first-rate as President McKinley. In other supporting roles, J. C. Nugent, John Carradine, Douglas Fowley and Alan Dinehart are outstanding. Directed by William A. Seiter.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★★ Kid Galahad

A rip-snorting, tough-guy melodrama, it's a story of the prize ring, and it's the best fight picture since Max Baer punched Primo Carnera for Myrna Loy in "The Prize-Fighter and the Lady."

All the elements of the Warner rough-and-ready epics are here: the rival managers who are also rival mob leaders, the clean young kid who gets into the fight racket, the worldly moll who falls for the kid but who knows he'll never love her, and so on and so on. The producers have taken these elements and built them into a picture which is fast, human and exciting. The prize-fight scenes themselves are excellent, and the young hero, for a change, actually looks at home in the ring. He is Wayne Morris, an athletic blond young man with a shy smile which will no doubt win him considerable favor with the ladies.

Eddie Robinson and Humphrey Bogart are the rival managers, and these two fine actors do their side-of-the-mouth stuff in the manner which has already put them in a class by themselves. Bette Davis plays the tough moll with all her expected skill. Jane Bryan continues to be one of the screen's most capable young ingenues, and Harry Carey is competent as Robinson's assistant. Directed by Michael Curtiz.—*Warner Bros.*

★★ There Goes My Girl

Perhaps one day the movies will make newspaper pictures in which the principals actually behave like newspaper people. Perhaps when they do, of course, no one will come to see them. At any rate, "There Goes My Girl" offers, among other things, a portrait of a newspaper gal who seems to write all her stories in her own luxurious apartment.

While we're about it, we may as well nominate Ann Sothern for "best-dressed reporter in the world," for she runs through a series of gowns that would make Kay Francis rush for the nearest journalism school. Getting back to the picture, it follows the goofy farce formula which seems to be so much in vogue these days. Miss Sothern and Gene Raymond are—surprise!—reporters on rival newspapers, and they are prevented from entering holy wedlock by Miss Sothern's managing editor, who goes to some pretty tiresome lengths to keep his star reporter from becoming Mrs. Raymond.

Ann Sothern does well with her assignment, but Gene Raymond is not at his best in this sort of thing. Frank Jenks gets laughs as a typical movie reporter, Joan Woodbury furnishes an attractive Spanish dance, and there are good performances by Marla Shelton, Bradley Page and Richard Lane. Directed by Ben Holmes.—*RKO-Radio.*

Movie Scoreboard on Page 68

By Leo Townsend

OF TODAY'S TALKIES

★★★★ I Met Him in Paris

Here is a completely delightful piece of screen entertainment which you can bracket among such top-flight romantic comedies as "It Happened One Night" and "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town." It is full of swell dialogue, bright comedy and nice people, and it will be liked immensely by all types of audiences.

Devotees of Claudette Colbert will be happy to know that their favorite turns in one of her most charming performances in the role of an American designer who goes to Paris for a bit of fresh air before returning to marry her rather dull fiance. In Paris she encounters Robert Young and Melvyn Douglas, a pair of upstanding Americans who immediately fall in love with her. Young wants to take her to Switzerland, so Mr. D. goes along as sort of a semi-chaperon. The snow scenes are hilariously funny, and the plight of the inexpert Bob Young on skis is something to behold. The picture drifts merrily back to Paris, where three of Miss Colbert's suitors get together and gang up on her.

Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young, in the male leads, are perfectly at home in their sophisticated comedy roles and Lee Bowman makes an auspicious screen debut as the staid fiance. Mona Barrie is effective in a supporting role. For an evening of riotous fun, try "I Met Him in Paris." Directed by Wesley Ruggles.—*Paramount.*

★★★ They Gave Him a Gun

When Franchot Tone, as a timid young farmer lad, is drafted into the army, he faints during his first bayonet practice. Spencer Tracy, a tough mugg from the city, prevents him from deserting, and tells him one man with a gun is more powerful than a hundred without one. The advice sinks in, and Tone goes to war and becomes a malicious killer, drunk with the power his gun gives him. At the front they both fall in love with a nurse (Gladys George), who marries Tone after she believes Tracy has been killed in action. Tracy turns up on Armistice Day, and the three of them return to America, Tracy to his old job of carnival barking and Tone, still a slave to his gun, becomes a minor racketeer. The tragedy of his existence is brought into relief to point out the tragedy of war. By showing the effect of a gun on the life of one man, this film is a bitter denunciation of war, which should prove more effective than a hundred thousand peace pamphlets.

Despite the fact one has a feeling it could have been much better, "They Gave Him a Gun" is still one of the most courageous pictures of the year. It is easily Franchot Tone's best picture performance, and Spencer Tracy, always excellent, adds another superb portrayal to his growing list. Gladys George again proves that the screen is indebted to the stage for one of the finest actresses seen in years. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.—*M-G-M.*

★★ Hotel Haywire

An out-and-out farce which fits admirably under its goofy title, this little number offers no excuse for itself other than the fact that it's funny. Mixed up in it are a fake astrologer, a practical joker, who gets the tables turned on himself, an indignant wife and the inevitable pair of young lovers.

It all revolves about Lynne Overman, a respectable dentist who is given to perpetrating practical jokes on his friends. One night one of the worms turns, and Overman returns from a poker party with a pair of silk undies tucked in his pocket. Indignant wifie (Spring Byington) goes to Leo Carrillo, an astrologer who hands out phoney advice. Embarrassed hubby tries the same procedure, and the result is a series of near-slapstick comedy sequences which manage to be funny in spite of the fact that they can hardly be termed subtle.

Although Leo Carrillo turns in his usual expert performance as the mystic, it is Lynne Overman who garners most of the picture's laughs. It's the type of comedy role in which he excels, and he makes every line count. Spring Byington is effective as the wife, and Collette Lyons gets laughs as a phoney detective. Others in the cast are Benny Baker, Porter Hall, Mary Carlisle, John Patterson, George Barbier and Terry Ray. Directed by George Archainbaud.—*Paramount.*

More Reviews on Page 92

What to see when you're movie shopping these summer days

JEAN *Parker*
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See lovely JEAN PARKER in Columbia Picture "Life Begins With Love"!

Likes Both—Prefers "Y"

Jean Parker tries both powders in plain white boxes. She chooses "Y"—the new MAVIS, *mildly scented.* Other lovely stars choose "X"—the original MAVIS, *fully scented.* MAVIS flatters your skin like a glamorous face powder. Spreads evenly—clings for hours—leaves a bewitching fragrance that *lasts!* MAVIS cools, soothes and refreshes.

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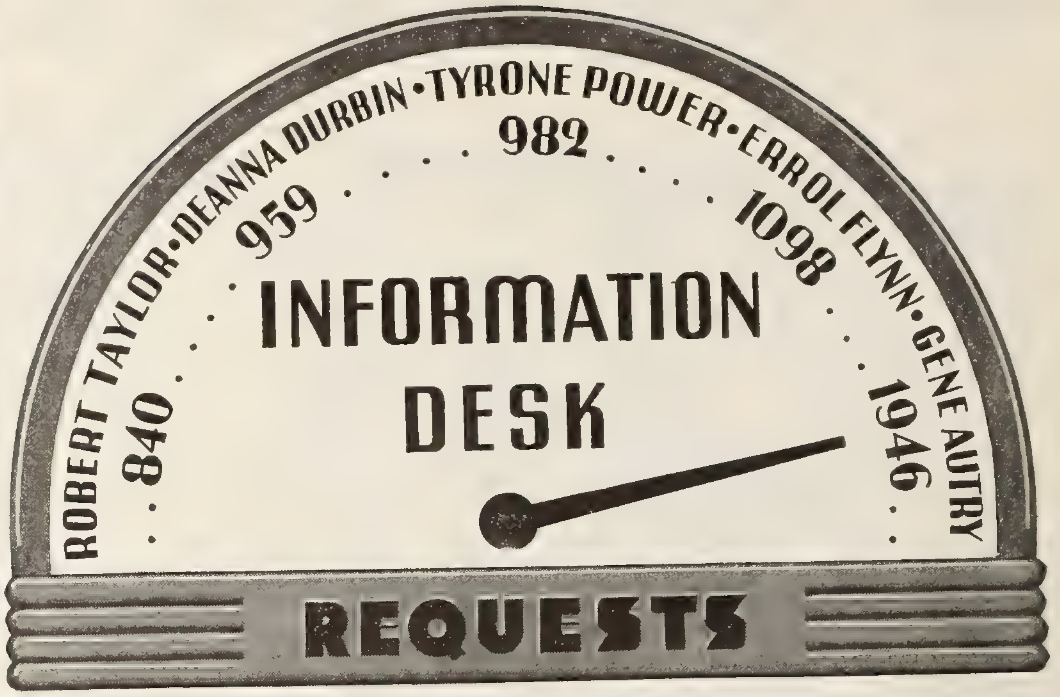

SEND TODAY FOR YOUR CHART, GIVING HEIGHTS, WEIGHTS, AGES, BIRTHPLACES, ETC. OF THE STARS!

In keeping with its long established tradition of service, your Information Desk is inaugurating a new feature. Clip the coupon on this page, enclose five cents, and the Desk mails you a magnificent chart, complete with heights, weights, ages, birthplaces, real names, marriages, and children of every important star in Hollywood. Don't send any money in excess of your five cents. The Information Desk will defray all postage costs. To top the bill, the Desk plans to issue once every six months (starting January issue) an exquisite portrait of whichever star your requests have established as Barometer Leader over that period of time. Ensure getting a picture of your favorite by sending in requests galore . . . with or without coupons . . . each request counts.

If you'd like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, and, incidentally, help boost his or her standing in our Barometer, fill in and send us the coupon on this page, or, if that's too much trouble, just drop us a card. If you want the Information Desk's indispensable vital statistics chart, enclose five cents with your coupon. We answer general questions, too, either here or by mail. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

TYRONE POWER (last printed March, 1937. Total number of requests since then, 761.) Tyrone is one of nature's experiments in genius. It took a century to produce him. His father was a great actor, his grandfather was a great actor, and his great-grandfather, the original Tyrone, was a great actor. And now, Tyrone, with the aid of modern science, which spreads his stunning likeness all over the civilized globe, is rapidly proving himself the strongest branch of the family tree.

Give nature most of the credit, but reserve just a little for Tyrone, Sr., the great-souled father whose son was the apple of his eye. Let Tyrone tell you about the idyllic summer he spent with his dad, gliding down the tortuous path of a little crystal stream in Quebec, forgetting to paddle his canoe, as he recited Shakespeare, with Father Power making him repeat each line till perfect.

A pretty picture, but life had ugly, tragic pictures in store for the young Cincinnati boy. The father whom he loved was not to be with him much longer after that summer. When Tyrone and his dad entrained for Hollywood, where Power, Sr., was to do the title role in "The Miracle Man," it was the last ride they were ever to take together. On the set, in the arms of his son, the good man passed away. And with the passing away of his father, passed away Tyrone's chance to break into pictures.

For a while he lingered around Hollywood, too numbed by the tragedy to think of the future. Finally, after many months of indecision, he pushed off for Chicago, where he had the good fortune to land a job on the "Grand Hotel" radio program, which featured Don Ameche. After a two months' run in a Chicago play, Tyrone felt that he had sufficient experience to try Broadway.

The experience he had, but not quite the necessary bank-balance. There were anguishing months when he subsisted on five dollars a week, a proud boy, forced to patch his own threadbare clothes and live on coffee-pot rations, while he made his weary rounds of the disinterested producers. It was Katharine Cornell who discovered the young man. Tyrone played in two or three productions with her.

The name Cornell attracts Hollywood producers like flies. Hollywood attracts handsome young actors like flies. And so, before very long, Miss Cornell's company was on the market for a new juvenile, and Tyrone had signed a 20th Century-Fox contract. He was 22 then. Now he is 23 and a star. Very precocious in everything except self-esteem. That explains why the Sonja Henies and the Loretta Youngs of Hollywood flock about him, though there are those doubting Thomases who claim that the chiseled Gaelic poetry of his face, his raven black hair and his alert brown eyes are the real attraction. His next starring role is "Thin Ice," with Sonja Henie.

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If you would like our chart with weights, heights, ages, birthplaces and marriages of all the important stars, enclose five cents in stamps or coin with your coupon.

SCREEN'S NEW FAN CLUB DIRECTORY: A surprisingly large proportion of the mail addressed both to this Desk and to Between You 'n' Me is from young folks who'd like to join a fan club for a certain star, but don't know if such a club exists or whether it has any branches in their neighborhood. The Information Desk has already taken steps to put an end to that situation. We're plugging busily away at a Fan Club Directory which is going to list the name and address of every last club in the country. We'll then be able to provide a service that can find fan clubs for the fans and fans for the fan clubs. All in all, a magnificent service for any genuinely ambitious club. But we can't succeed without your help. Send us the name of your club, tell us all about your branches, and, most important, let us have your address.

DON AMECHE (Last printed January 1937. Total number of requests since then, 778.) You've probably read in a dozen different places that Amici (Don's family name before it was Americanized) means "friends." Or maybe you know Italian. But what you didn't know is that Don's name has been a symbol for the life he has lived—a life activated by the friends who did him services. Don undoubtedly inherits his faculty for making friends from his dad. Ameche the first, a Kenosha, Wisconsin, saloon-keeper, had so darned many cronies that he had to open three saloons to accommodate them all.

Don's first good friends were the four universities who refused to consider him seriously as a student. Had he graduated from any of the four, he might have become a lawyer, and that would have been a fine how-do-you-do. It was at Marquette University that he met Father Sheehy, the man who got him interested in dramatics—and in Honore Prendergast. Honore is the blonde girl to whom Don is now married. At that time, however, Don was much more impressed with dramatics than with Honore.

On Thanksgiving Day of the year 1928, a friend learned that the leading man of the local stock company had been badly smashed up in an auto crash. He recommended Don as a substitute. Don was given exactly four hours to learn a part he had never seen before. That night he made his first professional appearance.

Going to New York, he landed a Broadway job in three days, through a young actor he met on a bus. And when things fell off a bit in New York, and Don, just a trifle blue, lugged his suitcase back to good old Kenosha, another pal helped him pull through. Through Bernardine Flynn, who had known him in his stock days, he was auditioned for the "Empire Builders" program and went on the air in the fall of 1930.

Of all his friends, Don is probably most grateful to the chap who called him up one night about five years ago to ask him if he wanted a date. "Who is she?" Don wanted to know. "Don't think you know her. She's from some hick town back in Wisconsin." "Wisconsin?" Don's curiosity was piqued. "Yeah, Wisconsin. And her name's something like Pendergrass, or something. Blonde." "I'll be right over," yelled Don. Within two months, Father Sheehy, the guardian angel of their match, had married the couple. Since then they have had two sons, Donnie and Ronnie.

It was a foregone conclusion that so popular a radio figure as Don should end up in that actors' happy hunting ground, located in Hollywood. A little over a year ago, 20th Century-Fox cast him in "The Sins of Man." Don is now engaged in the business of making friends wholesale, and if his dad had a saloon in every town in Wisconsin, there still wouldn't be room for all the staunch "amici" his screen personality has won him. Don't miss "Love Under Fire."

JOSEPHINE DUNNE, St. Joseph, Mo.: You complain about the fact that Bob Taylor is losing ground in our Barometer. "So unfair," you say. But what are you doing to help Bob? You send me one measly

(*Continued on page 67*)

WHEN FINGERS AND TOES MUST LOOK THEIR BEST...

wear

GLAZO'S *"Misty" Tints*

The newest, loveliest colors....in perfect "skin-tone" harmony

BEWARE, YOUNG WOMEN! Unscrupulous flatterers of any hand are Glazo's beguiling modern "Misty" shades. Old Rose, Thistle, Rust and Russet, Suntan, Dahlia, Imperial Red ...these Complimentary Colors have a way with them...a way of adding new beauty to your manicure—*and* your pedicure.

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A smooth article, all right, is Glazo—satin-smooth on the nail, for several *extra* days of wear. But for all that, a "sun-fast" friend, whose charm doesn't fade, whose flattery doesn't grow a bit "thick" with lingering in the bottle. And one that, at 25 cents, has a care for your pocketbook.

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A CLEAN FACE
is the Secret of Radiant Beauty
DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
Golden Cleansing Cream
(CONTAINING COLLOIDAL GOLD)

See how your skin responds to the invigorating action of this new cream [it contains colloidal gold!]

Beauty authorities agree that the most important step in the care of your complexion is *thorough cleansing.* It's a simple step, too, since Daggett & Ramsdell created Golden Cleansing Cream.

For this new cream contains colloidal gold . . . a substance with the remarkable power of freeing skin pores of dirt, make-up and other impurities. You can't see or feel this colloidal gold any more than you can see or feel the iron in spinach. Yet its penetrating action not only makes Golden Cleansing Cream a more thorough cleanser but also tones and invigorates the skin tissues.

Try Golden Cleansing Cream tonight. See how fresh and vitally alive it leaves your skin. At leading drug and department stores—$1.00.

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Enclosed find 10c in stamps for a trial size jar of Golden Cleansing Cream. (Offer good in U. S. only.)
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BETWEEN YOU

Lucky winners get cash prizes for frank letters about the stars. Read what they say

PRIVATE
PRODUCER

The studio ain't doin' right by Jean Muir, so one earnest contributor is rarin' to fight.

WRITE A LETTER—WIN A PRIZE

Boost your favorites! Writing a letter to Between You 'n' Me is one way of doing it. The stars are anxious to know just what you think of them, and these columns are yours to register your opinions. So, let's have frank comments on the players and movies. By the way, if you must say it with a poem, that's all right, too. There are no rules; no deadlines. Prizes: 1st prize, $5; 2 second prizes of $2 each; 6 prizes of $1 each. Address: Between You 'n' Me, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

$5.00 Prize Letter

A Fan Watches a Star

Recently I had a front row balcony seat at the fights, and I not only got a splendid view of the contestants, but I had a perfect view of Bob Taylor. I was there to see two men fight it out, but when I spotted Mr. T., I watched only the high spots of the bout. . .

When the lights went out he was just as human as the rest of us; by that I mean that he didn't peer about to see who was there and just which exit he could take in order to meet the most likely autograph seekers. (I have seen some of them do it.) And when the lights were on, he was attention itself to—yes, you have guessed it—Barbara Stanwyck. Not in a showy way, but just as though he were any eligible and susceptible young bachelor taking any young and lovely lady out on a date.

After the bout I stood up and watched him, and he glanced up in my direction. When he saw me staring (and I was) he smiled, nodded, and then gently took Miss Stanwyck's arm to help her through the crowd.

When you watch a star under such conditions and discover such totally satisfying results, you have the real answer to a real test—a perfectly swell fellow with a perfectly swell future.—Angela McCormick Scellars, Los Angeles, Calif.

$2.00 Prize Letter

Gentleman Does Not Prefer Blondes

Vanity is part of woman's nature and is accepted as a matter-of-course; but the crass vanity of most of the female movie stars detracts most viciously from whatever talent as actresses they have.

No matter what the type of character portrayed, be it scrubwoman, a streetwalker, gun-moll, farm drudge, the story apparently must be so arranged to give the actress a chance to doll up and charm her public by her dazzling appearance.

The eternal, wearisome bleach-blonde is a natural result of this unfortunate vanity. In every age portrayed on the screen, from childhood to dotage, and in every type of character from kitchen drudge to princess, the glistening blonde and the permanent wave are there in all their deadliness to play havoc with realism. What a delightful relief it is to see a character with hair-colored hair once in awhile.

GENE AUTRY IN "NO CAN DO WRONG"
NOW PLAYING

Gene Autry is so-o-o popular with the kiddies, too, according to a young mother.

Some day, maybe, the light-headed gals will be relegated to light-headed roles where they belong. Then the screen will attract more Bergners, Garbos and Rainers.—George Gordon, Rahway, N. J.

$2.00 Prize Letter

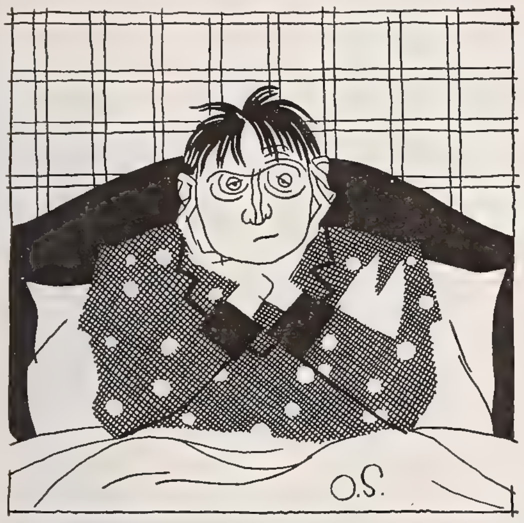
Spellbound

When you're at school, trying to eke out an existence on a minute allowance, money

'n' me

wasted on a poor movie is positively tragic. It was with clammy palms and a sinking sensation that I decided last month to spend my last forty cents on an historical movie, with a new young actor in it who meant nothing to me.

However, I emerged from "Lloyds of London" in a state of ecstasy. I loathe historical films, but it would take a heart of stone to resist the thrilling flavor of adventure which overhung Lloyd's Coffee House. English actresses leave me cold, but Madeleine Carroll's sheer loveliness left me speechless and green with envy. Unknown young heroes are usually the collar-ad type, with flashy smiles and pretty features, but Tyrone Power's superb "Jonathan" and particularly, Mr. Power himself, wove a spell around me that I am still trying to break.—Jean Rearick, Wellesley, Mass.



Movie heroes wake up looking dishevelled? Nope, it couldn't happen in pictures.

$1.00 Prize Letter
"Uncle Don" Gene Autry

Gene Autry is the one and only screen player who makes Western pictures at all endurable for me. His wonderful voice, naturalness and clean good looks are so refreshing that I don't dread a Western film anymore.

Perhaps you wonder why I attended a theatre where a Western picture was showing if I didn't like them. The reason is two youngsters who do like them and, as they are still too small to go alone, Mother naturally had to go along. I used to dread those pictures with their impossible plots, their wild shooting, using so many bullets and never hitting the broad side of a barn, until Gene's pictures came to this small town a year ago.

Now, I look forward to them as eagerly as the children do. His pictures have helped me more than I can say—to teach my children good sportsmanship, fair play and clean living, and I only wish I could thank him. My small son almost worships Gene Autry. All I need do is to ask him if he thinks Gene Autry would do this or that, and he is never in doubt about the right or wrong of an act.—Myrta Belland, Everett, Wash.

$1.00 Prize Letter
In a Dangerous Mood

Watch out, I'm in a dangerous mood. Yes, sir, I've had nails for breakfast and I'm getting ready for a luncheon of hot rivets! Why am I so irate? Well, if you thought a studio wasn't doing right by your little Nell, wouldn't you raise the roof, too? You're dern tootin'. And that's what I'm hot about! They're not doing right by my gal, Jean Muir. What the heck, ain't she the best dern little actress in Hollywood? And that studio of hers sure ain't giving her much chance to show her wares.—Thomas Nathan Pappas, Memphis, Tenn.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Real Guy

On a recent trip to California, we were staying at a Palm Springs hotel right next-door to Warner Baxter. We happened to see Warner and his lovely wife coming out of the hotel dining-room and went up to them. He was so gracious—signed autographs and asked us to join his little group, which included Marian Nixon. We declined, but appreciated the invitation so much. His hearty handshake is something one never forgets.

Next evening we were passing by as he came out again, and he spotted us and waved "Hello." When I told him he had been my favorite for over ten years, he said, "Please write to 20th Century-Fox. I'd love to hear from you," and it seemed sincere. However, when we passed through Hollywood, he was away on a fishing trip, and so we missed the pleasure of seeing him or his studio.—Catherine Thompson, Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

(*Continued on page* 70)

Glaring sun throws a hard light on your face
Pond's "Sunlight" Shades catch only the softer rays of the sun —soften your face

Glare-Proof!

Flatter you in hard, blazing light

Now 3 "Sunlight" shades

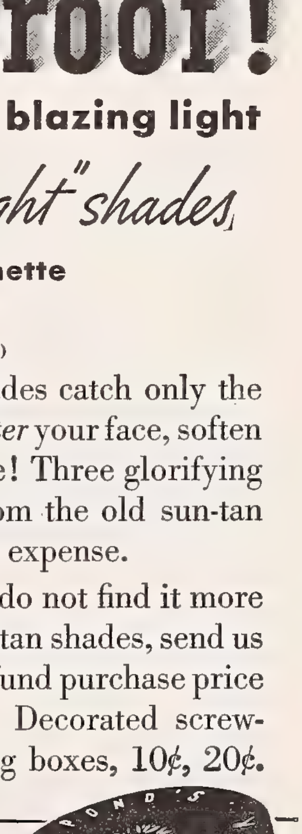
Summer Brunette
Sunlight (LIGHT)
Sunlight (DARK)

Pond's new "Sunlight" Shades catch only the softer rays of the sun . . . *flatter* your face, soften its look in the hardest glare! Three glorifying shades completely away from the old sun-tan powders—Try them at our expense.

Or buy a box, and if you do not find it more flattering than ordinary sun-tan shades, send us back the box, and we will refund purchase price plus postage. Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

Test them FREE! in glaring Sunlight
Pond's, Dept. 9MS-PH, Clinton, Conn.
Please rush me, free, Pond's 3 new "Sunlight" Shades, enough of each for a 5-day test.
(This offer expires Oct. 1, 1937)

Name____________________
Street____________________
City______________State________



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The Highest LOVE

... the lowest men

The Seven Seas have ever known

MUTINY!.. Gold-mad, blood-mad cutthroats ..defying the gallows..doomed unless they smash a love that dared a HONEYMOON OF HORROR! NEVER BEFORE SUCH A MIGHTY SEA-SPECTACLE! NEVER AGAIN SUCH A STRANGE LOVE STORY!

Warner **BAXTER** *Wallace* **BEERY**

SLAVE SHIP

with

Elizabeth ALLAN

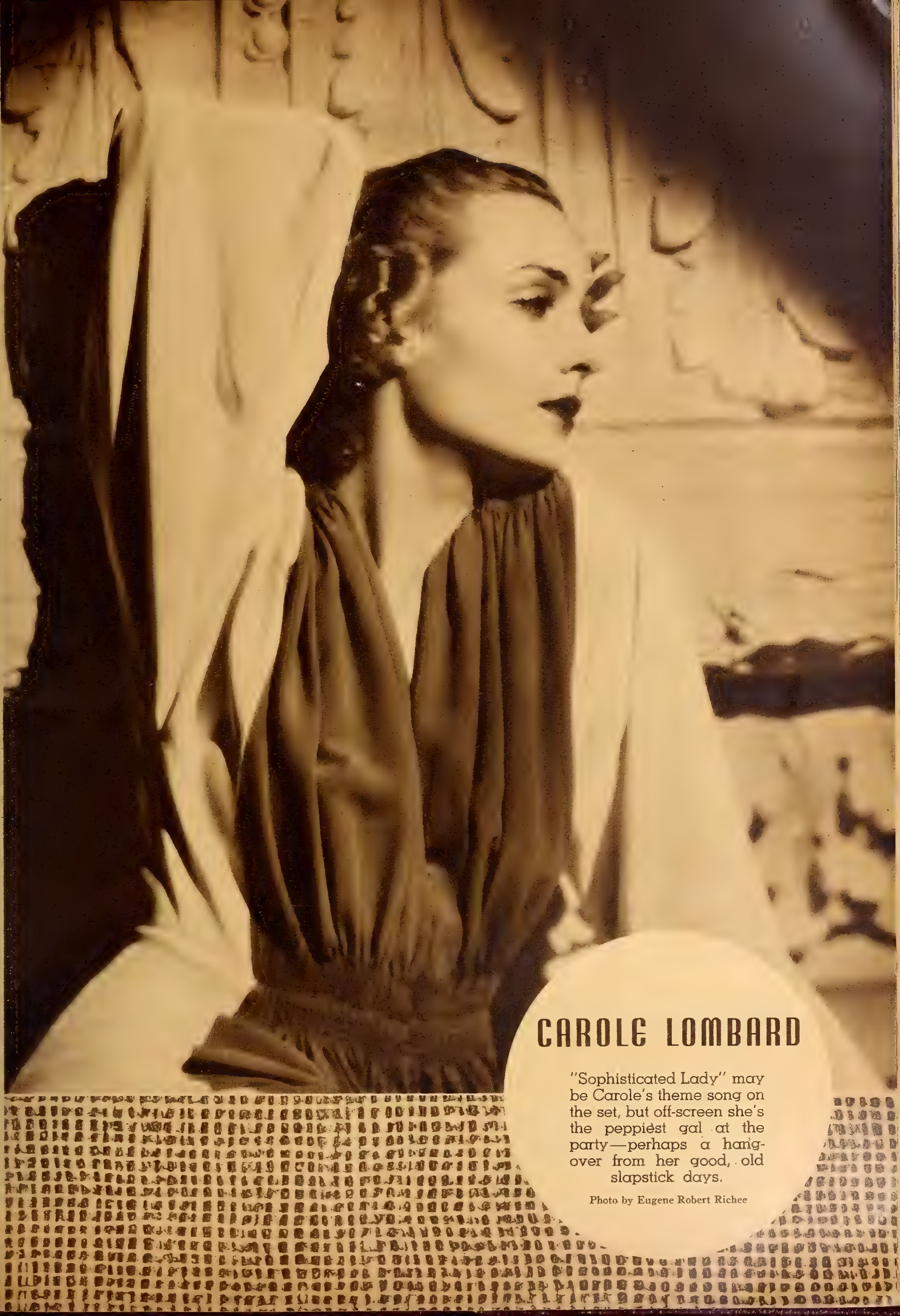
Mickey ROONEY

GEORGE SANDERS • JANE DARWELL

JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

Directed by TAY GARNETT
Associate Producer Nunnally Johnson
Based on a Novel by George S. King
DARRYL F. ZANUCK In Charge of Production

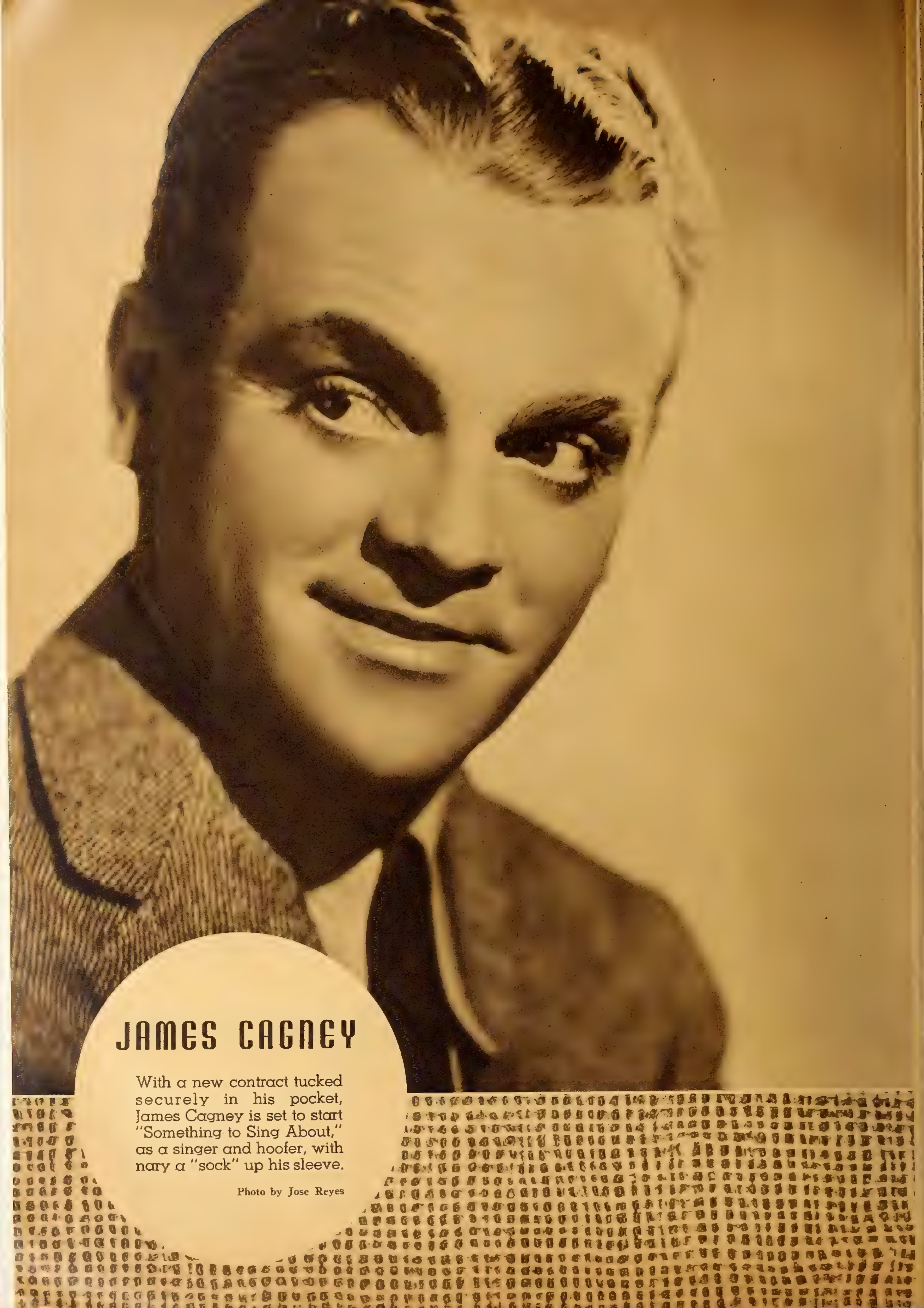
20th Century-Fox Sets the Style... Sets the Pace... for GREAT *Entertainment!* You loved—you cheered—"On the Avenue", "Wake Up and Live", "Cafe Metropole", "This is My Affair". Now expect even greater thrills from even greater hits!



CAROLE LOMBARD

"Sophisticated Lady" may be Carole's theme song on the set, but off-screen she's the peppiest gal at the party—perhaps a hang-over from her good, old slapstick days.

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee



JAMES CAGNEY

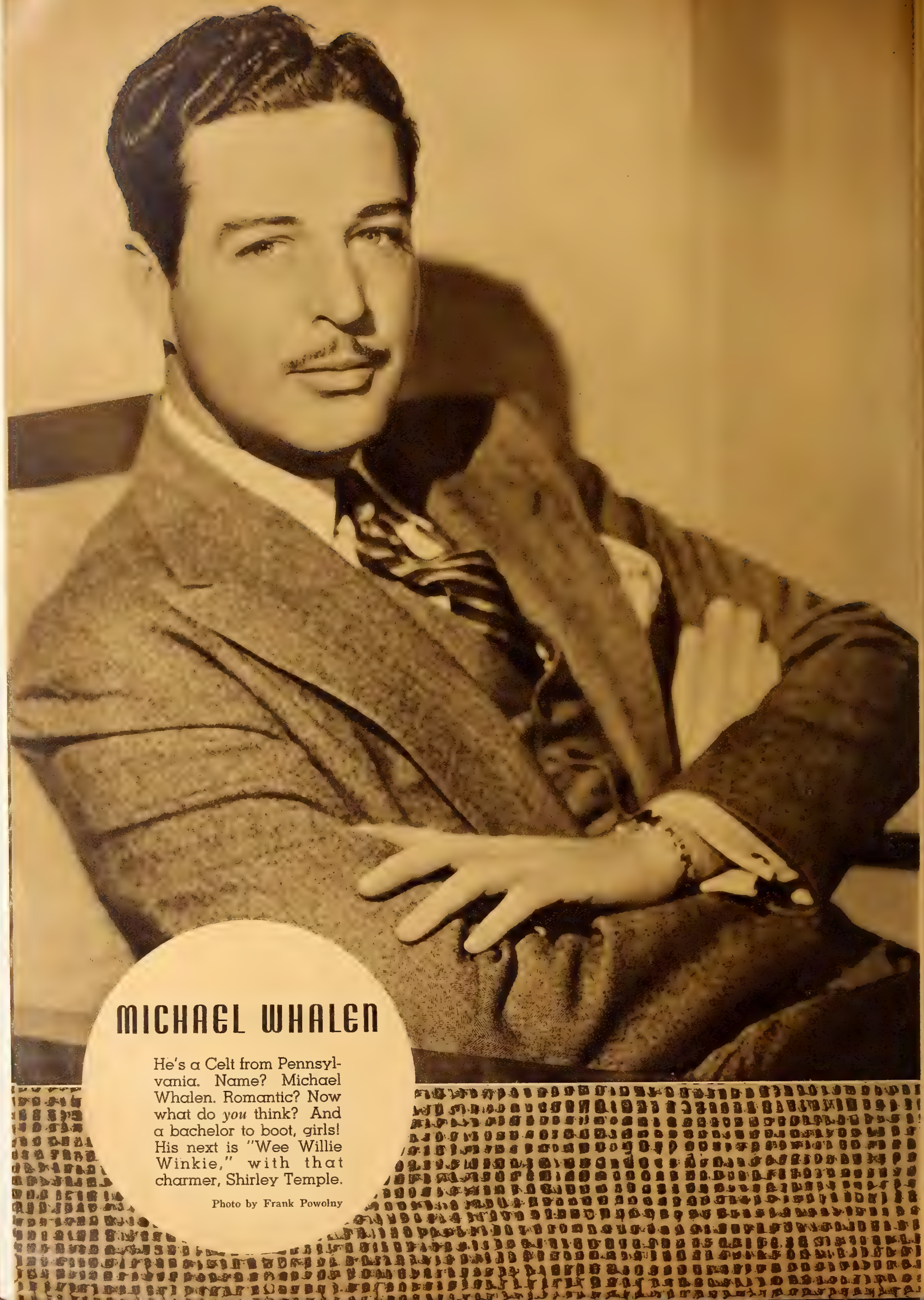
With a new contract tucked securely in his pocket, James Cagney is set to start "Something to Sing About," as a singer and hoofer, with nary a "sock" up his sleeve.

Photo by Jose Reyes

VIRGINIA BRUCE

A Glamor Girl if ever there was one, this Virginia Bruce. Kent Taylor falls for her charms in "When Love Is Young," and in real life David Niven topples.

Photo by Ray Jones



MICHAEL WHALEN

He's a Celt from Pennsylvania. Name? Michael Whalen. Romantic? Now what do *you* think? And a bachelor to boot, girls! His next is "Wee Willie Winkie," with that charmer, Shirley Temple.

Photo by Frank Powolny

DEANNA DURBIN

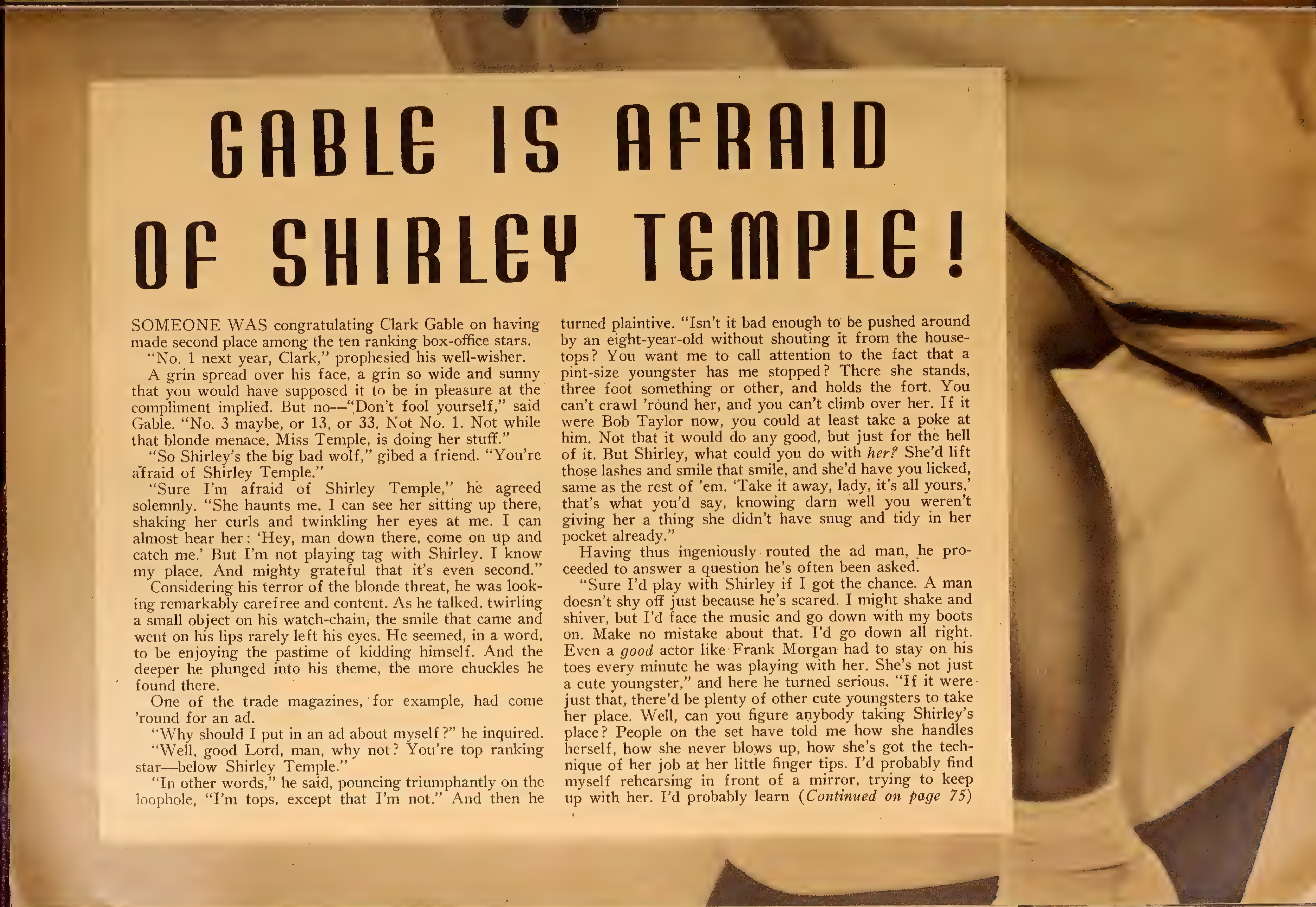
"Three Smart Girls" brought Deanna Durbin film fame in one installment. Now her studio has big plans for their little singing wonder. She'll be the star of "100 Men and a Girl" soon.

Photo by Ray Jones

Would you believe that a big he-man is scared of a mop of curls and a dimple? Yes, and he admits it

By Ida Zeitlin

"You can take a poke at Bob Taylor," says Clark good-humoredly, "but what on earth can you do about Shirley Temple?"



GABLE IS AFRAID OF SHIRLEY TEMPLE!

SOMEONE WAS congratulating Clark Gable on having made second place among the ten ranking box-office stars.

"No. 1 next year, Clark," prophesied his well-wisher.

A grin spread over his face, a grin so wide and sunny that you would have supposed it to be in pleasure at the compliment implied. But no—"Don't fool yourself," said Gable. "No. 3 maybe, or 13, or 33. Not No. 1. Not while that blonde menace, Miss Temple, is doing her stuff."

"So Shirley's the big bad wolf," gibed a friend. "You're afraid of Shirley Temple."

"Sure I'm afraid of Shirley Temple," he agreed solemnly. "She haunts me. I can see her sitting up there, shaking her curls and twinkling her eyes at me. I can almost hear her: 'Hey, man down there, come on up and catch me.' But I'm not playing tag with Shirley. I know my place. And mighty grateful that it's even second."

Considering his terror of the blonde threat, he was looking remarkably carefree and content. As he talked, twirling a small object on his watch-chain, the smile that came and went on his lips rarely left his eyes. He seemed, in a word, to be enjoying the pastime of kidding himself. And the deeper he plunged into his theme, the more chuckles he found there.

One of the trade magazines, for example, had come 'round for an ad.

"Why should I put in an ad about myself?" he inquired.

"Well, good Lord, man, why not? You're top ranking star—below Shirley Temple."

"In other words," he said, pouncing triumphantly on the loophole, "I'm tops, except that I'm not." And then he turned plaintive. "Isn't it bad enough to be pushed around by an eight-year-old without shouting it from the house-tops? You want me to call attention to the fact that a pint-size youngster has me stopped? There she stands, three foot something or other, and holds the fort. You can't crawl 'round her, and you can't climb over her. If it were Bob Taylor now, you could at least take a poke at him. Not that it would do any good, but just for the hell of it. But Shirley, what could you do with *her?* She'd lift those lashes and smile that smile, and she'd have you licked, same as the rest of 'em. 'Take it away, lady, it's all yours,' that's what you'd say, knowing darn well you weren't giving her a thing she didn't have snug and tidy in her pocket already."

Having thus ingeniously routed the ad man, he proceeded to answer a question he's often been asked.

"Sure I'd play with Shirley if I got the chance. A man doesn't shy off just because he's scared. I might shake and shiver, but I'd face the music and go down with my boots on. Make no mistake about that. I'd go down all right. Even a *good* actor like Frank Morgan had to stay on his toes every minute he was playing with her. She's not just a cute youngster," and here he turned serious. "If it were just that, there'd be plenty of other cute youngsters to take her place. Well, can you figure anybody taking Shirley's place? People on the set have told me how she handles herself, how she never blows up, how she's got the technique of her job at her little finger tips. I'd probably find myself rehearsing in front of a mirror, trying to keep up with her. I'd probably learn (*Continued on page 75*)

By simply existing, this charmer, Loretta, mows men down. But so far the "hunters" haven't got her. What's the reason?

I'M NOT MARRIED BECAUSE—

Loretta Young, with beauty, fame and fortune, tells you why she's without a husband

A GIRL stood at the side of a ship, gloved hands resting on the rail. A puff of air touched the cape of her cinnamon-brown costume, turning it gently back to reveal a gay Paisley lining that matched the colors appliquéd on the shoulders. Her face was framed in a turban-like headdress of the same material, the scarf under her chin fastened at either side to a double-corded band that fitted over the crown of her head.

It was a striking costume, but once your eyes turned to the girl's face, you forgot what she was wearing. Looking at it, you felt stealing over you that sense of perfect contentment stirred by the sight of any perfect object. There was nothing you would have changed in

A tense moment from "Love Under Fire," with Don Ameche, left. And right, a romantic scene with Tyrone Power, from "Cafe Metropole."

By

Caroline S. Hoyt

that cream-skinned oval with its straight nose and full, sweet mouth and wide-spaced, dreaming gray eyes that seemed to hold all the serenity of the sea she was supposed to be gazing at. But the sea wasn't there, and the ship was moored to a set, and the puff of air was stirred by a wind-machine. Only Loretta Young was real.

"Cut!" called the director, and her quiet face broke into laughter. Don Ameche and Borrah Minnevitch, romantic and comedy leads in "Love Under Fire," had placed themselves safely outside the camera's range but within Loretta's, and were cutting fantastic grimaces at each other in some remarkable game of their own.

"You idiots!" she cried. They faced about, approached at a smart trot and stood before her, features contorted. She considered them both. "Borrah gets the award," she decided. "Sorry, Don, but you shouldn't compete with your betters. He's got the funnier face, to begin with."

Gay or tranquil, she remained utterly lovely, utterly desirable. And the question I'd come to ask her took on a more personal significance. It was no longer just a job, but something I wanted explained to myself. Here was a girl who, by simply existing, must mow men down. Every turn of her head, every change of expression spelled enchantment to the senses. How had she escaped the hunters? Why wasn't she married?

It wasn't an easy question to ask, but once it was out, she made the rest easy. A moment's reflection, then she nodded her head. "Yes, I think I can talk about that." Having agreed, there was no backing and filling. What she wanted to say, she said in straightforward fashion, without flustered reserves or coy hesitations. What she didn't want to say she kept to herself. She made it easy, too, because she's intelligent. She doesn't babble. She doesn't dish out hooey that she learned from a copy-book or thinks may sound well in a magazine. At one time and another she has searched her own mind, learned to know herself, to be honest with herself. She'll give you the honest fruit of that self-knowledge or she'll give you nothing.

"The whole thing can be summed up in a sentence," she said slowly. "I don't want to marry—I won't marry—till I meet the man I feel I can't live without.

"I'm a normal girl. I've fallen in love. If it were just a question of that, I'd have married long before now. But falling in love isn't the whole of marriage. And with me marriage has got to be for life. I can't say, 'I've made a mistake. Divorce!' My ethics, my religion, my whole outlook forbid it. When I marry, I've got to stay married. I have no choice."

With the headdress removed, her face looked lovelier than ever in its natural frame of soft brown hair. The eyes she lifted to mine had a little smile in them, but it wasn't a merry smile.

"I know what you're thinking, what anyone would be thinking at this point. About my first marriage. You see, I wasn't married to Grant Withers in the Church. It was a civil marriage and, therefore, to the Church, no marriage at all."

She paused for a moment, putting her thoughts in order; then she went on. "I don't want you to misunderstand what I'm going to tell you now. I wouldn't for the world say a word to hurt my former husband, and the whole thing isn't too easy to explain. But if I'd had to marry Grant within the Church, I might not have done it. Not that I didn't love him. I did. Not that he wasn't marvelous to me. He was.

(*Continued on page 78*)

Upon finishing "Shall We Dance" (right), Ginger Rogers makes good her threat to try drah-ma again. "Stage Door" will be the film.

SONG AND DANCE MAN

By Gladys Hall

So you won't talk, Mister Astaire? Well, there are those who will and, what's more, do—about you

Will Harriet Hoctor replace Ginger as Astaire's dancing partner? Your reception of her in "Shall We Dance" and "Damsel in Distress" will undoubtedly tell.

FRED ASTAIRE is the most honest actor in Hollywood!" That's what the men who work with him—publicity men, cameramen, directors, prop men—say. And they, surely, are in a position to know. When I asked what exactly they meant by "honest," they related two anecdotes which illustrate the integrity of the man, even in matters which any other actor would consider inconsequential. Here they are:

A few days ago some informal pictures were being made of Astaire. It was suggested that he be photographed with his secretary. "But," Mr. Astaire pointed out, "my secretary isn't here. He's at home." That didn't matter, said the publicity men; they'd just use one of the boys on the set, caption the picture, "Fred Astaire and his secretary," and who would know the difference? No one. And no one would have known the difference, of course. Ah, but Mr. Astaire would have known. And he didn't make the picture. He will not "cheat" even in details.

Another time he was being interviewed. He was asked to name his favorite dish. He said noodle soup. His interrogator raised pained eyebrows and suggested that it would read better if Mr. Astaire were to say something fancier. But Astaire repeated, with that unfailing honesty of his, which does not know how to dress itself in little painted lies, "But noodle soup *is* my favorite dish."

THE ONLY song and dance which Fred Astaire cannot give you is a song and dance about himself. Honesty is the best policy, there's no denying that. But for purposes of interviewing it's about as helpful and comfortable as an icy shower in a sub-zero climate, sand down your back, a nail in your shoe or a leaking hot water bottle in bed.

Not that Mr. Astaire isn't all he seems to be on the screen. He is. His grace, his courtesy, his charming diffidence are not assumed along with the greasepaint. They are the inherent qualities of the man. But when you begin, matter-of-factly, to question him about his wife, his son, his home, his personal friends, the brand of toothpaste he uses, his secret sorrow, if any—any of the topics which actors from Valentino to Freddie Bartholomew have enlarged upon so verbosely and obligingly—well, you meet Astaire all right. You meet—a stare.

Fred Astaire doesn't know how to talk about himself. This is the crux of the reason why Astaire will not give folksy, intimate interviews. It isn't that he won't talk; it's that he can't. He is much too well-bred to be deliberately unobliging about anything, particularly to a lady. He said to me, half a dozen times during the three hours I spent on the set of "Shall We Dance," "I wish I could be of more help to you." He meant it, too. He has never "gone Hollywood" in the art of making glib self-revelations, confessions, chummy confidences for the public prints.

EVERY MAN on the set, from prop-man to director, calls Fred Astaire "Fred" or "Freddy." There is absolutely nothing high-brow about Fred. He isn't aloof. He isn't painfully aristocratic, despising to soil his hands in the ink-pots of the hoi-polloi.

I was reminded of the time, a number of months ago, when Adele Astaire (Lady Cavendish) was visiting in Hollywood. Acquaintances Lady-Cavendished her all over the place. It was "Lady Cavendish this" and "Lady Cavendish that" until, at last, Adele stopped all the bowing and scraping by saying, with a hearty laugh, "Not Lady Cavendish, please—Delly-Welly to you!"

Fred himself told me that one of the most interesting times he has had in pictures was when they went to the railroad yards on location for "Swing Time." He said, "I had a swell time chatting with box-car tourists. Some people would call them 'bums.' They didn't strike me that way. Most of them were intelligent chaps, good stuff in them. Down on their luck, in some cases, or inoculated with an incurable

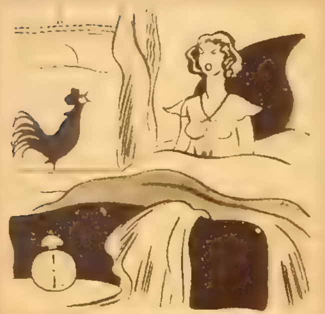
(*Continued on page 82*)

SO YOU'D LIKE TO BE A STAR?

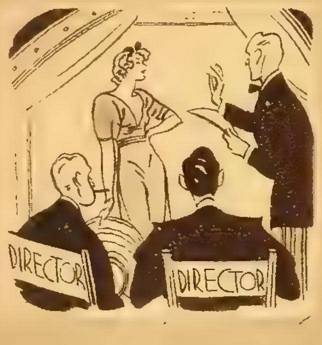
By Faith Service

Myrna Loy shows you what is back of Hollywood's glamor front

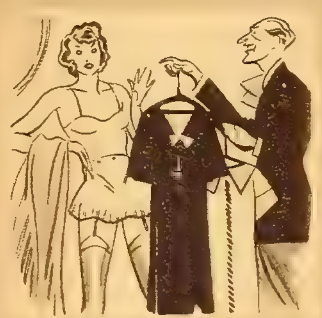
Here is a celebrity's typical routine



6 A.M. The world's asleep, with only a rooster and Miss Movie Star to greet Old Sol.



Bosses to left of her, bosses to right of her. What can a poor gal do but take it?



The first hundred fittings may be hardest, but the hundred and first is no cinch, either.

MYRNA LOY was, ostensibly, talking to me. At least I was the only person in her suite at the hotel where she and her husband, Arthur Hornblow, were living while they awaited the completion of their new home in Cold Water Canyon, Beverly Hills.

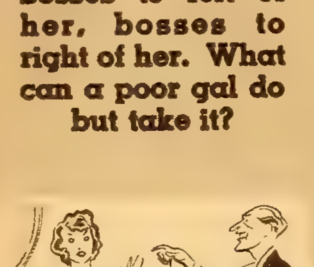
Yes, Myrna seemed to be talking to me. Actually, she was talking to you, Mary, to you, Sue, to all of you little Marys and Sues and Sarahs who wish you could be movie stars, who see them through rainbow-colored glasses—immune from the pains and problems of the workaday world.

"If they only knew," sighed Myrna. She stood there, guileless of make-up, looking very unstarrish and young-wifely, serving me and herself bread with lime marmalade and tea.

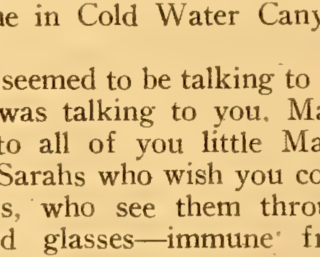
"Girls write me," Myrna explained, "like this: 'Day after day I have to sit at my typewriter. I am a secretary. My boss is a hard taskmaster. I have to do everything perfectly, or else. All I can do is take orders and like it. But you lead a glamorous life. You're paid for being made love to. Do you wonder that I envy you, who can be your own boss?'

"I'd like to tell that girl," said Myrna emphatically, "I'd like to tell her in good plain English that I am not my own boss. I'd like to tell her that I serve not one boss but several million. For my boss is—the Public. My boss is that very girl who writes me herself and thousands like her. It is the Public that first hired me, and it is the Public that can fire me. The Public criticizes me, praises me, reprimands me. If you've got any sound sense and adaptability, you can manage to please one boss. But millions! And after the Public there is the producer, the supervisor, the director, the script writer, publicity department, cameramen, sound men. I am not my own boss, girls. I am top-heavy with bosses.

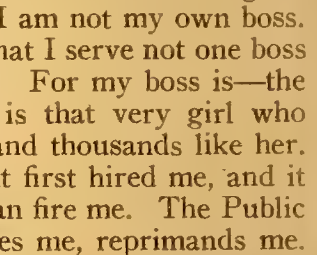
"Then there are the girls who write me like this: 'I work in a store, selling lingerie. I go to work at nine A. M. If I'm late, if I stay out a day with a cold, there is the deuce and all to pay. At five-thirty



Her working days are appointment-bound. At last a vacation? No! She's hauled back for retakes.



Even that lettuce leaf, she so carelessly ate for lunch, shows up on the fiendish scales.



"You go to such glorious parties. You're paid for being made love to. You don't have to punch a time-clock. Do you wonder that we envy you?" girls write to Myrna.

Above, Myrna Loy with Hubby Arthur Hornblow and, below, with Clark Gable in "Parnell."

I have to punch the clock and go home. How would you like a life like that—you who can loll in the sun, plunge into swimming pools, lunch at places like the Brown Derby, the Vendome and other spots I've read about?'

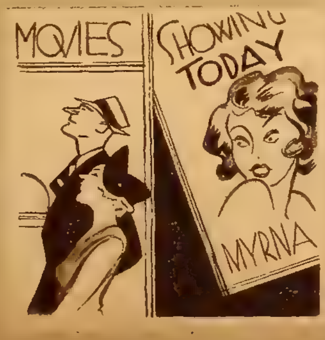
"I'd like to tell such young ladies," said Myrna grimly, "that my work is nine parts drudgery and one part thrill and glamor. There is nothing I know of that is quite so exhausting as working under hot lights. It is tiresome, undoubtedly, to stand behind a counter all day or sit at a typewriter pounding the keys, but at least these girls don't have millions of watts pouring into their faces.

"I'm going to tell Sue and Sarah just exactly what I have to do to earn the glamorous reward of being a moom pitcher star. The behind-the-scenes facts, not fairy-tale publicity. Let's take 'Parnell,' my latest picture, and do a case history on that.

"Well, weeks before the actual shooting began, there were the preparations. I read twenty books on Parnell and his times. I conferred with the son of Kitty and Willie O'Shea. I wear fifteen costumes in the role of Kitty O'Shea. That meant the making of innumerable sketches by Adrian, over which he and I conferred for hours. Materials were tried and approved or rejected. There were one hundred and fifty fittings. There were the hats, hundreds of hats. There was the jewelry. That had to be just right, not only for the period, but also for me. There were the shoes. I had to practice standing and walking. Kitty O'Shea didn't stand or walk as does the girl of today.

"When we began to work I got up at six every morning, as I always do when in production. It takes from two to three hours to dress, get to the studio, have my hair dampened and waved every single morning, get into make-up and costumes. I make myself up. I can't stand having anyone fussing over me. It took me twenty minutes to get into each gown I wore. And then the set and work. Comes lunch hour. But, my dear good women, no Vendoming, no Derbying for little Myrna. No. Lunch served in my dressing-room, eaten from a tray and, usually, an interview or a conference with the director or lines to be learned (*Continued on page 77*)

So what? A newer star appears, and to you, Fickle Public, our heroine becomes—the Forgotten Face.



9:30 P. M. You think she's set to go Trocing. Well, here's the real end of a movie star's perfect day.

Some fun, eh? Back to your typewriters!

HE WANTS TO BE ALONE

Bill Powell, eligible bachelor, becomes Hollywood hermit!

By James Reid

DEAR BILL POWELL:
Won't you please stop being a hermit for one evening and come to the party that we're giving on the fifth? It will be informal, and you will know everyone there. We have invited Jean. Couldn't both of you arrange to arrive at seven, before the others appear? It's been ages since we've seen you socially!
Love from———

That was the note the producer's wife penned. This was the reply she received:

Dear ———
I am flattered, as usual, to be asked to one of your festive gatherings. But, as usual, I must extend my regrets—and for the same old reason. I am afraid to accept.
If I should attend, I should be running the risk of alienating the affections of a number of other people whose invitations I have not accepted. Having persisted so long in being a hermit, it looks as if I am fated to continue.
Sincerely,
Bill

The producer's wife, reading Bill's note aloud to her husband, said, "This is the third time in a year that Bill Powell has dodged one of my parties. He's the most disillusioning man I've ever known! A man-about-town who always stays home. What's the matter with him, anyway? He wasn't always like this. What's changed him? Is he trying to become a man of mystery? Is he tired of seeing people? Is he bored with life?"

"Why," asked her husband, "don't you ask him?"

The lady lacked the courage. So I asked him for her. A reporter dares enter territory where producers' wives fear to tread.

I found Bill on the sidelines of "The Emperor's Candlesticks" set, regaling Luise Rainer with a story. It hardly looked as if, on the set, Bill persisted in being a hermit.

Luise was called off the set. Bill was left alone, alone and vulnerable. Before he could escape, I was upon him. He was taken unawares. But did he show it? Not Bill! With all the cordiality at his command, and that's considerable, he shook hands. He insisted on my having a chair, while he insisted on standing.

"I can think of answers faster on my feet," he said. "An old carry-over from my school days. 'Twas a rare teacher who could pin a crime on me, if I had a chance to scramble to my feet before she reached for my ear."

I TOLD him that I had searched him out to solve a mystery even more baffling than anything Nick Charles was ever called on to explain.

On the screen, he is the epitome of the man who gets out and around. Off the screen, he is the Invisible Man. Why is this so?

"I want," he said, with elaborate airiness, "to be alone."

"Absolutely alone?"

"Well, reasonably alone."

"You have no ambitions to be aloof?"

"None whatsoever. Just alone. That's all."

"You aren't bored with life?"

"No."

"Or tired of seeing people?"

"No."

"Your arteries aren't hardening prematurely?"

"They're as soft as jelly."

Bill sighed, beginning to wear under my restless grilling.

"You're sure you want my story?"

My answer was the one you would have given.

"I'm not sure I can tell it as it should be told," he said. "I haven't interviewed W. Powell on this particular subject yet, myself. I haven't exactly *thought* myself into privacy. It's just grown on me, like hair.

"I suppose it could be traced, indirectly, to the roles I've played. It's been my fortune, the past few years, to play a succession of clever fellows, all a bit on the smooth side. Nick Charles, for example.

"Now, there was an amusing fellow, the kind of fellow you'd like to have around. I enjoyed being around him, myself. He was eccentric, but witty and debonair. Or,

Filming of "The Emperor's Candlesticks" permits Bill to be "alone" with Luise Rainer.

if you like, a word that I loathe, 'suave.' But he has been a bit of trouble, too. You see, he looks like *me*. And, because of that, there are actually people who think I'm Nick, or vice versa. Hundreds of them, thousands of them.

"You should have a look at some of the fan mail. Some letters have even warned me that I'm in danger of losing Myrna's love, shaking so many cocktails. You see, they don't know William Powell. They know only that fellow on the screen. They don't suspect that I'm practically a teetotaler, that is, compared with Nick. They don't suspect that Myrna Loy really is married to someone else.

"It's flabbergasting when you first discover that, in trying to make a character natural, you've given people the idea that you're really playing yourself.

"Then, next, you discover that people expect you to exhibit those same characteristics when they encounter you in person. If you don't, they say that your directors must be geniuses, to get you to do those things on the screen. And if you do exhibit them, then you've taken to acting twenty-four hours a day, offscreen and on. (*Continued on page 86*)

Bill has his private reasons for demanding privacy. C'mon, eavesdrop with us and get in on the low-down.

THE INSIDE STORY

Joan Bennett was once Hollywood's outstanding example of a two-career girl. That's over! Below is a recent picture of the Markey family. Left to right, Gene, Melinda, Joan and Diana.

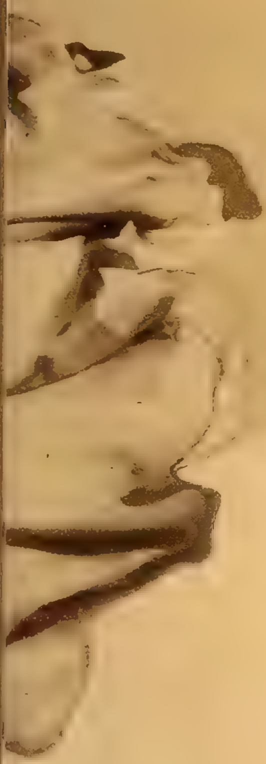
FROM THE beginning, on March 16, 1932, until the end, on April 29, 1937, one adjective was used to describe the marriage of Joan Bennett and Gene Markey. The adjective was "ideal." Even the headline that heralded their parting read, "Rift Climaxes Ideal Screen Marriage."

That headline appeared with an unexpectedness and suddenness that stunned all except those close to Joan and Gene. Those close to them were prepared.

But for five years, as far as the outside world was concerned, there was nothing to hint that the marriage of the Markeys was not everything that it appeared to be.

Until very near the end, no gossip marred the illusion. There were no hints of quarrels, no intimations even of the usual temperamental differences of the usual husband and wife. They were not exactly labeled as recluses, but everyone was convinced that they preferred their own home life to Hollywood party life. There were no outward symptoms of restlessness or discontent or incompatibility. There was no more doubt of their love for each other than there was of their love for their children —Diana, Joan's child by her first marriage, whose name

OF JOAN'S DIVORCE



Here are the real facts behind the break-up of this once happy marriage

By George Benjamin

Joan heads a cast of "pretties" in one of the big musicals of the year, "Vogues of 1938."

had been legally changed to Markey, and the baby, Melinda.

Whenever Joan gave an interview, she did something that few actresses (thinking of their box-office appeal) had the courage to do. She talked of her husband and her children. There was something infinitely appealing about Joan, the glamorous young movie modern, also being Joan, the girl-wife and girl-mother. She became Hollywood's most radiant example of a two-career girl. Her happiness became legend.

Now, suddenly, the legend has exploded. Joan and Gene have rung down the curtain on the saga of love, in the middle of the second act. The show won't go on. They feel that they can't give convincing performances any longer. They are "incompatible."

Incompatibility is Hollywood's most popular, most polite and least convincing explanation for divorce. In the case of Joan Bennett and Gene Markey, it satisfies no one.

Joan may owe the public a fuller explanation, after all those interviews stressing her happiness; but she will give none.

The real explanation is so simple—yet so blunt, so difficult to make. . . .

It does not strictly follow the familiar Hollywood pattern. Joan's marriage has not conflicted with her career. If anything, her marriage to Gene, the dramatist, has made her a better actress.

It is not a case of wife becoming more important than husband. Gene has never suffered the title "Mr. Bennett." He has never earned less than Joan. He has never ranked lower in the Hollywood scheme of things. Today he is a producer—and, as such, controls the destinies of stars.

Neither is it a case of violent clash of temperaments. The Bennetts—Joan included—have earned a reputation for being unpredictable, but Gene's mordant sense of humor has never allowed temperament to be one of his weaknesses.

The explanation is, simply and bluntly, that Joan—who is said never to have been really in love with Gene, as he has been in love with her—has found someone else. The "someone else" is a big name in moviedom.

Ironically, it seems as if Joan Bennett has not really been in love with either of the men she has married.

The first time, that she repeated a bride's responses, Joan thought she was in love. She was sixteen at the time. She had a lonely, (*Continued on page 84*)

Garbo, Grande Dame of the Cinema, once spent her days making gents back in Sweden handsome!

DIRECTOR
NO CASTING TODAY

Bette Davis met the stony stares of many a casting director before she finally clicked.

. . . DON'T LET IT

By Mary Marshall

STRUGGLE AS I do to keep any top-lofty, preachy element out of these articles, I often feel, upon rereading my printed words in a nice, fresh issue, that I haven't succeeded too well. Here we sit, we beauteh scriveners, in our fine, comfortable offices, at our fine, comfortable typewriters, and run off at the mouth about how easy it is to be beautiful.

It's oh, so easy—for the girl who makes twelve dollars a week and out of that must pay rent, board and all the rest of it. Oh, so easy—for the girl who must turn over a huge slice of her earnings to the old folks at home. Oh, so easy—for the woman with five children and no help, for the folks who live on farms and rise at dawn and work like sixty all day. They should find it quite simple to take twenty minutes out now and then to do some exercises or manicure their nails. Yes. Well, I know. Some of you may well think I have my nerve with me to talk to you about "being faithful to your beauty routines."

This article is an effort to take such people into consideration. Even if you're handicapped by money, time or trouble (a lack of the first two, and an over-abundance of the third), please don't let it get you down!

Now, so help me, this isn't publicity drivel, but the solemn truth. The four girls on these two pages had their share of woe in the early days, but something—determination or a driving ambition—kept their spirits up. But I don't wish to speak about them right this minute. After all, it's you I care about. Let's go into a ways-and-means huddle and see what can be done to get around financial beauty problems.

First place, don't fall for the bargains on the drugstore counter. You know—the come-ons which bid you buy a box of such-and-such powder for a dollar, and they'll throw in a dollar-size jar of something else which you don't exactly want. Pare your cosmetic needs down to a minimum. Buy what you need in the standard-size jars, and use things sparingly.

For instance: you can get a large jar of a good cold cream for under a dollar. A huge box of cleansing tissues for thirty-one cents. The cold cream will last at least six months. A good economy trick is to use your lipstick

Even if you're handicapped by lack of money or time, movie

Appearing in a club while teaching dancing to hopefuls was Eleanor Powell's daily routine way back when.

Pleasing the patrons of a shoe store was no fun, according to Janet Gaynor.

GET YOU DOWN!

as face rouge—very little of it, of course, and carefully blended in. You get a perfect match this way, too. A good box of powder—you can get many brands under a dollar and if you're a little stingy with it (as one can be with powder), it will last nearly a year.

If your eyes need mascara, buy the ten-cent size. You need a deodorant—price, something under fifty cents. This isn't a vital necessity—that is, you can live without it—but it's next most important, and that's a hand lotion of some kind, which will also serve as a powder base. Heavens, I don't know when I bought my last large bottle of hand lotion. I have to have my hands in water quite a bit and use the lotion after every washing. It seems to last forever.

There, my darlings, are the average necessities, plus a brush and a comb, a nail file, an orange stick and some hairpins and bobbie pins. The trouble with so many of us is that we clutter up the bathroom shelf and the dressing table with things we don't need and seldom use, after the first fine flare of experimentation. Some of these things are all very good, and some of them are out and out rubbish, but the point is that we waste our money on them because they're cheap or kind of cute, and then we haven't the dough to pay for something we really need.

As you are able to add to your cosmetic store, I'd say that cosmetic necessities come in this order: manicure tools and preparations, a wave lotion, if you need it, a good tissue cream for dry skin, or a good astringent for oily skin, depending on your skin type. Then maybe a body brush, preferably of the long-handled variety—not only because it gets your back good and clean, but because, used "all over," it does such wonders for your circulation and makes you feel as though you'd just had a high-priced massage at some high-priced salon. It doesn't pay to buy cheap brushes, though—remember that. They get spongy and useless after one or two scrubbings. Then you might break down and buy some inexpensive, delicately scented bath salts or bath powder.

Oh, you can cut the corners in so many ways. You can make yourself a shampoo out of good white soap. Less troublesome and more pleasant if you can buy a prepared shampoo product, but I'm just telling you what you can do. If you must watch every penny, your cold cream must serve as a manicure preparation. *(Continued on page 80)*

stars know that here is the solution to your beauty problems

A MAN IN LOVE

By Martha Kerr

Francis Lederer discusses Margo, his present love, and his affection for the women who have figured in his past

"If any man can be sure he's in love, I'm that man," says Lederer, speaking of Margo.

MARGO," SAID the man who is in love with her, "has that rarest of all qualities in a human being, the quality of absolute, how shall I say it, absolute purity. It is a quality that impresses you with the divinity of human nature."

The man in love is Francis Lederer. The debonair Francis Lederer of so many gay roles. Lederer, the sleek sophisticate, the idol of two continents. The tall, dark intellectual, emotional, and yet earthy Czecho-Slovakian to whom women of all nations have given their favors.

"I first saw Margo," Francis was saying, "in 'Crime Without Passion.' And instantly she came on the screen, I knew that here was someone completely alone and apart. She does not say words as other people say them. Her emotions she expresses so entirely in her own way. Of pure Spanish blood, she was brought up here in Hollywood by her grandmother. It a little explains Margo that she was reared by a lady very old and very wise. She was unhappy when she was first here as a child," said Francis, "because she did not speak as other children, because she was affectionate and showed her feelings. She was laughed at. And so she has what you call 'conformed' outwardly. She will kid with you, be very regular and standard at first. Then, because that is Margo, that sense of her as something rare, something very pure and very naïve comes through."

I said to this tall, slender young man, "How do you *know* that this is love? What test do you apply to make sure that it will last—forever?"

"If anyone can be sure," Francis said, "I should be that one. I have known so many women. Not only the exciting women of my own profession, in all countries, but also women in diplomatic circles, in society, in all the walks of life. I have seen, I have tasted so much of life, it sometimes does not seem possible. There are so many extremes of living and of loving for me to weigh, one against the other. For prior to my stage and screen experiences, the frothy life of Vienna and Berlin, Paris and London, there is my background as a child.

AT HOME, in Prague, my mother and father were divorced when we were very young, my two brothers and I. I stayed with my father; my brothers went with my mother. My father, grandmother and aunt reared me. They were stern folk, very severe. My discipline was rigid and without imagination. They did the best they knew how. It was the worst for me—save for one thing. It did give me an austerity of viewpoint which, in my later worlds, stood me in firm stead. It did toughen my morale. It did make my discriminations fast to their moorings. I was not, for instance, allowed to read anything but my textbooks. No poetry, mythology, fairy tales. I used to secrete such books, read them as I walked to and from school, hide them as I reached my house. I did not go to parties. I was unused to pleasure. When I finally did break away from that life I was shy, inhibited, frightened by the warm, luxurious and loving world. Even the first things I did on the stage were timid, unassertive things.

"I am the man born of that child. I believe that we are, all of us, the children of our childish selves. For instance, when I was about ten, I attended a temperance lecture at school. My instructor showed us the brains and bodies of human beings who were the victims of alcohol and nicotine. I resolved then that I would never smoke or drink—I never have.

(*Continued on page 90*)

SHE HAS A SYSTEM

By Ruth Rankin

When Barbara Stanwyck plans an informal party, beware! There's apt to be method in her madness

Barbara has a knack of picking the picture plums. "Stella Dallas" is the latest on her imposing list.

IT'S A great system Barbara Stanwyck has. She makes someone else do it—and like it. Breathes there a man with soul so dead who wouldn't like to do things for Barbara!

Vital energy fairly tingles to the ends of her red mop of hair. She has to be active all the time. So Barbara figures, quite neatly, that others must be happiest when they are busy. It works. It even works with her gentleman friend. And there's a tip for you, Mary. Give him a paintbrush or a hammer when he comes calling. He'll have such a good time you can't lose him. If he doesn't, you don't want him anyway.

As you may have heard rumored about, there is a lad in Barbara's life by the name of Taylor, Robert Taylor, Bob for short. He may be the most handsome dream-man on the screen to you, but he's also a darn good fence-painter, and that carries a lot of weight with the lady. Clark Gable paints a mean fence, too. So do the Marx Brothers. Not to mention Carole Lombard and the Missus Marx. Leave it to Barbara to discover what a lot of hidden talent there is around town.

Barbara and Mrs. Zeppo (Marian) Marx have bought an estate, consisting of 130 acres, out in the San Fernando Valley, where they are preparing to breed and raise the finest Kentucky-strain race horses. Marian is an expert horsewoman. She has handled her own spirited animals in horse shows all over the country.

Well, to get back to the Stan-Marx ranch, the stables and paddocks are being built first, which is the way persons who love horses do things; and after awhile Barbara and Marian will get around to a pair of farmhouses to bed themselves down in, and tie on the nosebag. Barbara is planning an Irish farmhouse, all except the mud roof which might leak during one of these good old tropical California saturations. Marian's will be an American farmhouse. They are going up on two hillcrests near each other, facing a magnificent view of the entire valley.

While the stables are being built, the Kentucky babies are boarding in Pomona, and naturally Barbara and Marian are pretty anxious to get them in their own home. Possibly rising at four-thirty in order to arrive at Pomona at six and see them work out every morning has something to do with it. Anyway, they put in the rest of the day, when Barbara isn't making a picture, at the valley ranch.

The paddock fence went up—five miles of fence—and not a painter in sight. So much construction is going on in this valley, you can't get a painter for love or money. That statement will have to be amended; it turned out that Barbara landed a group of rare painters, but not for money. We assume they did it for love, since five miles is an awful lot of fence.

Very off-hand, one Saturday, she called up Bob, Clark Gable, Carole Lombard and several others, and in the most hospitable manner she invited them to come out and see the ranch on Sunday.

"Of course," explained Barbara (but not to them), "there was absolutely nothing to see but fence."

They arrived at one o'clock, and after a decent interval to let them sort of get a breath, Marian gave them the old Huckleberry Finn build-up. Naïvely, little Miss Stanwyck plucked a paint brush out of thin air. Same for Mrs. Zeppo. Cans of paint appeared mysteriously. They began painting—you know, as if it were all a lark and such fun, and look at what you are missing.

THERE'S something hypnotic about painting," is Barbara's version. "You see someone waving a brush, and pretty soon you want to be painting, too."

And pretty soon, all of five minutes later, Bob said, "Here, let me do that for you." Sort of as if it were a big, noble, generous impulse and he couldn't bear to see the little woman slaving that way over a hot stove, when all the time he was just dying to paint.

Miraculously, paint brushes and paint appeared all over the place. Women and children were practically trampled in the stampede. And as if such eager enthusiasm for her deep-dyed plot were not enough, Mrs. Simon Legree Stanwyck thought up another one. If she started them side by side, they might chatter on the company's time. So she placed them half a mile apart. Are there no limits to this charming creature's bold cunning? She even named it a "paddock party."

By the end of the first quarter, there were a few grumbles and faint cries of dismay *(Continued on page 74)*

Unpretentious dotted Swiss is Anita Louise's wise choice for summer evenings.

Bands of colored stitching are the only ornament on Anita's dress of white shantung.

CLOTHES GIVE YOU THE BREAKS

when you—not what you wear—are most important

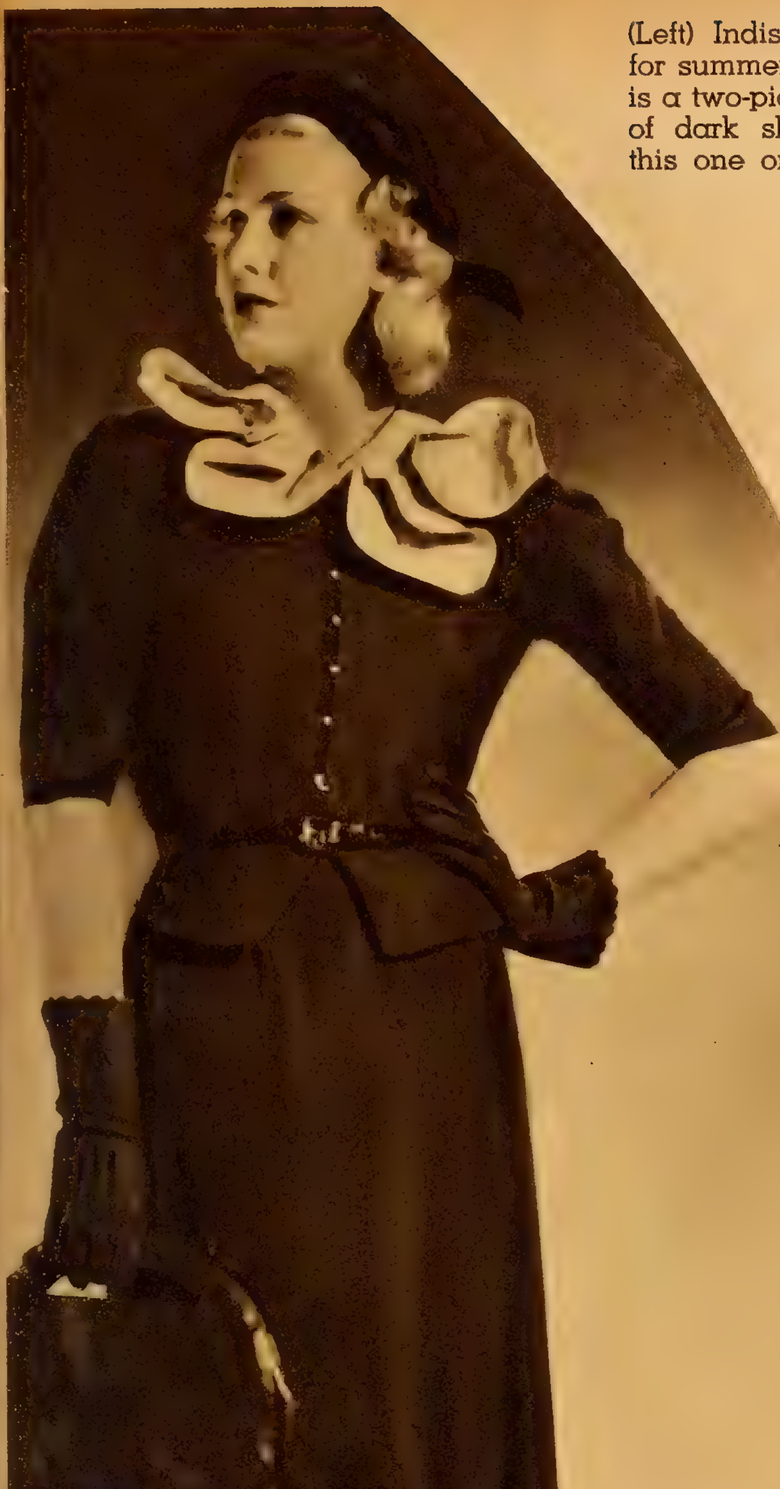
By Ann Wills

WHENEVER I think of Anita Louise, I recall that delirious broadcast of a picture premiere where a fashion expert had been detailed to describe the stars' gowns for the listening audience. Terse and accurate, she gave a perfect pattern in words of Marlene's mysterious floating chiffons, of the tiers of fringe that made a dance of Ginger Rogers' every move. As star after star walked by, the fashion commentator reported wide-shouldered, slim-hipped ermine jackets, taffeta panniers, circular flounces of Spanish lace on regal satin. And then Anita Louise approached and the fashion expert went into a daze. "She is exquisite, she is like an April breeze—" or words to that effect. "But tell what she is wearing," the gruff stage whisper of the announcer ordered.

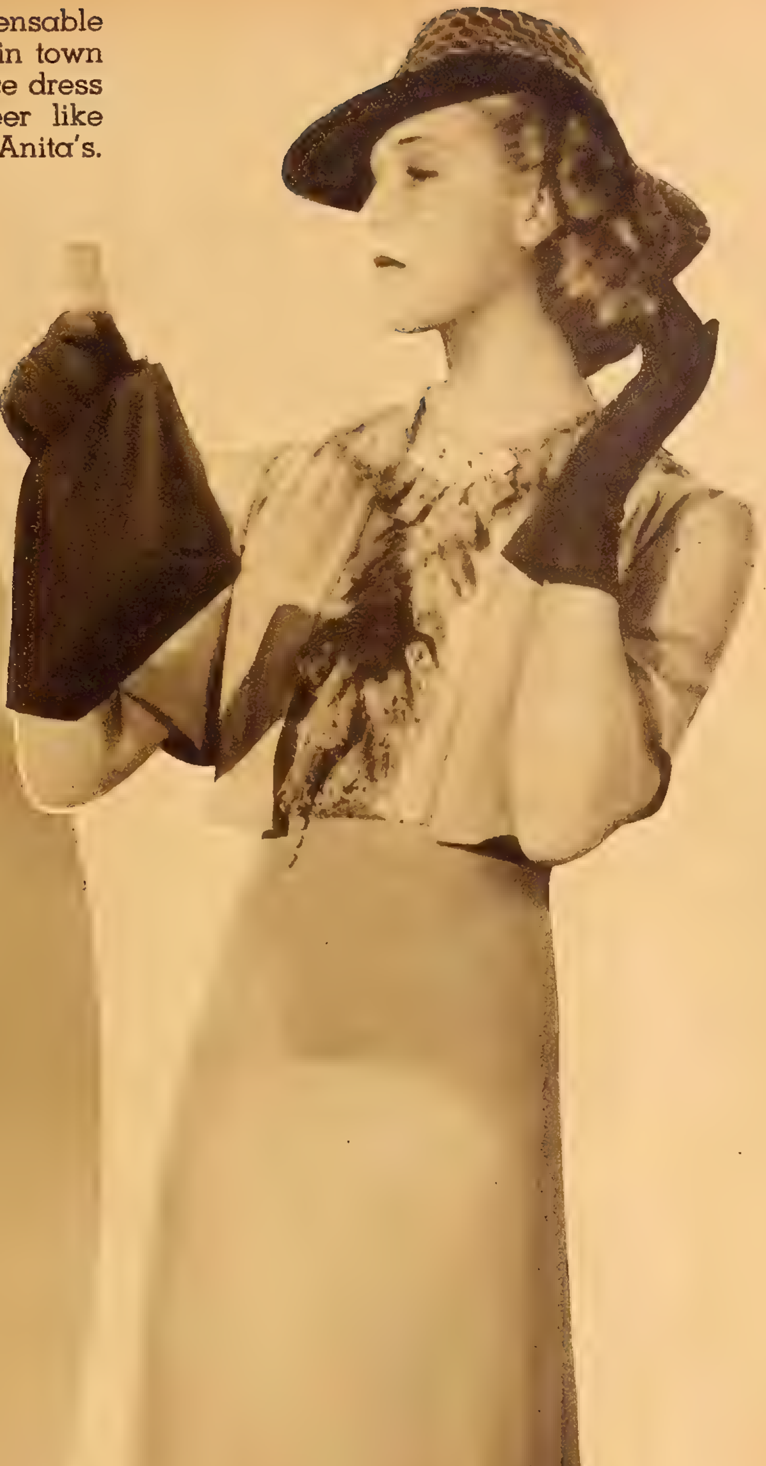
"Her dress is the yellow of Jersey cream, and it looks as if it were poured on her. It is perfectly simple and, oh, she looks so utterly right," the fashion reporter burst out. An accurate description as far as it went, but hardly definite enough to guide eager fingers miles away in making a copy.

And I am willing to bet you that it would be equally futile to try to describe any of the clothes in Anita Louise's private wardrobe. The girl has an uncanny knack of always dominating her clothes. Don't think that that just happens because she is an extraordinarily beautiful girl with a willowy figure and a radiant, freshly-tubbed look that makes her seem fresh as mint. It is the result of knowing her own type and selecting her clothes accordingly.

Let others crave the honors for originality in dress. Let them be the first (and the last for all she cares) to wear hats like vegetable baskets brimming over with carrots and tomatoes. Let someone else be the first to think of putting the family crest on slipper buckles. Let them go about swathed in the mysterious chiffons of an E. Phillips Oppenheim adventuress. Anita Louise knows she is not the type, and what is more important, she does not want to be. While others make (*Continued on page 72*)



(Left) Indispensable for summer in town is a two-piece dress of dark sheer like this one of Anita's.



(Right) A blouse of fine brown lace gives distinction to this simple beige crepe suit.

HIS COLUMBUS COMPLEX

After years of buttling—on the screen, of course—Blore turns hotel manager in "Shall We Dance" with Ginger Rogers.

Like good old Chris, Eric is ever out for adventure.

By Virginia T. Lane

HE'S THE man with the beak, Eric Blore. A bally Briton. An ex-balloonatic with a batty right eye that won't behave. It gets you. When he rolls it, it rolls you in the aisles. But don't get him wrong. He's a clown with a Columbus complex.

Eric Blore's search for adventure has never ended. It never will. Under that comic front beats a heart that taps to thrill-time. And it's led him into many a strange by-way. Up mountains, across seven seas, from facing footlights to Minnie guns.

Blore was not overly fond of Minnie. He still maintains the English war office gave him the air on purpose. They put him in the Balloon Service. It was kind of a jumping job. You wore a parachute and jumped for your life. But Blore fooled 'em. He got so he could hear an enemy plane when it took off from the ground. Then it was a simple matter of ordering his balloon pulled down before the German showed up. But one time he forgot to listen. A Prussian pilot sneaked up in the clouds over him, and his own side opened up a barrage of anti-aircraft fire from below. A warmish situation. And right in the middle of it his ground phone rang. Would he be the guest of the South Staffordshire regiment at dinner that evening and afterwards give a concert party?

"I can't say with any certainty," said Blore. "Right now," ducking another bullet, "the odds are distinctly long!"

In the end the score was: no hits and one run (by the enemy plane). So Blore gave the concert. Between shots he'd written a skit called "The Disorderly Room," which later was to run for seven years on the stage. At the time, however, all he wanted was a laugh-getter for the Tommies. That was his work, entertaining the infantry at night and observing from the air (*Continued on page 88*)

The Duke of Windsor played a dramatic part in Eric Blore's life!

Swimming is the favorite sport of this vivid Park Avenue matron

Mrs. Ogden Hammond, Jr.

aboard S.S. Conte di Savoia

YOUNG Mrs. Hammond, daughter-in-law of the former Ambassador to Spain, is an international figure in the world of society. She was educated in Rome. Made her début in New York. Traveled extensively. Mrs. Hammond is an enthusiastic traveler and swimmer. As she herself remarked, when photographed *(right)* at the Conte di Savoia pool: "I'm on board my favorite liner; I'm enjoying my favorite sport; I'm smoking my favorite cigarette — a Camel! So I'm happy. Camel's delicate flavor always tastes good, but especially so after a swim. Camels give my energy a cheering lift!"

These distinguished women also prefer Camel's mild, delicate taste:

MISS JOAN BELMONT, *New York*
MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*
MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE 2nd, *Boston*
MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL 3rd, *Philadelphia*
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, *Virginia*
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, *New York*
MRS. NICHOLAS G. PENNIMAN III, *Baltimore*
MRS. JOHN W. ROCKEFELLER, JR., *New York*
MRS. RUFUS PAINE SPALDING III, *Pasadena*
MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, JR., *Chicago*

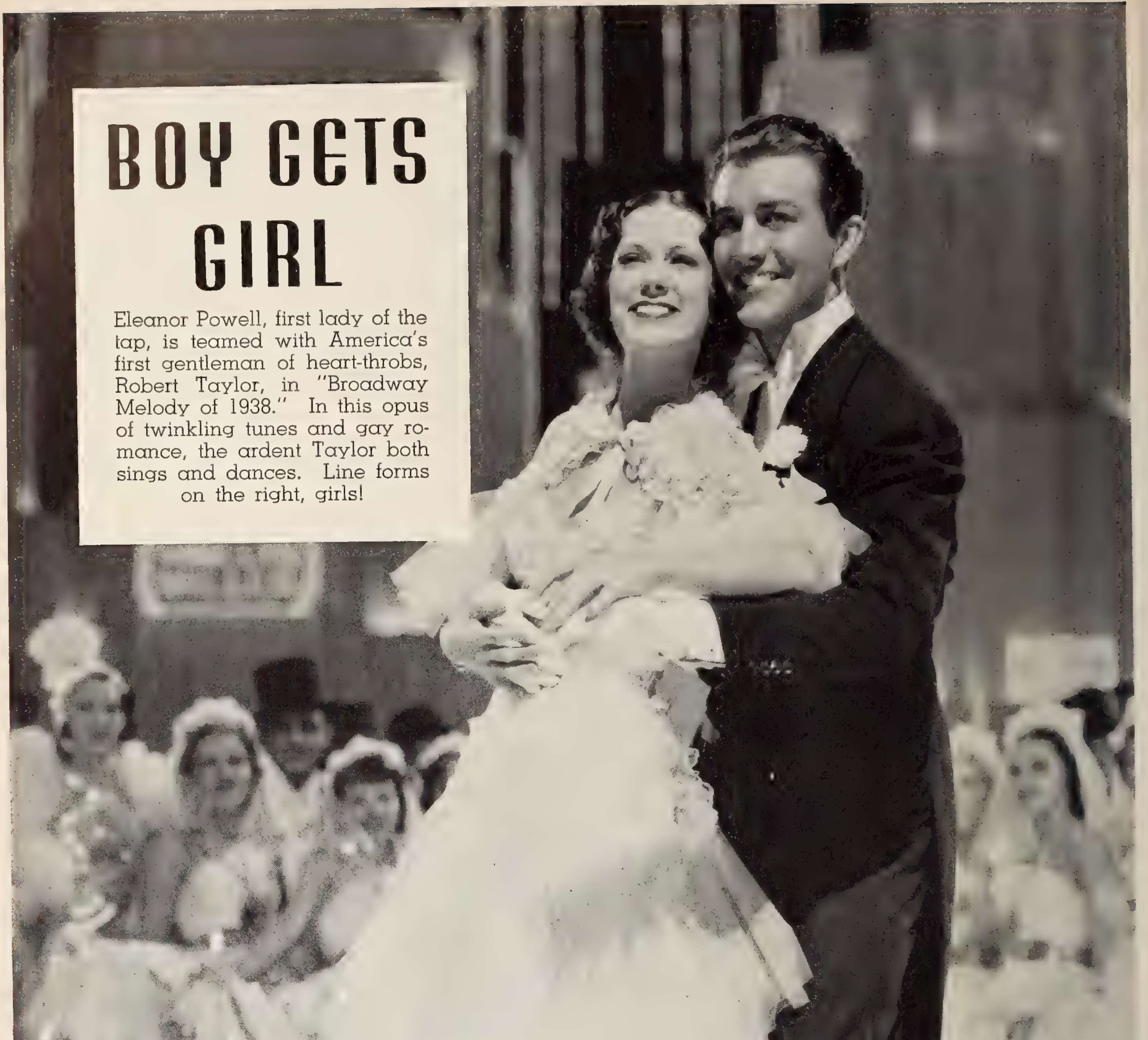
Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Good digestion at sea too! Clear-skinned, radiant, Mrs. Ogden Hammond is a vision of charm and well-being. "Camels certainly help digestion," she says, adding, "I've smoked Camels for six years, and they never get on my nerves." Throughout the dining rooms of the Conte di Savoia, Camels are much in evidence. Smoking Camels speeds the natural flow of digestive fluids — *alkaline* digestive fluids — so indispensable to mealtime comfort!

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

COSTLIER TOBACCOS — Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS... Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand

For Digestion's Sake . . . Smoke Camels



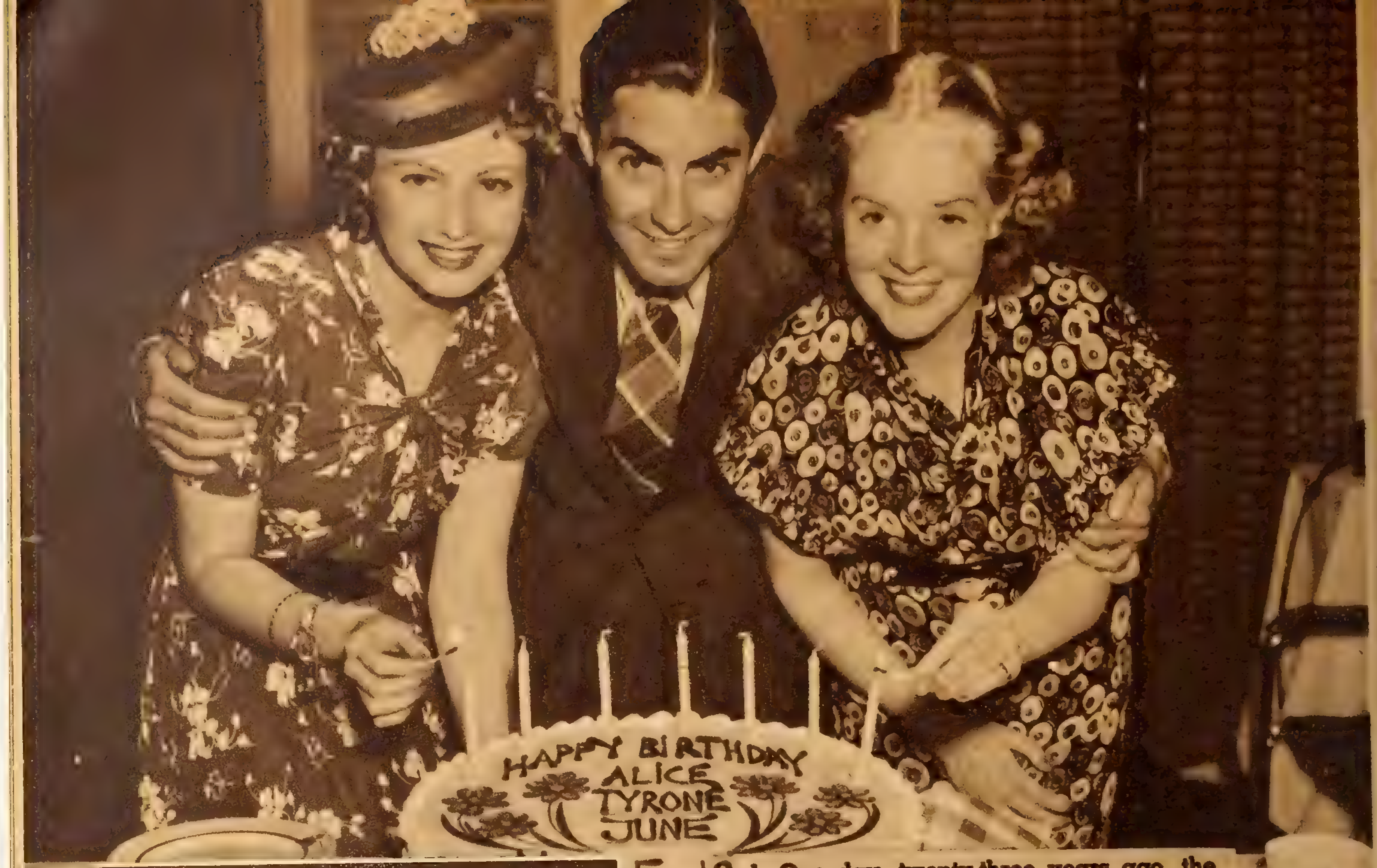
BOY GETS GIRL

Eleanor Powell, first lady of the tap, is teamed with America's first gentleman of heart-throbs, Robert Taylor, in "Broadway Melody of 1938." In this opus of twinkling tunes and gay romance, the ardent Taylor both sings and dances. Line forms on the right, girls!

OFF THEIR GUARD

A movie star has no privacy at all, what with our Frank Muto totin' his camera all around Hollywood! However, Anita Louise seems to enjoy being "caught" informally.

Here are 16 exclusive candid picture pages of your favorites



1. One day, twenty-three years ago, the stork worked in eight-hour shifts, lugging *three* baby stars to their mamas. It's a pipe for the baker who only has to bake one cake for the Lang-Power-Faye party.

3. Sonja Henie, queen of the rink, is in a melting mood, for Birthday-Boy Tyrone is the one who's cutting the ice.

4. Kissing Tyrone before the cameras is routine business for Sonja. That doesn't prevent her from thinking, "Ain't routine grand!" Tyrone seconds the e-motion.

HAPPY

2. Here are the party-ers celebrating at the Hawaiian Paradise. Around the cakes are Vic Orsatti and his June, Tyrone and his Sonja Henie, Tony Martin and his Alice, and Jimmy Ritz. Jim had better mind his antics!

5. Tony Martin sends Alice Faye his greetings via a tender kiss. Alice, touched by the sentiment, thanks him with an equally tender return message.

6. Whoever controls the Vic Orsatti-June Lang romance switch has the dial on full-speed ahead. Maybe, by the time you read this, they'll be Mister and Missus.

BIRTHDAY TO YOU2

The game's about to start, and Errol shakes his opponent's hand. Don't be deceived by the velvet clasp. There's iron in that thar forearm.

And now he swings into action. They say in Hollywood he's even better at tennis than he is at reporting a Spanish war.

MOVIELAND'S NET

Errol Flynn wins his spurs in tennis—with the elusive Margaret

Our cameraman "catches" Margaret unawares.

She's Mrs. Leland Heyward off-screen, y'know—

—and is out on the coast awaiting an heir.

Here's how! With a flying Flynn tackle, Errol moves in on the ball, and it doesn't stand a chance of dodging his racket.

To the victor belongs a shower, followed by a right brisk rubdown. Now isn't he a Poifect Specimen!

CHAMP

Sullavan to spur him on

Too late, Peggy tries to duck our camera sleuth.

Our shoeless hero explains, while dressing, all about that net attack of his. It's done with a racket, he says, and has nothing to do with war. And speaking of war, the rumor of his being sniped at in Spain was pretty embarrassing! Just the same, the Flynn boy'd rather serve cannon balls on the court than take 'em in battle.

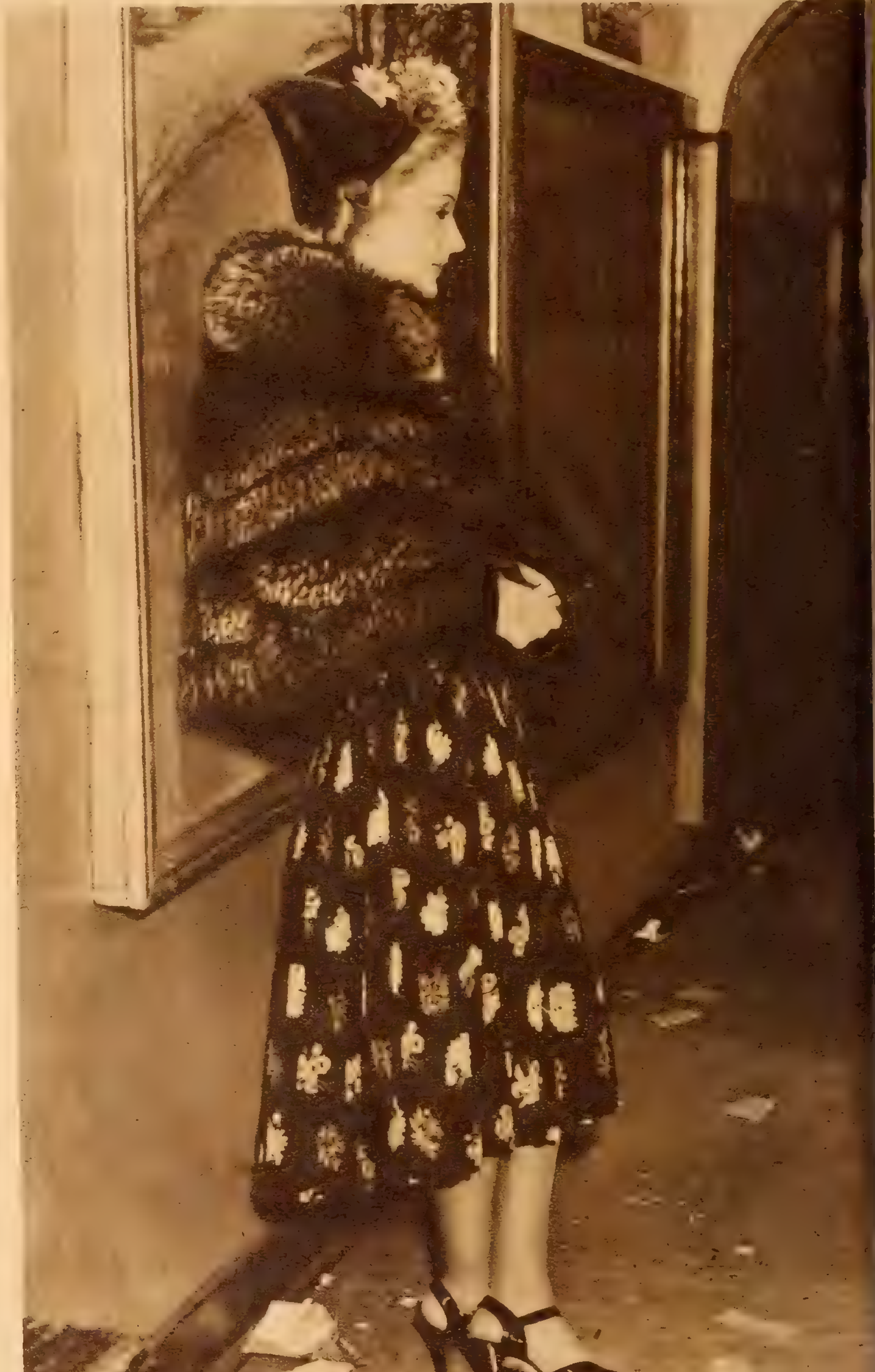
Her crown of orchids aflutter, Sonja Henie readies face and figure for the Big Moment.

Introducing the Big Moment. Tyrone Power wishes Sonja happy landings, or, no landings.

Roses from the royal box. Boss, Zanuck, congratulates Sonja.

. . AT THE

The ice may be cold, but none of the



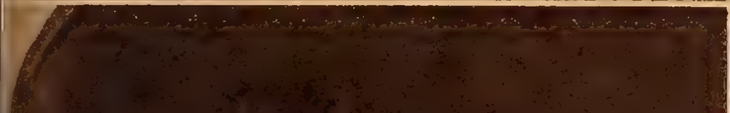
Wrapped magnificently in fox, Joan Bennett's set to face the rigors of a Polar Palace freeze all by her lonesome. Yep, since separating from Gene Markey, Joan's been going places alone —and liking it.

POLAR PALACE

assembled film folk fears a frost when Sonja Henie does her stuff

Ask Kay Francis and Marlene Dietrich whether *they* think the depression's over. By pooling their pennies, they've just managed to afford this nifty box. And all for the love of Sonja!

If gentlemen prefer blondes, what do blondes prefer? Dark, curly-locked Gilbert Roland is the answer, and Connie Bennett is the blonde. Mrs. Fairbanks admires the couple; Doug, the view.



Claudette Colbert arrives—still a bit sore from her own skating spills in "I Met Him in Paris"—and anxious to see what the Henie girl has that she hasn't got.

Glasses or no, Joan B. looks the camera in the eye. And who's the pretty girl at your side, Warner? "That's no pretty girl," protests Baxter. "That's my niece."

How to get into this anyway! Page Orry-Kelly. He made it.

Gosh, something's up! Joan starts to wrestle with a hook.

There are those who'd call this an intimate shot. We're one of them.

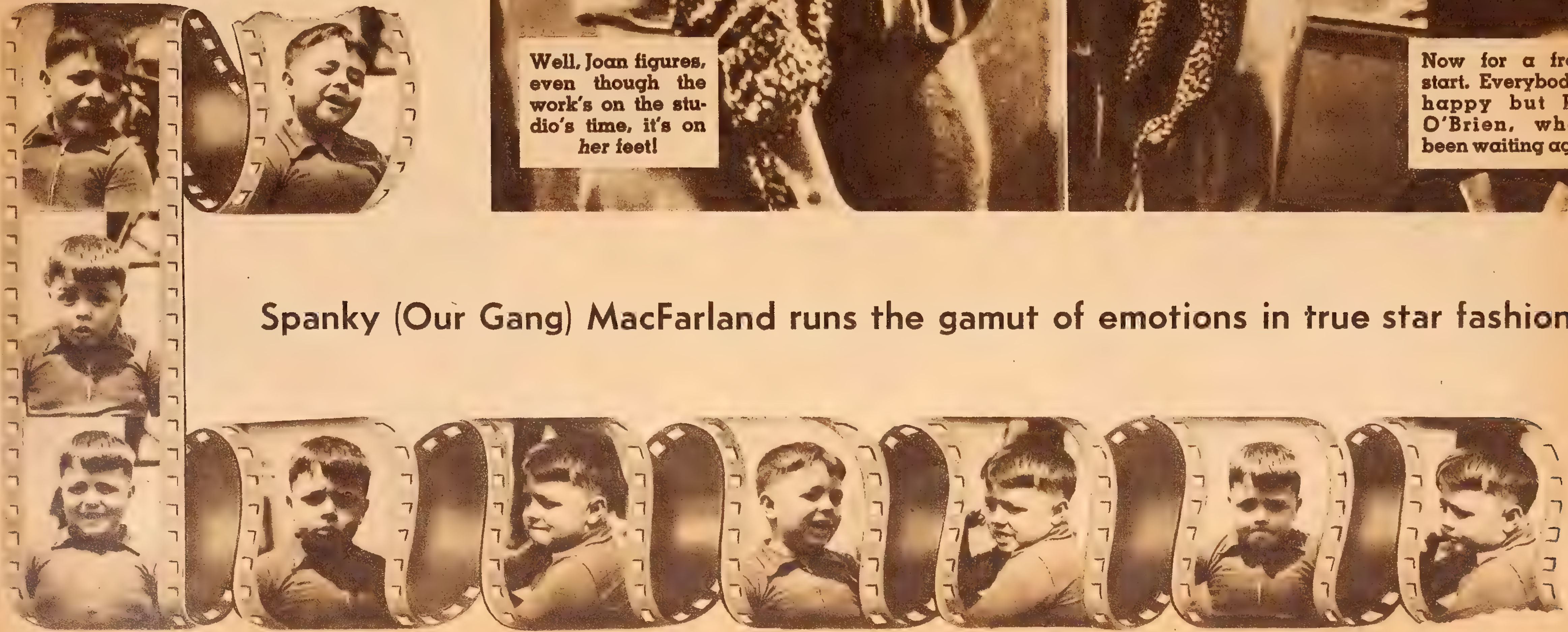
Enter Help with a needle and thread. Now Joan's getting somewhere.

The dress is the thing! And so, our peepin' pitcher man catches Joan Blondell (above) practically set for a scene in "Angle Shooter." However, as you know, there's many a slip—especially when a star's good Gal Friday is off to lunch.

PEEKIN' AT JOAN

Well, Joan figures, even though the work's on the studio's time, it's on *her feet!*

Now for a fresh start. Everybody's happy but Pat O'Brien, who's been waiting ages.



Spanky (Our Gang) MacFarland runs the gamut of emotions in true star fashion

TIAJUANA
MEXICO

1. Their pockets jingling with nickels, Hollywood's two princes set forth on a pauper's spree. First stop, Ocean City.

2. Off to a racing start, and, believe it or not, the Mauches never had a lesson in their whole lives.

THE PRINCE AND THE

Bobby and Billy Mauch park their make-up kits for the time

5. It's even odds on the Mauches as these identical twins do their level best not to shoot identical scores.

6. The wages of skill is dolls, and the twins seem highly pleased with the present rate of payment.

OT BUTTERED NUT

3. With Ma at home doing the mending, the boys go on a diet strike. And who'll ever know the difference?

TOLEDO-NO SPRI
Our Weighing Service is rendered by Toledo Scales No Springs-Honest Weight

4. But here's a chap whose business it is to know the difference. Looks bad, boys! Better shell out the old hush money.

PAUPER TAKE A HOLIDAY

being and head for the wide open merry-g'rounds of Ocean City

7. The boys, used to baiting their movie hooks with charm, try their luck with worms for a change.

8. True children of the cinema, Bill and Bob have hired all the extras in the sea for the filming of this mob scene.

1

GONE WITH THE-JOB

Tch, tch, Honey, Sheila Barrett would like to play Scarlett!

When Sheila Barrett, famous impersonator, learned that just about everybody was up for the role of Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone with the Wind," she decided to tackle Director George Cukor (right) for the job. And, to make it tough for him, she pictured the heroine as movie stars would portray her.

Howz about (1) Simone Simon of Paris and California—pout and all—skipping through the cotton fields jest a-tryin' an' a-tryin' to get her man? Or, (2) Honey Chile Garbo, of the Camellias, who tanks she gets Rhett. Or, (3) that south'n belle, Zasu Pitts, who'd just love to win her man in the movies—or anybody else's? And then, (4) "I'm Scollitt —oi-yoi!" Yep, Fannie Brice!

Can y'imagine? Mr. Cukor turned Miss Barrett down—impersonations 'n all! Does the gentleman *know* what he wants?

2

3

A bevy of Hollywood beauts at the MacDonald shower. (L. to R.) Inez Courtney, Irene Dunne, Irene Hervey, Jeanette MacDonald, Shirley Ross, Mary Brian and Anita Louise.

Just because she likes swing music, a lot of rumors have been popping up about Jean Harlow. She enjoys a hot trumpet and Bill Powell doesn't, so she's been dropping in on one of Hollywood's better known swing salons with Don Friede, her literary agent. (Miss H., as you know, has written a book. It may not hurt the sale of "Gone With the Wind," but still it's a book, and a couple of studios are dickering for it.) To the tune of "Basin Street Blues" Jean dreams her dreams and perhaps whips up an outline for her next novel. At any rate, she must have won her point, for one evening we dropped into the swing palace and found her there with a gent who couldn't have been anyone but Bill Powell.

■ ■ ■

Jean and Bill, incidentally, celebrated their third anniversary last month. It was the third anniversary of the day they first went out together, and three years of keeping steady company is something of a record in Hollywood. Personal to Miss H.: Why don't you two get married?

■ ■ ■

Papa Bing Crosby took four-year-old Gary Evan Crosby on the "Souls At Sea" set the other day to meet another famous Gary—a Mr. Cooper. "My!" said Mr. C. "What a fine little man. What's your name?" "Gary Crosby," replied our little man. "And who were you named after?" continued Cooper. "After you," responded young Mr. Crosby. "That's fine," said Gary. "And what does your daddy call you?" "Bucket Pants," said our hero.

■ ■ ■

Explicit directions found in a movie scenario the other day: "A long shot of the boy and the girl, followed by a close-up. He takes her in his arms. They kiss—as long as the Hays office will allow."

■ ■ ■

Gene Autry almost lost his horse, Champion, during a recent personal appearance tour. It was in a small-town theatre, where Gene and Champion were letting the patrons see them in the flesh. Following their act, Gene removed his make-up and sought out Champion, but his screen pal was missing. Since it's pretty hard to lose a horse in a theatre, our hero decided to search the place before he looked elsewhere. Well, they finally found Champion out on the stage, watching the feature picture. Asked for a comment later, Champion stated he prefers high comedy to drama, although a good musical is not to be neighed at.

■ ■ ■

Bing Crosby has gone in for horse-racing in a wholesale manner. On July first he opened his new track at Delmar, where, according to the advertisements, "the turf meets the surf." It's all very fine, except that Mr. C. is afraid that if his own horses win at his own track—well, what would *you* think?

■ ■ ■

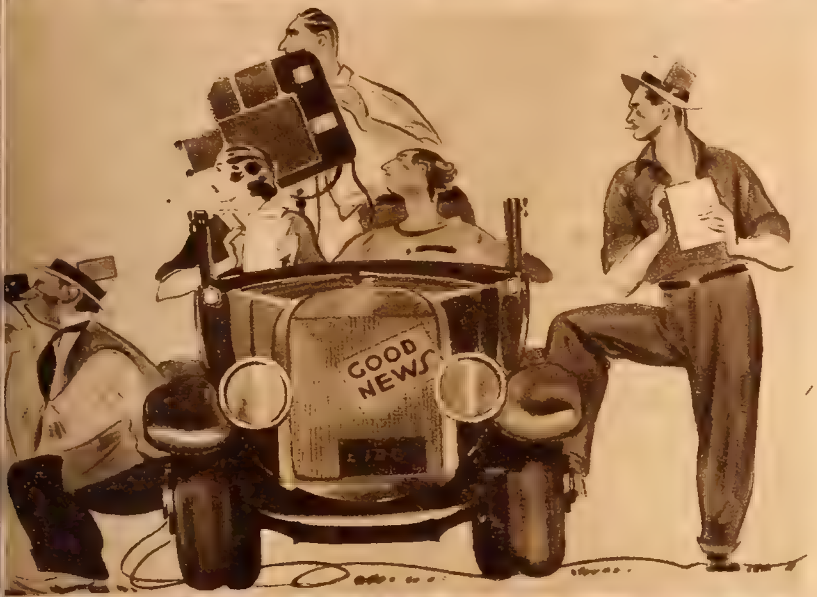
Garbo has gone democratic on us. For years the Silent One clung to a dressing-room in her studio's old dressing-room building, even after the rest of the high-priced gals on the lot had been moved into newer and fancier quarters. A couple of months ago, however, she suddenly packed up and moved into the new building. So now she has a dressing-room done up in red and white, and her two closest neighbors are the noisiest gals on the lot. They're Myrna Loy and Jean Harlow, and they're noisiest because they both have phonographs which they keep constantly employed when they're around. We wouldn't be surprised, one of these days, to see the new Garbo come trucking out of her dressing-room to the tune of one of the Harlow swing records.

■ ■ ■

On the "Saratoga" set, watching Jean Harlow and Clark Gable emote, the onlookers snicker when Gable does an impromptu imitation of the Harlow walk. Sitting on the sidelines, Peggy, Jean's hairdresser, is wearing that super-colossal star sapphire

Summertime means romancetime and partytime in Hollywood

GOOD NEWS



Madeleine Carroll and Eddie Sutherland—all dressed up for "A Star is Born" preview.

After all these months, the Lombard-Gable romance still rolls merrily along.

ring. The scene is shot and lunch is called. Before she leaves for the commissary Peggy slips the ring off her finger and hands it to Jean, but Jean returns it. "Wear it to lunch, Peggy," she says. "Maybe you'll do yourself some good." So Peggy rushes off to startle her friends, and Jean turns to us. "I'll bet you didn't know," she says, "that we're going steady."

* * *

There's a young man who has a fine long-term contract, all as a result of the work he did in a picture in which nobody saw him. He is Buddy Clark, and the long-term contract came after the swell singing job he did for Jack Haley in "Wake Up And Live." The picture, as you know, turned out swell, and Jack Haley was so good that the studio promptly signed up Buddy Clark.

* * *

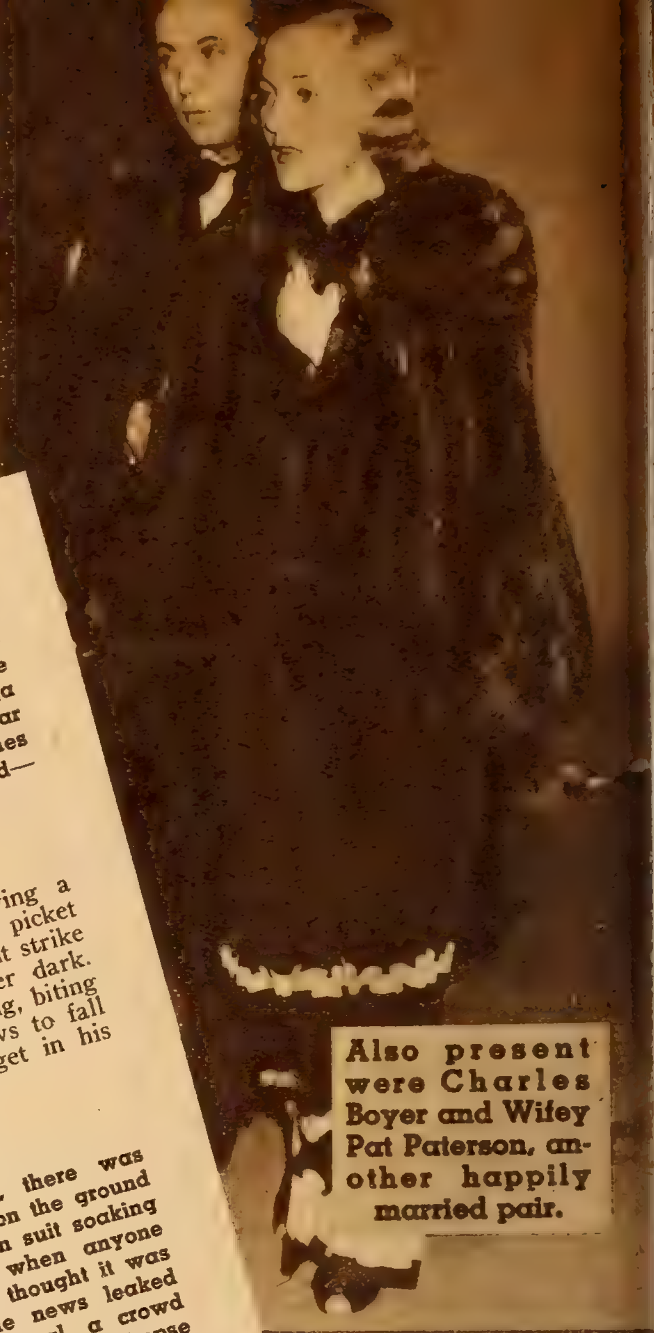
The Gable-Lombard romance rolls merrily along, and after all these months they're still one of the town's happiest pairs. A gal must be in love when she'll give up a day for a busman's holiday to watch the gentleman friend work. Carole spent a day on the "Saratoga" set recently, giving the critical eye to the Gable emoting. The word is that she highly approves.

* * *

On the "Double or Nothing" set, all is confusion. For two hours Andy Devine has been trying to toss a marshmallow into Martha Raye's mouth. The marshmallow is supposed to be a golf ball, so don't tell anyone. You'd think with such a target Andy would have no trouble at all, but, for some reason or other, every time he hits the mark, the marshmallow bounces out. "I can get it in the trap," he finally wails, "but she won't spring it."

By Leo Townsend

Adolphe Menjou escorted the Missus, Verree Teasdale, to the preview of "Captains Courageous."



Also present were Charles Boyer and Wifey Pat Paterson, another happily married pair.

On "That Certain Woman" set, they were doing a scene in which Henry Fonda sees his son for the first time. The boy was being played by four-year-old Billy Johnson. The scene had been rehearsed many times with Fonda grabbing the boy to his breast and murmuring, "My son, my son!" But just before the final take, the director had an idea. "Why not say, 'Do you know who I am?' as you grab him," he told Henry. Cameras went into action, lights turned on and they were ready for the take. Fonda grabbed the boy in his arms and said, "Do you know who I am?" "Sure," said Billy, "you're Henry Fonda, ain'tcha?"

* * *

A Damon and Pythias pair these days are none other than Clark Gable and Robert Taylor. For a couple of years the two have been polite toward one another, but seemed to have no desire to become old pals. But the Screen Actors' Guild has brought them together, for Clark is an ardent member of the organization, and when Bob broke down and joined forces the other day, he suddenly became Taylor's most ardent fan.

* * *

The latest young-men-about-town who have had to install private phone numbers are Billy and Bobby Mauch. Believe it or not, the twelve-year-old Mauches are so besieged by the girls that they can hardly call their lives their own any more. On that recent trip they took, the boys were met at every station by crowds of high-school girls clamoring for at least one autograph.

No star in Hollywood is watched over with such great care as Sonja Henie. Her health, her looks and her valuable limbs are the constant concern of a corps of people who travel everywhere with her—even to the corner drugstore for a chocolate soda. And they all were on the verge of nervous prostration when Sonja made her last appearance in the L. A. Polar Palace. For she had been at the polo matches the day preceding, and had caught a cold—after some fifteen years on ice!

* * *

And Edward Arnold has been having a terrible time. He was so afraid of the picket lines around the studio during the recent strike that he wouldn't go home until after dark. Sat in his dressing-room every evening, biting his nails and waiting for the shadows to fall over the studio gates, before he'd get in his car and brave departure.

* * *

Outside Garbo's dressing-room, there was noticed every morning a blanket on the ground and a blonde stretched out in sun suit soaking up some vitamin D. That is, when anyone bothered to notice, for everyone thought it was Garbo's stand-in. The day the news leaked out that it was really the Original, a crowd gathered at the fence, hoping to get a glimpse of the mystery woman. On the dot of eleven, just as the sun hit the blanket, the door of the dressing-room opened and a blonde in a sun suit appeared. But this time it was Garbo's stand-in—with the real article thoroughly enjoying the joke through the window shutter.

(Continued on page 96)

The Gary Coopers acted as chaperons of the beautiful Dolores Del Rio that night. Their heir is due soon.

Freddie Bartholomew, who's very much part of the "Captains" picture, arrived with Aunt Cissy.

Glamour Girls

GO IN FOR LUXABLES

Ida Lupino tells you why

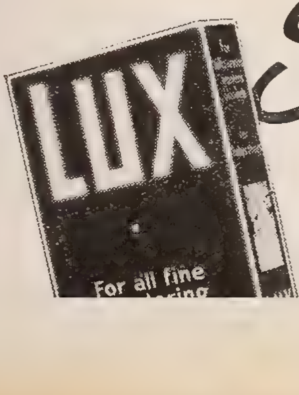
"MEN LIKE LUXABLES!" declares Ida Lupino. "There's something appealing about bandbox freshness that few men can resist. It's no trick to have things always spick-and-span—a swish through Lux and they're lovely as new!"

Leading Hollywood studios insist on this safe care for all delicate washables. "Lux protects colors," says Frank Richardson, wardrobe director at Paramount. "We're convinced it makes fabrics last longer."

Lux has none of the harmful alkali many ordinary soaps have. It eliminates cake-soap rubbing, too, that may fade colors or damage threads. Remember, anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

- On a vacation from "Artists and Models," her new picture for Paramount, Ida Lupino wears Hollywood's beloved slacks. Crisply tailored Luxables fit perfectly into any vacation plans from Maine to California.

- White organdy, fresh as a sprig of mint, was made for heart throbs. Lux care will keep *your* feminine washables romantically lovely all summer long.



Specified

IN THE LEADING HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS

Don't Let
Dry "Dead Skin" Make You A Wall Flower

Here's the Amazing Beauty Cream That's Thrilling Entire America –

WRINKLES
LINES
BLACKHEADS
SHINY NOSE
DRYNESS ROUGHNESS
CREPEY THROAT

Give Your Skin These Thrilling New Beauty Benefits To Help Nature Restore Smooth Younger Looking Skin.

Professionally posed

Romance . . . Dates . . . Fun—to enjoy them you must have skin beauty. . . . At last a way has been found to help nature restore soft, smoother, younger looking skin. The most advanced beauty development known to the cosmetic art to aid nature uncover new, live, fresh, cleaner skin. . . . Beauty editors and specialists are writing about it! Thousands praise it! Now you can let these precious ingredients work for you.

Try This Guaranteed
3 DAY TEST
That Is Showing Thousands of Girls How To Combat Dry, Rough Skin, Shiny Nose, Blackheads, Premature Lines.

The very first application of this new beautifier, TAYTON'S CREAM (Triple-Whip), releases precious ingredients to specially combat Dryness, Roughness, Shiny Nose, Pimples, Blackheads, Enlarged Pores, and fight tragic Wrinkles—Tired Lines. Like nature's own oils helps keep the skin soft and supple. TAYTON'S CREAM (Triple-Whip) quickly melts and dissolves the dry, scaly, dead cells. Cleanses, Lubricates, Smooths. New, live, younger looking skin appears. By stimulating the underskin, arousing oil glands, freeing clogged pores the cause of blackheads, shiny nose, dryness and prematurely wrinkling is combatted in nature's own way. That's why TAYTON'S CREAM is succeeding in the most stubborn cases.

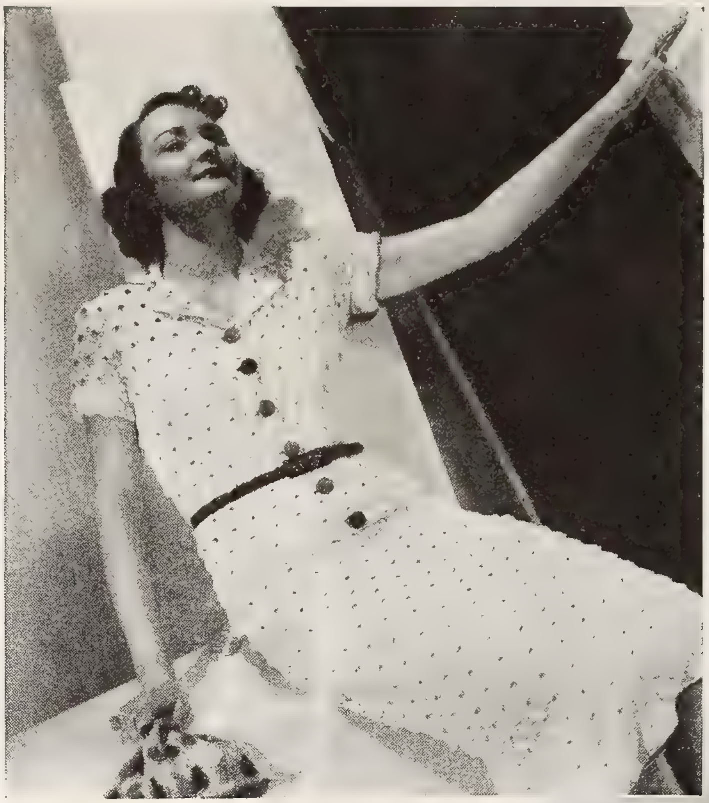
MAKE THIS GUARANTEED TEST

Use TAYTON'S CREAM to cleanse with and also as a night cream for 3 days. It must make your skin softer, smoother, look younger and satisfy completely, or your money will be refunded.
Ask for TAYTON'S CREAM in 10c and 25c sizes at 10c stores, or larger 50c and $1.00 sizes at drug and department stores. If your dealer can not supply you do not accept a substitute, but speak to the manager and insist he order for you from his headquarters or wholesaler.

AT DRUG, DEP'T AND 10c STORES

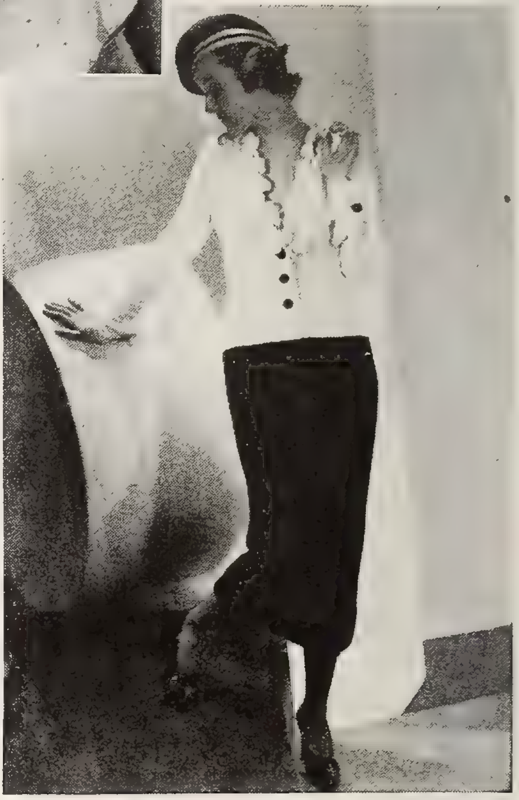
TAYTON
"An Old English Name"

SUMMER SMARTNESS FROM HOOKS OR NEEDLES



6075—Just as cool as surf spray and wonderfully chic is this bell-stitch knit of new nubby celanese.

6072—The rippled collar adds feminine grace to this sleek dress, crocheted of lustrous crepe.



Choose your weapons and win that beau with a new frock

CRISP AS lettuce are these two smart midsummer outfits; the one on the left for those who knit, the one on the right for those who crochet. Either can be made at moderate cost, because we send you the easily-followed directions free.

The thick-and-thin crash-like yarn from which the bell-stitch knit frock is made is fashion's newest favorite. The two-toned crocheted outfit is particularly striking when made in the Paris-sponsored combination of black skirt with jacket of turquoise blue. And think how useful that black skirt is going to be through Fall!

ANN WILLS, MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Kindly send, at no cost to me, knitting directions for 6075.......
crochet directions for 6072.......

I am enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.

Name..

Street..

City.. State.........................

(Check one or both patterns and please print name and address)

"This was the snapshot that brought us together"

"WHEN I left the old home town, Helen was just a little girl. Her brother Dick was one of my pals, and she was always tagging us around. But it never occurred to me that she was anything except a nice little nuisance.

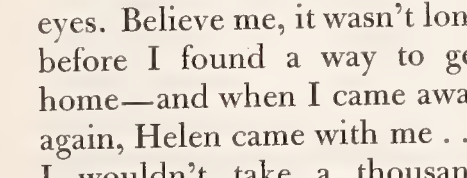
"After I landed a job a thousand miles away from home, getting back wasn't easy. I let several years go by, and had forgotten all about Helen until one day my mother sent this snapshot. She wrote on the back—'Do you remember your little playmate Helen?'

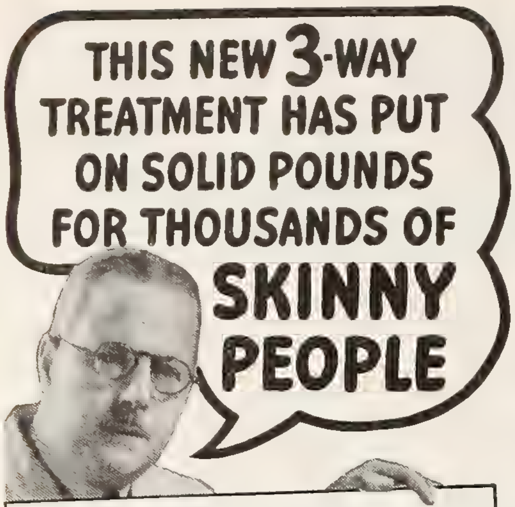
"I could hardly believe my eyes. Believe me, it wasn't long before I found a way to get home—and when I came away again, Helen came with me . . . I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for this snapshot."

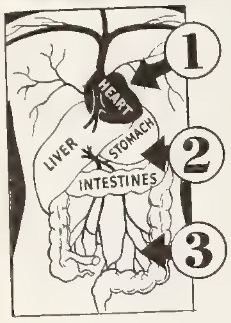
The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow —you must take Today

• By far the greater number of snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film because people have found that "it gets the picture"—clear, true, lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome. Don't take chances . . . use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes.




THIS NEW 3-WAY TREATMENT HAS PUT ON SOLID POUNDS FOR THOUSANDS OF SKINNY PEOPLE



Rich red blood, necessary to properly nourish and build up every part of the body, is especially promoted by this new discovery where iron is needed.

A healthy digestion which gets ALL the good out of your food requires an adequate supply of Vitamin B. This new discovery supplies this element.

Normal, regular elimination to remove poisons and thereby promote health and growth calls for adequate Vitamin B. This is the third purpose.

QUICK GAINS OF 10 TO 25 LBS. REPORTED WITH NEW IRONIZED YEAST

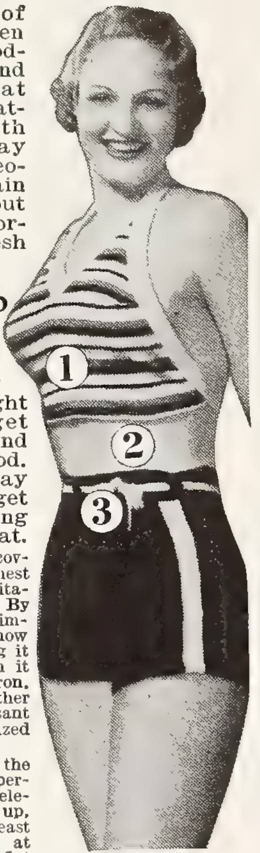
NOW thousands of skinny, rundown men and women can say goodbye to bony angles and unsightly hollows that rob them of natural attractiveness. For with this new easy 3-way treatment, hosts of people who never could gain an ounce before have put on pounds of solid, normally good-looking flesh *—in just a few weeks!*

Why it builds up so quick

Doctors now know that the real reason why many do not gain weight is that they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now scientists have discovered that one of the richest sources of health-building Vitamin B is English ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported English ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant little tablets called Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, are one of the many "skinny," wornout persons who need these vital elements to aid in building you up, get these new Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Day after day watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to normal attractiveness. Indigestion and constipation from the same source quickly vanish, skin clears to normal beauty. Soon you feel like an entirely different person, with new charm, new personality.



Posed by professional models

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of sufficient Vitamin B and iron, try these new "3-way" Ironized Yeast tablets just a few weeks and watch the marvelous change. See if they don't aid in building you up, as they have helped thousands. If not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 38, Atlanta, Ga.

Dick Arlen's planning a garden party for our vacationers.

By Jack Smalley

HOLLYWOOD'S CALLING

FROM CHICAGO to Hollywood and back in ten days—that's the speedy vacation tour sponsored by Modern Screen, which leaves Chicago August 15. Only a few reservations remain, so this is your last call for "All Aboard!"

Richard Arlen will be host for this merry junket to the land of the movies. A big garden party at his Toluca Lake home to meet the stars, in person, will feature this streamlined visit to Hollywood.

Although this is a shorter vacation than the two-weeks' trips, described in previous issues of Modern Screen, leaving July 11 and August 1, it has the same four-day schedule of Hollywood events.

Here's the schedule for those who must plan a brief trip this year, and there's a full portion of excitement packed into every minute:

Sunday, August 15, leave Chicago at 10:20.
Monday, travel through Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico.
Tuesday, stop off at Grand Canyon, dinner at Bright Angel Camp.
Wednesday, arrive in Los Angeles, first trip through Beverly Hills.
Thursday, out to Universal Studios to see movies in the making, luncheon on the lot.
Richard Arlen's "Melting Pot" party at his home.
Friday, individual explorations. (*Cont'd on page 67*)

This ten day vacation trip offers you a chance to visit the movie stars

WHY NOT MAKE IT A Complete VACATION?

GOING traveling in New England? Week-ending? Vacationing? Then why not leave care behind and relax in air-conditioned comfort—in a New Haven streamlined coach or luxurious Pullman?

You'll travel faster, safer, of course, and happier. And save money, as well—for train fares are lower this summer. They actually are less than you pay for traffic-ridden highway travel. If you're pleasure-bound, make your pleasure complete. Sink into a comfortable seat. Dine as you travel, leisurely and well. Chat, or read or rest. And arrive refreshed and happy.

The train's the thing, this season. And New Haven train travel rates high among the splendid service offered by most American railroads in 1937.

Write to Room 596, South Station, Boston, for your copy of illustrated, informative booklet—"SOUTHERN NEW ENGLAND RESORTS—and How to Get There."

THE NEW HAVEN RAILROAD

Work—Dine
or Relax
as you
GO BY TRAIN
to New England

HEAT IS NO
HEALTH HAZARD
WHEN TOILETS
ARE CLEANED
WITH
Sani-Flush

Beware of a soiled toilet. Hot weather increases the danger. Germs breed faster. Odors become more noticeable. Keep the bowl sparkling clean. Purify the hidden trap. Use Sani-Flush.

The scientific formula for Sani-Flush was developed especially to do this job better. Sani-Flush cleans toilets without unpleasant scouring. Just sprinkle a little in the bowl. (Follow directions on the can.) Flush. Stains vanish. Odors are banished. Germs are killed. The porcelain becomes white as snow. Sani-Flush cannot injure plumbing.

***It is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can).* Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores—25 and 10 cent sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.**

Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

. . . **Read all about Hollywood's Singing Cinderella—DEANNA DURBIN—in September Modern Screen**

NEW KIND OF SEAL
FOR JAMS..JELLIES..ETC.

A WHOLE
PACKAGE OF 25
FOR ONLY 10¢

JIFFY-SEAL **FOR EVERY KIND OF GLASS OR JAR!**

Saves Time—Money—Labor—Materials

A MARVELOUS new invention needed by every housewife who makes jellies, jams, etc. Seals any glass or jar in ½ the usual time, at ⅓ the usual cost! No wax to melt—no tin tops to sterilize—no mess—no waste. A perfect seal every time. Amazingly easy to use. Try Jiffy-Seals—the new transparent film invention. If not yet at your dealer's, send 10c for full-size package to CLOPAY CORPORATION, 1272 Exeter St., Cincinnati, O.

AT YOUR
5c and 10c STORE,
GROCERY and
NEIGHBORHOOD STORE

"Fare Enough!" says Fred

(*Continued from page 9*)

at a meal. In his opinion, though, rice, noodles and spaghetti can substitute for potatoes with excellent results.

An excellent example of a tasty spaghetti combination is the one you'll find among the MacMurray favorites. Actually, it's just a rich meaty sauce that you pour over your favorite brand of canned spaghetti. Baked and served in a casserole, it supplies a one-dish-meal suggestion that you'll doubtless have often, once you've tried it.

Now at last we come to desserts. I found that he and I share the opinion that, with most men, the success of a meal often is judged entirely by the quality of the sweet with which that meal ends! Give a man a rich cake and a cup of clear, steaming coffee, and chances are he'll overlook any other shortcomings the meal may have had.

You don't like to bake in hot weather, though, do you? Well, cheer up, there's an easy way around that difficulty—one which is daily becoming more popular, judging by the requests we keep receiving for "something new in Ice Box Cakes."

These, as you know, can be made with homemade sponge cake, if you're really ambitious, but are just as successful when packaged sponge cakes or lady fingers are used. So don't fail to fix up the very dressy Alaska Ice Box Cake favorite of Fred MacMurray's. (You'll find it pictured on this page.) It's one that he never fails to order when it appears on the menu at the commissary. The chef gave me the recipe, which makes it possible for me to offer it to you. Even though you'll find the recipe in the leaflet, I do want to take time out to describe it for you here before taking up still another "sweet" subject.

This cake, you see, deserves an extra word or two because it's pretty special and decidedly unusual. As the name suggests, it is first cousin to a Baked Alaska—that very dressy ice cream dessert with which hostesses in the Gay Nineties used to mystify and amaze their guests. Only in this instance you don't have to fuss around with melting ice cream. You simply start off by making a very grand, very rich Ice Box Cake, according to the recipe on one of this month's cards. It can be made up a couple of days ahead of the moment of serving it, if you choose. Tucked away into the cold interior of a good refrigerator, you can rest assured that it's both safe and handy whatever the weather.

This particular cake calls for six egg yolks, which, you might think, would leave you with six whites to be disposed of. Not at all; you just save them in a covered container in the refrigerator until almost time for the dessert course. Then you whip and sweeten them, according to directions given in the recipe, spread them over your icy-cold cake and—here's the trick—bake them quickly to form a hot meringue topping. Serve at once to the admiring "ohs" and "ahs" of the diners, particularly the masculine contingent.

That about finishes what I have to say here about recipes in the Fred MacMurray leaflet. The rest is up to you. You can have your copy by asking; you can follow the recipes with the greatest ease; best of all you can serve to the Fred MacMurray of your own heart and household the same substantial summer fare recommended by this popular favorite.

There's still room to add a couple of words about two favorites that men always enjoy, biscuits and shortcakes. You see, I belong to the school that believes a shortcake should really be a short biscuit liberally covered with sweetened fruit and topped with whipped cream. Them as wants a real cake as a base can have it, but I join the men in clamoring for biscuits every time.

You can use your own favorite biscuit recipe for the type of shortcake just recommended, adding a little sugar and considerably more shortening. For a welcome change, try the Bran Buttermilk Biscuits given here. They're marvelous for shortcake and shouldn't be overlooked either when you're seeking something new in the hot bread line. I suggest, however, if you plan to use the recipe to make biscuits rather than shortcake, that you omit the sugar and use only one quarter of a cup of shortening instead of the third of a cup specified here. Be sure, for shortcake purposes, to follow the directions given below, on cutting out and baking, as I think they provide the quickest and easiest shortcake-making procedure I've ever used.

BRAN BUTTERMILK BISCUITS FOR SHORTCAKE

½ cup all-bran
¾ cup buttermilk*
1½ cups flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
⅓ cup butter or other shortening

Soak all-bran in buttermilk while combining rest of ingredients. Sift together flour, baking powder, soda, salt and sugar. Cut in butter until mixture is like coarse meal. Add soaked all-bran. Stir in with a fork until dough will follow fork around bowl. Toss onto floured board, and knead lightly with floured fingers, for a few seconds. Roll out or pat to half-inch thickness. Cut with floured biscuit cutter. Place one half of biscuits on lightly greased baking sheet. Spread the top of each of these biscuits with softened butter. Place second biscuit on top of each. Brush top biscuit with milk. Bake in hot oven (450°F.) to a golden brown—about 12 minutes. Spread sweetened berries (or sliced peaches or sliced bananas) between the biscuit halves and heaped over the top. Add whipped cream, sweetened to taste, garnish with whole berries and serve while biscuits are still hot.

*Sour cream may be used instead of buttermilk with excellent results.

Courtesy Servel-Electrolux

The recipe for this Fred MacMurray favorite—a delicious Ice Box Cake—is yours for the asking.

Hollywood's Calling

(*Continued from page* 64)

Saturday evening, leave on return trip.
Sunday, Aug. 22, arrive in San Francisco, spend day, enjoying sights, looking at the new bridge.
Monday, en route through Nevada and Utah.
Tuesday, stop in the Colorado Rockies, dinner at Troutdale, famous resort.
Wednesday, arrive at Chicago 7:50 P. M.

ON this party, Richard Arlen, Columbia star, and his wife, Jobyna Ralston, will open the gates to their lovely estate in the Valley to entertain us.

So bring your kodaks and autograph books, because you'll meet dozens of stars. In addition to the big party at Dick's home, we'll visit NBC Studios, see pictures in the making at Universal, go sightseeing through Beverly Hills and enjoy all the thousands of delights that make California the world's playground.

The cost of this trip is amazingly low—only $139.50. You can't afford to pass up this opportunity to see Hollywood as a privileged guest, rather than as a tourist. Write or wire today for a big, illustrated folder, describing the tour, or better yet, fill out the coupon below and be sure of a reservation aboard the special train to Hollywood.

Reservation Blank

Mr. Joe Godfrey, Jr.
Room 1804, 360 N. Michigan Blvd.,
Chicago, Illinois.

Please reserve, in my name, the sleeping car accommodations marked "X" aboard the MODERN SCREEN Tours to Hollywood.

10½ Day Tour

- ☐ Lower berth for one person
- ☐ Lower berth for two persons
- ☐ Upper berth for one person

I am enclosing $10 for each person in my party, as a deposit to hold my reservation.

Name............................

Address... ....

City................. State.......

($139.50 for upper berth or for each of two persons in lower berth, $10 additional for one person in lower berth.)

Information Desk

(*Continued from page* 15)

little coupon requesting his life-story. Meanwhile, Flynn and Power fans from all over the U. S. and Canada have been banding together and literally flooding this office with ten and fifteen cards at a time. A group of friends gets together; each one invests part of his savings in a penny post-card; each one scribbles down the group-favorite's name; and then it's up to me to record the requests. If you Taylor fans would show the same competitive spirit, Bob's Barometer rating wouldn't be sinking at such a sickening pace.

SIMONE SIMON (Last printed February, 1937. Total number of requests since then, 457.) There's a campaign on foot to whitewash Simone Simon. She's not really tem-

(*Continued on page* 69)

OH, DEAR, I'VE GOT TO RUSH HOME AND COOK DINNER IN THAT HOT KITCHEN!
NOT IF YOU SERVE ME LADY! I'M ON THE TABLE IN A JIFFY!
Franco-American
SPAGHETTI
À LA M'LANAISE

KEEP OUT OF THAT HOT KITCHEN!

Serve the Delicious Spaghetti that makes quick Summer Meals Possible

BUT be sure it's Franco-American Spaghetti you use. There is a real difference between Franco-American and ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. Well, there ought to be! First, in taste! There are eleven savory ingredients in that world-famous cheese-and-tomato sauce — there's no imitating that! Second, in nourishment. The selected top quality durum wheat that Franco-American is made from—rich in proteins and carbohydrates — there's no improving on that! Franco-American is an appetizing, delicious food that saves you money. It usually costs only ten cents a can — three cents a portion!

When a hot day comes along and you dread cooking—DON'T! Just serve that delicious Franco-American Spaghetti as a main dish—with a crisp green salad, milk, and fruit. It's on the table in no time. And your family will say: "Gee, this is swell, Mother!" Or if you've leftovers you want to use up, Franco-American's rare and tasty flavor makes a dish of leftover meat taste like the proud creation of a French chef. Serve Franco-American!

Franco-American SPAGHETTI
Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups

MAY I SEND YOU OUR FREE RECIPE BOOK? SEND COUPON, PLEASE
Franco-American
SPAGHETTI
À LA M'LANAISE

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD CO., Dept. 68,
Camden, New Jersey
Please send me your free recipe book:
"30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

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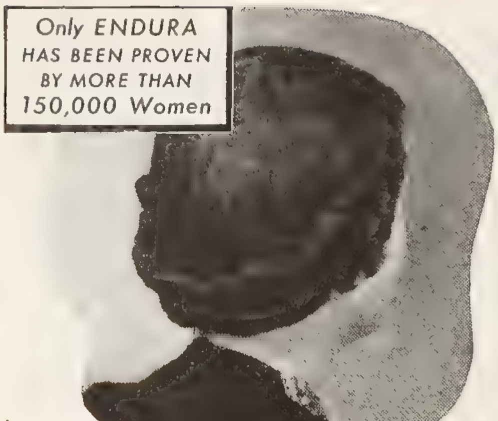
Address ____________

City ____________ State ____________



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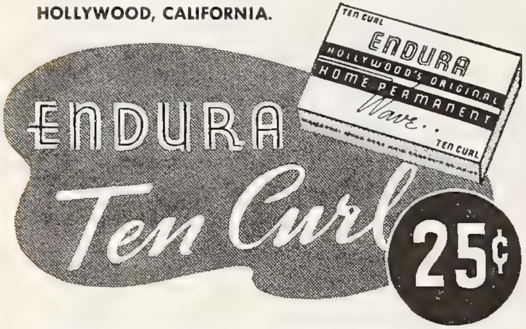
A COMPLETE PERMANENT $1.00

The large-size Endura gives you 50 curlers. Everything you need for a complete home permanent.

Endura is featured at drug, department and 5 and 10c stores. If your dealer cannot supply you, ask him to order it from **The ENDURA CORPORATION, HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA.**



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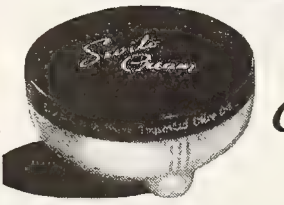

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25c Complete

This unique brush will give you the grandest facial you ever had. Just slip it over two fingers and scoop up the desired amount of Sevilo Cream. Its 250 flexible "fingers" will work the cream into your pores, bring out the dirt, give your face a thorough massage. You'll *love* this new thrilling, economical way of applying Sevilo Cleansing Cream.

Sevilo Cream is ideal for a facial—blended with pure imported olive oil, it cleanses, soothes, refreshes. No powder-base cream is needed with Sevilo. Opal bowl holds enough cream for 15 to 20 facials. Empty bowl is adorable for jewels or powder.

Brush and cream *complete*, 25c. Buy at the better 5c and 10c stores, or mail 25c direct to:

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V3

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Accused (United Artists)	2★
The Accusing Finger (Paramount)	1½★
After the Thin Man (M-G-M)	3★
Another Dawn (Warners)	1★
As Good As Married (Universal)	2★
A Star is Born (United Artists)	4★
As You Like It (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Banjo on My Knee (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
*Behind the Headlines (RKO)	2★
Beloved Enemy (Samuel Goldwyn)	3★
The Beloved Vagabond (Columbia)	1½★
Beware of Ladies (Republic)	1½★
Black Legion (Warners)	3½★
*Border Cafe (RKO)	1★
Borderland (Paramount)	2★
Breezing Home (Universal)	1★
Brides Are Like That (First National)	2½★
Bulldog Drummond Escapes (Paramount)	2★
Cafe Metropole (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Call It a Day (Warners)	3½★
Camille (M-G-M)	4★
Captains Courageous (M-G-M)	4★
Career Woman (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Champagne Waltz (Paramount)	2½★
Charlie Chan at the Olympics (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Charlie Chan at the Opera (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
China Passage (RKO)	2★
Clarence (Paramount)	1★
College Holiday (Paramount)	2★
Counterfeit (Columbia)	2★
Crack-Up (20th Century-Fox)	1★
The Crime Nobody Saw (Paramount)	1★
Criminal Lawyer (RKO)	2½★
*Dance, Charlie, Dance (Warners)	2★
Dangerous Number (M-G-M)	2★
*The Great Hospital Mystery (20th Century-Fox)	1★
The Devil's Playground (Columbia)	2★
A Doctor's Diary (Paramount)	2★
*Don't Pull Your Punches (Warners)	1★
Don't Tell the Wife (RKO)	2½★
Dreaming Lips (United Artists)	2½★
Elephant Boy (United Artists)	3★
Espionage (M-G-M)	2★
Fair Warning (20th Century-Fox)	1★
A Family Affair (M-G-M)	2½★
*Fifty Roads to Town (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Fire Over England (London Film)	3★
The Garden of Allah (Selznick International)	3★
The Girl on the Front Page (Universal)	1★
Girl Overboard (Universal)	2★
*The Girl Said No (Grand National)	2★
*Git Along Little Dogies (Republic)	2★
God's Country and the Woman (Warners)	2★
*The Go-Getter (Warners)	2★
Golden Arrow (First National)	2½★
Gold Diggers of 1937 (Warners)	3★
The Good Earth (M-G-M)	4★
Good Old Soak (M-G-M)	2½★
Great Guy (Grand National)	3★
The Great O'Malley (Warners)	2★
Green Light (First Nat'l)	2½★
Head Over Heels in Love (GB)	2★
Her Husband Lies (Paramount)	2★
Her Husband's Secretary (First Nat'l)	2★
History Is Made at Night (Walter Wanger)	3★
*The Hit Parade (Republic)	2★
*Hollywood Cowboy (RKO)	2★
Holy Terror (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
*Hotel Haywire (Paramount)	2★
House of Secrets (Chesterfield)	1½★
*I Met Him in Paris (Paramount)	4★
Internes Can't Take Money (Paramount)	2½★
*I Promise to Pay (Columbia)	2★
*Jim Hanvey, Detective (Republic)	1★
John Mead's Woman (Paramount)	2½★
*Kid Galahad (Warners)	3★
Kidnapped in Shanghai (Republic)	2★
The King and the Chorus Girl (Warners)	3★
King of Hockey (Warners)	1★
The Last of Mrs. Cheyney (M-G-M)	3★
Legion of Terror (Columbia)	1½★
*Let Them Live (Universal)	2★
Lloyds of London (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Lost Horizon (Columbia)	4★
Love from a Stranger (United Artists)	2½★
Love Is News (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Maid of Salem (Paramount)	3★
Make Way for Tomorrow (Paramount)	3½★
A Man Betrayed (Republic)	2★
Man of Affairs (GB)	2½★
*The Man in Blue (Universal)	2★
Man of the People (M-G-M)	2★
The Man Who Could Work Miracles (United Artists)	3★
Marked Woman (Warners)	3★
Maytime (M-G-M)	4★
*Meet the Missus (RKO)	2★
Men Are Not Gods (United Artists)	2★
*Michael O'Halloran (Republic)	1★
Midnight Court (Warners)	1★
Midnight Taxi (20th Century-Fox)	1★
*The Mighty Treve (Universal)	1★
*Mind Your Own Business (Paramount)	2★
More Than a Secretary (Columbia)	2★
Mountain Justice (Warners)	2★
*Murder Goes to College (Paramount)	1★
Mysterious Crossing (Universal)	1½★
Nancy Steele Is Missing (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Navy Spy (Grand National)	2★
Night Key (Universal)	2½★
Night Must Fall (M-G-M)	3★
*Night of Mystery (Paramount)	1★
Night Waitress (RKO)	2★
Nobody's Baby (Hal Roach)	1★
Off to the Races (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Oh, Doctor! (Universal)	1★
One in a Million (20th Century-Fox)	3★
On the Avenue (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
The Outcast (Paramount)	2★
Outcasts of Poker Flat (RKO)	2½★
Park Avenue Logger (RKO)	2★
Parole Racket (Columbia)	1★
Penrod and Sam (Warners)	2★
Personal Property (M-G-M)	2½★
*Pick a Star (Hal Roach)	2★
The Plainsman (Paramount)	4★
The Plot Thickens (RKO)	2★
The Plough and the Stars (RKO)	3★
The Prince and the Pauper (Warners)	3½★
*Public Wedding (Warners)	1★
Quality Street (RKO)	3★
Racing Lady (RKO)	2★
Rainbow on the River (RKO)	3★
Racketeers in Exile (Columbia)	2½★
Ready, Willing and Able (Warners)	2★
Rembrandt (London Film)	4★
Romance and Riches (Grand National)	2★
Romeo and Juliet (M-G-M)	4★
Sea Devils (RKO)	2★
Seventh Heaven (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Shall We Dance (RKO)	3★
*She's Dangerous (Universal)	1★
Silent Barriers (GB)	3★
Sing, Baby, Sing (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Sing Me a Love Song (First National)	3★
Sinner Take All (M-G-M)	2½★
*Slim (Warners)	2★
Smart Blonde (Warners)	1★
The Soldier and the Lady (RKO)	2½★
*Song of the City (M-G-M)	1★
Step Lively Jeeves (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Stolen Holiday (Warners)	2½★
Stowaway (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Strangers on a Honeymoon (GB)	2★
Swing High, Swing Low (Paramount)	3★
Swing Time (RKO)	4★
That Girl From Paris (RKO)	3★
That I May Live (20th Century-Fox)	1★
That Man's Here Again (Warners)	1★
*There Goes My Girl (RKO)	2★
They Gave Him a Gun (M-G-M)	3★
*Think Fast, Mr. Moto (20th Century-Fox)	2★
*The Thirteenth Chair (M-G-M)	2★
*This Is My Affair (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Three Smart Girls (Universal)	3½★
Thunder in the City (Columbia)	2½★
Time Out for Romance (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Top of the Town (Universal)	2½★
Trouble in Morocco (Columbia)	2★
Turn Off the Moon (Paramount)	1★
23½ Hours Leave (Grand National)	2★
Two in a Crowd (Universal)	1★
Two Wise Maids (Republic)	2★
Under Cover of Night (M-G-M)	2★
The Unguarded Hour (M-G-M)	3★
Waikiki Wedding (Paramount)	3★
Wake Up and Live (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Walking On Air (RKO)	2★
Wanted: Jane Turner (RKO)	2★
Way Out West (Hal Roach)	2½★
We Have Our Moments (Universal)	2★
We're on the Jury (RKO)	2★
We Who Are About to Die (RKO)	3★
When Love Is Young (Universal)	3★
When's Your Birthday? (RKO)	2★
When You're in Love (Columbia)	3½★
Wild Brian Kent (Lesser-RKO)	1★
Wings of the Morning (20th Century-Fox)	3★
The Woman Alone (GB)	3★
The Woman I Love (RKO)	2½★
Woman in Distress (Columbia)	1½★
Woman Wise (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Women of Glamour (Columbia)	2★
You Only Live Once (United Artists)	3★
You're in the Army Now (GB)	2½★

Turn to our Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. It's a valuable guide in choosing entertainment. Instead of giving the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under General Rating, beside each picture. 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. Asterisk denotes that only Modern Screen ratings are given on films not reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

peramental, say the campaigners; nope, everything she does is as reasonable as a geometry book. Sure, and if Simone were left to herself, she'd wear high-button shoes and join the nearest Bible society.

Take it from me—it ain't so! Simone wasn't born in Marseilles and raised in Madagascar for nothing. She comes to Hollywood from another world, a world of intense contrasts, strong passions, the makings of temperament. She carries that world in her soul. And you can't whitewash a soul.

She has worked hard, but hasn't ever planned. What you sow has nothing to do with what you reap, is her credo, and she sticks to it. You can't blame her. For instance, in all the twenty-three years of her life, she never had twenty-three seconds' dramatic training. That didn't prevent her from becoming a star in a day because some director liked the shape of her mouth.

When she came to Hollywood early last Fall, she was cold-shouldered. Hollywood felt that it had outgrown temperament. Simone sulked. But when "Girls' Dormitory" was released, the boys and girls wanted to play with her, and Simone trotted out the old smile, the dimple in her right cheek went into action, and she was happy. She likes Hollywood and will like it, just so long as it continues to provide her with world-beating playmates like George Gershwin, Jimmie Stewart, William Wyler, to mention a few of the chaps who've dated her. Yes, she likes Hollywood—and she likes men. Men, too, have a sneaking admiration for this puckish, 5 foot 4 inches tall, blue-eyed little girl. That makes her what we fonney Americains call "beeg boxoffees." And that reminds me; you'll soon be standing on line for tickets to "Danger—Love at Work."

GENE RAYMOND (Last printed August 1936. Total number of requests since then, 462.) Gene Raymond is that confirmed bachelor who just got married. It seems that when you're built like a Greek god, with crisp platinum locks and dancing blue eyes, you can give romance the run-around just so long and no longer. Gene should know. He wore a bullet-proof vest against Cupid's arrows and maidens' glances—and look what happened to him. He always had a different alibi on tap for the interviewers. Even when Jeanette MacDonald came along, Gene wasn't swept off his too solid feet—not until she convinced him of the truth of his self-created myth of bachelorhood. Jeanette had to prove it was all a hoax.

Not that Gene was ever girl-shy. As a boy, he went to school with Marguerite Churchill and Helen Chandler. It was a Professional Children's School, and Gene learned all the funny things actors learn. How to do a brogue, ride a horse, sing and fence, and occasionally there'd be a call for acting. It was in the latter part of his curriculum that little Raymond Guion (the French Huguenot name with which Gene was christened) excelled. And, every now and then, he'd play hooky from school and sneak in a few stage appearances. In 1913, at five, he wowed his public in a small way in a production of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

His first big-time wowing assignment was in "Young Sinners." That was in 1929. The show stayed on the boards for two years. Raymond played the role of a chap called Gene Gibson. When the show was over, and he was called to Hollywood, he hurriedly took the Gene from the Gibson, added the Raymond of his own name, and so the star you know today was born.

Just born, though. He had to take care of growing up all by himself. Paramount refused to cast him in anything but weakling roles—Milquetoasts of every description. At the close of his first contract, Gene said nix on a renewal and went free-lance. Since then he's made a big name for himself in the light comedy field. His next is "There Goes My Girl," with Ann Sothern.

● *"Excuse me for getting personal—but haven't you gone pretty far with this nose idea? Enough is enough, I always say... It's none of my business, of course—but what's a nose like that for?"*

● *"You don't tell me!... You fill it full of water on a hot day—yes, yes, go on... Then you throw it up over your head and give yourself a shower? Boy!... Well, I must say you've got something there!"*

● *"Don't try to sell me one though! Nope—I've got my own system. A soft cooling sprinkle of downy Johnson's Baby Powder... no prickly heat or rashes or chafing after that kind of shower!"*

Johnson's
Baby
Powder
Johnson & Johnson
New Brunswick, N.J.
Borated Talcum

● *"Take one feel of Johnson's Baby Powder—you'll see why it keeps my skin so healthy and smooth!" Healthy skin, Mothers, is the best protection against skin infections. Johnson's Baby Powder is made of finest Italian talc—no gritty particles and no orrisroot... Remember Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too. And for tiny babies, try the new Johnson's Baby Oil—stainless, not sticky, and cannot turn rancid.*

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

Alluring
FRAGRANCE . . .

Parfum
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. . . SCENTED WITH
GENUINE IMPORTED
French PERFUME

In Paris, the woman of glamour turns instinctively to Djer-Kiss to increase her charm . . . To her cousins in America this precious French perfume is now available in Djer-Kiss Talc. To make yourself fascinating, use this exquisite Djer-Kiss Talc, every day.

In drug and department stores at 25c and 75c. New generous 10c size in ten-cent stores.

DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF · PARIS

Between You 'n' Me

(Continued from page 17)

$1.00 Prize Letter

Found: A Second Valentino

When Rudolph Valentino passed on ten years ago, romance went with him. When he was living, the world seemed such a wonderful place to be in. I saw "The Son of the Sheik" eleven times. I think more of him today than the day he died.

Until recently I rebelled against the thought of anyone taking his place. But now I feel that Don Ameche is the only logical person to carry on where he left off. I'm sure Rudy is looking down from Heaven and agreeing with me.

I will live for the day when I can go to the theatre and see Don Ameche in "The Sheik," "Monsieur Beaucaire," and all the other films that Rudy made worth while. —Mrs. Edith Conklin, Bellefontaine, Ohio.

$1.00 Prize Poem

To Henry Wilcoxon

If Egypt's Queen bent her proud knee
And gave her heart to Antony—
If Berengaria did cling
To Richard, the Crusading King—
If then two Queens can thus be won,
Oh, what a man is Wilcoxon!

A wrestler, diver, painter, he,
This son of British sovereignty;
A banker, schemer, athlete: See
The President's great Mystery.
A hero with virility,
Wilcoxon, here's success to thee!

Though gay, gallant and debonair,
Brave Duncan lost his Alice fair.
But, Henry, don't be in despair,
You would have won had I been there!
And now I'm waiting patiently,
To see you soon in "Souls at Sea."
—Joan Randall, Hartford, Conn.

$1.00 Prize Letter

One More Dig

Cartoons have been drawn, articles have been written and comedians have ribbed the subject of the manner in which film stars sleep—that is, on the screen. But it's always worth one more dig.

I sigh with envy when I see one of our cinema lovelies waking up in the bright sunshine—not in the cold gray dawn, the blankets and sheets all smooth and even—not twisted and wrinkled, her hair smooth and perfectly in place—not snarled from sleeping on it the wrong way.

Have we not an actor or an actress who can wake up slowly and painfully to untangle himself and stagger into the shower and come out with his eyes still half shut? All the time we're watching this picturization of one of our vaguest pipe dreams, we're thinking how hard it's going to be to have to get up at 7 o'clock tomorrow morning. — Margaret Hansen, Cleveland, Ohio.

Nelson Eddy's Childhood

According to articles I've read recently, "Nelson Eddy has had no childhood; he has never been young." Really?

As one who has known the Eddy family for years, I want to say that Nelson had a childhood that might well be the envy of a great many children. He had devoted parents, grandparents and great grandparents. When very young, he spent much of his time on the large farm of his great grandparents in Acusnet, Mass. He never had to spend a summer in the hot city, for his parents always took him to the shore.

It has also been said that his father moved about from place to place, so that Nelson had no home. His father has always been a hard working man. When Nelson was young, Mr. Eddy worked nights, aside from his regular job, that his family might have extra luxuries. For the past 22 years, Mr. Eddy has worked for the U. S. Government at the U. S. Naval Torpedo Station at Newport.

If Nelson had not had this normal childhood, he would not be able to hold down a three-man job as he is doing today.—A Family Friend, Providence, R. I.

A Discovery

No reason for writing this, except the right of every normal woman to complain.

Whoops! A prankish breeze nearly causes cute little Juanita Quigley to lose her top-piece. Don't you love the handbag clutched firmly and the amused expression?

You see, we've been spoiled because of such stimulating movies as "Mr. Deeds," "Come and Get It," "Theodora Goes Wild," "Great Ziegfeld" and "Camille," to name but a few. Give us a couple of poor or even slightly mediocre pictures, and we make the startling discovery that most movies are awful! It's all the fault of the producers really for giving us films that are remarkable when they can't hope to continue with the same formula.—Mrs. H. S. Bailey, Hampton, Virginia.

Speaking of Voices

It seems to me that an actress should have a voice far better than that of an ordinary person. And a starring actress should have an even finer voice.

I saw Ruby Keeler in "Ready, Willing and Able." During certain scenes her voice was so weak and slow that the audience started stamping their feet. She makes one feel like going up there to help her talk. She sounds so helpless and hopeless. Why doesn't she put some pep into her voice? She doesn't seem to have any spunk or vitality. Of course it isn't necessary to do a Martha Raye, but I wish she'd show more life.—Jane Stephens, Chicago, Ill.

Hangover

Last night I saw "Maytime" and this morning I have a hangover. The glorious voices of MacDonald and Eddy stay with me. I could go on offering adjectives indefinitely, but instead I want to state that I and the rest of the audience, from all indications, were in great danger of getting off to a bad start. I sat, suffering and sympathizing with my comrades in distress, whose moans were breaking my heart. Then and there I decided to do my duty as a citizen and write to you.

Please, why must our beautiful young heroines change to cane-thumping old ladies before our very eyes? It isn't right and we don't like it. Let us admire our truly old ladies but no more grey hair and wrinkles for the younger stars if you would spare our illusions.—Alice R. Langton, Rushville, Pa.

Goodness, Gracious

Surely everyone likes to see new personalities on the screen, but I'm sure no one anticipated anything quite like Martha Raye. She must have looked up humor in the wrong dictionary, for her chatter certainly isn't comedy. I have recently seen "Hideaway Girl" and previous to that "College Holiday," and in my estimation Miss Raye contributed nothing to either picture. She has no figure, and her singing is worse than her jokes; in fact she has nothing outstanding except a big mouth and surely we don't want to pay to see that.—Grace Meyers, Valley Stream, N. Y.

Indifferent to Barbara

Barbara Stanwyck doesn't seem to inspire either admiration or active dislike. And that's really the way I feel about her, utterly indifferent, so long as I don't have to see her ruin an otherwise good picture. But I do hate to see anyone who is no better an actress than Miss S. rate the publicity and important productions she does.

Actually, she can play but one role, and that goes for whether she is chorus girl, society girl or anything else; whatever she is, she is always loud-mouthed and coarse. For my part, her hard-boiled, tough manner gets on my nerves. If she were beautiful, one wouldn't mind, but her plain face is too much.—Mrs. H. Bowers, Dallas, Texas.

Kingfish, No. 1

No wonder the movie-world pays tribute to that Great God, Publicity, Movie's Kingfish Number One. Why not? He took a pretty boy from little Pomona, carefully shook the hayseed from his hair, sent him to a tailor and then gagged gossip writers with those too, too precious personal items and that special-made-to-order romance. You bet the public read about him. They had to—or stop reading. —Florence Ridge, Canton, Ohio.

Watch Your Kisses, Bob

I did not like the way Bob Taylor kissed Greta Garbo in "Camille." It was an insult to her. I like the way he kisses Barbara Stanwyck much better. I suppose it's because he puts more feeling into his kisses to Barbara.—Janice Love, Bronx, N. Y.

Taylor Champion

I'm sick and tired of the abuse Bob Taylor has suffered of late. In my opinion, the letters sent in branding him as a movie lover with no claim to acting come from young Misses who feel that they are obtaining originality when they spurn the obvious popularity of a new screen rave. It happened to Gable, now Taylor, and Tyrone Power will probably be next.

Why, anybody with half an eye should realize that the final scene in "Camille" was the undisputed result of magnificent acting on the part of Taylor as well as Garbo.—E. G. Grandis, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WOMAN HATER?
THAT'S WHAT MEN THOUGHT
—BUT GIRLS KNEW BETTER!...
WHAT A MAN! BY THE WAY, SIS, WHAT'S THE LOW-DOWN ON HIM? IS HE A WOMAN-HATER, OR——
WOMAN-HATER NOTHING! GUY LIKES THE GIRLS, BUT THE GIRLS DON'T LIKE HIS BREATH!
HER BROTHER TAKES A HAND
SIS IS A SWELL GIRL... FUSSY ABOUT THINGS LIKE BAD BREATH, OF COURSE. SHE SAYS HER DENTIST TOLD HER——
IS THAT A HINT FOR ME?
GUY TAKES THE HINT
YES, GUY, TESTS PROVE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. TESTS ALSO PROVE THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH
SEVERAL WEEKS LATER
JUST HEARD THE GOOD NEWS ABOUT YOU AND SIS, GUY. GOOD LUCK!
THANKS! I OWE ALL MY GOOD LUCK TO YOU...
AND TO COLGATE'S!
Now—NO BAD BREATH behind his Sparkling Smile!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
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OVER TWICE AS MUCH

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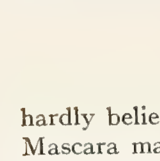

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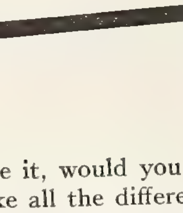

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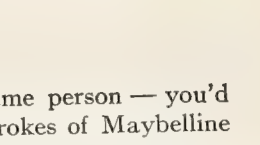

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Clothes Give You the Breaks

(*Continued from page 41*)

a frantic and often ludicrous effort to look exotic or glamorous or merely different, her aim is to look suitably dressed. Always, above all else, she looks well bred. Just between you and me, it comes naturally to this Warner favorite, but that is no reason why some of us more brash and impulsive and gadget-loving gals shouldn't deliberately try to acquire some of her delicacy.

LET'S take a look at the clothes she is wearing in the pictures on Pages 40 and 41 and see if we can't discover what it is that gives distinction to her very simple clothes—the sort that you can find in your local stores, if you will just insist to the saleswoman that you would rather give the effect of a single glowing pearl than that of a three-alarm fire. Tell her you think it would be rather nice and terribly original to dress like a lady. It is the most daring form of originality these days.

First, let's analyze the dark, sheer, two-piece frock, because that is the sort of dress that every girl needs in her summer wardrobe, unless she is spending her entire time at the beach or in the mountains. If you are living in town, it's practically indispensable, because it looks so cool and suave. It is non-crushable and won't wilt.

You have probably seen some hundreds of two-piece dark sheer dresses in the past two summers, but this doesn't look like the others, does it? The blouse is shorter, the tiny round buttons are a pleasant change from big, fancy ones, but it is the collar that really does the trick. The collar is of stiffened faille in summer-sky blue, shaped like big flower petals.

Incidentally, a dress like this is very effective in black or in that very dark walnut brown, or even in Dubonnet red if you are so subdued in coloring that you need the build-up of deep colors in clothes. Anita Louise wears it in Navy blue, which is not only the ideal choice for her, but is usually the best choice for either blondes or brunettes, if they are blue-eyed.

All of her accessories are plain dark blue, you notice. Not a trace of fancy stitching on hat, handbag, shoes, or gloves. The effect is to concentrate every bit of attention on the one bit of trimming that relieves the inky darkness of the outfit. And that bit of color, you will notice, comes just where it frames her face. When Anita wears this dress, no one's attention will waver even momentarily from the most important part of the costume, which is the girl in the dress.

I know you are impatient to get on to the evening dress, because it is just the sort of fragile, floating creation that can make you the undisputed belle of the country club or resort hotel dance. And I bet you have caught on already to the repetition of Anita's trimming-at-the-neck trick. That soft, fluffy collar is formed of white organdie roses massed together.

Anita likes Navy blue for summer evening dresses. They are charming for a girl of her coloring. She keeps her ivory-like skin and glossy spun-gold hair in spite of the California sun. If you are the outdoor type and get a glorious tan in summer, dark evening dresses are not so good. They make your skin look dingy. Oyster white or the new lime green or canary yellow or the very palest of blue or pink will set off your glowing complexion better.

Because summer entertaining is usually unpretentious, Anita thinks it more suitable to wear a dress made of crisp cotton fabric than the more sumptuous organzas or tulle. Dotted Swiss is ideal, because it is firm enough to be fitted in sculptured lines, soft enough to be gathered very full without looking bulky and yet filmy enough to float enchantingly when strolling or dancing.

I DON'T believe that Anita ever sat down and figured out a deft psychology of clothes. Ask her to talk about clothes and she looks at you all dewy-eyed and surprised and a little bit ashamed, as if she were letting you down. Hesitantly, she will tell you that she just wears what she likes. Lucky girl to be born with such unerring taste.

Probably you have noticed that lately there has developed a change in public taste. Out of the pandemonium of swing music, breakneck sports and continuous wisecracks, a vast public is beginning to turn toward gentleness and tenderness and delicacy. The brash hoyden is headed for the role of comic relief only. The tremendous success of "A Star Is Born" is attributed to the compassionate consideration of the leading characters for each other, and many people look on it as an indication that we are all going to stop pretending to be hard and make it smart to be softies.

Fashions in dress follow swiftly on the heels of other trends, and soft prettiness is due to supplant tailored sleekness and boxy lines. In that case, Anita Louise, who doesn't pay much attention to fads and fancies, will find that while others have been racing to keep up with fashion, fashion has been catching up with her.

The white shantung dress she is wearing is typical of the newest fashion trend. Instead of boxy lines, kick pleats, and widened shoulders, it has a more dainty air. The skirt is full, but plain. Incidentally, Anita doesn't refer to this as a tennis dress, or a spectator sports dress, or anything of the sort. She calls it a house dress. It is what she actually likes to wear around home. Slacks, pajamas, culottes are all right for those who like them, but Anita isn't the athletic type or the languorous type. Her hours at home are spent practicing on her harp, and I feel sure she could never approach her stately instrument without feeling hilariously incongruous if she were wearing slacks.

In many offices throughout the country, the old rule of wearing dark clothes even in midsummer has been discarded amid cheers, and many a girl now goes to work wearing a simple white dress. This one would be entirely suitable, as it doesn't make the wearer look as if she were headed for the golf links or the beach and just wandered into an office by mistake. Shantung is the ideal material for such a dress, for it won't wrinkle and it is dust-resistant. It looks unrumpled and fresh even after being shoved through crowds in subways and buses.

Although Anita has twice visited Paris, she likes American-made clothes best, because they are so practical. When she is shopping for clothes, she always thinks of the occasions for which she wants them. She doesn't just buy a strictly-tailored suit because store advertising proclaims that tailored suits are the current vogue. She buys clothes that are comfortable and suitable for her to wear as she drives to and from the studios, goes to a preview, or lunches with friends at one of Hollywood's favorite restaurants.

Restaurant-lunching is one of the occasions for which the dress designers

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YES—NO GREASE NO FUSS—AND IT CHECKS PERSPIRATION INSTANTLY

NEW-TYPE CREAM DEODORANT

Leaves no grease on skin or clothes —checks perspiration 1 to 3 days

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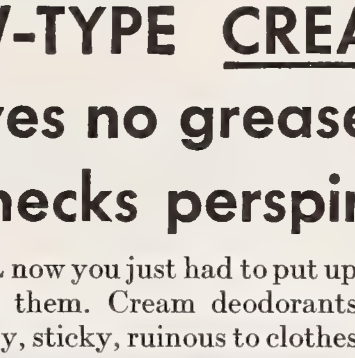

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PERMANENT

have let us down pretty badly ever since the vogue for sports clothes swept the country. Between flowered chiffons which are apt to look pretty tacky, and trim little crepe suits which seem a little subdued for a party, there just isn't anything. Anita Louise has solved the problem of how to get a touch of elegance into a simple daytime crepe frock, though. She wears an exquisite soft brown lace blouse, a rippling ruffle down the front, with a bolero-jacketed beige crepe suit. With this she is wearing dark brown gloves and carrying a brown bag. Her hat is of brown taffeta stitched in beige.

We haven't said a word about shoes, but wouldn't you know that she would select the classic pumps that go so well with everything? The only burst of flippancy she indulges in is her choice of cutout sandals to wear with her house dress. And those are on the conservative side.

Because Anita ignores all the exaggerated lines and gadgets of swiftly-passing fashions and consistently dresses in clothes that are simple, supple and dainty, one always remembers her softly-glowing beauty, not what she was wearing. Her choice of clothes would not be right for a girl of neutral coloring, a girl who was dashing and reckless and flamboyant, or the sleek, sophisticated type. They are utterly right for her, and if you have golden hair and creamy skin and blue eyes like hers, if you have a willowy figure and gentle manner, if you have natural delicacy of temperament, you can make the devastating impression on people that she does by following her lead in selecting clothes. Even the girls who shouldn't wear her type of clothes can learn a lot from her.

The secret of being effectively dressed is this: Know yourself, then be yourself.

She Has a System

(Continued from page 39)

from the Lombard—if your imagination will embrace a faint cry from Miss Lombard. But la Stanwyck fixed that all up, too. She kept score in her little red book. Everyone who does a stint on the ranch gets a lunch checked up against the future.

It works in Pomona, too. "Howz about watching the horses race tomorrow morning?" invites the seductive voice of Barbara. "I'd love it," says Bob and half a dozen others. Even when she springs that four-thirty A. M. on them, they still fall for it.

So they had a lot of fun, watching the education of these beautiful spirited babies since they arrived in blankets from Kentucky. At first the stable boys walked them around the track gently. Next came the ceremony of saddling them. Now the horses have a workout each morning. They bolt and run the wrong way at first, all over the field.

Barbara is right up there in her favorite spot on the stable roof, enjoying the show. But she hops down when the horses are brought in. A little job of Huckleberry Finning is waiting for her.

You walk a hot horse until he cools off, a man to a horse.

"Here's a horse for you, Bob. One for you, Clark." They must be walked for half an hour at a slow pace, and they don't always like it much. They want to run. The horses do—not Bob and Clark. They would probably just as soon be back home in bed. Instead, much to their surprise, they are out in Pomona at what amounts to dawn, saying, "Whoa, horsie!" and getting a pair of sore hands hanging onto a gee-gee who wants to go the other way.

YOUNG Dion, Barbara's son, going on five, is the inspiration for the ranch and horses. Barbara feels that this is a very important and formative time in his life, and that he has been too much with women in her manless household. He is now in the fireman stage, ready to graduate into a cowboy any minute. A hearty, handsome little golden-head, Barbara's plans are pretty much governed by Dion.

Way back last Thanksgiving, Barbara pulled a Huck Finn that was one for the book. Did little Babs clutter up her culinary department with a big Thanksgiving dinner and invite all the folks in to be stuffed? She's done that for many a year, but this year she had a better idea. She suggested, within hearing of the right ears, how it would be just lovely to have a barbecue out at the new ranch, if only they had something to have a barbecue with. Which gave Carole Lombard the perfect opportunity to fling one of her epic shindigs. She sent out a crew to build a barbecue pit with all the fixings. When the party arrived everything was complete. even to the Roman couches.

"First time I ever ate Thanksgiving dinner lying on my stomach," Barbara says, "but it turns out to be the ideal way to cope with a barbecued steak."

AFTER the steaks and baked potatoes, etc., the party all fell asleep in the sun, which was surely different from the conventional turkey-at-home where you are perishing to go off and lie down awhile. but there are too many visiting relatives around. Don't you think someone ought to organize a campaign for naps-after-Thanksgiving-dinner? Let's see now, who'll make the speeches? How about Barbara?

Her very best Huckleberry Finn is the way she does about marriage. She just sits back and smiles and lets the newspapers do it for her!

"Sure, they get you in love, engaged, and married. You don't have to do a thing about it yourself," Barbara smiles. "Just appear in public twice with the same man, and everything is eggs in the coffee."

"After you saw your engagement announced in the public prints, without knowing about it yourself, how did you feel next time you saw Bob?"

"You feel like a darn fool, to tell the truth," Barbara said. "It's terribly embarrassing. You think, does he expect me to expect him to make good on it, and you wonder if he's figuring the same way. At first you feel self-conscious and embarrassed, then the only way out is to laugh it off. Fortunately, Bob and I both have a sense of humor. We are very frank and kid each other about it, which is the only out."

"And so?"

"Absolutely nothing definite. We have no plans and no intentions. Just having fun."

"If you go out and get married before this story appears, I'm going to be vexed with you," I said sternly. But not too sternly, because if Barbara wants to change her mind in favor of a grand old institution like marriage, I'm all for it. Especially if she happens to marry Bob.

Gable Is Afraid of Shirley Temple

(Continued from page 25)

plenty from her, too. I have—from all the women I've worked with—Loy, Garbo, Shearer, Lombard, top-notchers, the lot of 'em. Be kind of fun, at that, to go to school to No. 1.

"Of course," he went on, still gravely, though the twinkle had reappeared in his eyes, "Miss Temple has two strikes on me from the start. I'm big, and she's little, and who wants to look at a lunk like me when he can look at Shirley? I'm dark and she's fair, and the gentlemen still prefer blondes. The ladies?" He thought fast. "Well, show me any lady in the land who could resist Shirley." He seemed pleased at getting out of that one.

"How about dimples?" I inquired, though fearfully. "You're even there."

"When you say that, smile," he warned me. "She's got what belongs to her. I've got what doesn't. The very word wrecks a man. What guy wants to go around with a hole in his face? But Shirley—" He forgot for a moment his role of indignant plaintiff. "Those two little stars chasing themselves 'round her mouth. Cute as the devil, aren't they?" And his smile was like the smile he turned on Claudette Colbert, after she had sobbed herself to sleep behind the walls of Jericho.

"Then," he went on, returning to character, "there's the great ear problem. Now I've never had the pleasure of seeing Miss Temple's ears, though I go to all her pictures. The only time I ever saw her in person was at the Academy Award Dinner last year. She's a beautiful baby and kind-looking, and if I'd asked her politely for a peek at her ears, she might have shown them to me. But to tell you the truth, it never occurred to me. If I'd known this story was coming up, I'd have made a point of it.

"ANYWAY, they're probably small and shell-pink, like the rest of her. But suppose, for the sake of argument, they weren't. Suppose, for the sake of argument, they were something like mine. Would anybody know it? Would they stand naked and free to the wind, like some I could mention? No. She's got a head of golden curls to hide 'em under. She doesn't *have* to hide 'em, mind you, but she's got the curls just the same. Mine ought to be hidden, and I haven't got the curls. Not that I want 'em, heaven forbid. But the least they could do is send me up on a picture to Alaska, where I could wear earlaps—and do some big game hunting at the same time," he added as an afterthought.

"And Alaska reminds me of beards. When we started 'Parnell' there was some talk of a beard. We compromised on sideburns. With Shirley, the question would never come up. If it did, she'd laugh and stick it on and think it was some fine new kind of game she was playing. What's more, she'd look just as sweet with that face of hers poking out over it. Well, the beard would look just as funny on me, but the face would take punishment. And then there's clothes. Put Shirley in a frilly dress, and she looks grand. Put her in overalls and she looks just as grand. Put *me* in a frilly dress, and see how I look. I just don't have the range," he grinned.

"Finally, there's this all-important question of time. Movie stars don't generally last more than five years, so you're told. Well, that's where Miss Shirley has it all over the rest of us. And I'm not

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kidding this time. That baby's twined herself so fast around people's heartstrings, that I don't believe they could get along without her. They'll want to keep right on seeing her, same as their own kids. They'll want to know what happens to her from one year to the next. They'll want to watch her growing from a little girl to a bigger girl. They'll be interested in every stage, when she ties back that mop of curls with a ribbon; when she begins to lengthen out like a long-legged colt; when she goes in for roller-skating and bicycles; when she starts being interested in boys and goes to her first party in her first party dress; when she graduates from school; and then when she really grows up and falls in love.

"Sure, they'll only see it on the screen, but they can imagine her doing the same things in her own life. There'll be all that change, all that variety, while the rest of us stay the same, except that we get a little older each year. People get tired of seeing the same faces all the time. I know I do. But I've got a hunch they won't get tired of Shirley, because they've adopted her. She belongs to them.

"I can see it going on and on forever, till she's playing grandmother parts, with her white hair still curly and the dimples still chasing each other 'round her mouth. And the fans still loving her.

"Nope," he concluded, folding his hands behind his head. "I'm not in her class. Not the grandmother type," he amended, with a flash of white teeth. "So the smart thing for me is to get out before I've tumbled so far that Shirley won't even think I'm worth haunting any more. That's just what I intend to do in four years, when my contract is out. By that time it'll be a relief to all concerned.

"I'd like enough money for security and not a penny more. Five hundred a month will do. I wouldn't cross the street to make more, if I had that much. Then I want to travel while I'm still young enough to enjoy it. I want to see all there is in this world to see. I want to go on that big game hunt in Alaska and to Africa on another, where I'll only have No. 1 lions to wrestle with instead of No. 1 movie stars. I don't want to wait till I've reached the age when I can't lie down on the ground without getting lumbago. I don't want to wait till doctors start telling me: 'Better not fly, old man. Your heart won't stand it.' I'm going while I can do all the things I want to do as I want to do 'em.

"Then, if I still feel that way, I'll build a little house here in California. I don't want estates with stables and pools and tennis courts. It's not what I've ever been used to, and I don't like it. Just a small house where I don't have to have a flock of strange servants walking around all hours of the day and night, or a lot of rooms that nobody uses.

"But plenty of ground where I can keep animals. Two hundred acres, maybe. And I don't have to live in San Fernando Valley, where they soak you six hundred an acre for land. Drive out from Hollywood an hour or two, and you can get it for twenty-five or fifty. I'd like to combine the background and atmosphere of a ranch with a New England landscape, with lots of trees and grassy meadows and a stream.

THE house could be almost anything that was practical and comfortable. Only not Spanish; I don't like Spanish architecture. Early American, maybe; and one story. I don't go for two-story houses. And not to run over ten thousand dollars. I'd have gas and electricity and all those things put in. I don't care for the fancy stuff, but I do like a certain amount of comfort.

"There'd be one big living-room, probably running the entire length of the house, with a huge fireplace at one end, the kind you could get a good big log into. I might almost make it a combination living-room, dining-room and playroom." He was warming to his theme now, as the house grew under his eyes, eager as a boy's. "You could sort of whisk the dining-room away, when you'd finished eating, like those fellows in the fairy tales. I'd do the whole room in knotty pine, with a ceiling of big timbers, and, instead of board floors, I'd have this tile you can throw rag rugs down on. So if you're out riding, you can come in with mud on your feet, and so can your dogs, and you don't have to worry about what'll happen to the Oriental carpets. Just run a mop over it, and there you are.

"I'd like plenty of gay color around, but none of this wild stuff—what do they call it? Surrealist? Can you make head or tail of it? No? Me, too. Oh, and brass; I like brass bright and shining by the fireplace and anywhere else I can stick it.

"Not over three bedrooms; a couple for my friends, because the latchstring would always be out. Not too big a kitchen; and a cellar under the whole house, where I could store things like potatoes and apples. Bathrooms are the one thing I might go haywire on. Probably spend more money on them than the rest of the house put together. I hate a shower that sprays out a measly trickle or two and stops. I want them full, with lots of pressure behind them, so they make you sting.

"Then I'd have a little cottage on the grounds for the help, man and wife, if I could get 'em. When I'm in a house, especially a house that's small, I like to be able to close the door and know that I'm the one in it. I *hate*," he said with an almost fierce intensity, "the sense of people pussyfooting around.

ANIMALS? First of all, two or three horses. I'd want to take care of them myself, and I couldn't take care of more than that many. Probably a cow, because I like the milk. No, I wouldn't milk her myself," he laughed. "Not that I don't know how. But I wouldn't want to tie myself down to a cow. When milking time comes, you've got to be right there. And there were too many times I had to go home from school to do that very thing, when I wanted to be playing baseball.

"Let's see, what else? Chickens, for eating. Oh, yes, and a cat," he said suddenly, with the air of being slightly startled at himself. "You know, I used to think I didn't like cats. Well, the fellow at the stable where I keep my horse has one running around. I was amazed when I saw how he jumps over this guy's arm and comes running like a dog when he whistles. I've kind of fallen for that cat. He knows me now, and we get along fine. Yes, decidedly I want a cat. And dogs, of course, plenty of 'em, all kinds, any kind, mutts and near-mutts and maybe a snob or two, provided they don't stick up their noses at the others.

"Will I miss the movies? Well, you see, I'm just a farmer at heart. I'll be building fences, pruning trees, making improvements, working out my horses. I'll be too busy to miss anything—even Shirley.

"Maybe some day," a quizzical blue gleam shot from under his black lashes, and the hole in his face deepened, "when I'm rubbing down Southern Son, a little lady with fly-away golden curls and a frilly dress'll pass by. Maybe my horse'll be curious enough to want to know who she is. Maybe she'll be fourteen or eighteen or twenty-one. That won't make any difference. I can still tell him: 'That's the little lady who once kept your old man hopping. That's Shirley Temple, No. 1 actress in the movies.'"

So You'd Like to Be a Star?

(Continued from page 31)

or a photographic sitting to be okayed.

AND these things must be done. We can't go temperamental, either, and scratch the paper off the walls or slam down our make-up boxes and take off. You, Sarah, can tell your boss off, slam down your desk or bolt of ribbon. You shouldn't, but you can. If you do, what happens? At the worst, you may get fired. That may be pretty bad but, at least, only your boss and the office force and a few of your friends need know about it. If I should get fired, the whole world and every producer in the industry would know about it.

"It would be blazoned in the headlines. The Finger would be on me. At the worst, your huff would be put down to a scrap with your boy friend, and a casual 'what's eating her?' would be the end of it. But I would be branded as hard to handle. You may be able to pound the keys or sell merchandise with frazzled nerves, but you can't go before the camera that way. The camera catches everything.

"Perhaps a great many of you girls feel abused when your boss asks you to rewrite a letter. Perhaps you groan when you make a typographical error, have to take the sheet out of the machine and start all over again. I can feel for you, but I doubt that you have ever felt for me. For we, in pictures, 'take the sheet out of the machine and start all over again' ten, sometimes twenty times, before we complete a 'take.' Perhaps we fumble a line, perhaps someone sneezes or a bumble bee buzzes in, and then we have to do the whole scene over again. Perhaps it is the biggest love scene in the picture, a deathbed scene, something that makes far greater emotional demands than rewriting a letter. Whatever happens, I have to wear a bright, brave smile and pretend it doesn't matter.

"I just don't dare have a cold in the head. I have to be far more careful of myself than I would be, left to my own devices. After all, a gal from Montana isn't exactly a hot-house plant. I'm a pretty sturdy specimen. But I have to behave, most of the time, like a fragile orchid. For if I should catch cold, get a dose of sunburn or contract a nice dose of poison oak—well, if anything happens to me while I'm working, it isn't only *my* face that burns. It would cost the studio thousands of dollars while I held up production. It might keep hundreds of people, extras and so on, out of work. I'm not my own man, girls. I daren't take chances with Myrna Loy, for she isn't my property.

"Other girls," Myrna went on warmly, "write me like this: They say, 'What is there for me to do after hours? My boy friend and I may have dinner together or go dancing. Or my girl chums will come over and we'll talk about our boy friends or, if we are engaged, our coming marriages. But our parties, Myrna, would seem tame to a girl like you. You go to such glorious ones, don't you?'

"Hah!" said Myrna, "I'd give away two years of my life to be able to get together with girl friends and talk about my marriage and new house which are, naturally, the most thrilling topics in my life. If I could be the plain Myrna Williams I am at heart, instead of forever figuring out what Myrna Loy dare and dare not say,

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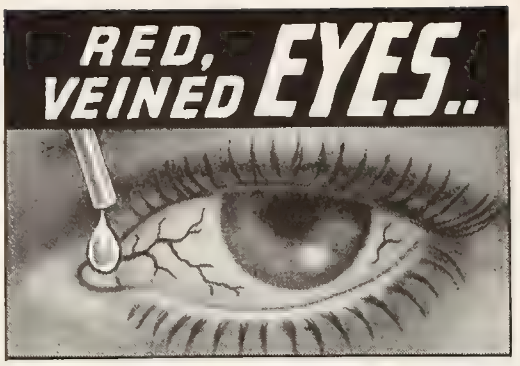
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I'd talk about Arthur and our romance and marriage and new home. I want to, right now. I can't. It wouldn't be in good taste. It might sound like bragging, in public, about private matters. The studio mightn't like it. It would also be offensive to Arthur, who doesn't wish to be included in my publicity. So, I can't have any of the he-sez-to-me and-I-sez-to-him chummy sort of talk that other girls can. You think that's fun? It isn't.

"I have to be self-conscious most of the time. The most normal, insignificant move I make may be magnified in the public prints tomorrow. As when, recently, I was knitting bootees for my maid's expected baby and read everywhere that I was not knitting bootees for my maid's baby—ah, no. Well, it happens that I *was* knitting them for my maid. You'd think I'd know better by this time than to be seen manufacturing 'little garments' in public. But I haven't learned yet.

"WHEN I go home at night I can't have the fun of dining out or dancing or going to a show with my husband. We do all of our socializing over the week-end. Other nights, I'm too tired to know for sure whether I'm Myrna Loy, Mrs. Arthur Hornblow or Kitty O'Shea. I'm not much good as a wife, a hostess, a goer-outer. I just stumble into bed if, by some miracle, I don't have to memorize lines for the next day's takes. Fortunately for me," Myrna said, "Arthur takes the greatest possible interest in my work. He certainly doesn't want me to give up my career. And he understands perfectly the demands made upon me, which is the only way in which marriage to a screen player is even possible.

"I'm not interested in clothes as other girls are and should be. In fact, I hate clothes. I'm dressed up to the nines all day and every day on the set, every detail perfect, every hair in place, a mirror poked under my nose every time I turn around. I'm tired of looking my best. I loathe the very mention of shopping. I feel ill when anyone mentions fittings. There's nothing I'd like better than to slip into something loose, whether it fits or not, and relax. I can't. That's one reason why we built our home in the comparative wildness and isolation of Cold Water Canyon, so that I can wear slacks and shuffle about in slippers.

"I can't go anywhere when I'm working. Too tired even to go to a neighborhood movie or to the corner drugstore for a soda. I couldn't go even that far without looking 'right,' you see. Not because of any personal vanity, but because the studio has spent millions of dollars on the personality known as Myrna Loy. And I can't let the studio down by slipping off my expensive mask of glamor. I've got to be, on all public occasions, the personality they sell at the box office.

"It's a shaky business, too. A good break is likely to get you in, in the first place. And a bad break is just as likely to get you out. And if you're out, you're out. Then there is always someone coming along from the outside, someone newer, more colorful, more talented. Or you may have two bad pictures, fail to get the right material, and you're gone with the wind.

"'If I had the money you make!' girls write. Yes, for a limited time. On the premise, too, that the more you make the less you can keep. And also, what good is money unless you can spend it? And if I hate clothes, prefer to hike rather than roll about in cars, can't entertain much because of being too tired, can't get away from the studio to make trips, have to guard my home and possessions as though I were ashamed of them—well, so what?"

Myrna rose and walked to the windows, looking down on the Hollywood which she, a schoolgirl from Montana, has so triumphantly conquered. She turned to face me; her mouth was smiling. But there was something deeper than laughter in her eyes.

She said, "It's nine parts drudgery and fear and heartache to one part thrill and glamor. It's all the things I've said it is, and more. And I love it—I love it."

I'm Not Married Because—

(Continued from page 27)

I was only seventeen, and I thought marriage would be a step into paradise. But even at seventeen, if I'd had to say to myself, 'This is forever. Are you sure?' I might have given myself time to realize that I wasn't sure and saved us all a lot of heartache."

She was speaking slowly, choosing her words, intent on presenting the facts in their true light, a light that reveals not heroes and villains, but the blundering humans most of us are.

"YET I'm glad we married. Or perhaps I should put it this way. I'm sorry to have made my mother unhappy and Grant unhappy. But I'm glad for the lessons I learned—that marriage doesn't just work of its own accord, that it's got to be made to work. All humans are selfish, and we in this business are probably more selfish than most. We're pampered and fussed over. At first we're grateful, and then we begin to accept these things as our right. 'Why should I stand this, and why should I stand that?' we say and take that attitude with us into marriage. Of course it's ruinous. Of course you've got to give and take.

"Well, Grant and I may have hurt each other—not may have, we did—but only through youth and inexperience, not through ill will. There's no bitterness in my memories, and I hope and believe he would say the same. But if I hadn't learned about marriage through that one, I might have stepped blindly into another that would have been bitter. Which is why I'm glad. It may be a selfish reason, but there it is. An actress friend of mine who waited till she was almost thirty to marry, once said to me, 'I waited because I wanted to be sure of what I was getting into. If I had to do it again, I'd do the same thing. And I'd train any children of mine to do the same thing. The only one important thing when you marry is to be sure he's the man you want to live with for the rest of your life.' That's what I didn't realize at seventeen. Now I do. And now I'll wait till I am sure."

A little relieved at having finished with that, she reached for a cigarette, then somewhat inexplicably murmured, "Salamander," and folded her hands demurely in her lap. I followed her warning eye to where a blue-uniformed guard had strolled on the scene. "No smoking," she explained. The guard smiled like a father and went his way. Miss Young stuck the cigarette back into its pack. "Be a good girl, Loretta," she admonished herself. "Don't betray that trusting grin. Anyway, wait until the effect's worn off."

I asked her if she carried in her mind

any picture of the man she might one day marry. The answer came promptly, as if it were a matter she'd given thought to.

"Not a picture, no; but two things he's got to have. Moral courage and breeding. I can't stand a leaner. I don't want my husband to be my baby, too. Oh, in little ways, yes, but not in the essentials. If there's any leaning to be done, I'm old-fashioned enough to think the woman should do it. I'm no clinging vine. I'm used to being independent. I'm not one to hang fondly on a man and get a thrill out of being a slave to petty authority: 'Darling, you smoke too many cigarettes,' and so on. But I want to know that if I do feel like leaning all over him, I can, and he'll stand firm. Any woman wants that. She may love the other kind in a pitying way. But I want to love my husband plain, without pity, without feeling I have to apologize for him, even to myself—least of all to myself.

"And by breeding I don't mean a line of aristocrats behind him. There's a breeding of the heart, an instinctive good taste that aristocrats sometimes don't have and hod-carriers do. It includes a certain fastidiousness of mind and body. I don't like dirty finger-nails and uncouth language. He's got to be literate. I don't care whether he's a college graduate or not. He's got to love education for its own sake—not for the sake of some letters after his name, but because it opens new worlds and trains you to make the best of what you've been born with.

I HOPE I'm not sounding smug, making demands, as if I were a paragon of all the virtues myself. After all, they're not unreasonable demands, are they?" she pleaded with comic wistfulness. "Character and a certain degree of culture? And perhaps I can redeem myself by stopping there. The rest doesn't matter. I don't care what he looks like. Handsome or ugly, it's all the same to me. Of course, I'd be pleased if he weren't a Dracula. I'd be pleased if he were beautifully attentive and considerate and thoughtful of me. But if he weren't, I'd soothe my vanity by putting it down to absent-mindedness. Sometimes I think I'd like him to be in the motion picture business, and sometimes I hope to heaven he knows nothing about it.

"I'd be pleased, too, if his tastes were something like mine. For instance, I adore dancing. I studied it for eight years, and it's a passion with me. Well, when Albertina Rasch gives a recital at the Bowl, I'd like him to enjoy it with me. But if he'd rather go to the Stadium for the fights, that would be all right, too. When we got home, he could tell me who knocked out whom. And I could give him an imitation of one of the Rasch girls dancing. That would probably amuse him.

"Money? Yes. Frankly, money is important. But only to this extent—that he should be able to make enough to keep his own self-respect. A million dollars has no attraction for me. The more money you have, the more you worry about it. I've got enough for myself. But for his own sake, I shouldn't want to marry a man who would have to take from me. If he were out of luck, I'd give with both hands. But however generously you give, taking humiliates a man—makes him feel inferior—which must never be. It's fatal to any marriage." Her kindling eyes softened as she said more quietly, "I couldn't bear to see my husband anything but proud."

Then again she sought relief in lightness. "I forgot," she smiled. "There's one more must. He must not be a practical joker. I can't stand a man who thinks it's funny to embarrass people—to electrify a chair, for instance, and then go haw-haw-hawing all over the place, as if he'd done something really noteworthy. I always feel like bash-

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"**I see** merry gatherings, parties—but you do not seem to be present.

"**I see** a trip for you—but you are going alone.

"**I see** an enemy. She is a lovely blonde. *It's you, yourself, my dear!*"

• • •

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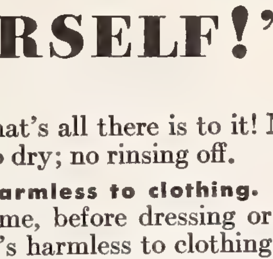

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ing him one," said the fragile-looking Loretta and eyed the slender hands in her lap as if to weigh their possible bashing power.

"And when I marry my non-practical joker," she went on, "I think I'd like to retire. I don't know, mind you, whether I will or not. I may feel quite differently about it tomorrow, and I've lived long enough to discover that keeping a flexible mind saves you a lot of self-torment. But if I feel as I feel now, I'd like to retire. Not because I believe marriage and a career won't mix. That's a subject I have no theories on. Whether they'll mix or not depends on the individual. But for myself, I'm inclined toward a normal home life, children and the rest of it. I'd like to run my house, work in my garden, be there when my husband comes home at night, look after my babies myself.

THERE'S always the danger, of course, that I'd miss the excitement and stimulation of this business. I've been in it for eleven years. I know how it's crept into my blood, become part of me. I know it would be hard to give up. If my husband were connected with pictures and came home and talked about them, I'd probably quiver like an old firehorse to get back. If he weren't connected with pictures, I'd feel cut off from all that's been most colorful in my life. Still," she said, thoughtful-eyed, "I do see the danger, so I might be able to avoid it.

"Because—and in relation to anything else I've said, you'd have to print this in letters a mile high—the only real happiness I've ever got out of life is contact with the people I love. Nothing else matters. Not money, not clothes, not looks, not being flattered and run after. All that's pleasant, but empty. If you had it all and lost your family and friends, it would just be a heap of nothing that would sicken you. Loving your own and being loved by them is the only happiness there is. If I know anything in this world, I know that. So it seems reasonable to suppose that a husband and children you loved more than anyone else would manage to compensate for the lost thrill of work that you love. After all, you can't love work as you love people.

"I've got a fair notion of how I'd feel about my own children, because I adore my niece and nephew so. D'you mind if I turn into a doting aunt? Try and stop me," she laughed. "James Carter Herrmann is only four months old and mostly sleeps. But Gretchen, my namesake, is all of ten months. I generally stop by from the studio to call on her. She's rather a high-strung baby, not especially calm except with her father and mother and nurse.

"Well, Sally and I look quite a bit alike, and the other day she mistook me for her mother. She cooed and gurgled, and she has a trick—when you stick your lips out at her, like this, she sticks her own right back—and she patted my face with those little hands of hers. If there's any lovelier feeling in the world, I haven't met it. I tell you I had the most wonderful time of my life. I try to get there every day now before Sally comes home, so the baby'll make the same mistake. Low trick to play on your own sister, isn't it? But she doesn't mind.

"She said to me the other day, 'Gretch, there's nothing like it. To feel the absolute dependence of that little creature on you. To know you're the one person in the world she trusts instinctively, turns to for everything. To feel her hands clinging to you. I can't describe what it does to you—makes you humble and strong and reverent all at once, so your heart almost bursts, and you want to get down and pray that you'll never fail her. I don't want to get maudlin over it,' Sally told me, 'and I've had thrills before. But this kind of quiet thrill it tops them all.'"

Her long, lovely hands, on which a blue sapphire gleamed, were lying in her lap again. Her gray eyes were serene, as when they'd been gazing out toward an imaginary sea. Serene, but illumined with such tenderness that she might have posed for a young madonna as she said, "That's a thrill I hope life isn't going to cheat me of."

Don't Let It Get You Down

(Continued from page 37)

Rub a little into the cuticle and push back with the orange stick. Vaseline is better. If your family uses olive oil in cooking, there's nothing better than a little warm olive oil for both the dear old nails and the dear old scalp—before the shampoo. I admit, it doesn't smell very nice, and the prepared business sold on the drug-store counter is much nicer to use, but never mind.

Olive oil, vaseline or castor oil will groom and thicken your lashes and eyebrows. And there's the starch manufacturer who puts out the customary household starch in a lightly perfumed modification—cheap as can be and so nice that many women who could afford something more elegant prefer it to bath salts.

CLEANLINESS is a big problem when one is good and gol-dinged poor, and I hope I'm not treading on any sensitive toes when I say this. But I know. I know the problem of none-too-plentiful hot water, and how in the heck can a person get a good bath without hot water? Many is the household where the gas and oil bill must be watched like a hawk. Well, darlings, one can, by golly, gradually accustom oneself to bathing in cold water, and that sounds pretty heroic, but it can be done. And you can remember that, though it's lovely and luxurious to sit in a tub way up to your ears, you can get just as clean in half a tubful.

Then, too, there's the dress cleaning problem. That's why I advise you to put a good deodorant way up on your necessity list. And, for heavy dresses—anything made of wool, and sweaters, of course—pay out a quarter for a pair of arm shields. Print dresses that may run, if you perspire, should be protected with shields, too. Learn to use a cleaning fluid successfully, and get small spots out as quickly as you can. Here's a trick if you get grease on a dress: take your powder puff and slap powder onto the spot, right away. Leave the powder on for, say an hour, maybe—to absorb the grease, and then brush gently. You'd be surprised how many times I've used that emergency method and saved a cleaning bill. And here's a trick for your good woolen things—your heavy coat and your good tweed skirt. Hang them out in the rain. That's what I said. But remember, I said *good* things. Cheap stuff would shrink. But there's nothing softer than rain water, as you may have heard. And if a garment is just generally dusty and non-fresh, but not spotted, a day out on the line in a mild rain will clean it beautifully. You'll have to remove any fur or trimming, of course.

Here I've switched from the beauty theme to the clothes theme, but it's all part of the same problem, anyway. However, to return to other handicaps to the business of being beautiful . . .

There is the handicap of too little time, as well as the handicap of too little money. Too much work, too many responsibilities. The handicap, also, of a rather blah state of health, you know the feeling. You're not actually sick enough to go to bed, but you're not well enough to be much use. You manage to pull yourself together to do absolutely necessary things, but beyond that you say phooey.

There is the handicap of disapproval and ridicule . . . haven't I seen this with my own eyes in families where daughter is honestly making an effort to improve face and figure, while the entire family sneers or scolds. Mother says, "Now, all this dieting nonsense is ridiculous. Eat those potatoes, Miss Prissy!" Pop says, "Always fussing in front of the mirror!" There is often a younger brother to make everything just dandy, who says "Ooooh, my, it's Jean Harlow we have with us! Or is it Garbo you think you look like with them eyebrows? Nuts!" Yeah, it's kinda tough.

For the blah state of health, I have to fall back on the old advice about diet. Fruits, vegetables, lean meats; raw vegetables, especially raw cabbage and raw carrots. Nine times out of ten, constipation is at the root of this evil. Fight it intelligently. Take a mild saline laxative, and visit your doctor, if the condition persists. Take time for daily attention to this problem, and let household or other interference wait, by heck.

Also, for that rather pepless feeling, try salt baths or salt rubs, or both. Take a handful of common salt and moisten it, then rub your body with it, or simply toss it into the tub. Remember that a shower is invigorating, and tub baths are apt to be enervating; if you're mixed up on the meaning of those words, the first means swell for you, and the second means lousy for anybody lacking in pep. If you haven't a shower, you can order an attachable one from a mail-order house or buy parts in the five and dime store.

For the very busy girl or woman, the only way to handle the beauty problem is to plan ahead and plan intelligently. With a bunch of kids and a house to tend, you must set aside time to beautify yourself as systematically as you set aside a day for washing and ironing. With a job that keeps you stepping every minute of the day, I well know that at the end of that day you want one of two things: to fall into bed without so much as washing your face, or a date that will make you forget your weariness and the pressure of your responsibilities.

However, you can set aside, say, Thursday night, for shampooing, a thorough manicure, and odds and ends of sewing for yourself. You can take time for a beauty bath, a really luxurious soaking. While you're soaking, your face should be smeared with cream. You can wrap your fingernails in olive-oil soaked cotton and let them beautify while you loll in the tub. One night—out of seven—into bed early, feeling relaxed and beautified, with, maybe, a thin film of the cream still on your face; with, maybe, your freshly shampooed hair set with lotion and bobby pins and protected by one of those ten-cent silk mesh caps; with, maybe, your poor tired feet anointed with foot balm and raised up on a small pillow; with, in short, whatever particular beauty treatment you need.

Returning to what I said about disapproval and ridicule, I get many letters which say, "My mother won't let me diet.

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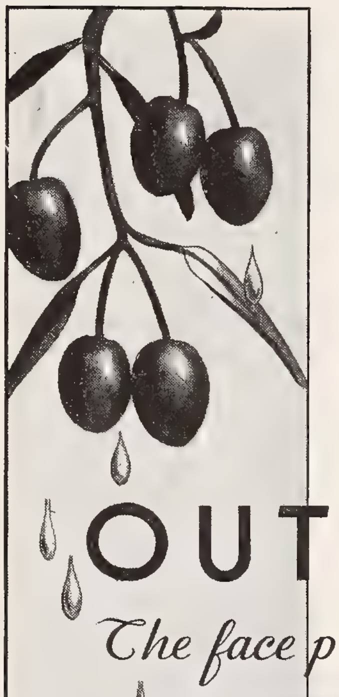

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What should I do?" Blessed if I know how to answer them. If daughter has been going in for some screwy diet scheme, which doesn't give her enough to eat, I can't blame mama. But if mama raises the roof over daughter passing up the bread and potatoes, when daughter weighs a hundred and sixty, I can't blame daughter. I do feel that both mothers and daughters can be intelligent about this thing. After all, a sensible diet gives anybody enough to eat. If necessary, go to a doctor and get his O. K. on what you want to eat.

At the beginning of this article there are pictures of four people who have overcome all sorts of handicaps. I thought of Janet Gaynor's early days when I saw her in "A Star Is Born." Janet worked in a shoe store—a dreary, tiring job. She has never been particularly strong. I don't mean that she's suffering from any mysterious ailment, but you have only to look at her tiny body to understand that she's not made for wearisome physical effort.

In those early days, Janet's biggest trouble was eating. She didn't care a great deal about food. But she wanted to be a movie star some day—just like Esther Victoria Blodgett in "A Star Is Born"—and she forced herself to keep her skin clear and fresh and her small frame rounded, by sensible eating. Oh, to be sure, she had next door to no money, but good cream soups come in cans, for ten or twelve cents a can; a bottle of milk doesn't cost very much; if one hasn't the facilities for cooking fresh vegetables, the canned ones are excellent. Janet remembered these things and didn't fall into the working girl's villainous habit of snatching a quick bite in a drugstore, temporarily filling but lacking in nourishment.

It's strange to think of the aloof Garbo being up against it for the necessities of this world. But Sweden, even though a neutral country during the war, nevertheless felt the international pinch that seizes upon money, food and jobs in such times. Greta Garbo counted herself right lucky to get a job in a barber shop, lathering faces! Dreary, menial work that, for the woman who is now the world's Number One Siren. She didn't, when the first break came, suddenly leap into world acclaim, as the meagre information on her sometimes leads us to believe. She took any job that came along. One of her early movie ventures took her to Istanbul on a salary one needed a magnifying glass to see. When she came over here with Mauritz Stiller, it was a wild gamble. Perhaps you remember early pictures of Miss Garbo. The teeth that had to be straightened. The good, solid one hundred and forty-five pounds that covered her bones. Oh, yes, Miss Garbo has had a handicap or two to hurdle in her life.

Bette Davis and her mother and sister came down to New York from Boston. Bette and sister were going on the stage. The three of them took one room; they couldn't afford more. Mrs. Davis slept on two chairs, with suitcases placed between. Her girls slept in the one bed. It was they who needed the good night's rest, so that they'd be rested for tomorrow's job-hunting. Bette would boil a saucepan of water over a Sterno flame and then carefully steam the creases out of her good skirt. She had one pair of nice-looking pumps. She kept them shined and crackless by smearing them with cold cream and polishing them with plenty of elbow grease and an old cloth. She had long golden-brown hair in those days, and she gave it one hundred strokes with the brush before piling into bed.

Eleanor Powell's mother took a job as a waitress so that she might pay for ballet lessons for her daughter. Some famous dancer had said that Eleanor had a great deal of talent, but that a thorough training in ballet was essential to all dancers, no matter whether they wanted to toe dance, tap or truck. So Eleanor, who was pretty tired from dancing twice nightly in an Atlantic City club, would faithfully get up early and practice the twirls and leaps that, today, make her body as graceful as her feet are swift.

With the stars as your models, why don't you decide right now to do something about your figures? You can loll on the beach in those oh-so-revealing clingy bathing suits this summer with 'nary a worry, if you'll get to work immediately. Send for my completely revised set of exercises for reducing the waist, stomach, hips, thigh, bust and legs. However, if yours is the building-up problem, I'll send you exercises for putting on weight. Also, many of you have been complaining of oily skin, acne, blackheads and large pores; others have the dry-skin bugaboo to combat. I have marvelous skin treatments, which are yours for the asking, to take care of every one of these problems. If you want these bulletins, please fill out the coupon below, checking the desired items, and mail it to Mary Marshall, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. Write to me for any other personal beauty information, too.

Mary Marshall, Modern Screen,
149 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Please send the items checked, at no cost to me. I am enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.

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Dry Skin Treatments...................
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Name...
Street..
City.................. State.........

Song and Dance Man

(*Continued from page* 29)

wanderlust. One young fellow talked to me for an hour. He was headed back to Pittsburgh, his home town. The only thing that stopped me from paging the city and asking someone to look him up and say hello and welcome home for me was that his name was 'John Smith.' They might have called the wrong chap."

Most of us, Fred Astaire said, have known days when luck wasn't exactly spelled "limousine." There was the time when he and Adele were in vaudeville, playing in Lafayette, Indiana. "One of the other acts on the bill," he said, "was a dog act. Adele and I were really the star act. But the dogs couldn't climb a ladder, so we had to climb the ladder to get to our dressing-room. The dogs got the star dressing-room!"

There was the time, too, though he didn't tell me this one—Ginger Rogers did—when he was refused admittance to the public ballroom at Santa Catalina Island. As a rule he doesn't care much for ballroom dancing, but being on the Island he wanted to see the big dance hall. He was dressed in sports clothes and the management refused him admittance because he was not wearing a necktie. Instead of announcing himself as the great Astaire, bringing the gray hair of the manager in shame and terror to the dust, he said nothing at all, went back to his hotel quietly, put on a tie and returned to the dance hall.

Fred Astaire simply doesn't play the Hollywood game. He doesn't play politics. He doesn't entertain the "right people," producers, directors, members of the Press unless they are his friends. And when they are his personal friends, he doesn't talk about them for publication. He said, "It might sound as though I were trying to get publicity out of my friends' names."

He drives about town, to and from the studio, in a station wagon. He drives himself. He eats lunch in his dressing-room. Sometimes Mrs. Astaire joins him there for lunch, other times it's a member of the publicity department or his director.

When he built his new home in Beverly Hills, he did not build a palace-sized place. It is a comfortable home with comfortable rooms, not museum-like. "They are rooms we can live in and talk in without using megaphones."

The servants in the Astaire menage are needed for everything they do. They do not crawl out from under rugs or dangle from the chandeliers, rendering superfluous services. Mr. Astaire likes to swim, so he has a swimming pool. He likes to play tennis, so he has a tennis court. Usable things. Fred doesn't "train" in the technical sense of the word. He keeps in condition all the year around by swimming and playing tennis, eating in moderation, never dieting, smoking very seldom.

He isn't superior about Hollywood. On the contrary, he said, "I have no desire to leave Hollywood or to go back to the stage. I don't think I ever will. Nor have I any desire to play 'Hamlet.' I am completely content to do what I am doing and to do it as perfectly as I can."

THERE is none of the artistic temperament in Fred Astaire—at least none of the brand which expresses itself in flare-ups, rages, walk-outs, strange disappearances. If he believes in the importance of an issue, he will go to bat about it. A few months ago he went into a clinch with his bosses about the number of pictures he should make a year. The studio wanted him to make more pictures. Astaire wanted to do fewer pictures, not because of the hard work more films would involve, but because he believed that too much of him would wear the public interest thin. His greatest gratification was not that he won his point, but that the studio saw his point, agreed with him, conceded that he was right and said so.

He never loses his temper on the set with anyone except himself. I witnessed such an occurrence only recently. Fred and Ginger were doing a song number for the fifteenth time. Everything was going smoothly, camera, sound, lights. And then Fred blew a line. He snapped his fingers, which was illustrative of his impatience with himself, and then he began all over again. If the cameraman flukes after he has done a difficult routine, if any other member of the cast misses a step or goes up on a line, the Astaire surface is smooth, unruffled, smiling.

He can't "make things up" about himself, his work, his life. He cannot pose or pretend. These are elements which were simply left out of him.

The young man who works most closely with Fred Astaire explained this, "Sure most actors talk about themselves, but Mr. Astaire is not 'most actors.' He isn't like

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the rest of them. I was an actor myself once, and I know the breed. Many of them are of the 'dese, dose and dem' variety. Not Mr. Astaire. He never really rubbed elbows with his fellow actors. When he began, at the age of eight, his mother and Adele were with him every minute. The very instant they came off the stage, she was there to take them off with her. He was never one of the gang. And there isn't a finer man living. I," said this earnest young man, "would give up my job for him if he wanted me to. There isn't anything I wouldn't do, gladly, for Mr. Astaire."

HE was only a little shaver of eight when he first went on the road, into the grind of vaudeville. He never played marbles, baseball or football, went on picnics, climbed trees like other little lads. Perhaps that wistful look in the Astaire eyes, that something plaintive in his laugh, may be the residue of a longing for things he never had.

"When I was a kid," Fred said, "I was mad about baseball. I wanted to see all of the games. The nearest I came to baseball was collecting the little books about it the other kids collected, too. I didn't have time, you see.

"I would have liked to go further in school. I couldn't do two jobs then. I can't do two jobs now.

"I wish I had been able to study music. It's an ambition of mine to write a real hit song some day, a tune everyone will be playing and humming. The songs I have written, and had published, weren't so hot," Fred said, with that rueful smile of his. "My favorite among 'em was 'Not My Girl,' but Adele thought 'Blue Without You' and 'Tapping the Tune' the best of the lot.

"I always liked to play the piano. I still do. When Adele and I were in vaudeville, a musician who knew my weakness would occasionally let me fill in for him while a picture was showing. I'd sit down there in the pit and have a whale of a time banging out martial airs while the cavalry rode to the rescue, or playing soft moonlight-and-roses melodies while the hero made love to the heroine. I'm sure I played Irving Berlin songs. If anyone had prophesied then that the time would come when I'd be dancing on the screen to Berlin tunes, I would have thought the prophet mad."

When I asked him to explain why he can't talk about himself, he said, "But I have. I've told everything there is to tell —where I was born, when and why I first went on the stage, my theories of the dance and how I came into pictures—everything."

He honestly believes that he has. He believes that his work is all that is of interest to anyone. The only song and dance which Fred Astaire can never give is a song and dance about himself. He's one of Hollywood's most unique citizen.

The Inside Story of Joan's Divorce

(*Continued from page* 35)

uneventful, self-conscious childhood. From the cradle forward, she had led a wallflower existence, subdued by the glamor of two older sisters. At long last, she had been sent away to school. And there, she had ceased to be neglected on the sidelines. People noticed her, liked her. One boy—his name was John Fox—said that he loved her.

All of her life she had had one recurring daydream of an escape from loneliness. A daydream of meeting someone who would understand her instinctively, without words—love her—want to be always with her.

With all the headlong impetuousness of sixteen, she told herself that John Fox was that someone. He told her that he loved her and would always love her. She told herself that the attraction that he had for her was not girlish infatuation; it was love. They eloped.

HER surprised family talked of an annulment action; after all, Joan was under age. Her mother finally decided against any interference. Joan's life was her own, and Adrienne Morrison Bennett trusted her to make the most of it. Perhaps the marriage would last; perhaps it wouldn't. But Joan had the right, her mother decided, to find out for herself.

Joan soon discovered that what she had thought was love was, instead, a delusion. She hoped that the coming of a baby might change all that. Countless babies, countless times before, had brought happiness to couples who had not been particularly happy. That was another self-delusion. Motherhood gave Joan only mother-love.

By the time she was eighteen, she had been a wife, a mother and a divorcee. She had made a mistake which could be charged off to youthful inexperience. All right, she had admitted her mistake, but she would not ask anyone else to pay for it. She wanted no alimony for herself. And she would not ask her own family to support her.

Joan had not been trained for any career except that of a society girl. But acting was in her blood. That was one thing at which she might be able to earn a living and insure small Diana's future, if she tried hard enough.

"Trying hard enough" absorbed her completely for the next three years. Her life revolved around her career and her child.

She established herself as an actress. Her income passed the point where worry about Diana's future was necessary. Joan relaxed. She began to notice the life about her. She began to go out, meet people, join in parties. Then the unexpected happened. She fell in love. Head over heels in love.

All except those who knew Joan in those days have forgotten that—or never heard of it. Yet, more than anything else, it explains why the Markey-Bennett marriage was destined, eventually, to founder —even if no one else ever happened along.

This love was not a case of self-hypnosis. It was the real thing. Joan had never known before what love was like. Now she learned, for the first time, how quickly and quietly and surely it can pick you up, lift you to the clouds, dazzle you with the shining brightness of the world, then shake you into a forgetfulness of self so completely that you are conscious only of your heart, which alternately aches with loneliness and pounds with joy.

And Joan Bennett found that kind of love, only to lose it.

She became one side of a dramatic triangle. The other two sides were John Considine, forging ahead as a young producer, and Carmen Pantages, beautiful brunette daughter of the theatre magnate, Alexander Pantages.

It was no secret to those close to Joan that she was unmistakably in love. It was no secret to those close to Carmen that she was just as unmistakably in love. No one knew which Considine favored. He was attentive to both. No one had dared to prophesy which girl he might marry—when his engagement to Carmen was announced.

Joan took it very hard—so hard that friends worried about her health. Then, suddenly, she had reason again to be happy. The Considine-Pantages engagement was broken. John was attentive to Joan again. But only briefly. Only a few weeks after their public cancellation of all wedding plans, John and Carmen were quietly married.

At the time, Joan was in a hospital with a broken hip—an injury incurred in a fall from a horse during the making of a movie scene. There were rumors that her screen career was over, that she would never walk again. And her friends were convinced that Joan cared little whether the rumors might be true or not. Life hardly seemed worth the living.

ONE day, a friend calling on her in an effort to cheer her up, brought along a friend of his, whom he introduced as "Gene Markey, the writer." Gene entertained her; she liked him. He more than reciprocated.

The next day, she received a little note from him, which read, "Dear Miss Bennett—When you are feeling better, I hope you will allow me to call."

She laid it away with other get-well notes and might have forgotten about it completely, if she had not received constant memoranda in the form of flowers. And when she was finally discharged from the hospital, he was one of the first to call on her. He became one of her constant callers. He was unmistakably in love.

When she could walk well enough again to get about a little, Joan wanted to do just one thing: go away, take a long trip, escape from the scene of her heartache.

She sailed for New York. Gene saw her to the boat—to give her a going-away message that he loved her.

During the long, lonely voyage to New York, she was deluged with radiograms from Gene. When she arrived in New York, she received daily phone calls from him, amusing wires, flowers. He wanted Joan to marry him.

She married Gene on the rebound from a broken romance.

Joan had not known, when she married the first time, what love was. She did know when she married the second time. So perhaps she deserves condemnation for marrying a second time, with that knowledge; perhaps not. You or I might have done as she did, in her place. Joan, after all, was honestly convinced that if she ever could fall in love again, Gene Markey was likely to be the man.

The ironic part of it was that Joan, who had loved someone who did not love her in return, was now in the position of being more loved than loving. The tragic part of it was that, to Gene, their union was not an affectionate companionship which might become something greater. To him, it was already love.

Joan tried to repay him for his devotion. She hoped, as in her first marriage, that the coming of a baby might give her something that was lacking in her life. Something intangible, indescribable, important. She interrupted her career to bear Gene a child.

The years passed. Joan knew fame and wealth and popularity. She had a beauti-

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Baby Touch Hair Remover, is the new, amazing way to remove hair from arms, legs and face—quickly and safely. Used like a powder puff. Odorless, painless, better than a razor. Baby Touch leaves the skin soft, white and restores youth and beauty to the skin. Satisfaction guaranteed. At drug and department stores or send 25c for one or $1.00 for five of the Baby Touch Pads. Baby Touch Mittens (Two sides) 35c each, 3 for $1.00.

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ful home. She had two lovely children. She had a husband who was brilliant, fascinating, devoted. She had every outward reason to be happy. But always, despite all that she said in her interviews and tried to believe herself, something was missing from her happiness. In her heart of hearts, she did not have the love that every woman lives to have.

The day Joan Bennett admitted that to herself, that day she knew that her marriage would not endure. It could not.

THE Markeys have moved in one of the most exclusive social Hollywood circles. And so, the Markey-Bennett divorce will split that tight little circle wide apart. For, two of the members of that little group have discovered that they should be married to each other. They are in love. It is late for them to make such a discovery. But, perhaps, not too late. The pity of it is that, in clearing the way to their own happiness, they have to hurt someone else.

But—if they cannot be happy except with each other—what other recourse is there? They have tried to convince themselves that this is not love; that their futures are with their present mates. The efforts have failed. The announcement of Joan's divorce has been on the way for at least six months. Those close to the inner circle have seen it coming.

Gene has taken it very hard. Last Valentine's Day, he sent Joan a heart-breaking Valentine, written by himself, and saying that once she had loved him, and now she didn't and why couldn't they be happy as they had once been happy?

That Valentine arrived too late. Joan's efforts to be happy except with the man she loved had already failed.

What brought the actual announcement of Joan's divorce plans? There was no final dramatic scene. There was only an accumulation of small irritations on both sides—irritations extending over a period of months, mounting to a point where "incompatibility" did describe their disharmony. Until finally Joan—always a realist—asked herself, "What's the use of our even pretending to be happy any longer?" She called her lawyer and told her press-agent to release the news to the papers.

That is the inside story of Joan Bennett's divorce.

He Wants to Be Alone

(*Continued from page* 33)

"One time I was invited to a 'small dinner party.' Only a horde of fifty people finally showed up. During the course of the party, the hostess said coyly, 'When are you going to say something funny, Mr. Powell?' Then she turned to the rest of the table and said in her quaint falsetto scream, 'I've heard that Mr. Powell saves all his bon mots for the screen; but who believes such a thing?'

"That," Bill cocked one eyebrow eloquently, "goes to show you what can happen, if you try to be yourself and go out in public, too."

BILL paused, considered a moment. Then he continued: "Of course, if you don't go out, you run another kind of risk. People misunderstand your motives.

"Cultivate solitude and quiet and a few sincere friends, rather than mob merriment, noise and thousands of nodding acquaintances, and you're called a hermit. They suspect you of having a grudge against the world, or going high-hat, or being afraid your 'art' will be contaminated by contact with the common herd.

"So far as I know, I haven't been accused of that yet. That's where Nick Charles and 'My Man Godfrey' and some of the other boys have done me a good turn. No one would accuse *them* of being stuck-up. So I'm not accused.

"But people do wonder why I spend so much time by myself. They can't understand it. Here you are, wondering yourself.

"It's all very simple. Painfully simple. It all comes down to this: More actors have been ruined by the cry, 'For he's a jolly good fellow,' than by all the poor roles in the world. The charity lists are full of them.

"You can live on hey-hey for awhile, but it's a diet that tears you down, instead of building you up. I know; I've had a try at it. We all have a try at it when we first feel our oats and are showing off a bit.

"On one of those 'mornings after,' you awake with a cracking head and an ache to get away from it all. It's inevitable. You ask yourself how many real friends you have among all the good-time Charlies. You wonder if you haven't had a one-sided education, concentrating on parties and night-clubs. You wonder if you aren't missing something. You wonder if there isn't something in books, fine music, outdoor life, travel.

"In short, you grow up. You go into solitary confinement, just for a change and find it the least confining life you've ever known."

Bill paused, grinned, said, "A serious guy, this Powell!" His mood changed, and again he was light.

"Then there's another thing. I have an uncontrollable urge for old clothes. That's what wearing so many dress suits has done to me. 'Comfort at any price' has become my private-life motto.

"Some tailoring connoisseurs, again confusing me with my screen characters, have nominated me as 'one of the best-dressed men in Hollywood.' It only proves they don't know me. A 'best-dressed man' should be sartorially perfect every hour of the twenty-four—which I'm not.

"My favorite evening garb, alone at home, is attire that looks like something out of the Salvation Army's old-clothes bins, or else a dressing gown and shorts. That's one reason, too, why I never eat in the studio commissary, never give luncheon interviews. Eating in my dressing-room, I can take off my clothes and be comfortable. And have another look at the script."

VISITORS to sets, watching William Powell at work, invariably comment on his delivery of lines, his sureness, his naturalness, his perfect timing. There is an explanation for that, too, which is tied up directly with his hermit existence.

"As an actor, I'm no genius," he told me. "I can't glance over some lines just before going into a scene and then say them smoothly, with every nuance of inflection they ought to have. No. I have to work for my living.

"I have to memorize my lines the night before, when I have time to try out how they should be delivered. I try 'em one way, then another, until I hit upon the most effective way. Maybe I'm too damned conscientious; but that's the way I have to work.

"Doing that takes a large part of any evening. But it has its compensations the next day. I'm not tense when I get on a set, all tied up in knots, worried about my lines. I know 'em. I'm sure of the way to say 'em. I can relax. I can be effortless, natural. Maybe I'm wrong, but I don't think that can help showing in the finished picture."

He's far from wrong. But still you wonder why he lives so completely alone. Why doesn't he live with Bill, Jr., his fast-growing son by his long-ago first wife? They're famous pals.

"Every other week-end, I spend with Bill, Jr.," he said. "My father and mother are usually along. It's a regular family reunion.

"He's a great boy—and all-boy. He goes to a private school here on the Coast and spends his summers at camp and rates high with the other fellows for what he is, not for what his father may be. I want to keep things that way.

"I'd like to have him with me. But I can't do that and expect him to have a normal life. The spotlight would be on him. And the spotlight isn't good for any growing boy, no matter whose son he is."

ASK Bill what truth there is in the persistent rumors of a near-future marriage, and he shrugs his shoulders noncommittally.

A few years ago, he built one of the show-places of Southern California. Into it went every known comfort device and glamorous decoration. In fact, he had the help of Jean Harlow in the decoration, a circumstance that provoked surmises that he and Jean were about to marry and that Bill was about to forsake forever his non-party existence. But, to the best of anyone's knowledge, both still are single. Bill still is dodging parties. And the house is no longer his.

"I'll never own property again," he told me. "There's too much grief connected with it.

"I didn't build that house for myself. Heaven forfend! I couldn't have used all those rooms in fifty years. The real reason I built it was because I didn't know what else to do with my money. If you remember, the dollar was sinking to nothing, banks were closing, even gilt-edged bonds were a gamble. So I put what I had into this house, in the hope of retrieving it, maybe even making something when things picked up.

"When I finally got rid of it a few months ago, I took another big house in part-payment. Now I'm rid of that, too, and leasing a smaller place in Bel-Air. My worries as a man of property are over."

He won't talk about Jean, or about women in general. He won't talk about any of his close friends. The reason: "Back in the early days, I gave an interview in which I made some remark about actors in general. A friend of mine took it as a personal affront. He hasn't spoken to me since."

Neither will Jean talk about Bill. But intimate friends of both, not so reticent, say, "They're very fond of each other. Very. There probably isn't a more companionable couple in Hollywood today. They're both lonely people who have discovered that, together, they aren't lonely; they have a million laughs together. But it's companionship, not love. That breathless, eager note just isn't there—yet."

That may explain Bill's persistent bachelorhood.

Before he started "The Emperor's Candlesticks," there were rumors that

Why are we Drifting apart?"

"What has happened to us, Dear?

How could he answer frankly? How could he tell her that one serious neglect — a lack of proper attention to feminine cleanliness — had made her almost repulsive to him?

IF UNHAPPY COUPLES would consult doctors, instead of divorce-lawyers, many a wife would be surprised to learn why her husband's love had cooled. Often it is due simply to ignorance about the proper precautions to insure intimate personal daintiness.

A wholesome method of feminine hygiene is important not only for your *own* sense of personal cleanliness and comfort. It is often still more important for the sensibilities of your husband. For no man's love can long survive neglect of this obligation that marriage brings to every woman. Many doctors recommend "Lysol" disinfectant as a cleanly aid in feminine hygiene, as a means of assuring freshness and daintiness.

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4. ECONOMY..."Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. ODOR...The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.
6. STABILITY..."Lysol" keeps its *full*, dependable strength no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

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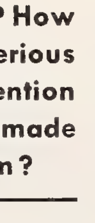

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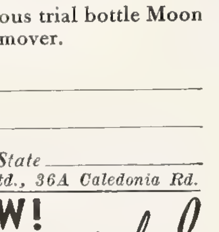

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NADINOLA *Freckle Cream*

he not only wanted to be alone, but wanted a fight with his studio. A widely read columnist hinted that he was hiding out in the desert, rebelling against the role of Baron Volenski.

Bill laughed about that. "Somebody was trying hard to start a fight between the studio and me. It was too bad, really, that we had to spoil the fun. You see, the studio knew why I went to the desert, and it wasn't for the rumored reason.

"I went for a bit of convalescence. I had the flu, and it left me with a whisper instead of a voice. And I was giving this eye a rest." He exhibited an optic that, on close examination, was inflamed. "It's still giving me trouble. Last Fall, the eyeball was sunburned. The immediate result was a flaking. And ever since, there has been a burning sensation, particularly after a siege in front of the lights. It's nothing serious, but it's annoying. After this picture, I'm planning to go East for some special treatment.

"From there, if the doctor says okay, I'm hoping to go on over to England for a picture. I can use a little travel, a change of scenery.

"My contract is up for renewal after this picture, and I'm hoping to settle for two pictures a year, one here and one, perhaps, in England. Anything I make over two pictures goes to the tax collector, anyway. Also, I've a hunch that with fewer pictures, the public won't weary of this physiognomy so soon. I still want to be around, years hence.

"How do I explain my 'recent success?' My friend, I've tried for years to figure out why I've been treated so handsomely by the public, and it still has me puzzled.

"I'm doing the best I can, but I'm afraid I'm not quite as good as I'm supposed to be. God knows there are other actors who are better-looking, and better actors than I am. It all seems to simmer down to the idea that luck has a great deal to do with success. Luck—and a little privacy, a chance to keep your head, time to study your work.

"That's another reason why I want to be alone. To sort of preserve my luck."

His Columbus Complex

(*Continued from page 42*)

all day. His training had begun at an early age.

At the Mills School, Finchley (the same type of school that later was to be made famous in "Good-bye, Mr. Chips"), they said that young Blore was a problem. A laughing problem. He could make the funniest face of any undergrad. But there's a pay-off even to making funny faces. Lately, when it was suggested to his home studio that they buy "Mr. Chips" from a rival company and give him the title role, he had to object. He'd have given that batty right eye of his to do the role, but he had to turn it down because an audience expects to laugh when they see him. And he couldn't have them laughing at Mr. Chips.

NONE of the Blores was professional. "But they should have been," he says staunchly. "My grandmother could throw better hysterics than I've ever seen on the stage. One always rushed around for brandy and fresh air."

Henry Blore had been an honor student in classics at Trinity College, Dublin, and today is a member of the Board of Education in London. When his son, Eric, determined on a stage career at seventeen, he fulminated violently. The earth, in the immediate vicinity of their ancestral house, rocked. Grandmother Blore had hysterics. Eric brought her the brandy but refused to budge from his decison. They're not budgers, these Blores. Father and son did, however, reach an agreement. If Eric promised to take the Civil Service examinations, Blore *pere* would give him a roof over his head in necessity, providing that Harry Pelissier said the boy had a "demn speck of talent." Pelissier, one of the leading actors of England at the time, heard Eric, assured his father he had considerably more in the way of talent than a "demn speck," and Eric took the exams. To his lifelong amazement and consternation, he passed.

"There's a future in Civil Service," his father pointed out.

"Yes," said Eric dismally, "a pension at ninety."

He went into an insurance office, but his heart was around the corner at Blackmore's theatrical agency. He followed his heart. Already he had made his professional debut at a stag party in a Fleet Street hotel. The fire of enthusiasm remained, but his money did not.

He was rattling his last lonely shilling when Kismet, the soothsayer, walked into the agency. Kismet with an astrakhan collar on his coat and an enormous gold band on his finger with the raised lettering, *Che sarà sarà* (What will be, will be). This indeed was Fate! And the gentleman was looking for a secretary to accompany him to the Alps. Young Mr. Blore accepted with haste, and just as hastily regretted his decision. Kismet had a sudden premonition, warning him that a trip to Switzerland would spell disaster.

SO Eric came back to London, back to warming a seat at Blackmore's. Young Mr. Blore looked askance at the next astrakhan collared coat that walked in. But this time G. P. Huntley, Sr., England's foremost comedian, was in it. It seemed he was taking his company of "The Merrymakers" on a year's tour of Australia and South Africa. He had a spot for young Mr. Blore.

Huntley not only taught the boy the fine art of comedy, but he taught him how to take it on the chin after traveling thirteen thousand miles to make an appearance—only to get the "bird" on opening night. That's what happened to "The Merrymakers" in Melbourne. They had to rewrite the show to fit the local brand of humor.

After that, success crowned their efforts. By the time Blore returned to England he was an established character in the theatre. He was just clicking neatly when war clamped down on Europe. Here was adventure on a gigantic scale.

They made him a lieutenant. They gave him a gun. His first job was to teach men the delicate feat of "shouldering arms." (Remember that scene in "Sons O' Guns" where he put Joe E. Brown through a musketry drill? That was apple pie for Eric. History repeated itself.) He discovered his platoon remembered the system better if they rhymed it. And what a shock the Colonel got when he heard those rookies chanting:

"I start on the cocking piece and I
don't care a damn,
I work in conjunction with the long

and short cam!"

The Blore battle methods undoubtedly were unique. Many a time you can win with a laugh what you can't with a bullet and he was fully aware of it. When transferred to the Balloon Service, he formed a group called the Balloonatics that kept the 38th Infantry in stitches and his batman kept Blore in stitches. This batman, Fleming, had been head butler for the Earl of Cambridge. He had a personal acquaintance with most of the leading family skeletons in and out of England and a fusty sense of humor. "The Kaiser, 'e's not so bad, sir. But the Crown Prince—now there, sir, is a man I could 'ardly like!" Fussy chap, Fleming.

It may or may not be singular that after the war Blore's chief success in America came from his interpretation of butler roles. And many a mannerism, he'll tell you, is Fleming-ized!

He further immortalized his batman by writing a skit around him. That was after the message came. The two of them, you see, had been slithering in the mud of front-line trenches for a couple of thousand years or so when a dispatch rider arrived with it. "Lieut. Blore," it read, "will report at headquarters forthwith." That was all. The batman raised an eyebrow hopefully. "I don't know what it means," said Blore, "but we're leaving and it's in the right direction."

At headquarters a brigadier-general gave him the orders. Two staff colonels conducted him personally to the Chateau Querrieu. Blore's job henceforth was to provide laughter for a hundred thousand men. He had become concert party director for the Division. It was a short time later that he wrote "The Admirable Fleming." Subsequently it ran two years in London. And there at the Chateau they put it on for the Prince of Wales. The Prince (the Duke of Windsor to us), oddly enough, was to play a strangely dramatic part in Blore's life.

CASH PRIZES FOR YOUR LETTERS to BETWEEN YOU 'n' Me
Details on Page 16

On a leave in London Eric had dropped in on Leslie Howard's show, "Under Cover." There was an exquisite girl in the cast, Violet Winter. An introduction was arranged. He saw her home. In truth, he saw her every day of his leave after that. The day he had to return to the front there was a heavy fog. Silently for awhile, they groped through the mist. Then, "I'm going to marry you, aren't I?" Maybe it was the fog that got in his throat as he waited for her answer. She smiled. "I think so," she said.

They were married on his next trip home in 1917. The war ended in 1918. Blore had just given an entertainment for the young Prince. The brigadier-general was still laughing. "You'll be the last of this division to be demobilized, Blore. I can't afford to lose you!"

Blore's expression changed. "I'm sorry about that, sir, because my wife is very ill. I'd hoped to be mustered out soon."

The Prince looked over at the general. "I think that shall be done, sir, don't you?" A royal command, gently put. The following Wednesday Eric was back in England. Even so, it was too late. His wife had died three hours before he landed.

Life lost a good bit of its zest after that. They had to lock him in his room to make him write. Even the stage lost flavor. One evening he was sitting in the Green Room Club pretty much fed up with everything when Gilbert Miller came in. "What about taking me to America, old man?"

"Okay," said the producer. And that's the way it came about that a month later Eric Blore was playing on Broadway in "Little Miss Bluebeard."

"There's adventure in the air here," he says. "Anything can happen and everything does!"

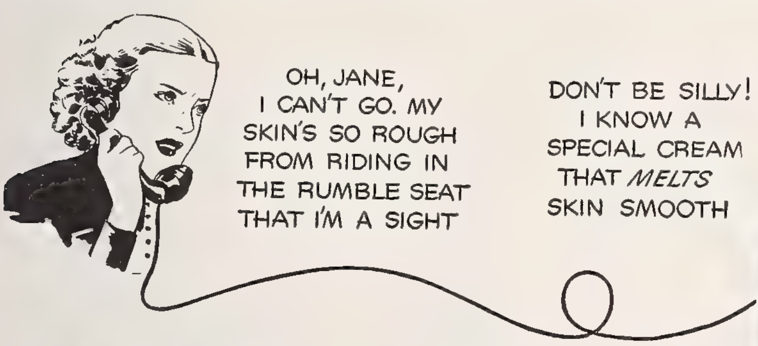
For example, the time the movie mogul, Lou Brock, spotted him doing a superbutling job in "The Gay Divorcee," with Fred Astaire. "If you want to come to Hollywood just wire me," said Lou.

It was as easy as that, and in the two and a half years he's been here, Eric has played in twenty-eight pictures, mostly butler roles. Lately he's graduated to a hotel manager in "Shall We Dance." He never goes to see his pictures unless somebody tells him they're terrible. Then he hurries over to see what's wrong.

His professed passion is golf, but the only one he's ever been able to beat is his nine-year-old son. And that, he points out, was simply because the boy started with the assumption that the more strokes you took, the better you were.

In 1926 Blore married a member of his company, Clara Mackin. Eric, Jr. is their one heir.

Only once in America has Blore played a serious role; that was in the Theatre Guild production of "Roar China." He infinitely prefers making people roar. He's funny that way.


OH, JANE, I CAN'T GO. MY SKIN'S SO ROUGH FROM RIDING IN THE RUMBLE SEAT THAT I'M A SIGHT
DON'T BE SILLY! I KNOW A SPECIAL CREAM THAT *MELTS* SKIN SMOOTH

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BY Ronni

A Man in Love

(*Continued from page 38*)

"I am a man born of the child who knew the stern, almost monastic, repressions of a home where love manifested itself only in stern prohibitions, icy restrictions. But I am also the product of the man who has met women of all nations, kinds and callings. I have known women of genius, women of color and fire, women of sacrifice and stone, women who were flowers, and women who labored in the fields.

"And always I have hoped, dreamed that one day I might meet the woman for whom I could feel a love that would endure, a love of my mind for her mind as well as my body for her body. A man looks on a woman and feels a beautiful emotion surging through him. He wants to hold fast to it, never let himself grow out of it. Whether this ideal state of affairs can ever occur, I cannot say. But certainly I have always thought and believed that the mutual development of a man and a woman, growing closer together through all the years of their lives, is the only completely satisfying human relationship."

Francis was seated behind his business-like desk, in a high-backed chair, in his Hollywood Boulevard offices. Here the business called Francis Lederer is transacted. As he spoke, he fixed me with his dark, intensely living and so often burning eyes fed by so many differing flames. Intellectual flames of the philosophy student; zealous flames of the peace advocate who gives of his time and money unsparingly that the world may be saved from war; devotional flames of the man who is in love with Margo.

He was saying, "I have, also, the background of one who—how shall I say this—one who believes in women." When Francis is uncertain of the exact word he wants to use, he takes a dictionary from his desk and consults it. "A woman," he said, "has been responsible for every progressive step I have ever made in my career. I have no throne," laughed Francis, "but if I had, there would be many women behind it.

MAY I tell you about them? There was, first of all, Elsa Wohlgemuth of the Vienna Theatre. Ah," breathed Francis, "she was magnificent; at least six feet tall, with an incredible carriage, a face so noble, a voice rich and deep and moving. You can imagine what she must have seemed to a little actor like me, just four months on the stage, playing small parts in a little stock company in Bruenn, Czecho-Slovakia. In those days, in Europe, a great artist did not bring her cast with her when she toured small cities. She selected her play, then rehearsed with the local stock company of whatever town or city she happened to visit on tour. So I knew that Elsa Wohlgemuth was coming to Bruenn. For days in advance I was cold and hot, running chills and fevers of anticipation. We rehearsed the morning of her arrival. Oh, that arrival! There is nothing like it over here. They are so revered over there, the great artists of the stage. They mingle with the court, with royalty.

"So, then, we rehearsed, and that night we played together. And I, I played the lover of Elsa Wohlgemuth. She was so tall," smiled Francis, "and I not so tall as I am now. And when I clasped her in amorous embrace I had to embrace her about the—shall we say the stomach? In my zeal to make the lovely embrace as fervent as I felt it, I ripped my costume badly down the back. That was in the last act. Worse yet," laughed Francis, whose sense of humor plays impudent music across the more sombre keys of his mind, "in the very last scene, I was supposed to stab myself. Such was my excess of emotion that I actually did stab myself here, in the chest. As the curtain rang down, I stood wounded and bleeding and unconscious of the wound.

"But here is the climax. You will be disappointed. Elsa Wohlgemuth did not address one word to me the entire time she was there. I did not know what her opinion of me was, or whether she so much as gave me a thought. And then, two days after she had gone, a letter came to me. It was from the great Burg Theatre in Vienna. It advised me that upon the warm personal recommendation of Elsa Wohlgemuth, they were inviting me to have an audition preliminary to offering me a contract. I passed the audition creditably. I could not accept the contract because the management in Bruenn would not release me.

"Of course I was in love with Elsa Wohlgemuth," smiled Francis, "but only as in a dream we may love Venus. And she was the first to make me know that a woman may hold out her hand to help and yet withold her heart.

SOME while later, when I played in Breslau, Germany, Kaethe Dorsch came to town. I played, then, the sergeant in the play, 'Rain.' Kaethe was the idol of the German theatre, even as Elsa of the Austrian. And just as Elsa had not spoken to me, so Kaethe did not even bother to hold out the tips of her lovely fingers in greeting. Her only words to me were these, 'When does your contract with this theatre expire?' A few days after her departure I got, by express, a letter from one of the biggest theatres in Berlin. Kaethe Dorsch had been talking about me, and the theatre was interested. Thus, a second time, a woman's hand, untouched by mine, was held out to help me on my way.

"In Berlin, I was playing in a French comedy, when I was told that Henny Porten, the idol of the German screen, was in a box in the theatre. Henny was the Mary Pickford, the Garbo, the Helen Hayes, all combined, of the German screen. She was beautiful, with hair of gold, and flesh of snow and moonlight. As an adolescent, I had written in my diary that some day I should like to play in a picture with Henny Porten. Three nights after the night of her presence in the theatre, I received a call from her office. I went there. They made, then and there, photographic tests of me for a part opposite Henny Porten. I had done only extra work in pictures before this. She had seen me only in comedy; French light. And they put me, immediately, into the dramatic lead opposite her. Again," laughed Francis, "I regret to tell you that our fingers never touched, save on the stage. We had no rendezvous. She was happily married. Her husband was a great physician. She gave me another lesson in the fact that beautiful women can be beautifully impersonal.

"In those days in Berlin I was making pictures by day, working on the stage at night. One such night Elisabeth Bergner was in the audience. She saw the play. She went directly to Max Reinhardt and told him of what he already knew, that she had searched Europe for just the right Romeo to play opposite the Juliet she longed to do. I was, she told him, the Romeo she sought. And, so, I played Romeo to Bergner's Juliet. On the opening night," Francis' eyes shone, mischievously pleased with the tapestry he was weaving for me, each thread supplied by a woman's hand, "Lillian Gish was present. Immediately afterwards, United Artists called me and asked me to come to Hollywood to play opposite Miss Gish in a Max Reinhardt production. I came to Hollywood. Unforeseen events made the projected play unfeasible. But there I was; and here I am.

"And so you see," Francis said, "I have been brought to Hollywood by a chain of women's hands. Beautiful women, talented women—to these I owe everything that I am. Always they have made the way smoother for me. Is it not strange? Is it not remarkable? And if," his eyes held, now, a naughty look, "if I must regret that they, who were so beautiful, so kind, so generous, were also impersonal, I must also revere them for believing in a man, helping him and loving him not at all!

"To find real love, however, has always been my goal. Always I have hoped to find the woman with whom there would be that mutual development, growing together, knowing one another down to the roots of our beings. And when I do find such a woman, I shall not count it an end but a beginning, the first stage of a process of growth. Nor is it always possible, or even necessary to be continually together," Francis said. "I would not ask a woman to give up her career for me, to stay at home, to be idle of her work. What more right would I have than *she* would have to ask me to give up my career so that I could always be around, in our home, on the sets with her?

"I am very grateful to women," Francis said, seeming to make a courtly little bow, "I am grateful to women who are magnificent when they love and to women who can be equally magnificent and generous when they do not love."

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The Letter

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She finally decided on seeing one of the best doctors in Chicago (I could give you his name at any time) and after he examined her he found nothing wrong. Just told her to rest more and take things calmly. He said, have you ever used Linit. She said, well, I don't do my own washing. He said, No, I mean for the Bath. She said, No. So he said, now I want you to buy it, and use ½ a box in your bath every morning and see what fine results you gain from it.

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Reviews

(Continued from page 13)

★★ Slim

Power linemen working for electric companies are a hardy crew of steel-nerved gypsies who wander from job to job, spend all their money on liquor and women and don't give a volt for a lily-livered sissy who intimates he'd just as soon be in some other field of endeavor. At least, that's the message one gathers from "Slim," a treatise on the care and upbringing of these strange characters. The Warner Brothers, with their flair for he-man drama, manage to give "Slim" a goodly quota of excitement, especially in the scenes where the linemen are repairing power lines during a blizzard.

The cast is headed by Pat O'Brien, Henry Fonda and Margaret Lindsay. Miss Lindsay, a nurse in a Chicago hospital, is O'Brien's girl, but she wants him to quit his dangerous profession and settle down. This sort of talk is poison to Lineman O'Brien and almost unbelievable to Henry Fonda, a country lad who, by becoming a lineman, has reached his life's goal. An accident on the power lines conveniently does away with Pat O'Brien, leaving the expected combination of Fonda and Lindsay to carry on.

O'Brien, in a role less noisy than he usually draws, handles it capably. Henry Fonda, whose specialty seems to be rustic young gents, turns in a good performance, and Margaret Lindsay is acceptable as the heroine. Stuart Erwin furnishes rather long-winded comedy, and J. Farrell MacDonald and Craig Reynolds head the supporting cast. Directed by Ray Enright.—*Warner Bros.*

★★ Hollywood Cowboy

George O'Brien again proves that he has something besides a mass of muscle. O'Brien is a Hollywood movie actor here who makes wild and woolly pictures of life in the wide open spaces. The plot thickens when he takes an actual trip into a section of God's country which is not on the movie lot and proves to a gang of roughnecks that his punch is as efficacious in the jaw as in celluloid. The meanies are a new type to hoss operas, being a gang who are bent on getting money from cattle owners through a phoney insurance racket. When the ranchers object, they find their herds scattered to the four winds and the four corners of Wyoming. This is done by the unique method of airplanes which swoop down long enough to create havoc on the plains, then are lost to sight behind them thar hills. George gets out a pursuit plane and manages not only to round up the blackguards and the cattle but also to provide as thrilling a chase as we've seen in any picture, bar none. George isn't doing this only for the course of justice, but for Cecilia Parker, who is the latest recruit to the ranks of fair lassies for whom he has fought the good fight and won. Directed by Ewing Scott.—*RKO-Radio.*

★★ The Go-Getter

You should set aside an evening for "The Go-Getter" if for no other reason than to see one of the best performances of the year—that of Charles Winninger as "Cappy Ricks." If you don't enjoy meeting up with "Cappy" in celluloid and relish every minute of his cussedness and loveableness, then we're—well, we're disappointed in youse.

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The story is not outstanding but succeeds in keeping one's interest through the final reel by a constant series of mix-ups—humorous, sentimental and adventurous. George Brent is the "Go Getter" of the title role. He is a young man who will let neither heaven nor high water stand in the way of his getting what he wants out of this old world—and particularly out of "Cappy." The fact that both men are as stubborn as old mules and the fact that one is her father and the other her fiance, gives Anita Louise very few calm moments. But everybody finally loves everybody in the end, and you'll probably leave the theatre in the same dangerous frame of mind. Directed by Busby Berkeley.—*Warner Bros.*

★★ The Thirteenth Chair

"The Thirteenth Chair" is brought to the screen without losing out on a single one of those chills for which the play was famous on the stage. This is due not only to an excellent cast and to a carefully constructed script, which doesn't miss a trick, but to an unusually clever idea of throwing the screen into murky darkness for the climaxing scenes of suspense. Only the eerie voice of the medium and the moans of departed spirits are offered for your entertainment at this time. When the lights go up, you will undoubtedly be surprised to find only one more corpse on the screen and everyone around you seemingly conscious.

Outstanding among the players is Dame May Whitty as the medium. Lewis Stone gives an admirable account of himself again as the detective, and Madge Evans and Elissa Landi offer intelligent and highly decorative portrayals. Others in the cast are Thomas Beck, Henry Daniell, Heather Thatcher, Janet Beecher and Ralph Forbes. You'll miss a night's sleep, but still we suggest that you don't miss this picture. Directed by George B. Seitz. —*M-G-M.*

★★ The Man in Blue

This picture is a surprise package, for considering the cast, comprised almost entirely of unfamiliar names, you wouldn't expect too much. It offers a carefully thought out crime problem, an interesting plot and good characterizations by everyone in the cast.

The story concerns Edward Ellis, a policeman, who adopts the small son, Billie Burrud, of a man he has had to kill in self-protection. The deepest affection grows up between the two, and all would have gone along smoothly—between Ellis' good influence, that of Alma Kruger, his foster-mother, and that of Nan Grey, the girl with whom he falls in love—but a bad influence enters the picture. Richard Carle, the boy's uncle, gets him involved in a bank robbery, which results in a prison term. The prison scenes with their attendant study of prisoners' psychology are very interesting, with Ralph Morgan, one of the inmates, giving an excellent performance.

Richard Wilcox, the adopted boy grown-up, shows promise of better things to come through his capable handling of this role. Edward Ellis is the highlight of the picture, though Nan Grey, Miss Kruger, Aggie Herring and Billie Burrud give commendable accounts of themselves. Directed by Milton Carruth.—*Universal.*

★ Night of Mystery

"Night of Misery" would have been our choice for a title in this case though we've been known to be wrong. Anyhow, you'll probably agree that this whodunit is pretty hard to endure through the final reel. And all this in spite of the script being taken from an S. S. Van Dine chiller. But dialogue, plot and characterization have been overdrawn to the point of ludicrousness in too many instances for comfort. You even get to the point where you don't care much who the next corpse will turn out to be. A few members of the cast really try to be worthy of the celluloid expended on them, but on the whole the assembled players leave much to be desired.

Roscoe Karns is the most familiar-to-fans player, and he conducts himself creditably throughout, as do Elizabeth Patterson and Grant Richards. Richards, a newcomer to the screen, brings sincerity and charm to the role of Philo Vance. Others in the cast are Harvey Stephens, Helen Burgess, Terry Ray, and James Bush. Directed by E. A. Dupont.—*Paramount.*

★ Michael O'Halloran

Better bring along the hankies, towels, broad shoulders or whatever you cry onto when you see this, for it's a tear-jerker par excellence, being one of Gene Stratton-Porter's brain-waves, but unfortunately not one of the Grade A numbers. The story's too obvious sentimentality is rescued to some degree by the capable performances of Wynne Gibson, Warren Hull, Robert Greig and Jackie Moran, all of whom bring sincerity to their roles. Jackie Moran has the title role, that of the twelve-year-old Michael, who goes Pollyanna one better in spreading happiness hither, thither and yon. An orphan, he is taken into the home of Wynne Gibson, a stony-hearted woman with ulterior motives. She adopts Michael and his little crippled sister (Charlene Wyatt) for no

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other reason than to get revenge on her husband, Sidney Blackmer, who has wearied of Wynne and taken off with their two children. This action, incidentally, was approved by the courts, until Wynne's strategic move of adopting orphans and calling in the newspaper reporters to tell the world about her soft heart. It's all pretty complicated for awhile, but by the last reel everything's just lovely, young Michael having done his work by now and fixed it up so that everyone just loves everyone. Directed by Karl Brown.—*Republic.*

★ Turn Off the Moon

Struggling against a weak and hackneyed script, the cast evidently decided to give up, during the middle of the proceedings and just go along for the ride. The picture suffers from an acute attack of anaemia from which it never recovers.

"Turn off the Moon" is romance in a department store. Charlie Ruggles, head of the institution, wants to marry his secretary, Marjorie Gateson, but he can't propose until the stars are right. His astrologer finally informs him that he will meet a young couple, but until they fall in love, he cannot propose. The young couple turns out to be Johnny Downs and Eleanore Whitney, and Ruggles' attempts to get them together will interest only those audiences who are killing time waiting for the other picture on the double bill. Directed by Lewis Seiler.—*Paramount.*

★★ The Girl Said No

Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, whose operettas of many long years ago are still as modern as tomorrow's musical comedies, lend their magic words and music to the screen and thereby save a puny little picture from oblivion. What the picture would have been without them is horrible to contemplate. But the inclusion of several of the lilting Gilbert and Sullivan tunes makes the picture something worth seeing.

The story itself is concerned mainly with a trio of race-track bookies and a taxi dance hall girl. When one of the bookies is taken to the financial cleaners by the gal, he sets out to execute a unique revenge by promising to put her in a Broadway show provided she hands over the money to finance her training. A troupe of old Gilbert and Sullivan players is to comprise the show, and it is by this device that the delightful music becomes the picture's main attraction.

Selections from "The Mikado," "Pinafore," and "Pirates of Penzance" are handled expertly by William Danforth, Vera Ross, Frank Moulan and Vivian Hart, all of whom are members of New York's Gilbert and Sullivan company. In the plot department, the cast includes Irene Hervey, who does a first-rate job as the dance hall gal, Robert Armstrong, Paula Stone and Gwili Andre. Directed by Andrew Stone.—*Grand National.*

★★ Behind the Headlines

This is strictly melodrama, but two rapid-fire performances by Lee Tracy and Diana Gibson, in the leads, give it credence and a pace which makes it well worth a visit. The story concerns the rivalry between a radio newscaster and a girl reporter. The radio news dispenser, played by Tracy, scoops newspapers by means of a portable broadcasting set which enables him to furnish on-the-spot reports of news events. There is also a gang of thieves attempting to loot the U. S. Treasury of a shipment of gold, and Tracy and the gal and the portable radio play a major part in rounding up the mob and saving the gold for good old Uncle Sam.

Lee Tracy delivers another of his dynamic reporters in his own expert manner, and it is to his credit that he always manages to keep his reporters looking like reporters. Diana Gibson, a newcomer, is a surprise in the role of the girl. Donald Meek is good as the leader of the gang, and smaller roles are effectively played by Philip Huston, Paul Guilfoyle and Tom Kennedy. Directed by Richard Rosson.—*RKO-Radio.*

★★ Meet the Missus

A gentle comedy which has its amusing moments, this will appeal to the family trade and to those who have come to admire the antics of Victor Moore and Helen Broderick. Playing one of those "timid soul" characters which he does so well, Mr. Moore furnishes most of the picture's better moments. As Otis Foster, a small town barber, he finds himself doing most of the housework due to the fact that Mrs. F. (Miss Broderick) spends all her time working on contests. The plot begins rolling when the Happy Noodle Company selects Miss Broderick as Mrs. Mid-West and offers her a trip to Atlantic City to compete for the dubious honor of becoming Mrs. America. Best fun in the film is furnished by the discontented husbands, who suddenly assert themselves and stage an undress parade before the shocked wives and the horror-stricken Happy Noodle executives. Biggest laugh comes when Victor Moore resists all efforts to tear him away from a radio microphone, where he is defiantly shouting to the world that he hates Happy Noodles. Directed by Joe Santley.—*RKO-Radio.*

★ Border Cafe

This is strictly an old-fashioned Western, with standard equipment. There's the hero, a ne'er-do-well son of a senator, who has come West to rehabilitate himself; the heroine, who dances at a Texas bordertown cafe; and the villain, an Eastern gangster who has come to the pure and honest West to muscle in on the cattle-rustling racket.

John Beal is completely miscast as the young man, but he does his capable best to keep the role from falling apart. It is the work of Armida, the little Mexican dancer, who plays the gal of the piece, which gives this film any claim at all to your attention. She can hardly be called a newcomer to the screen, since she played with John Barrymore over five years ago, but she has been away from pictures so long, it is a pleasant surprise to see her again. J. Carroll Naish, as the gangster, is properly menacing, and good old Harry Carey is appealing as Beal's ranch partner. Directed by Lew Landers.—*RKO-Radio.*

★ Oh, Doctor!

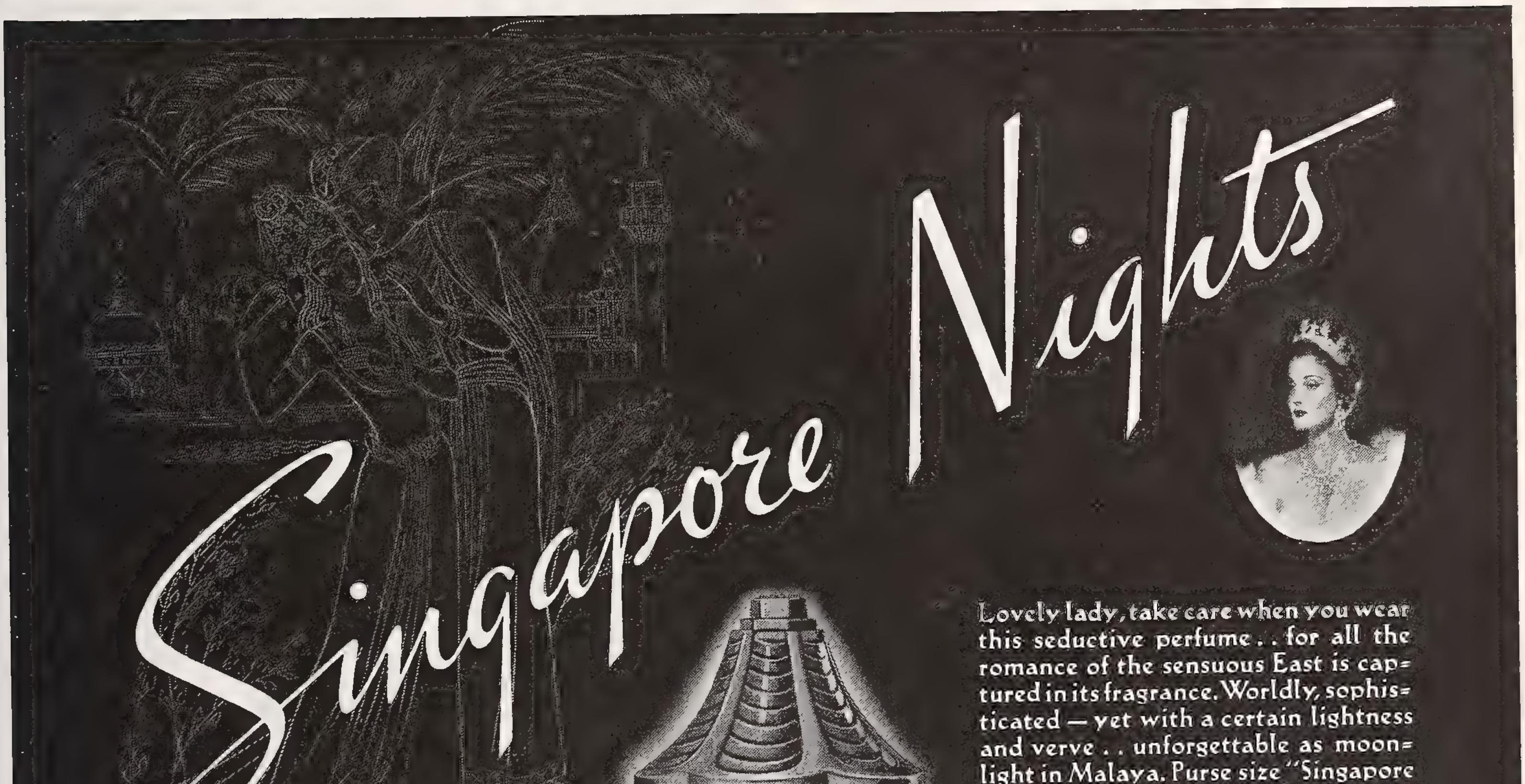
Even if you're an Edward Everett Horton addict, you'll find this picture a bit hard to take. Horton is as amusing as ever, but he hasn't a good enough story or cast to support his antics. Complications arise so thick and fast in the first few reels that there is little time for comedy, but the wind-up of the picture furnishes plenty of the old-school gags in a manner which should keep audiences in good humor. Horton, determined to win the girl, Donrue Leighton, away from athletic William Hall, goes in for all kinds of hair-raising feats. Having spent a lifetime carefully guarding his heart from any excitement, he throws discretion aside and takes to high-diving, scaling skyscrapers and other such bizarre forms of relaxation.—*Universal.*

★★ Dreaming Lips

"Dreaming Lips" is provocative of two strong conclusions. It proves that someone has a nasty grudge against Elisabeth Bergner, the star. And it proves that if the eternal triangle is to be made the subject for significant drama, it must at least be padded here and there with a curve. Far beneath Miss Bergner's talents, a few more pictures of this calibre will be sufficient to finish her off as a screen actress.

The story is concerned with a doting husband (Romney Brent) and his doting wife (Elisabeth Bergner). The husband dotes on his wife, and the wife dotes on her husband's best friend, a renowned concert violinist (Raymond Massey). Massey at first does his best to repulse Bergner's vigorous coquetries, but inevitably comes under the spell of her dreaming lips. Meanwhile, Brent, a ridiculously unsuspecting husband, falls desperately ill. Elisabeth, who, believe it or not, has a heart, nurses him day and night. During his illness she discovers his complete devotion to her. She realizes that to leave him for another would be to kill him. She also realizes that to stay with him would be to kill Massey. So she and the author take the easiest way out, and Bergner jumps into the Thames. No one knows what happened to the author.

Despite the fact that the picture is an obvious case of three actors in search of something to act about, they handle in fine style the bits of thespian straw that they are allowed to clutch at. Bergner is still the profound, exciting child of "Escape Me Never." Massey is perfect in the rather restrained role of the impresario, and Romney Brent, playing a ridiculous role, is admirably ridiculous. Directed by Paul Czinner—*United Artists.*



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**DR. HAND'S
Teething Lotion**

Good News

(*Continued from page 60*)

When Henry Wilcoxon was in Egypt making "Jericho" for a British film company, he was royally entertained by Sheik Ahmed Ben Akha, a wealthy son of the sands. In return for his courtesy, Wilcoxon gave the sheik a role in the picture. Ahmed decided to make pictures his career, so Wilcoxon put him under personal contract and announced that his charge was available. He received two offers before discovering that the sheik would not, due to immigration laws, be allowed to transport his twenty-six wives either to England or America. Since it was beneath his dignity to show up with only one wife, Ahmed Ben Akha remains in Cairo, his contracts cancelled.

■ ■ ■

Young Love in Bloom: Remember when you were a boy—provided you ever were a boy—and you proudly showed off your brand-new bike to the most beautiful ten-year-old woman in the world? We saw something like that recently, but because it was in Hollywood, it was a brand-new roadster instead of a bicycle. The proud owner was Mickey Rooney, and the little lady being impressed was Judy Garland. "Why, Mickey," she exclaimed, "it's lovely!" As, indeed, it was.

■ ■ ■

Hollywood is a city of heartbreaks, a continued story of courage and determination. What we mean is that two years ago, at the age of three, Baby LeRoy retired from the screen. Everyone said he was through—they said he couldn't turn it on any more. Today, with a glint of youth in his eye despite his five years, Baby LeRoy is Coming Back. You'll see him in RKO's "Junior G-Men." And he denies that he's playing a character role.

■ ■ ■

Sylvia Sidney used to think Hollywood was a great place to work, but she wouldn't visit the place if you gave it to her. After every picture, little Miss Sidney hopped right back to New York to await the call for her next epic. But this summer, at least, things are changed. She's leased a home in Palos Verdes, overlooking the Pacific, where she's living with her mother, who is her house-guest for the summer.

■ ■ ■

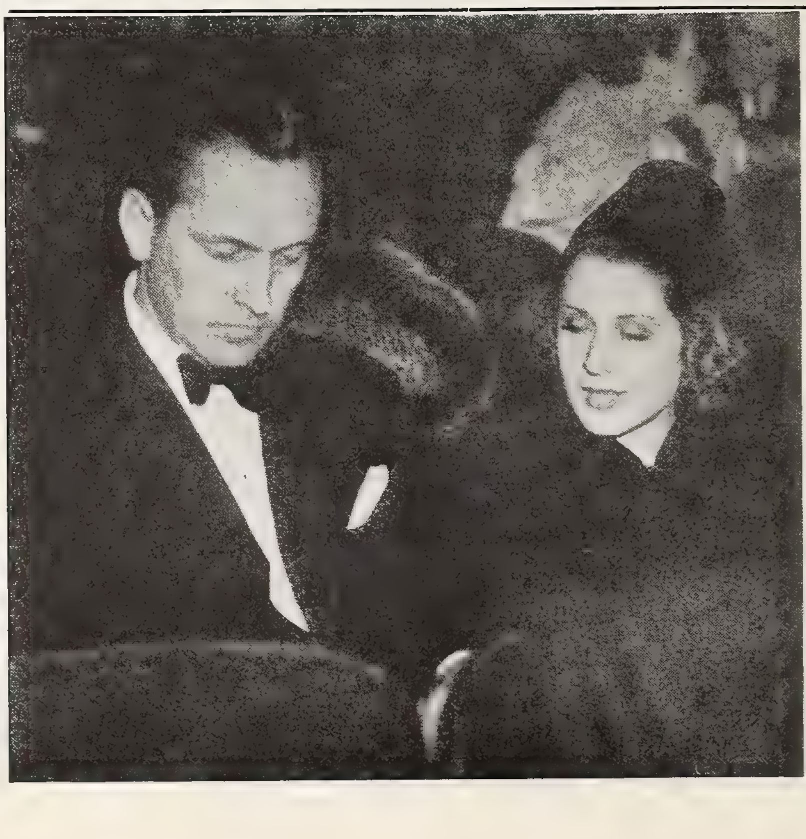
After bringing the much-publicized Gypsy Rose Lee to Hollywood for a screen career, her sponsors suddenly decided to change her name. The studio, it seems, fears that the public will associate Miss Lee with her specialty, the gentle art of removing one's garments before an audience. So in her first picture, "You Can't Have Everything," she'll be fully clothed and in her right name, which is Louise Hovick. Of course, her appearance in the picture will be a swell novelty. It offers her devoted followers their first opportunity to see how she looks with her things on.

■ ■ ■

The fans are still doing mob scenes for Bob Taylor. At the preview of "This is My Affair," Mr. T. arrived in yesterday's beard and one of those turtle-neck sweaters Clark Gable used to wear. He also brought a Miss Stanwyck. The two of them made their way into the theatre without too much difficulty, but getting out was something else again. On their first try they were thrown for a ten-yard loss by a cluster of admirers, so they retreated to the theatre lobby. After a fifteen-minute consultation, they decided the only way to get home was to face the situation, so they marched out into the arms of the mob.

■ ■ ■

Things we'd like to see: Beulah Bondi in almost anything . . . a role that Spencer Tracy couldn't handle . . . more pictures with Claudette Colbert in them . . . less ballyhoo about the unknown southern girl who will play Scarlett O'Hara, especially when the unknown southern girl will probably turn out to be Miriam Hopkins . . . an "ideal" Hollywood marriage which lasts over five years . . . the match going out on Bill Powell in one of those elegant cigarette-lighting scenes



The opening of "Tovarich" in Hollywood marked one of the rare occasions on which Norma Shearer, shown with Fredric March, has appeared in public lately.

. . . Anita Louise swinging out with "Dinah" on her harp.

* * *

Orders have been issued at her studio to make Simone Simon a glamor girl once more. She was glamorous, you recall, when she was first imported from France. Then the studio decided to make hers a simple child-like charm; so she played Diane in "Seventh Heaven." Now she's a wicked woman once more, and so in her next picture they're giving her thousands—well, millions, if we must be exact—of costume changes. And if she isn't glamorous this time, the prediction for her is a long boat trip—back to France.

* * *

Perhaps the fact that he was soon to be a bridegroom accounts for it, but anyway, Gene Raymond left his car at a garage recently for minor repairs, and the garageman furnished him with a substitute car to use until the Raymond chariot was ready. Gene drove the new car to the studio, worked all day and returned to the parking lot in the evening to drive home. Suddenly, he remembered he couldn't remember what kind of car he was driving. The parking attendant couldn't help him out, so Gene finally phoned the garage. They sent a man over to locate the car for the blushing groom-to-be.

* * *

One of the nicest guys in town is Tyrone Power, according to the men who work around the sets at his studio. One of the reasons is that Tyrone spends several nights every month "out with the boys"—prop-men and guys in the technical departments, visiting a bowling alley.

* * *

Jimmy Stewart is the unluckiest lad in the world. After spending weeks convincing his bosses that they should loan him to a rival company to play opposite his best gal, Ginger Rogers, in "Vivacious Lady," the great day arrived, and he went merrily to work. Two days later they hauled him to the hospital with a bad case of arthritis. Result: the picture concelled, and young Mr. S. confined to a hospital room for two months.

* * *

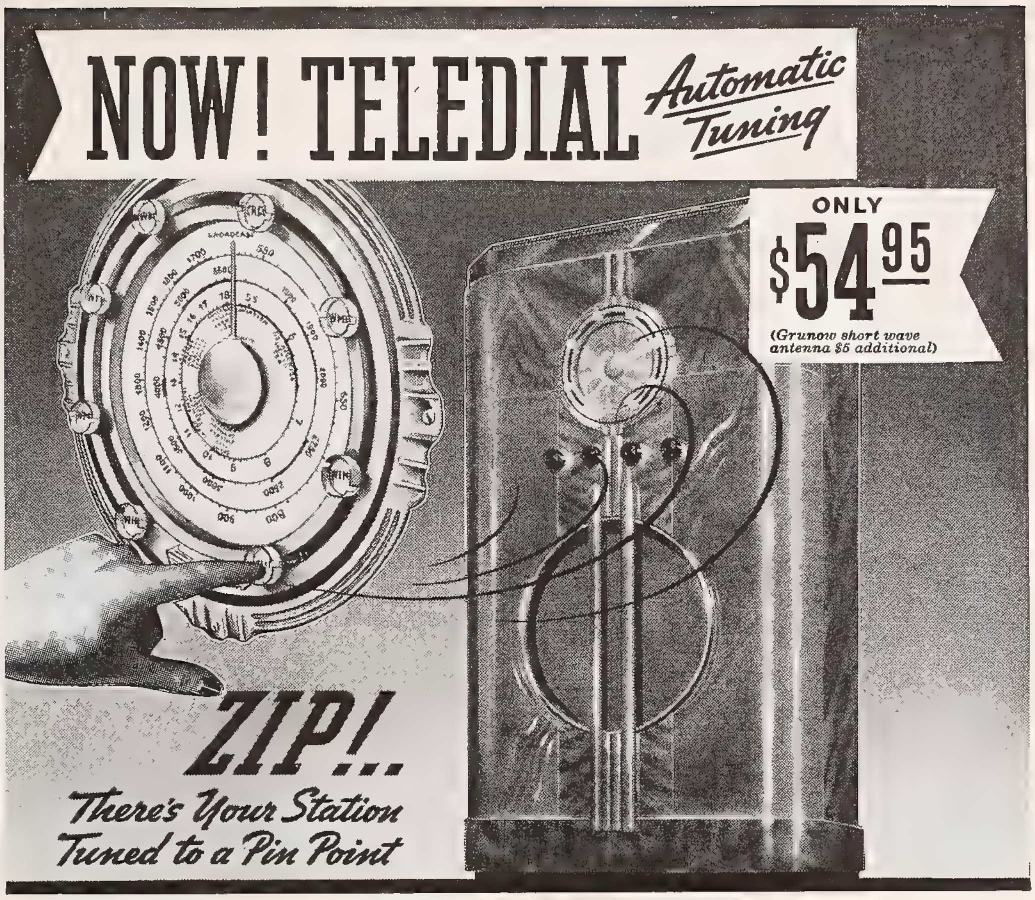
A gentleman in Newark, who evidently doesn't get out much, just wrote Jimmy Dunn a letter commending him on his work in "Bad Girl." "Bad Girl" was made in 1931, but for some reason or other our friend had just seen it. He said it was a great picture and predicts stardom for Dunn within three months. Wait'll he sees Mae Murray in "The Merry Widow."

* * *

When Travis Banton, Paramount's fashion designer, is in the mood to create, he simply can't be stopped. We saw him in the Brown Derby Bamboo Room the other day, sipping a cocktail and talking with friends. Suddenly the urge came upon him; a new gown for Lombard or someone was about to be dreamed up. So he ordered a tablecloth from his waiter and promptly started sketching. So if you see Miss L. adorned in a tablecloth in her next picture, you'll know where she got it.

* * *

A few days after filing her divorce suit, Joan Bennett came down with chicken-pox. There doesn't seem to be any connection between the two—she probably would have had chicken-pox anyway. Since the disease is contagious only to people who haven't already had it, Miss B. spent her confinement period calling her friends, trying to drum up a few visitors. So if you've had chicken-pox, give her a ring.



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When you see Paul Muni in "The Life of Emile Zola," it may interest you to know that he played the entire picture in reverse. It seems that Zola in his declining years was plumper than he was as a young man, so, striving for realism, Muni put on weight and played the last scenes first, then went through the picture by a process of gradual reducing. For instance, we were on the set the day they buried him. Two weeks later he died.

■ ■ ■

Marlene Dietrich really likes to act. On the "Angel" set one afternoon she was playing a particular scene which she liked immensely. After running through it nine or ten times she announced she was ready to have the scene recorded for posterity. But Director Ernst Lubitsch was nowhere about. It seems he had been satisfied with the scene the first time Marlene played it, so he ordered the boys to print it, and calmly went home for the day.

■ ■ ■

While the "High, Wide and Handsome" company was on location, they were shooting a scene on a hill. The director called down to the crew below, "Hey! Will some one send up a hamburger right away?" A couple of prop-men obliged by getting a hamburger—including some mildewed hay and onions a little the worse for wear, and sent it up to the director, carefully wrapped in cellophane. But their wide grins changed to looks of horror when the director handed the package to Irene Dunne. She unwrapped it, looked it over, then megaphoned to the boys, "Another hamburger —without trimmings!"

■ ■ ■

Most interesting triangle in town is the Rochelle Hudson—Lew Ayres—Eleanore Whitney one. While Johnny Downs was in Honolulu, Eleanore suddenly took up with Lew in a big way. When Johnny returned, however, Rochelle became Lew's steady date for two weeks. Then he and Eleanore went back together again. The least the two could have done, seems to us, is to have introduced Rochelle and Johnny.

■ ■ ■

On the "Mr. Dodd Takes the Air" set, the script called for a strawberry festival to be staged. The director was baffled. What *was* a strawberry festival? Jane Wyman happened on the set about that time and admitted she knew all about them —having been brought up in a midwestern town that doted on such celebrations. But would she tell? No, except for a price. So the studio had to pay Jane $25 as technical adviser on strawberry festivals—and give her all the props for jam.

■ ■ ■

Shirley Temple's eighth was really a happy birthday. For one thing, Mrs. Gertrude Temple was home from the hospital for the first time—after a long illness. And for another, she received—among hundreds of other gifts—an honest-to-goodness orchid from her best beau. He's still James Dunn—after all these years that have elapsed since they discovered they were that-way about each other, in one of la Temple's first pictures.

■ ■ ■

Katherine DeMille took a vacation, but she didn't take it easy. She went to a Victorville desert-ranch for a month, and took along a masseuse, whose job it was to pound off twenty pounds from the DeMille silhouette. "I'm sick and tired of just being fit for Papa's spectacle pictures," said Katherine in explanation.

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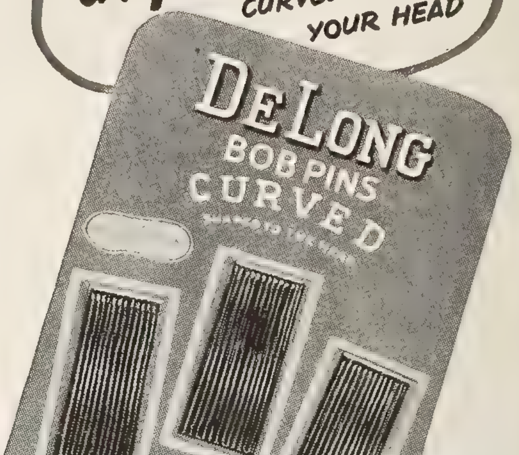

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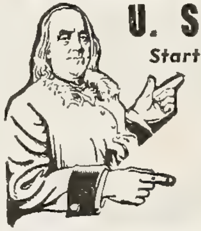

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Did you know that Fred and Lillian MacMurray have a new home? Well, they have, and the other day someone was discussing it with the master of the house. Someone asked what type of architecture the new home featured. Our hero replied, "American Colonial. Anyway, that's what Lillian says."

■ ■ ■

Cary Grant was all a-dither when he received an invitation to join Connie Bennett in her dressing-room for tea. Such intimacy deserved something special in the line of clothes, so Cary sent his stand-in speeding into town to bring out his most dazzling sports coat and a favorite scarf to knot carelessly at his neck. Feeling much more up to the occasion, then, Cary headed for Connie's bungalow. Connie herself opened the door—very alluring in a white satin dressing-robe, but her throaty-voiced greeting was completely drowned out. For the entire "Our Gang" was there in person, hard at work on ice cream and cake. Cary did get a cup of tea, though.

■ ■ ■

The first day's shooting on any picture is always somewhat of a commotion. On the set of "One Hundred Men and a Girl," the new Deanna Durbin picture, one of the assistant directors was trying to get the cast sorted out into a semblance of order, for a musical shot. He got about twenty men rounded up in the orchestra pit, then spotted Leopold Stokowski in a corner of the set. "Are you a musician?" he yelled. "If so, come on over here so we can get going."

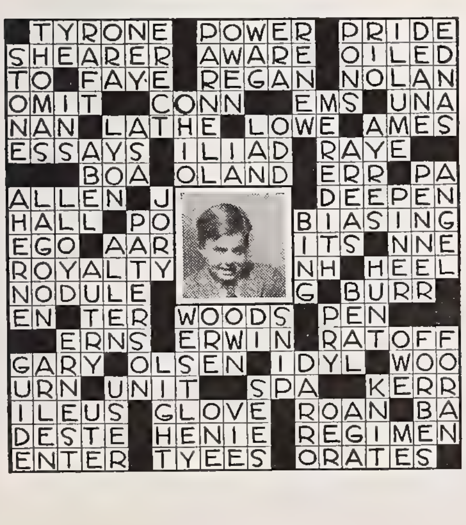
■ ■ ■

Jean Parker and her husband, George MacDonald, have decided that long distance marriage isn't all it's cracked up to be. So George has given up that New York job and come back to Jean and Hollywood. At a dinner party the other night, the MacDonalds had inveigled a change in chairs and were blissfully holding hands between every course from then on.

■ ■ ■

Lionel Stander has taken exercise so seriously that he's completely exhausted these days. After his stand-in, an exboxer, hinted that Mr. S. was slightly going to waist, he decided to get going on the daily dozen. So the next day he and the stand-in spent shopping for gym equipment, with the result that Lionel was totally exhausted. The next day they spent putting up the paraphernalia in the Stander basement, and Lionel was completely worn out. He had just enough energy left the third day to take down all the equipment by himself and send it back to the store before his stand-in appeared for the workout.

Puzzle Solution



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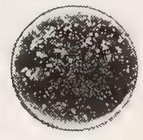

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Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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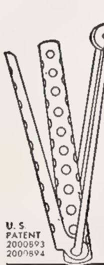

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Summertime! Outdoor time! Play in sun and wind and water. Wonderful days...but cruel to curls. Lucky, isn't it, that Hollywood Curlers can repair the damage so quickly. Roll your hair for a little while on Hollywood Curlers and there you have...*beauty restored!* At Malibu Beach and Palm Springs, where picture people play, a "first aid" supply of Hollywood Curlers is in every dressing room. Get *your* emergency supply for summer needs NOW.

Insist on Hollywood Curlers!

3 FOR 10c—AT 5c AND 10c STORES—NOTION COUNTERS

The Taylor-Stanwyck romance is still at the will-they-or-won't-they-marry stage, with the answer not in sight.

Seen on the "Marie Walewska" lot: At 8:30 A. M., a slouching figure in dungarees, an old grey topcoat and a cap, enters the women's dressing-room building. At 9, out comes a gorgeous creature in costume headed for the set. Both of these people, as you've probably guessed, are Garbo. The mannish garb she wears for her early morning walks near her home in Brentwood—because she thinks people won't recognize her. If Miss G. really wants to disguise herself, she should saunter out one morning in crinoline.

■ ■ ■

Note to W. S. Van Dyke III: You must be a pretty important guy. Your old man, at least, must think so. As soon as you were born, not too many months ago, he wanted everyone to know that you and he were separate identities. His pictures, which used to be directed by plain old W. S. Van Dyke, are now whipped together by W. S. Van Dyke II. Next time you see him tell him not to go so fancy on us. The Van Dyke II isn't necessary, unless he believes it keeps people from thinking *you* directed those pictures.

■ ■ ■

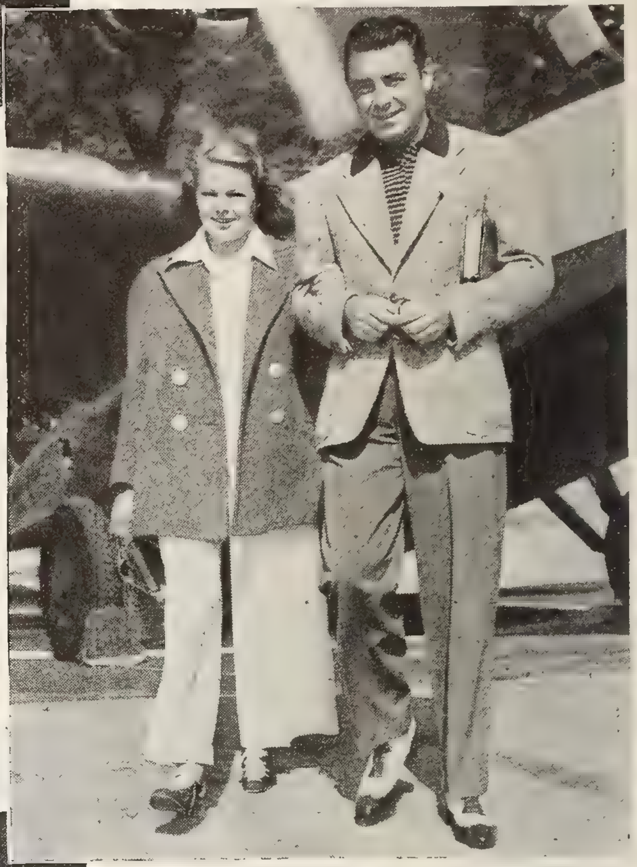
Poetic paragraph from the publicity mills: "Music floats in on the summer night from the moonlighted veranda on which Marlene Dietrich sits playing. "And what is the lovely Marlene playing—the harp, the guitar, the pianoforte, or some such storied instrument? Ah, no! Marlene is coaxing a bewitching refrain from the musical saw." Come up and see us some evening, Marlene—and bring your saw.

■ ■ ■

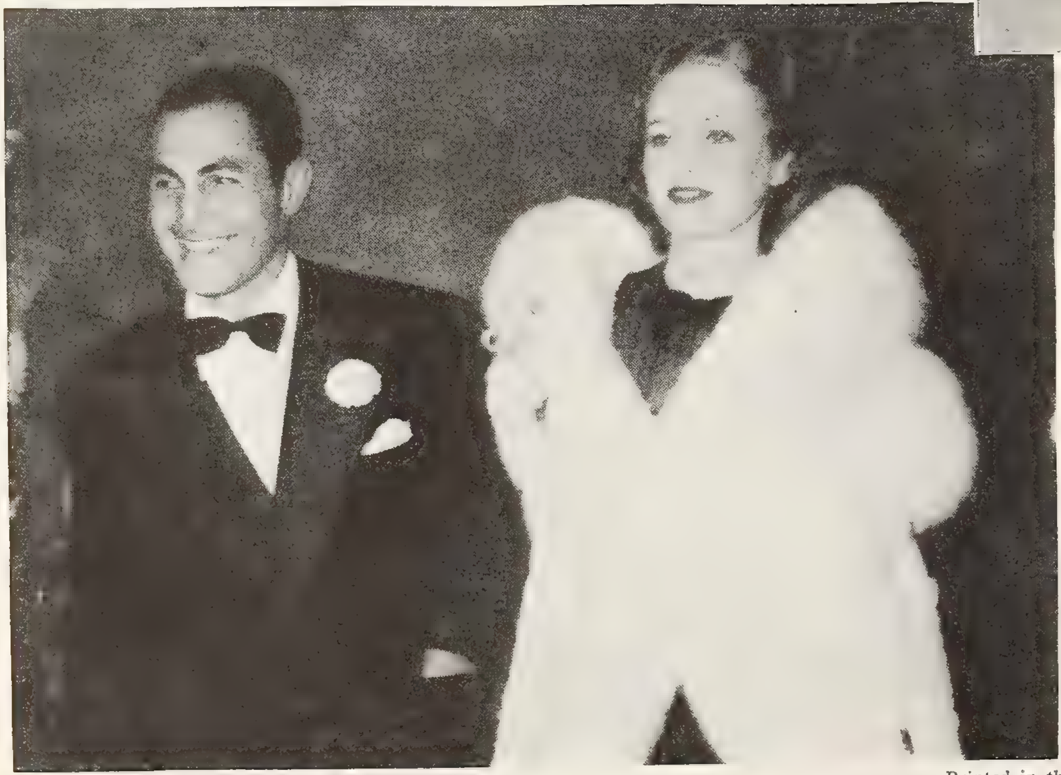
Garbo, incidentally, was not at all pleased with things in "Marie Walewska." Reason was that most of the attention on the set was devoted to her leading man, Charles Boyer, who portrayed Napoleon Bonaparte. Seems there were three specially hired Napoleon experts on the set throughout the picture, and before each scene they went into conference to decide what Napoleon would have done under the circumstances. Rumors are that on more than one occasion Garbo could have told Napoleon exactly what to do.

■ ■ ■

Perspiration may be the result of honest toil to some of youse guys, but in Hollywood it's not that at all. It's two parts witch hazel, one part mineral oil and one part glycerine. That's the word direct from the fortress of Samuel Goldwyn, where they're making "Stella Dallas" and doing a lot of perspiring, too. It seems that the old-fashioned—or honest—variety of perspiration, despite its virtues, doesn't photograph; hence canned perspiration is the machine world's latest triumph over man.



In a quick Mexican ceremony, George Brent wed Constance Worth, the Australian actress.

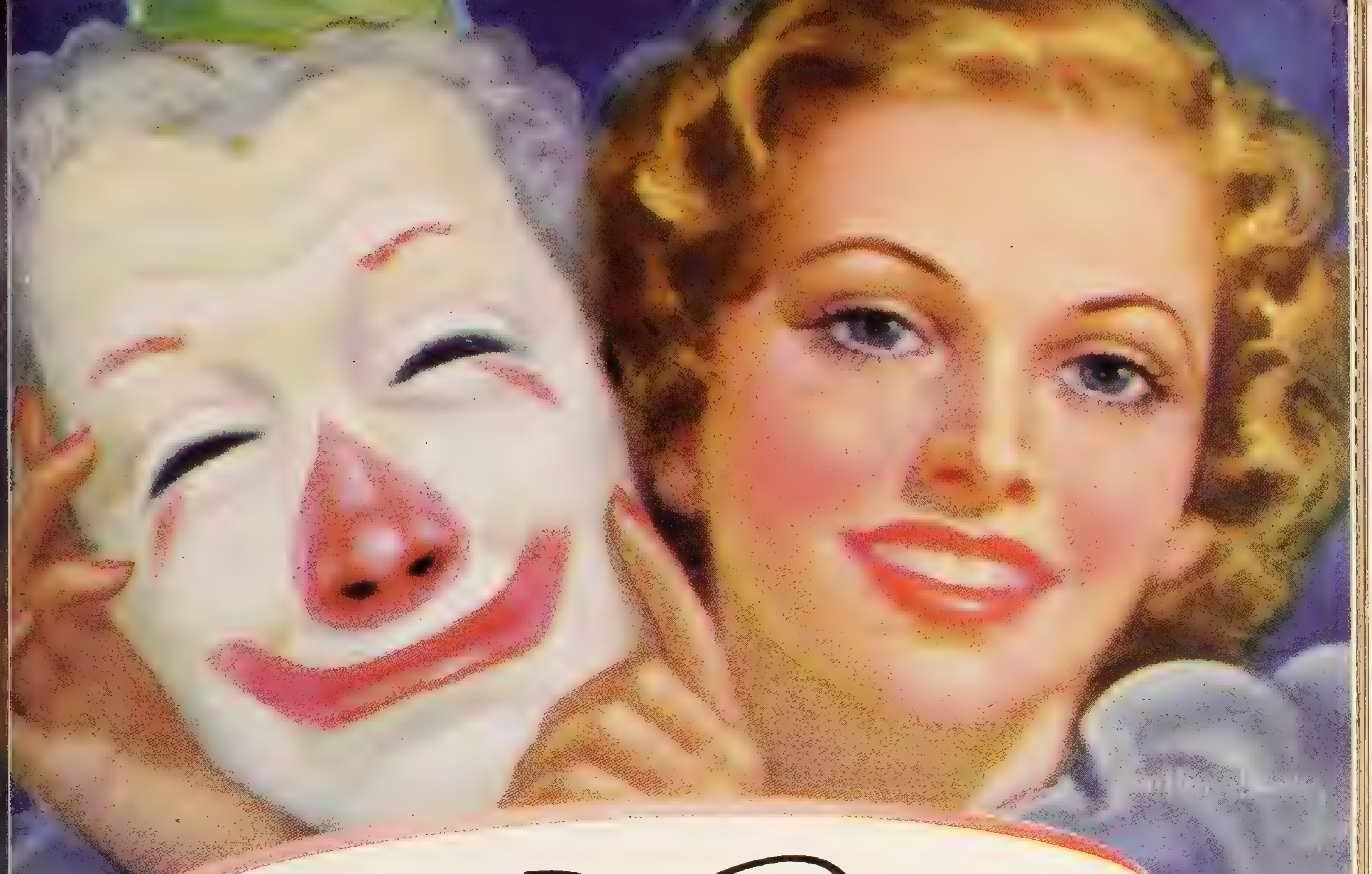


After keeping us in suspense, Vic Orsatti and June Lang met at the altar last month.

■ ■ ■

Chalk up another score for "The Cradle" in Evanston. For the past several years picture people shopping for babies have patronized "The Cradle." The latest was Irene Dunne, and now she's so pleased with her little daughter she plans a trip back. Irene's next, she says, will be a boy.

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.



BANISH "False-Face" Powder

DON'T HIDE THE LOVELINESS OF YOUR NATURAL SKIN-TONE BEAUTY—

Dear Madam:

"False-face!"—your powder may scream out if you chose it a month ago or chose it to suit you in a certain light. "She belongs in the circus!"—friends may whisper behind your back—all because your skin is a vastly different color in sunlight than in the shade. It's still another color in yellow or blue nightlights. Winter's blasts, summer's infra-red rays, diet and general health all change your skin color constantly.

But if you tried to escape that "false-face" powdery look by buying enough HARD-BASE shades to keep up with all your changing skin colors, you'd be spanking your face with a dozen different shades every month.

How Can "Balmite" Help You?

No beauty counselor could give you more sincere advice than this:—"Never choose a HARD-BASE powder. Choose only a SOFT-BASE powder. "BALMITE" is the sensational new SOFT-BASE in Lovely Lady Face Powder. So no matter which shade of Lovely Lady you choose, "BALMITE" blends out your shade to meet every variation of *light* and of *your own skin color.*

Compare—see if your present powder adds dreadful years. Test all five skin-keyed shades of Lovely Lady. See which *one* shade is *the* shade you can depend on in *any* light, in *any* season — which SOFT BASE "BALMITE" shade reveals you at your loveliest.

"Types" and "Name-Shades" Cause Confusion

Avoid the risk of choosing powder by "name-shades" such as "Brunette", as these "Brunette" shades are not all uniform in color. And often a "Brunette" type needs a "Blonde" shade, and a "Blonde" type a "Brunette" shade. With all this confusion it's no wonder people might think of your face powder as your "false-face."

Don't "Mask" Your Natural Charm

Don't "mask" your face any longer with a HARD-BASE face powder that "matches" your skin in one light and may give you a "false-face" in another light. Send for all five FREE shades of Lovely Lady Face Powder containing "BALMITE"— my SOFT-BLEND BASE that brings out so *gloriously* and *dependably* the natural skin color beauty and charm that is *yours alone.*

Sincerely, Lovely Lady

Lovely Lady
FACE POWDER

LOVELY LADY is equal to face powders costing you five times as much—is smoother, softer than softest down. . . . Waterproof . . . Non-allergic . . . Grit-free . . . Ends chalky "false-face" look—color completely covers each tiny particle of powder, not just *one side* as in ordinary face powders. "Balmite" brings out the loveliest of your *natural* skin tone colors. Actually clings until you remove it.

FREE

LOVELY LADY,
603 Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill. 87

Please send free by return mail generous vanity size samplers of all five shades of LOVELY LADY Face Powder. Include a week's supply of LOVELY LADY All Purpose Face Cream FREE.

Name ....

Street ....

City................ *State*................

Paste this on a postcard or enclose in envelo

ON SALE AT COSMETIC COUNTERS EVERYWHERE

Constance Bennett

says: "My throat appreciates Luckies"

"When Americans gather in Paris, Cannes or Elstree, the first question is often: 'Who's got a Lucky?' Here and abroad I prefer Luckies because my work demands that my throat be in good condition, and a light smoke helps keep it up to par. I was 'converted' to Luckies five years ago by their flavor, but found that my throat appreciates a light smoke."

Constance Bennett

STARRING IN HAL ROACH—MGM FEATURE COMEDY "TOPPER"

Notice how many professional men and women—lawyers, doctors, statesmen, etc., smoke Luckies. See how many leading artists of radio, stage, screen and opera prefer them. Their voices are their fortunes. Doesn't it follow that, if Luckies are gentle on their sensitive throats, they will be gentle on your throat, too? You will appreciate the throat protection of a light smoke free of certain irritants expelled by the exclusive "Toasting" Process.

A Light Smoke

"It's Toasted"—Your Throat Protection

AGAINST IRRITATION—AGAINST COUGH

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The Finest Tobaccos–
"The Cream of the Cro

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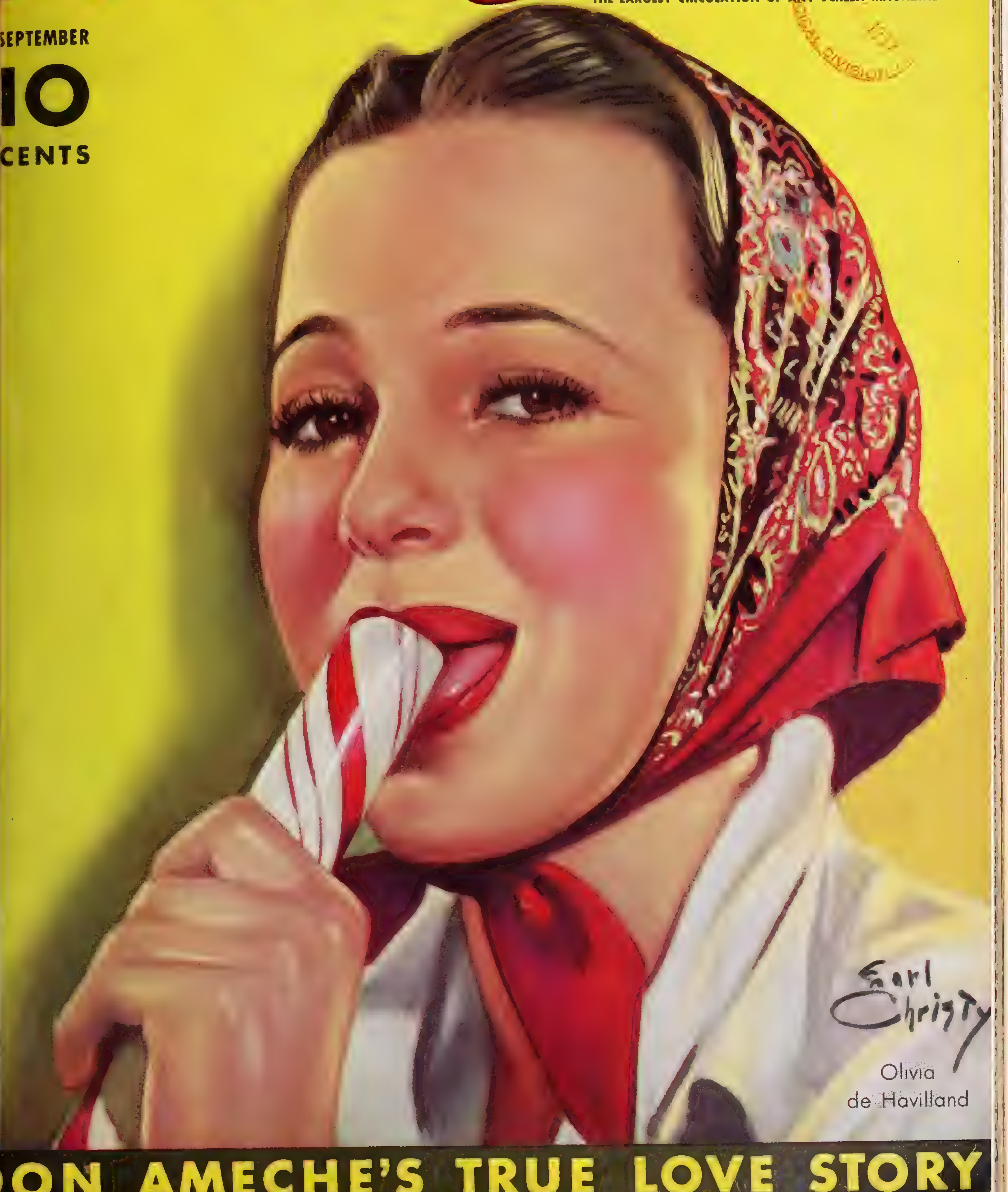

Olivia de Havilland

ON AMECHE'S TRUE LOVE STORY

THE MOST PHOTOGRAPHED GIRLS IN THE WORLD

USE
Irresistible
IRRESISTIBLE

You'll see them in "Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938" — lovely Ida Vollmar, Dorothy Day and Ruth Martin. These gorgeous models were born with beauty — but they learned for themselves the priceless trick of using an exciting perfume to dramatize their charm. That's why, in both professional and private life, they always wear — IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME.

Their fragrant secret can be yours, too. And once you've known the thrill of this luxurious perfume, no other can quite take its place. A floral bouquet — intensely modern, restless, gay, adventurous — *everything* that its name implies! Add the vivid sparkle of screen celebrities to your own personality with — Irresistible Perfume.

Only 10c at all 5 and 10c stores

BE SMART—USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

Pampers her skin with costly lotions but she ignores her tender, ailing gums

—ANOTHER "DENTAL CRIPPLE" IN THE MAKING

How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies . . . give your gums the benefit of Ipana and Massage.

PAT, PAT, go her deft fingers—attending to the important business of beauty. Creams and lotions to aid her skin—a hundred brush strokes nightly for her hair—those are details she never overlooks. *And rightly so!* Yet how little they count, when her lips part in a dull and dingy smile—*a smile that ruins her loveliness, destroys her charm.*

Yet hers might be a smile, radiant and captivating—but not until she learns the importance of *healthy* gums to *sound* teeth—not until she knows the meaning of—and does something about—that warning tinge of "pink" on her tooth brush!

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

"Pink tooth brush" is only a warning. But if ever you notice it, *see your dentist.* You may not be in for serious trouble. Probably, he'll tell you that modern soft foods are to blame—foods that deprive your gums of necessary stimulation. "More work and exercise for those tender, ailing gums" is the likely verdict—and, very often, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is designed to help the gums as well as keep teeth bright and sparkling. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gum tissues—gums become firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Don't wait for the warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush. Start today with Ipana and massage—one sensible way to a lovely smile.

• • •

LISTEN TO "Town Hall Tonight"—every Wednesday, N.B.C. Red Network, 9 P.M., E.D.S.T.

Remember
a good tooth paste,
like a good dentist,
is never a luxury.

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS
NEW YORK

IPANA
Tooth Paste

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"A GILT EDGE INVESTMENT"

MY WORD, MEADOWS, THESE CHEAP BULBS WERE A WRETCHED BUY!
YES, MADAM, WE NOW BUY G-E MAZDA LAMPS THEY STAY BRIGHTER LONGER
AND THE MAN SAID G-E MAZDA LAMPS GIVE MORE LIGHT THAN EVER BEFORE
TRULY, A GILT EDGE INVESTMENT, MADAM

MAZDA 60 WATTS

only 15¢
60-WATTS AND SMALLER

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

FREE—Write for helpful new booklet "Seeing Begins." Tells how much light you need..suggests ways to get it. Address Dept. 166-MS, General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

MODERN SCREEN

Regina Cannon . . . . . . Editor
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IS ELEANOR POWELL SORRY? **24** CHARLES DARNTON
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DEANNA—DIMINUTIVE DIVA **28** CAROLINE S. HOYT
SHE'S TAKING IT EASY **30** FRANC DILLON
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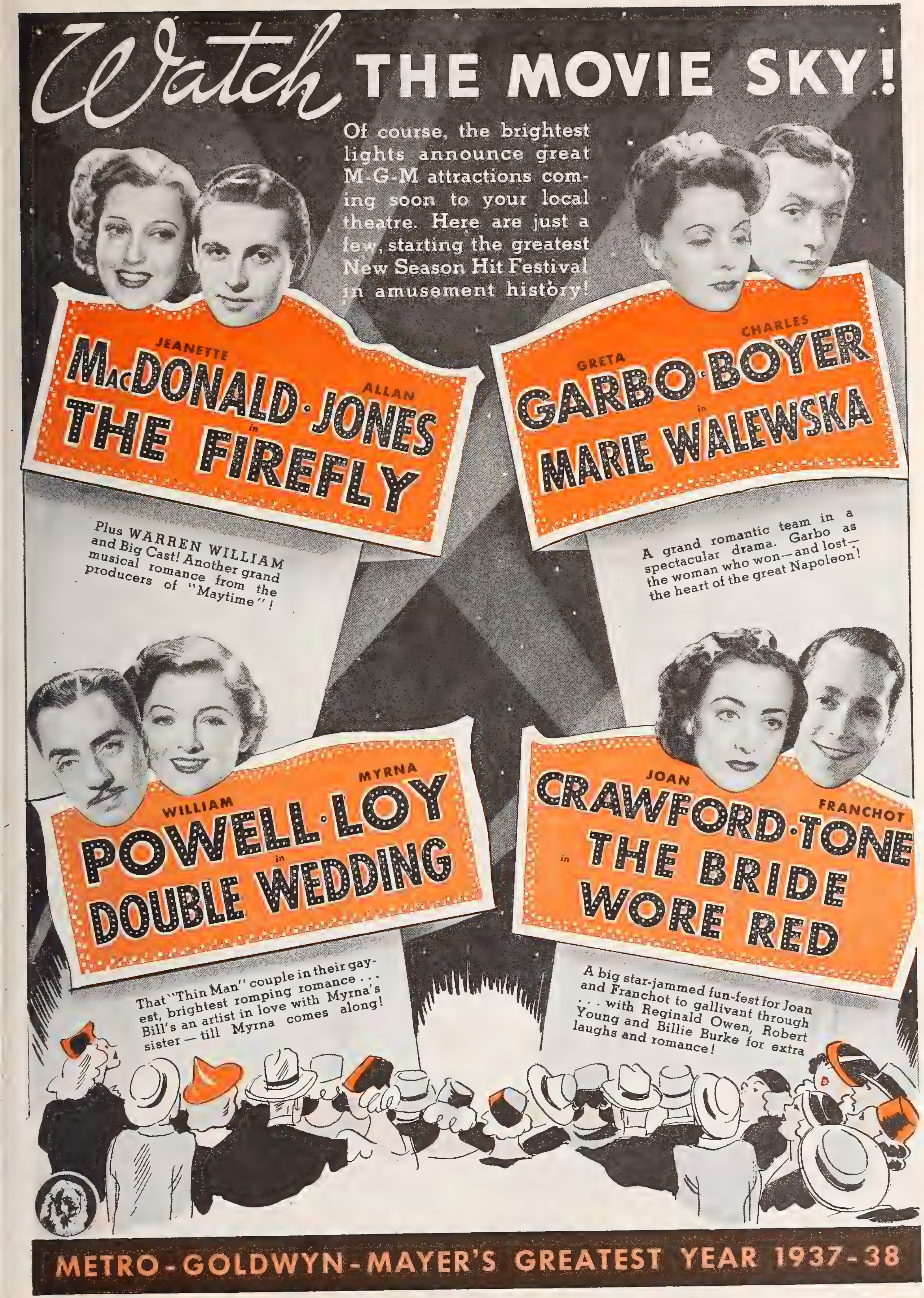


Watch THE MOVIE SKY!

Of course, the brightest lights announce great M-G-M attractions coming soon to your local theatre. Here are just a few, starting the greatest New Season Hit Festival in amusement history!

JEANETTE MacDONALD · ALLAN JONES in THE FIREFLY

Plus WARREN WILLIAM and Big Cast! Another grand musical romance from the producers of "Maytime"!

GRETA GARBO · CHARLES BOYER in MARIE WALEWSKA

A grand romantic team in a spectacular drama. Garbo as the woman who won—and lost—the heart of the great Napoleon!

WILLIAM POWELL · MYRNA LOY in DOUBLE WEDDING

That "Thin Man" couple in their gayest, brightest romping romance . . . Bill's an artist in love with Myrna's sister — till Myrna comes along!

JOAN CRAWFORD · FRANCHOT TONE in THE BRIDE WORE RED

A big star-jammed fun-fest for Joan and Franchot to gallivant through . . . with Reginald Owen, Robert Young and Billie Burke for extra laughs and romance!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S GREATEST YEAR 1937-38

Judy Canova and the Yacht Club Boys

Adolph Zukor presents

JACK BENNY in "ARTISTS and MODELS"

A Paramount Picture with

Ida Lupino · Richard Arlen · Gail Patrick

JUDY CANOVA · BEN BLUE · YACHT CLUB BOYS

LOUIS ARMSTRONG

Directed by RAOUL WALSH

ARTISTS OF LAUGHTER . . .

To draw a laugh every time your face appears on the screen is some artistic achievement... and those zanies, the Yacht Club Boys (shown above giving a little support to radio's funniest female, Judy Canova)... are some artists. Wait'll you hear 'em go to town on that "Sasha Pasha" number, just one of the million mad moments in "Artists and Models," the biggest gag and gal show of this or any year.

ARTISTS OF FAME . . .

Name the six leading American artists and illustrators and you'll name the lads who chose the All-American Beauty Chorus for "Artists and Models": Peter Arno, McClelland Barclay, Arthur William Brown, Rube Goldberg, John La Gatta, and Russell Patterson. Here you see them doing a little plain and fancy homage to their choice of the Most Beautiful Model in the World, Sandra Storme, just one of the million glorified gals in "Artists and Models," the biggest gag and gal show of this or any year.

Sandra Storme

Peter Arno · Arthur William Brown · McClelland Barclay · Russell Patterson · John La Gatta · Rube Goldberg

Jack Benny

Pop Goes The Bubble
Public Melody Number One
Whispers In The Dark
Breakin My Heart

Judy Canova
and Ben Blue

ARTISTS OF MELODY

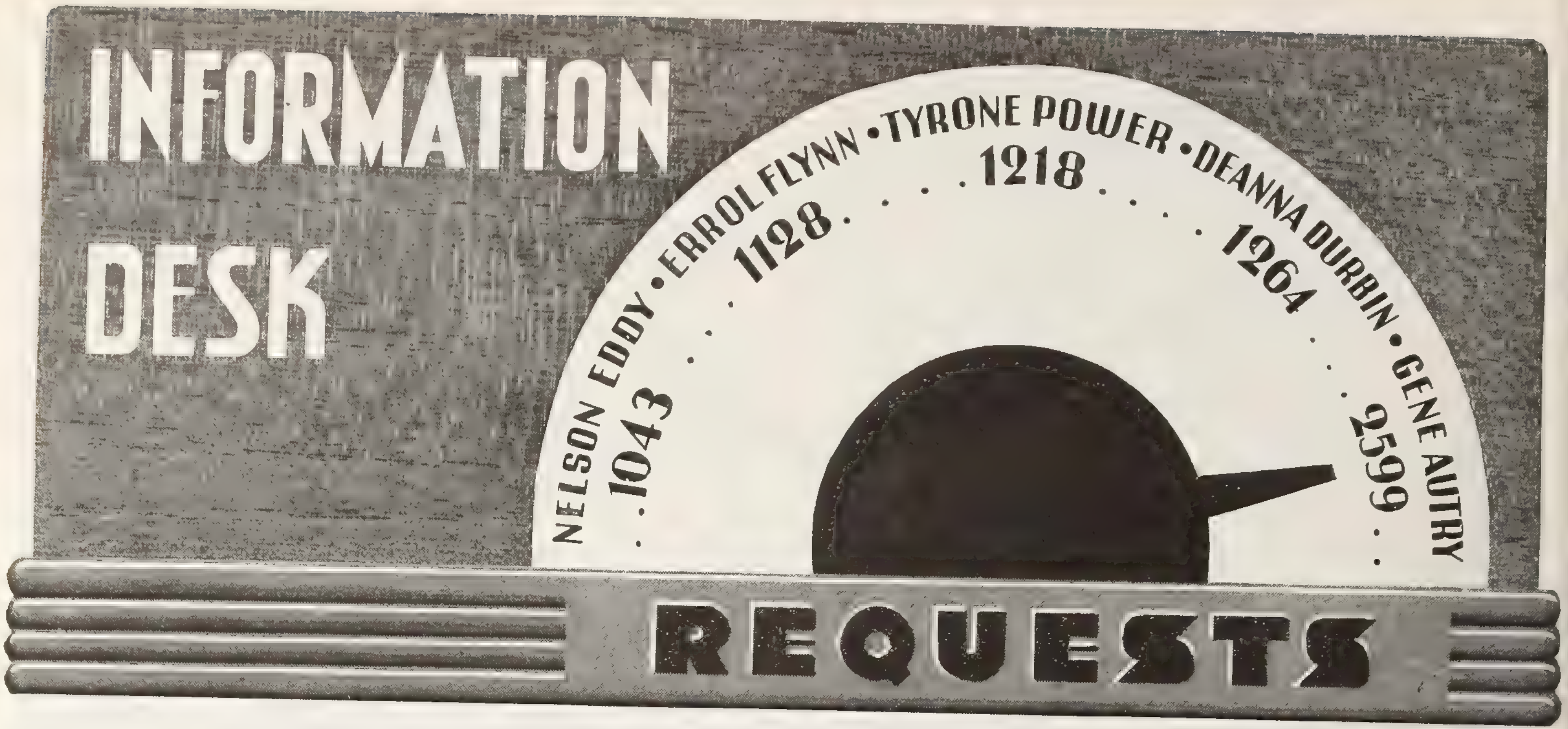
Hollywood's leading hit writers come through with 6 smash songs!

ARTIST OF WISE CRACKS . . . BENNY'S THE NAME!

Radio's Number One Entertainer, the biggest laughmaker the screen has ever seen . . . the one and only Jack Benny at his super-funniest heads the all-star cast of "Artists and Models." Above you see him in an artistic moment, below, at the head of the parade in one of the huge production numbers. At the top right you see Ben Blue teaching Judy Canova how to swing that thing. At the lower right is Martha Raye going to town in blackface, giving you a glimpse of "Public Melody Number One" . . . just one of the half dozen hit numbers Louis Armstrong and his Band and Andre Kostelanetz and His Orchestra help you to enjoy in "Artists and Models," the biggest gag and gal, yes, and the biggest song and dance show of this or any year.

MARTHA RAYE

attacks "Public Melody No. 1"



HELP PRODUCERS FEEL THE PUBLIC PULSE. SEND YOUR REQUESTS NOW!

WHAT DOES THE BAROMETER ACCOMPLISH?

1. Gives producers a sure line on what America thinks of their players.

2. Thus, your requests for life stories (Barometer standing is based on these alone) are an all-important factor in determining America's stars.

HOW COME?

1. The Barometer is the only existing poll telling what stars are most popular not just today, but FOR THE LAST SIX MONTHS.

2. This makes the Barometer the most scientific of all polls and therefore the one producers respect.

3. The proof of the pudding is that every month brings anxious inquiries from the studios concerning their stars' Barometer standing.

WHAT CAN YOU DO ABOUT IT?

1. Put your favorite on top and keep him there by sending in your requests now on a penny postcard.

NELSON EDDY (Last printed May 1937. Total number of requests since then 641.) Hollywood turns out glamor with the same facility and precision that Ford turns out cars. Make-up men, publicity men, cameramen put their heads together, and from common clay emerges alabaster. And so Hollywood laughs at Nature—until a Nelson Eddy comes along. Then Nature has her innings. For Nelson Eddy typifies the sort of glamor that Hollywood cannot fabricate—a glamor springing from a deep wellspring of spiritual beauty and goodness.

Set adrift by the divorce of his parents when he was fourteen, helped only by a mother as new to the bitter reality of making a living as he, Nelson had need of every bit of the charm and ability he possesses. The very same ingratiating intentness that has made Eddy a leader in the musical world helped him at the age of sixteen to become a reporter on an important Philadelphia daily, the youngest reporter the paper had ever had. And not so long after that, he took a highly paid job writing advertising copy.

But music will out. Singing first to phonograph records, then to his mother, then to the noted baritone, David Bispham, his great voice was discovered. Within a very short time Eddy was signed by the Philadelphia Civic Opera Company. A trip to Germany with money borrowed from a Philadelphia banker, who accepted Nelson's voice as collateral for his generous loan, put the finishing touches to his musical education. It gave him, moreover, that intimate touch with foreign languages that makes Eddy such an international favorite. He sings in German, French, Spanish, Italian, Russian, and Yiddish.

On his return, he was snapped up by Arthur Judson, America's most gifted concert manager. An engagement with the Los Angeles Philharmonic, which Mr. Judson got him, led in 1933 to a motion picture contract and a featured singing role in "Dancing Lady."

The serenity of Nelson Eddy's life in the midst of the hectic whirl that is Hollywood has long remained a mystery. Is Eddy a woman hater? Are his breathtaking love scenes mere play acting? Nelson laughs at these questions. He *has* been in love—deeply in love. With a woman much older than himself, a lovely woman who personified Nelson's ideals. And since there aren't many others like her, Nelson prefers to remain a bachelor, take tender care of his mother, and bring joy to his fans all over the world. Tentatively scheduled for his next picture is "The Girl of the Golden West," with, of course, Jeanette MacDonald.

If you'd like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, and, incidentally, help boost his or her standing in our Barometer, fill in and send us the coupon on this page, or just write. Try to save yourself 2c by using postcards whenever possible. We answer general questions, too, either here or by mail. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please print, free of charge, a brief life story of

....

in your department

Name..

Street..

City........................ State.......

If you would like our chart with heights, ages, birthplaces, marriages and autographs of all the important stars, enclose five cents in stamps or coin with your coupon.

MODERN SCREEN'S ROLL OF HONOR: Starting with this issue, the Information Desk will print the names of those sincere fans, who, by sending in large numbers of requests for their favorites, have done so much towards solidifying these favorites' positions in the Barometer. In recognition of the genuine devotion which these ardent fans have shown, each of the stars who has been honored by their requests, is sending out via this Desk a gorgeous 12 x 14 portrait of himself to the five groups of fans who sent in the most requests. And here are the deserving five:

Ameche fans of Oakland, California	163 requests
Durbin fans of Batavia, New York	89 requests
Autry fans of Sacramento, California	14 requests
Eddy fans of Beaumont, Texas	14 requests
Eddy fans of Dayton, Ohio	11 requests

And to you five groups, let me add that your pictures are waiting to be sent out; will you help me by deciding among yourselves, in each case, where you want the picture sent? Let me hear from you as soon as possible.

CLARK GABLE (Last printed October 1936. Total number of requests since then, 436.) Take a young man whose ambition it is to become a doctor; shunt him through the toils of factory labor, lumber-camps, vagrancy; let him come face to face with death by violence; let him savor the love of many women, some good, some tawdry; and you develop a personality of countless facets. If the personality is strong, it becomes hardened; if weak, it disintegrates.

The virility, the momentum of Clark Gable's personality can be traced directly to the unstable equilibrium of his past. At the age of seven months, Clark was a motherless child. Until he turned six, he believed his stepmother to be his real mother. When his schoolmates enlightened him, it was a profound shock. It destroyed in the young boy the sense of belonging anywhere, steeled him for the vagrant life that was ahead of him.

He was only eighteen when he came face to face with sudden death in its goriest trappings. Working in an auto rim factory to eke out tuition for his evening premedical courses, he was standing only a few feet away, when a piece of machinery ran amok, decapitating the man at his side. For months Gable was the victim of hallucinations. He would see the whole gruesome sequence reënacted before his eyes, torturing him. The experience left him with a deep spiritual wound, over which grew, gradually, a callus of indifference.

(*Continued on page* 103)

SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL
presents

The Greatest Romantic Adventure Story of All Time

Made by David O. Selznick, who gave you
DAVID COPPERFIELD and A STAR IS BORN

RONALD COLMAN
IN
The PRISONER of ZENDA

Based on Edward Rose's dramatization of
Anthony Hope's novel

MADELEINE **CARROLL** WITH DOUGLAS **FAIRBANKS, Jr.**
MARY ASTOR · RAYMOND MASSEY
C. AUBREY SMITH · DAVID NIVEN

Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK · *Directed by* JOHN CROMWELL
RELEASED THROUGH UNITED ARTISTS

Only when pushed, does Edward Arnold (left) go in for the gentle art of scene-stealing. But, this gent can be pushed!

Lionel Barrymore's stage training stands him in good stead. And so, if a cinema smartie tries to up-stage him, it's too bad!

TRICKS OF THE TRADE

By Mack Hughes

Some actors "know all the angles"—and cleverly work 'em, too

A SMART actor realizes that a role doesn't have to be big to be important. Further, if he has had experience, he knows how to "point up" his lines or "business" so that the audience will focus its attention on him rather than anyone else in the scene, even though that "anyone else" happens to be the big, bright star that the cash customer has come to see.

You see, all is fair in love and war and picture-stealing. It seems that if a player parks his ethics with his make-up box, there'll be none to reason why. In fact, there'll be none to take the time, for each and every other member of the cast is out to do a little cinema-swiping of his own.

The star may have a big dramatic moment, but, if during it, the character man sneezes, your attention is naturally attracted, if even momentarily, to the gentleman who pretends to be suffering from the sniffles.

Therefore, when Lionel Barrymore, Edward Arnold, Eddie Robinson and others I could name are in a cast, it behooves everybody else in the lineup of players to be on his guard; that is, if he wishes to be remembered when the picture is over.

I'm sure that Lionel Barrymore, Edward G. Robinson, Edward Arnold and Victor Moore will not be forgotten. For, in their business it's *war!* Once actors arrive at the top they have to fight to remain there, so that's where years of training help them do their stuff.

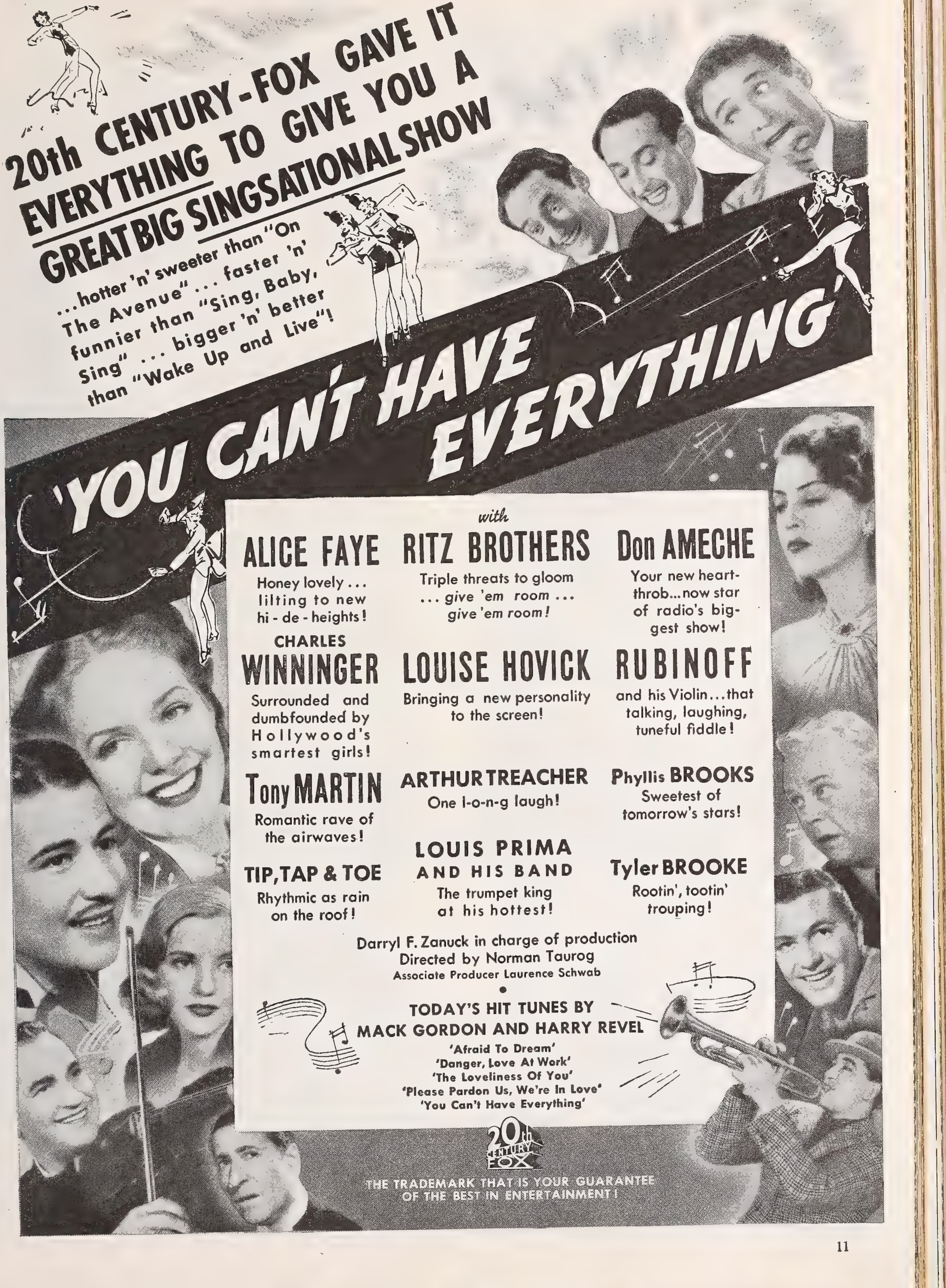
Lionel Barrymore is one of the finest actors on the screen. As a purveyor of histrionics, he is second to none. Trained in the theatre, there isn't much that Barrymore hasn't seen in his day. And so, there isn't a ghost of a chance for anyone to put over any fancy business on him, for he can turn the tables so quickly that the person looks foolish. However, today, Lionel Barrymore doesn't have to employ all those subtle little tricks that one generally expects of the featured character actor.

As a matter of fact, there are certain things that Mr. Barrymore does with such finesse, that they have become a part of him. These mannerisms have made him famous. By this we don't mean that Barrymore is typed with set affectations. Yet, in all his pictures we recognize immediately the things that spell *Lionel* and that have endeared him to us. And so we watch for them.

For example, there is the nervousness of his hands. He is constantly rubbing them together, or grasping his coat lapels, seldom letting his fingers remain motionless. This naturally attracts the attention of the audience because we are never certain just what he is about to do. If this trick doesn't throw the star for a loss, Barrymore skillfully uses his distinctive voice, the low resonant pitch of which has a subtle nervous quality fraught with tension.

For example, take "Captains Courageous," which stars Freddie Bartholomew. There isn't an actor in the business who is not shaky about playing in a child's pictures. Everyone knows that in them, the adult usually stooges for the youngster, as children run away with the sympathy.

However, there was a scene in which Freddie was obstinate and refused to work, once on board the schooner. Mr. Barrymore tried to reason with the boy and, at his wit's end, pushed him on a pile of fish. The trick of doing this, and not incurring the wrath of his audience, was one of Barrymore's masterpieces. Having slapped Freddie, he walked away rubbing his hands together and muttering, so that the fans felt him saying, "Now look what you've made me do, and I'm sorry that (*Continued on page* 102)



20th CENTURY-FOX GAVE IT EVERYTHING TO GIVE YOU A GREAT BIG SINGSATIONAL SHOW

...hotter 'n' sweeter than "On The Avenue" ... faster 'n' funnier than "Sing, Baby, Sing" ... bigger 'n' better than "Wake Up and Live"!

'YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING'

with

ALICE FAYE
Honey lovely ... lilting to new hi-de-heights!

RITZ BROTHERS
Triple threats to gloom ... *give 'em room ... give 'em room!*

Don AMECHE
Your new heart-throb...now star of radio's biggest show!

CHARLES WINNINGER
Surrounded and dumbfounded by Hollywood's smartest girls!

LOUISE HOVICK
Bringing a new personality to the screen!

RUBINOFF
and his Violin...that talking, laughing, tuneful fiddle!

Tony MARTIN
Romantic rave of the airwaves!

ARTHUR TREACHER
One l-o-n-g laugh!

Phyllis BROOKS
Sweetest of tomorrow's stars!

TIP, TAP & TOE
Rhythmic as rain on the roof!

LOUIS PRIMA AND HIS BAND
The trumpet king at his hottest!

Tyler BROOKE
Rootin', tootin' trouping!

Darryl F. Zanuck in charge of production
Directed by Norman Taurog
Associate Producer Laurence Schwab

•

TODAY'S HIT TUNES BY MACK GORDON AND HARRY REVEL

'Afraid To Dream'
'Danger, Love At Work'
'The Loveliness Of You'
'Please Pardon Us, We're In Love'
'You Can't Have Everything'

20th CENTURY FOX

THE TRADEMARK THAT IS YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE BEST IN ENTERTAINMENT!

REVIEWS • A TOUR

★★★ The Road Back

As a sequel to "All Quiet on the Western Front," "The Road Back" never approaches the depth and power of its predecessor. It is in the not unusual position of being a good picture which should have been a great one. Patrons just coming to see a picture will find it certainly better than average entertainment, but those expecting an epic will be disappointed.

Picking up the story where "All Quiet" left off—in the trenches on the last few days before the Armistice—it takes the surviving young men back to their homes and endeavors to show their futile struggle to adjust themselves. In view of the postwar situation in Germany, their predicament seems mild in comparison. What could have been a fine, brave picture becomes less than that because its producers decided to compromise. You will remember "The Road Back" for some of its individual scenes—particularly a court room sequence and a beautiful scene where the survivors of the company, surrounded by the ghosts of their comrades, are given their final order to "fall out."

In the leading role, the handsome John King gives every evidence of inexperience. Maurice Murphy, Noah Beery, Jr., and Gene Garrick are very good in smaller roles, as is Barbara Read as Murphy's unfaithful fiancee. However, the fattest roles, as well as the acting honors, go to Andy Devine and Slim Summerville. Directed by James Whale.—*Universal.*

★★ Slave Ship

It is extremely unfortunate that "Slave Ship" should follow so closely on the heels of "Captains Courageous." The ill fortune belongs to the former, for it will suffer considerably by comparison to the Kipling epic. A melodrama of the days when buccaneering sea dogs ran slaves from Africa to America, it features long-suffering Warner Baxter and drooling Wallace Beery and allows each of them to overindulge in his specialty.

As captain of a ship engaged in the selling of slaves, Baxter suddenly reforms the minute he has known the smile of a good woman (Elizabeth Allan). When he brings his bride aboard, first mate Beery, cabin boy Mickey Rooney and the crew promptly shove him in the brig and go about their usual business. Baxter, of course, escapes, but not until all hell has broken loose and most of the crew is annihilated.

Assets of the picture are its excellent sea photography and good stock performances. Warner Baxter does his best suffering since "Prisoner of Shark Island," and Wallace Beery furnishes his expected quota of sobbing. Mickey Rooney is good as the tough cabin boy and Elizabeth Allan is beautiful, though somewhat wooden, as the heroine. Directed by Tay Garnett.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★ They Won't Forget

The Warner Brothers can chalk up another hit to add to their parade of powerful social dramas, but the whole thing will undoubtedly be listed as an error in the columns which record a picture's box-office success. "They Won't Forget" is Ward Greene's "Death in the Deep South," and in putting it on film the producers have placed themselves in the unique position of sponsoring a picture which an entire section of the country will hate vigorously.

It is the story of a murder in a southern town, committed on Confederacy Memorial Day. Chief suspect is a young business school instructor from the north, and the picture shows the state's attorney deliberately stirring up sectional hatred, so that he can convict the young man and win the governorship of his state. It is powerful drama, but audiences will come away from it wondering why its producers went out of their way to kick up the ashes of a bitter feeling now almost forgotten with the years.

There are excellent performances by the entire cast, notably those of Claude Rains, as the ambitious attorney, Allan Joslyn, as a hard-boiled reporter, Edward Norris, as the condemned man, and Gloria Dickson, as his wife. Miss Dickson's work promises a fine screen career. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy.—*Warner Bros.*

Movie Scoreboard on Page 68

OF TODAY'S TALKIES

★★★ A Day at the Races

Probably the best way to review a new Marx Brothers picture is merely to announce that "those men are here again." For the daffy trio is indeed back, with a few new sets of antics to bolster up their familiar tricks. And it is a pleasure to convey the information that they're still attacking their work with the same sense of frenzied gusto which has marked all their efforts. Allan Jones is still filling in for the never-to-be-remembered Zeppo, and Margaret Dumont, who must be used to indignities by now, is still the patrician lady in love with Groucho. Of the newcomers, there is Maureen O'Sullivan as the heroine and Esther Muir as The Blonde.

Plot, if you want to call it that, has to do with a sanitarium, owned by Miss O'Sullivan, which is more run-down than its patients. Its wealthiest patron, Miss Dumont, is persuaded to stay when Miss O'Sullivan secures the services of an eminent horse doctor, portrayed by Groucho. Somehow the whole thing ends up at the race-track, and in the process there are some of the funniest individual scenes the Marxes have yet presented. Highlights are Groucho's dance with Miss Muir, and a beautiful number called "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm," with Harpo as a sort of Pied Piper to a collection of dusky personages who think he's Gabriel. Directed by Sam Wood—*M-G-M.*

★★★ Married Before Breakfast

Here is one of those surprise hits—an inexpensively-made picture which turns out to be swell and surprises everyone, especially its producers. By now everyone within ten miles of M-G-M has probably taken credit for it, but actually the honors go to Director Edwin L. Marin and Writers George Oppenheimer and Everett Freeman for turning out a farce with more genuine comedy than many of the season's more elaborate productions can boast.

The whole thing concerns a young man who suddenly comes into a quarter of a million dollars for inventing a shaving cream which dispenses with brush and razor and perhaps the face as well. Celebrating his good fortune, he deserts his fiancee to help a pretty young Miss sell an insurance policy. The selling job is an all-night adventure and offers a melange of swell comedy bits which send the picture along at a mad and furious pace.

Robert Young is perfectly cast as the young man, and Florence Rice does well as the little lady. Outstanding in the supporting cast are Burnett Parker, as a comedy butler, June Clayworth, as Young's fiancee and Warren Hymer, as a gangster. Others deserving mention are Irene Franklin, Tom Kennedy and Hugh Marlowe. Directed by Edwin L. Marin.—*M-G-M.*

★★ Riding on Air

Joe E. Brown's latest picture is one of those laugh riots the like of which his fans haven't seen for some time. Joe E. is again the country hick who goes through all manner of harrowing experiences before he finally wins the girl and picks up all the marbles in the last minute of play.

As a small-town, one-man reporter, editor and newsboy, he has his hands full without taking on the additional responsibilities of inventing various contraptions, going in for all the prize contests in the country and rounding up smugglers on the side. He finally wins a big radio contest, and Guy Kibbee, a big-city promoter, arrives in town to help Joe E. dispose of the ten thousand dollars. Old Smoothie Guy makes our hero the president of a phoney company in which all the townspeople buy stock, including the papa of Florence Rice, who happens to be Joe's girl. Just when it looks like Joe will be run out of town by the fleeced citizenry, he effects the capture of some dangerous criminals.

You never saw Joe E. funnier than as the surprised aviator who shoots down the bad hombres. Another fine moment is his bathtub scene. DeMille could learn a few things here about the art of bathing the body beautiful. In the supporting cast, good performances are given by Guy Kibbee, Florence Rice and Vinton Haworth. Directed by Edward Sedgwick.—*RKO-Radio.*

More Reviews on Page 98

By Leo Townsend

If you're out for entertainment, you'll find it on this movie menu

A CLEAN FACE
is the Secret of Radiant Beauty
DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
Golden Cleansing Cream
(CONTAINING COLLOIDAL GOLD)
Daggett & Ramsdell's Golden Cleansing Cream is the secret of a clean face

Beauty authorities agree that the most important step in the care of your complexion is *thorough cleansing.* It's a simple step, too, since Daggett & Ramsdell created Golden Cleansing Cream.

For this new cream contains colloidal gold . . . a substance with a remarkable power for toning and invigorating the skin. You can't see or feel this colloidal gold, any more than you can see or feel the iron in spinach. Yet its penetrating action not only makes Golden Cleansing Cream a more efficient cleanser . . . but aids in keeping the complexion clear and youthful.

Try Golden Cleansing Cream tonight. See how fresh and vitally alive it leaves your skin. At leading drug and department stores—$1.00.

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Enclosed find 10c in stamps for trial size jar of Golden Cleansing Cream. (Offer good in U. S. only.)

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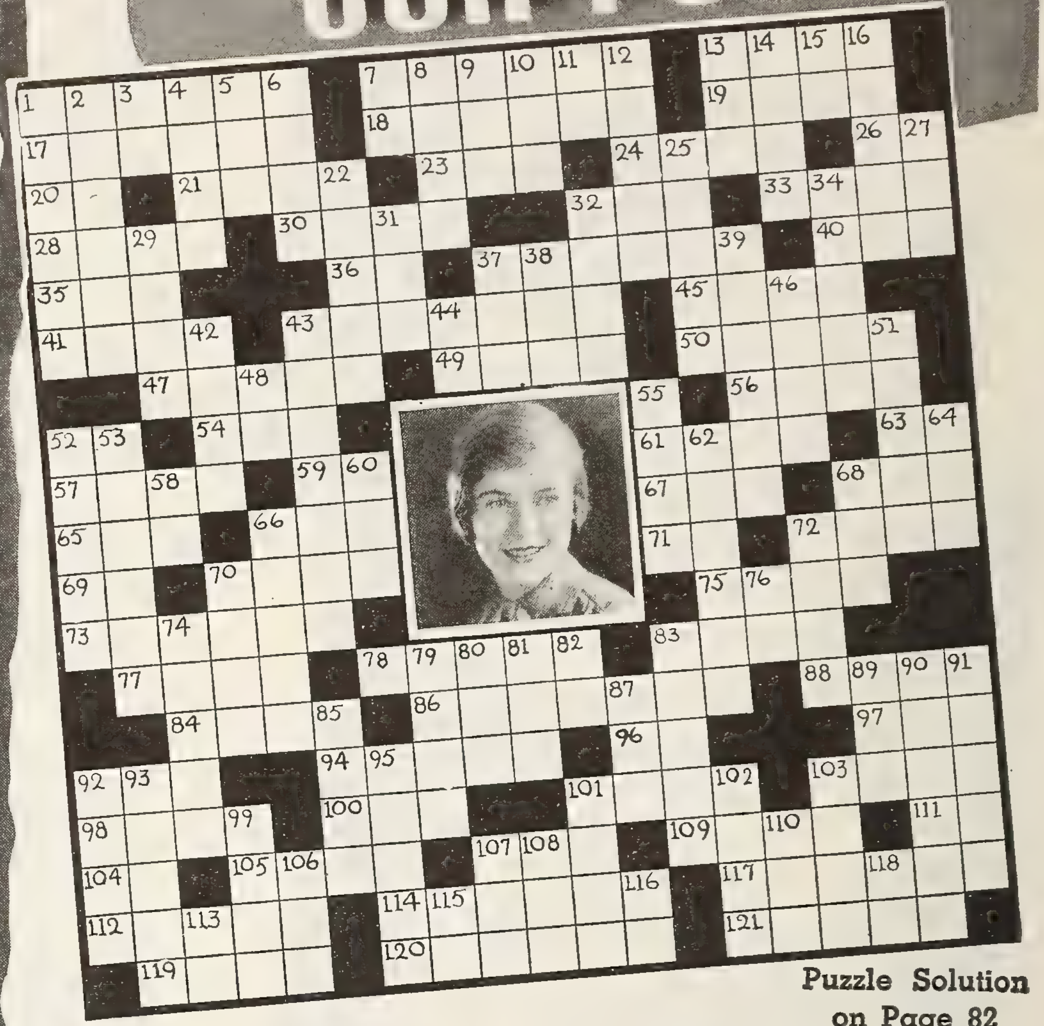
OUR PUZZLE



Puzzle Solution on Page 82

ACROSS

1. & 7. The girl in the puzzle
13. He played one of the principal roles in "Fury"
17. Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"
18. Rouse from sleep
19. Laughton's role in "The Sign of the Cross"
20. Paid newspaper notice
21. Robert Flaherty made "Man of - - - -"
23. Organ of sight
24. Volcano in Sicily
26. George Brent played the "- - Getter"
28. Scene
30. Midday
32. Feminine possessive
33. Burden
35. Finis
36. Note of the scale
37. Comedian in "Way Out West"
40. Also
41. Canvas dwelling
43. Blonde actress well-known for her gold-digger roles
45. Cozy corner
47. Hero of "Silent Barriers"
49. First name of author, tune-smith, producer and actor; wrote "Cavalcade"
50. French colony in North Africa
52. Initials of actress whose last important picture was "Times Square Lady"
54. Snake-like fish
56. Entry in an account
57. He's always cast as a comic Latin type, but was born in good old Oklahoma—first name
59. Behold
61. Too
63. First name of Mammy Singer, No. 1
65. Stolid-looking wrestler type, who played "Red" in "Sing Me a Love Song"—first name
66. First name of deceased actor, famous for his roles a la Boris Karloff
67. Fish eggs
68. - - - view
69. Four in Roman numerals
70. He and Vic McLaglen made the Quirt-Flagg combination famous
71. Land measure
72. Tardy
73. She and Jimmy Dunn formed one of the screen's most popular teams
75. First name of Lithuanian actor whom you saw in "Love on the Run"
77. Fly high
78. She acquired sudden publicity from her diary
83. In a little while
84. First name's Gloria. Last sounds Irish
86. There was a lot of talk about her troubles with Harry Bannister
88. Snatch
92. Champagne
94. She plays those fluttery, ga-ga roles. Her first name is Alice
96. Prefix meaning double
97. John Howard played in "Millions in the - - -"
98. Weaver bird of South Africa
100. She was last seen in "Hoop-la!"
101. Nickname of actress recently rumored engaged to Howard Hughes
103. Funeral fire
104. By
105. Stalk
107. She's married to star of "Hurricane"
109. Jeanne M - - - - n
111. Inside
112. She won the Academy Award for her work in "Dangerous"—first name
114. Zasu Pitts' fellow maid-servant in "The Guardsman"
117. One comedian in "Singing Kid"
119. Lucy in "The Road Back"
120. She played exotic roles until she starred in "Dark Angel"
121. "Uriah Heep" in "David Copperfield"

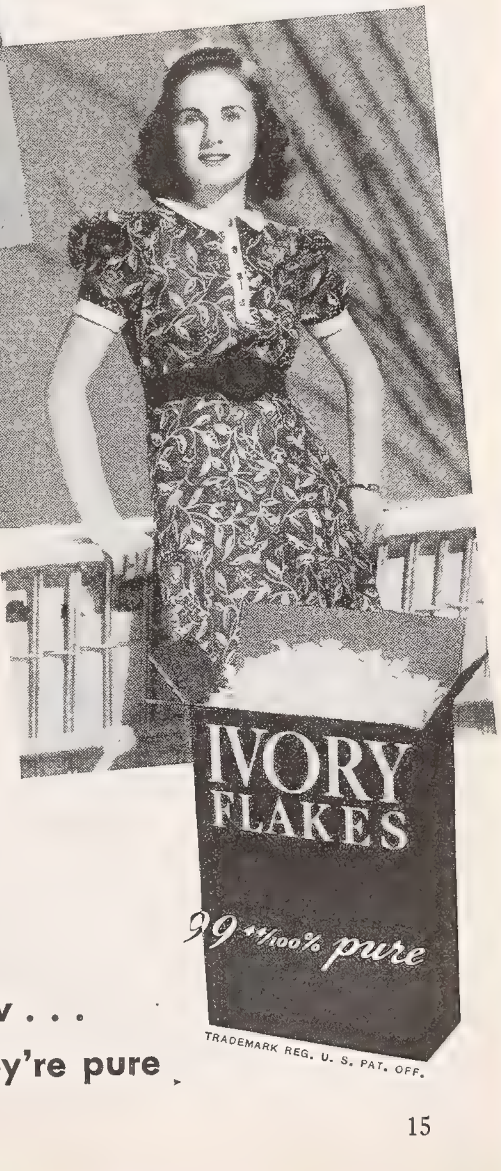
PAGE

DOWN

1. Heavy sleeper in "The King and the Chorus Girl"
2. Antiseptic for wounds
3. Refusal
4. Chew away
5. Always, poetic
6. Impersonator of Eleanor Powell in "Top of the Town"
7. He played "Jerry" in "Beloved Enemy"—first name
8. Talleyrand in "Marie Walewska"
9. Merry
10. Barely make
11. Concerning
12. The villain's laugh
13. First name of 86 across
14. Star of "We Who Are About To Die"
15. Sound of hesitation
16. The maid in "Woman Chases Man"
22. Female star of "Top of the Town"
25. The handsome young aviator who became a movie star
27. Queer
29. First name of toothy character actress in "Parnell"
31. Rowing implement
32. Warner singing star
34. Funny man married to Venita Varden
37. Master chef in "History is Made at Night"—first name
38. Kind of beer
39. Hollywood's most beautiful blonde
42. Wilderness journey
43. Girl juvenile who cuts up for Columbia
44. Royal Navy, abbr.
46. On top of
48. Initials of Frances Farmer's husband
51. Universal's fat man
52. She skated to fame
53. Ingenue of "Ceiling Zero"
55. Screen vamp of the silents
58. Impersonal pronoun
60. Grace Moore achieved screen fame in "- - - Night of Love"
62. Actress in "Robin Hood of El Dorado." First name is Ann
64. Mrs. Crosby
66. Mr. Moto himself
68. Mary Brian played in "Peter - - -" on the silent screen
70. - - - - Ray
72. Vic Orsatti's wife
74. Exotic dancer in "The Garden of Allah"
76. Abbr. for verso, left-hand page
79. First name's Winifred; she sings; she has three children
80. Gamin
81. Full of ore
82. Initials of the male lead in "Cimarron"
83. First name of 39 down
85. Curate
87. First name of the girl in "The Gay Desperado"
89. Renee - - - of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back"
90. Ventilating
91. Ex-husband of Ruth Chatterton
92. Pierce
93. Diner
95. Leslie Howard's Shakespearean role on the screen
99. The dog in the "Thin Man" pictures
101. Kind of card game
102. Blond, unmarried star who sang at the MacDonald-Raymond wedding
103. Country of the Inca Indians
106. The Three Stooges used to eat out of his hand—first name
107. Payable
108. Make mistakes
110. Dual performance
113. Symbol for tellurium
115. Shot for a child's gun
116. Half an em
118. Indefinite article

CINDERELLA FROCKS inspired by Deanna Durbin

New Universal Pictures' Star



THEY'RE IVORY-WASHABLE

Back to school, looking pretty as a picture in Deanna Durbin Fashions! And they're sensible, too! Every print, every gay trimming has been Ivory-Flakes tested for washability. Follow the washing instructions tagged to every Cinderella Frock to be sure colors stay bright as new through a whole school year.

Psychologists say: "Teen-age girls should look their best. It creates a sense of well-being . . . makes studies easier." Give your daughter lots of these delightful Cinderella Frocks. Keep them sparkling with frequent Ivory Flakes tubbings.

Ivory Flakes keep fabrics new . . . colors bright . . . because they're pure

BETWEEN YOU 'N' ME

Your letter or poem may win a cash prize. Why not try your luck now?

I'LL MEET YUH AT THE HIDE-OUT.

Most of us like to scoff at Westerns, but do we really dislike them? A prize winner has the answer.

$5.00 Prize Poem
Movie Fan's Prayer

If fickle Fate would only lend
Me Gary Cooper for a friend,
Or give me just one hour alone
With subtly charming Franchot Tone.
Once let me dance with Fred Astaire,
Or rumple up MacMurray's hair,
And let me chat with handsome Gable
Across some private dinner table,
Or maybe Freddie March would do,
His profile makes a lovely view.
I still would ask for one thing more,
And this I really do implore,
For my lasting, full-time steady
Kindly give me Nelson Eddy.—Dorothy Dale, Montgomery, Ala.

$2.00 Prize Letter
Who's King Now?

Ladies and gentlemen: Today, we have the battle of the century, for the title, "King of Feminine Hearts." In this corner, we have dimpled, man's man, ladies' man, Clark Gable. In the other corner, pretty, pretty Robert Taylor. There goes the bell . . . they're out of their corners. At first Taylor is unsteady, rather inexperienced, then lands his first punch, "Broadway Melody;" that makes Gable wince. Dimpled Gable lands a terrific punch, "Mutiny on the Bounty;" that makes Robert wobble. Clarkie follows this up with a wallop, "San Francisco," but Taylor stands his ground and retaliates with a honey, "Magnificent Obsession." He repeats and has Gable tottering with his Armand in "Camille." They're both punching weakly now, Clark with a tap, "Love on the Run" and Taylor with another tap, "Personal Property." Gable, still weak, flares forth with a not so strong "Parnell," while Bob packs a better punch in "This is My Affair." The bell rings . . . the fight's over.

Who won the title? Why, it was taken in a clean sweep by a very deserving Errol Flynn!—Lillian Houtwed, New York, New York.

Write a Letter—Win a Prize

Boost your favorites! Writing a letter to Between You 'n' Me is one way of doing it. The stars are anxious to know just what you think of them, and these columns are yours to register your opinions. So, let's have frank comments on the players and movies. And if you must say it with a poem, that's all right, too.

By the way, the question, "Who's King of Feminine Hearts—Ty Power or Bob Taylor?" hasn't been settled yet, so keep on sending in your votes. Don't let your favorite take second place in this exciting popularity fight!

Prizes: 1st prize, $5; 2 second prizes of $2 each; 6 prizes of $1 each. Address: Between You 'n' Me, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

$2.00 Prize Letter
An Old American Custom

I wish to voice what may seem a very silly protest but, to me, this particular question has been a source of constant worry. In dubbing a new screen player, why should not each performer have two names? I am just enough bound by American tradition to expect an individual, be he actor or refrigerator salesman, to be called by two names. Is the single word "Margo" any more enhancing than the double title "Claudette Colbert"? Is the bewildering "Annabella" any more captivating that the lilting "Myrna Loy"?

Such single appellations strike of incompleteness. They leave one with the idea that the movies are trying to squeeze from the glamor theme every drop of attraction which this motif once had. Certainly, a player with two names, be they ever so screwy, is following a good old American custom, while an actor who is known by a one-word, hazy, mysterious designation, creates a cloak of unreality about him. Name-nabbers, give us twice-titled stars—Beatrice Dubow, Pittsburgh.

$1.00 Prize Letter
I say—

You probably know that in England, owing to the admirable realism of Hollywood, the U. S. A. is regarded by many as a country populated by gangsters, crooks and society nit-wits, a cloud of corruption always hovering over everything, so that an honest judge is believed to be as rare as apples on plum trees.

But the latest menace of Hollywood is that it is creating an appalling impression of American childhood. Your screen children—Jane Withers, Shirley Temple, Bonita Granville, etc.—ugly, untidy, bad-tempered, ill-mannered and detestably precocious little brats, make one despair that America will ever contribute anything worth while to the peaceful progress of the world, if these are samples of her rising generation. And how is that, though your greatest stars speak beautifully, young America is born with its voice in its nose?

As an English movie fan who greatly admires the many fine things Hollywood gives us, I say, for mercy's sake, give us some screen children we can really like.—G. Livesey, London, Eng.

$1.00 Prize Letter
No Three-ringed Circus

Miss Glutz and Mr. Blotz elope to Reno; Susie Finch and Donald Linch wed in Mexico. There's nothing astonishing about such news; it appears in the daily paper each morning along with my coffee. Much more welcome were the tidings that Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond had a church wedding, just like us folks. It makes you feel warm and happy to think that in mad, mad Hollywood, one couple wanted their marriage their own and not a three-ringed circus for publicity purposes. Perhaps I'm just a bit old-fashioned and too romantic, but a picture of Jeanette walking down the aisle and Gene waiting for her at the altar, just like you and me, was a most beautiful setting.

For the beautiful way they conducted their engagement and for sticking to their guns and having their wedding the way they wanted it, a bouquet of roses and the best of luck.—Bertha Kurtz, Chicago, Ill.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Bette Davis—Horror Specialist?

It isn't my usual habit to sit down, after seeing a picture and write a letter of protest. But, this time, I must!

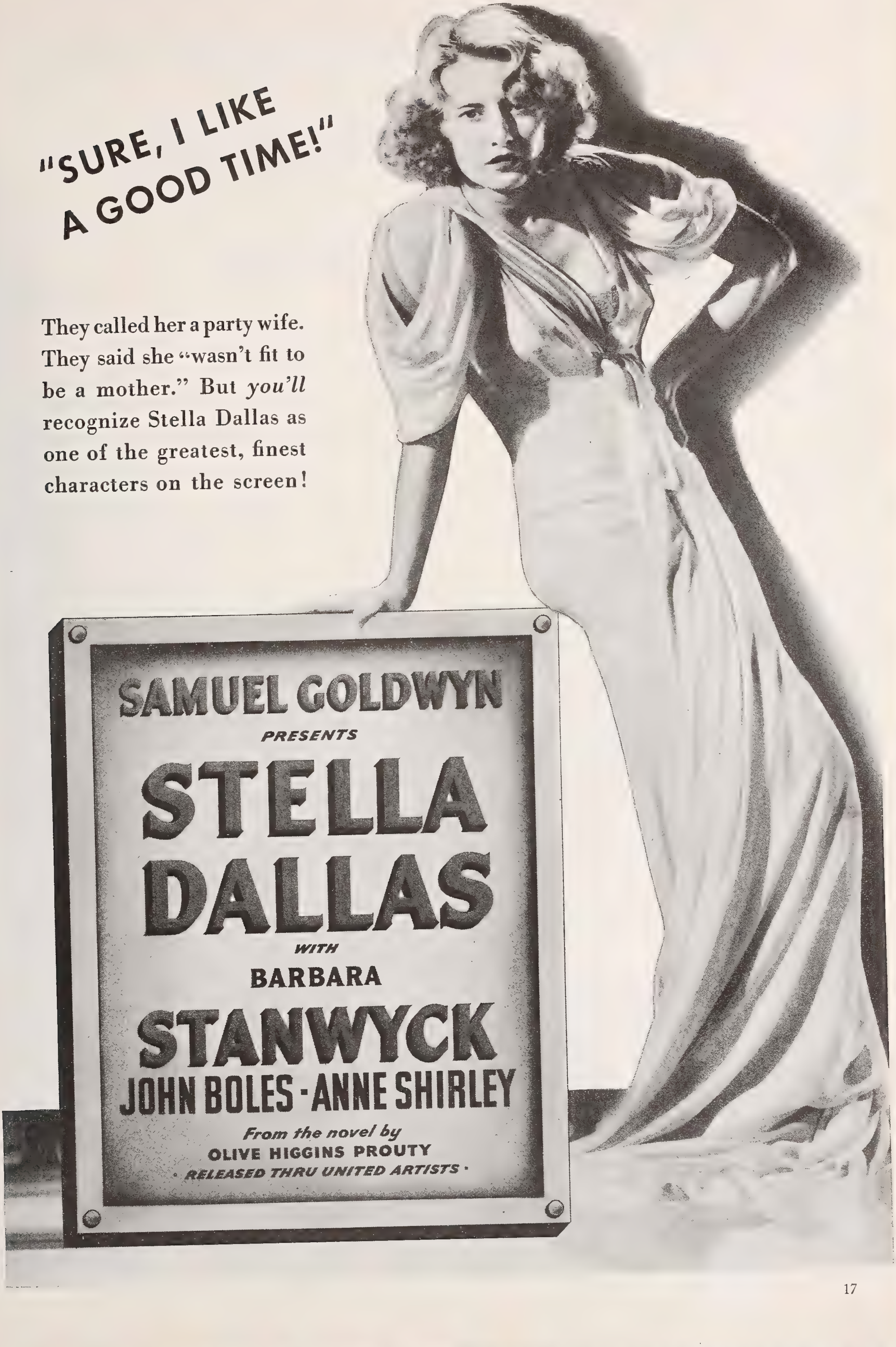
I have just seen "Marked Woman" and "Kid Galahad." Both were excellent—but I didn't like Bette Davis! I am not criticizing her acting, which was flawless, but the character she portrayed. With each role it becomes increasingly difficult to disassociate the real Bette from the reel one.

Everyone of her screen offerings is so over-emotional and morbid that one comes out of the theatre thoroughly depressed. Since her success in "Of Human Bondage," Miss Davis has had little more to do in pictures than wear her hair awry, glare wildly, grit her teeth and twitch her face through ten reels. Her studio had better wake up or they are going to degrade her into a horror specialist.—Jerry Turner, New York, N. Y.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Those Candid Shots

There's a din being raised in the far West by frantic stars about certain candid camera shots, appearing in fan magazines. Pay no attention, MODERN SCREEN, keep snapping them unawares! Besides liking something different from the usual glamor poses, we are glad to know that the actress we wished we looked like is a human, off-screen, whose hair isn't always curled and who isn't always the last word in poise. It satisfies our vanity to realize that even the most beautiful actresses aren't perfect, and the realization takes away the sting of our own defects.—Grace Houston, West New York, N. J.

(*Continued on page* 96)


"SURE, I LIKE
A GOOD TIME!"
SAMUEL GOLDWYN
PRESENTS
STELLA
DALLAS
WITH
BARBARA
STANWYCK
JOHN BOLES - ANNE SHIRLEY
From the novel by
OLIVE HIGGINS PROUTY
· RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS ·

They called her a party wife. They said she "wasn't fit to be a mother." But *you'll* recognize Stella Dallas as one of the greatest, finest characters on the screen!

From Rudyard Kipling's heroic pen!

WEE WILLIE WINKIE

starring

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

and

VICTOR McLAGLEN

with C. AUBREY SMITH · JUNE LANG
MICHAEL WHALEN · CESAR ROMERO
CONSTANCE COLLIER · DOUGLAS SCOTT

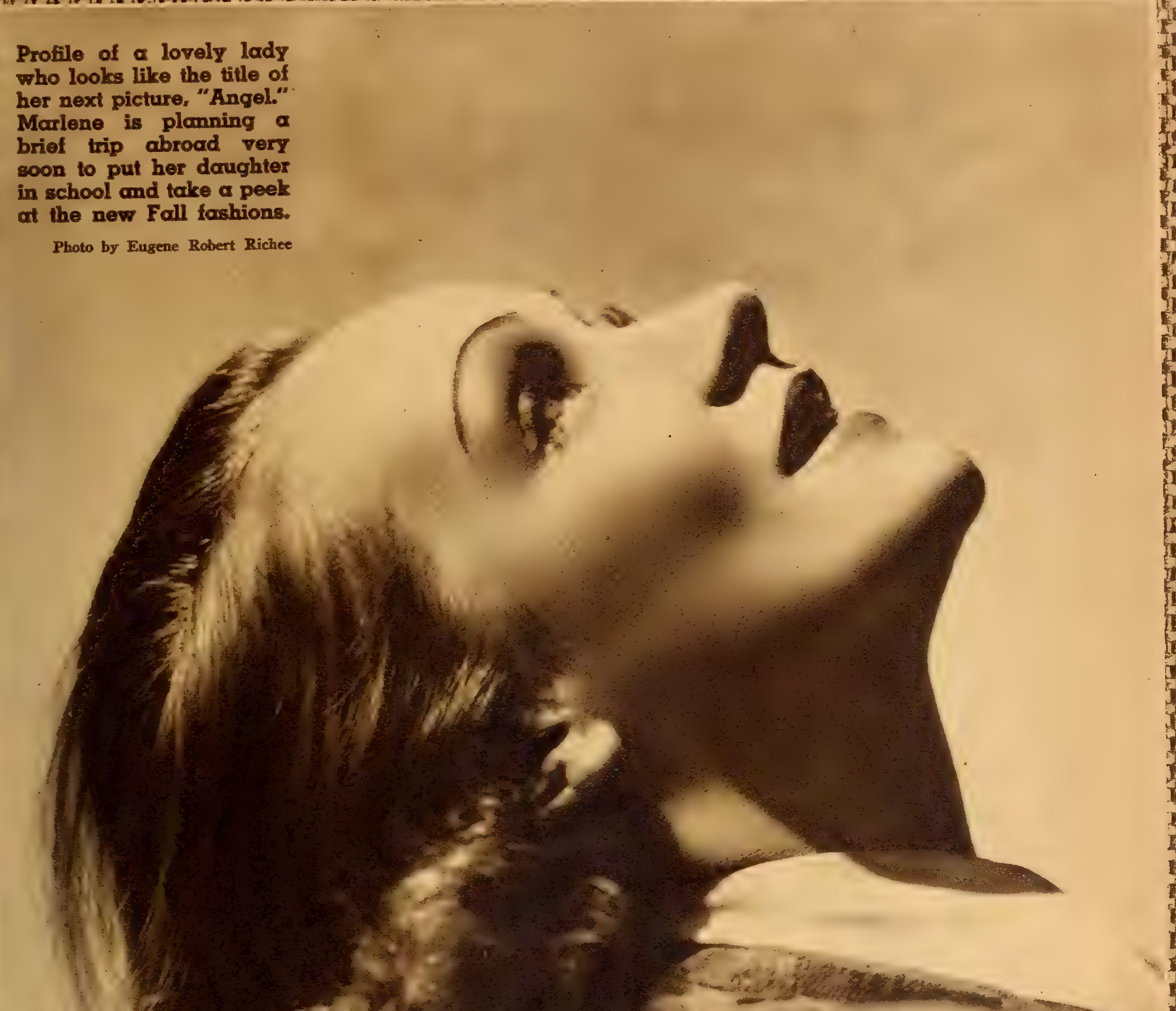
Directed by John Ford
Associate Producer Gene Markey
Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

The glorious adventure of the Scottish Highlanders in the land of the Bengal Lancers, and of the little girl who won the right to wear their plaid!

When the rifles crack and the tribesmen raid ...when the bagpipes skirl and the regiment charges...you'll know you're seeing one of the greatest pictures ever made — with a Shirley Temple whose power to stir your emotions will be the wonder of your life!

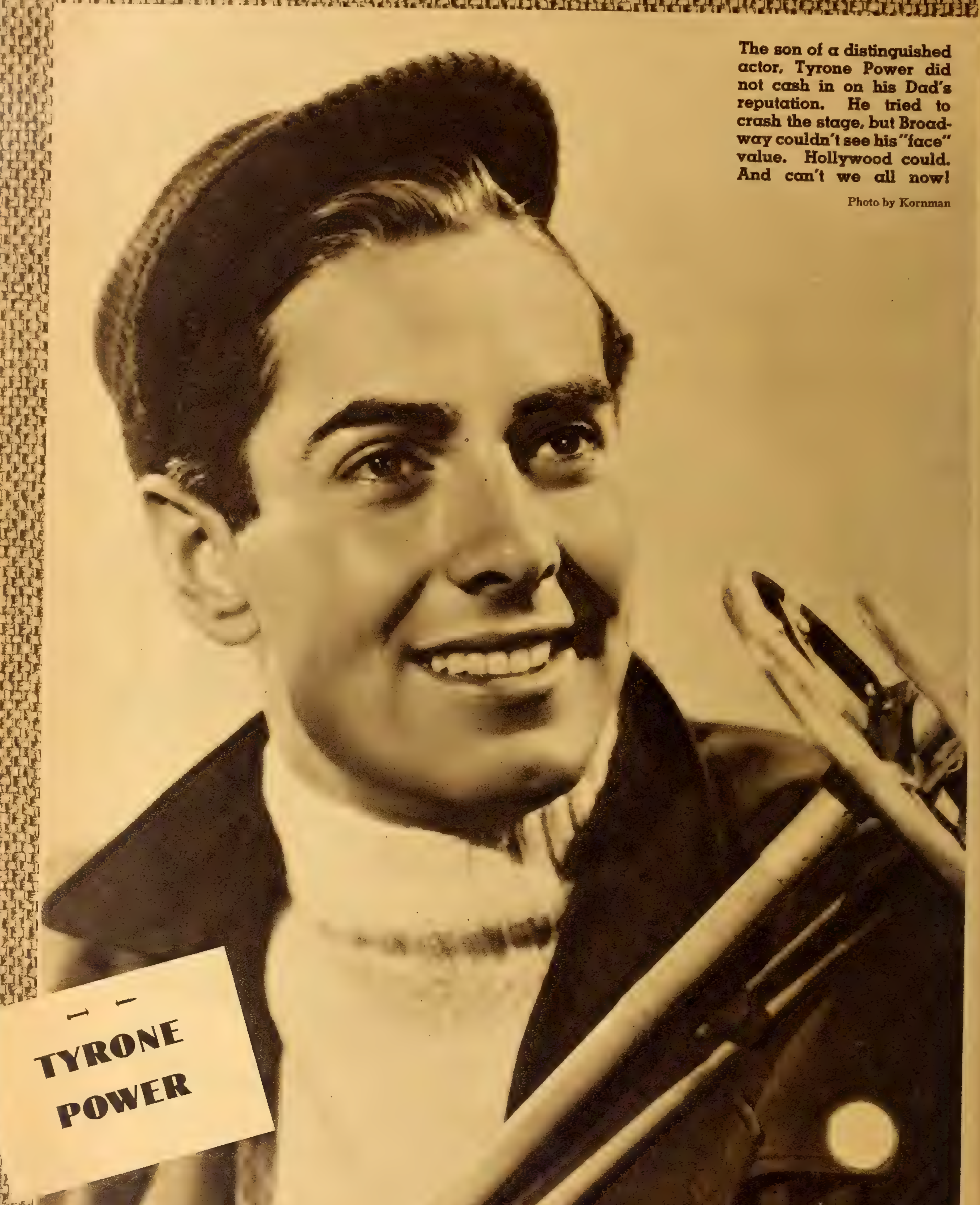
Hollywood paid $2.20 to see it—and hailed it as one of the biggest hits ever to come from the 20th Century-Fox "Studio of Hits"!

20th CENTURY FOX



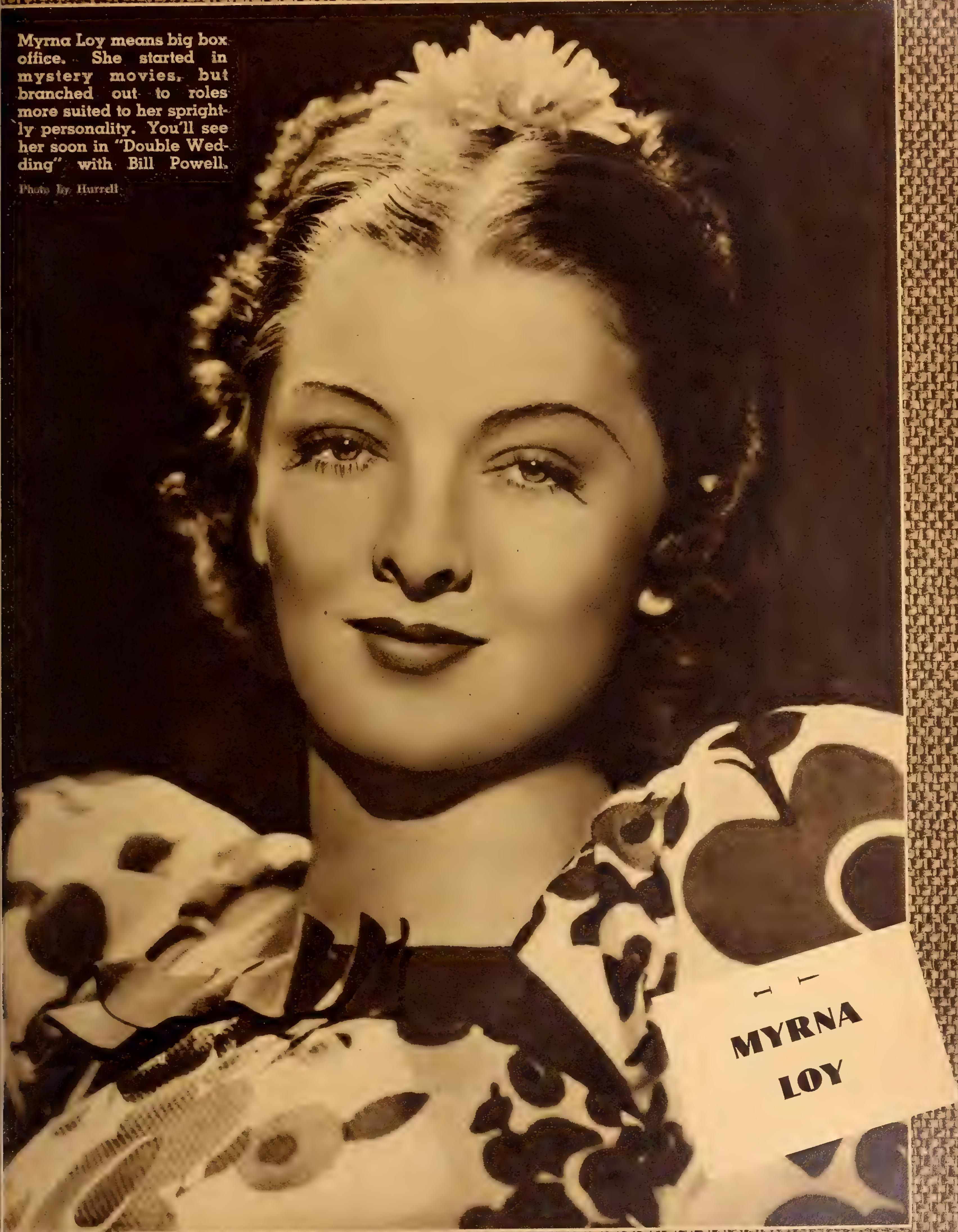
Profile of a lovely lady who looks like the title of her next picture, "Angel." Marlene is planning a brief trip abroad very soon to put her daughter in school and take a peek at the new Fall fashions.

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee



The son of a distinguished actor, Tyrone Power did not cash in on his Dad's reputation. He tried to crash the stage, but Broadway couldn't see his "face" value. Hollywood could. And can't we all now!

Photo by Kornman



Myrna Loy means big box office. She started in mystery movies, but branched out to roles more suited to her sprightly personality. You'll see her soon in "Double Wedding" with Bill Powell.

Photo by Hurrell

JAMES STEWART

Of all the get-well notes Jim received during his hospital sojourn, Ginger Rogers' was the one the doctor ordered. And to show no love is lost, Ginger had "Vivacious Lady" postponed so he can be her hero in it.

Photo by Ted Allen

ROCHELLE HUDSON

Before you can say Brunette Bombshell, a title, incidentally, which fits Rochelle to a T, she'll tell you she's bored with ga-ga roles, saccharine publicity and—college boys. Otherwise, everything is just fine, thanks.

Photo by Gene Kornman

DON'S TRUE LOVE STORY

By Gladys Hall

WE SAT at luncheon in a private dining-room on the studio lot, a luncheon for twelve people with Don Ameche the guest of honor. Next to me sat a blonde young woman, Nordic in coloring, with bright, fair hair combed straightly back and coiled at her neck, a woman scrubbed and flowery and glowy-looking, who remarked with a happy sigh, "I'm so glad I could come today. I didn't think I could get away. But I was smart this week. I've got all the work finished, the washing and ironing out of the way, the baking done. It's nice to have a whole day just to visit."

I said, "I don't believe I got the name?"

"Mrs. Don Ameche," smiled the blonde ice-flower with the warm, deep-set blue eyes, the friendly, folksy smile.

I gasped. Ice water flung in my face by the lady's hand couldn't have evoked a gaspier gasp. I asked her to repeat what she had said. She did, eyeing me rather curiously.

Habit is strong. Custom stales the belief in any "infinite variety." And custom has led me to be sure that stars' wives, patting yawns with lovely limp hands, will say, "So glad I could come. That stupid masseuse was half an hour late, my dear. What is the world coming to?" Or, "The races, you know, take up so much time and what with seventeen cocktail parties this week, really, my calendar is *obese.*" Such plaints as these are a'plenty. But a star's wife saying, happily, that she had "red up" the house, got the washing and ironing behind her—oh, no, oh, *no!*

I stole a look at Don Ameche, darkly handsome, always smiling, his fine eyes as kind, as friendly, as the blue eyes of his wife.

GIRLS, WHAT *are* we coming to, though? For, you had better take this tale to heart. You may as well take Joe Doakes now and give up the thought of that mink coat, yachts, planes or the crown jewels to play marbles with. The next thing you know, we'll be hearing about the pies that the Duchess of Windsor used to make!

You may as well put away that dream of what life might be like if married to Clark Gable, Tyrone Power or any other movie eligible. The Gable shirts, the Taylor p. j.s take quite as much rubbing and rinsing as do those of Joe Doakes. You stand just as good a chance with Joe, I should say, of getting that electric dishwasher or latest vacuum cleaner. Really, it's shattering, this sort of thing. It's like finding out that Aladdin's Lamp was just another one of those fairy tales.

There have been all kinds of fantastic households in Hollywood. But never a Swiss Family Robinson like the Don Ameches. It is, I do swear, the only menage of its kind, now or ever, in all the Hollywoods. It's probably the Adam and Eve, the first and original movie marriage of its kind. It's real. It's rooted in schooldays romance. It's fruited with homely things, "savings against a rainy day," family obligations, younger brothers and sisters of Don's to school and clothe. It stands firm on its foundations, not to be loosed by fame or tarnished by star dust. There is a sheen over it—of love.

I know, for I made it my business to find out. As one pins a butterfly to the wall, through the middle, I cornered Mrs. Don and made her go on from there. I was more fascinated than ever I have been by any legend, any fable of fabulous Hollywood. And she talked. She talked about the babies and the home and, above all, about Don, as any happy, confident wife and mother talks, and is eager and unselfconscious in talking, about her husband and home.

They live on a ranch in the San Fernando Valley, the Ameches. It is far from the studio, but "it's good for the babies." It is the ranch formerly occupied by W. C. Fields. And what would W. C. say now to lines flapping with young Ameche underpinnings, odors of home-baked pies wafting out on the fruit-laden air; the shouts and laughter of the Sunday afternoons which Don gives exclusively to romping with his small sons, Donny and Ronny? He calls it "wrestling day."

Don Ameche's grand, declare his studio pals. He's so handsome, choruses feminine America. He's so good, says his wife.

They keep no servants. They have with them a young chap by the name of Gabriel, a girl named Anne. And between Mrs. Don and Gabriel and Ann, the work of the house and babies and gardens is done.

Don's fan mail is answered by Mrs. Don and Anne, by *hand*. Gabriel usually gets Don's breakfast; Mrs. Don gets her own and the babies'. Don's clothes are laid out for him by Gabriel, not because Don expects any valet service. "But because," laughed Honore Ameche, "if we didn't lay his clothes out, he would go out wearing one red sock and one blue; the coat of one suit, the trousers of another.

HE IS zealous to the point of being fanatical about his work. He's eager and willing to work twenty-four hours out of the twenty-four, if necessary. There is no detail too small or unimportant for him to labor over. He is so punctilious that he wouldn't take as much as a sip of cider before going on the air or on a sound stage. He says he couldn't do his best if he'd had anything to drink. He doesn't consider cocktails potions of the devil, but he does prefer Dago Red or grape juice. And if ever he does take a cocktail before dinner, he makes me drive the car.

"And yet he is as careless and casual as a six-year-old about what he considers 'unimportant matters.' And he considers himself unimportant. Not that he is falsely modest. It just wouldn't even occur to him that there is anything to be modest about. He thinks of himself as a business man with a job to do. He tells people that his ambition is to be 'a good provider for my family.' And he is. Vanity just *isn't,* where Don is concerned. I could never feel a doubt in the world about him. I could never be jealous. He has never changed, not even a little. He's so *good,*" said Honore Ameche, from her heart.

"He never buys himself anything. Yes, he did, (*Continued on page 89*)

The Ameches step out so seldom that when they do, they do it right. Here's a very recent picture of this couple at the Cocoanut Grove.

Six years after they met, the Don Ameches married! You'll agree that theirs is the most unusual romance on record

DEANNA-

Fate may have given her a chance,

"Three Smart Girls," her first picture, put Deanna Durbin (center) on the movie map. Nan Grey and Barbara Read are with her. (Above) Adolphe Menjou, Deanna and Mischa Auer in "100 Men and a Girl."

By Caroline S. Hoyt

HOLLYWOOD citizens were startled one morning a few months ago when they opened their newspapers and read two highly contradictory advertisements on the music page. Said the first:

> "For seven months the only vocal teacher of Deanna Durbin. With me she prepared the two auditions that won her the two recent long-term contracts with Universal and Eddie Cantor's radio program."

A few inches lower on the page there was the advertisement of another singing teacher, whose copy read something like this:

> "The discoverer and voice teacher of Deanna Durbin. It is he who prepared her for the Universal contract and Eddie Cantor broadcasts."

It appeared that Deanna's two singing teachers were having a slight difference of opinion. Indeed, they were not the only people who were quarreling over this thirteen-year-old girl, for two mighty studios were making faces at each other, each claiming Deanna. A bewildered public was given the impression that this child must have something more than they had been able to hear over the radio, for at that time her picture, "Three Smart Girls," had not yet been released.

DIMINUTIVE DIVA

but much more than luck and a voice keep her on top

Now, Deanna Durbin has never built a mouse-trap, I'm sure, but she is the perfect example of that old quotation about building a better one. The world, in this instance, bearing motion picture and radio contracts, beat a path to her door because she could sing a little better.

Deanna giggled at the idea of a mouse-trap having anything to do with her success. She had been under the impression that it was the direct result of having practiced her scales and vocal exercises faithfully.

She was at the studio to pose for some pictures when I found her. The hairdresser was trying out a new hair arrangement, quite different from the youthful hairdress which she ordinarily wears. It made her look a little older, although nothing but time can eradicate the unmistakable evidence of extreme youth—the round, almost chubby, pink cheeks, the look of innocence in her clear, blue eyes. It was only her radio audiences who demanded to see her birth certificate before they could believe she was born on December 4, 1922. One look at her would convince anyone that she is no more than the fourteen years she claims and, in fact, she doesn't look as old as the fourteen-year-old girl who lives next door to you.

She confided that she has grown an inch since she signed her Universal contract.

Deanna is made up of contradictions. She is at once a most charming but very non-committal child. She looks, acts and is a little girl; yet her voice is that of a mature woman, and experts say her throat is fully developed. Her blue, wool knitted dress, her sturdy school shoes with their flat heels all bespeak youth, but at the same time she has all the poise of a seasoned trouper. She never wears lipstick or any make-up except for work, and, unlike many girls her age, she has never had a beau and doesn't seem interested in boys in a romantic way.

The Durbin family lives in an unpretentious house near the studio, and life at that home now revolves entirely around its youthful star. However, it always has done so. Deanna's mother, a quiet, unassuming little woman with a decided Canadian accent, is not a stage mama in any sense of the word. She looks after her child to the best of her ability, but she doesn't spoil her. She is still a little bewildered and not sure of just what has happened, but glad it did. She doesn't like to read things about Deanna that aren't true.

"Deanna's ambition is some day to be good enough to sing at the Metropolitan," she told me, as we sat in a deserted office at the studio and waited for Deanna. "But it is foolish to think of such a thing now. She has years of study ahead of her and I'd like to have that straightened out. It has been printed that Deanna had an opportunity to make an audition for the Metropolitan," she said, almost apologetically. "That isn't true, and it's such a silly thing for anyone to say."

THE FIRST time I saw this wonder child she was sitting up in bed, clad in a pair of pink pajamas, making a scene for "Three Smart Girls." Another more important and much older star was the reason for my visit to the set and had occupied my attention until the order for "quiet" was given, and I heard Deanna's (*Continued on page 84*)

When Deanna made her first trip to New York, did she want to visit a night club? No, this unsophisticated youngster had other plans. (Below) Another scene from our songbird's first cinema triumph.

SHE'S TAKING IT

By Franc Dillon

CLAUDETTE COLBERT stood in the doorway of her dressing-room dressed in a brown tailored suit and a very becoming hat which had a chicken feather sticking up in front. She laughed when I mentioned it.

"My maid bought it for me," she said. "I've been working so hard on my last picture that I haven't had a minute to shop. Today I was giving a luncheon for six women and what girl could give a luncheon without a new hat? So I sent the maid out for some brown hats and this is one of them."

She looked as calm and unruffled as though I had not been a half hour late for my appointment. Everything about her was restful—the cool, cheerful sitting-room, which had been newly decorated in gay chintzes, the atmosphere of orderliness about her.

"I was afraid you'd walk out on me, I was so late," I began," but she only laughed.

"There's no hurry," she drawled. "This is the first time in my life that I was ever on time. A year ago I might have been upset at having to wait but I've gotten over being in such a rush. I'm learning to take it easy.

"What do you get out of life if you don't stop to enjoy it as you go along?" she asked, warming to her subject. "You rush along, working yourself into a frenzy over a lot of trivialities and realize too late that you have missed half the scenery.

"It wasn't so long ago that I thought I had to make a certain number of pictures every year; I thought if I was off the screen a few weeks my career was over; if I was held up by a traffic signal for one minute I fretted myself almost into a breakdown. I've learned better."

IT WAS a series of incidents that taught her this lesson. Incidents that impressed her as being bad breaks at the time they occurred but when viewed in retrospect turned out to be lucky breaks.

"Remember when I first came to Hollywood and after making one picture I sailed off on a leisurely four-mouths' trip to Europe?" asked Claudette. "I had made two bad pictures in New York and didn't wait to learn how the one I made here had turned out. All my friends advised me not to go away just then. They said audiences would forget me; that I was risking my whole career by leaving before I was firmly established.

"I thought that they were probably right, but I went anyway and had a marvelous time. When I came back, I started right in where I had left off. Certainly that is one instance where I lost nothing by taking my time. The trip cost me money, of course—I mean, money I lost by not working—but it was a wonderful experience and, I believe, was what made me begin to realize the unimportance of a lot of things I had always believed were terribly important."

As she sat opposite me on the comfortable divan, she looked the picture of contentment. There wasn't a line in her face; there wasn't a nervous movement in her whole makeup. The splashes of roses and green leaves on the cream-colored slip-covers on the furniture were no more vivid than her own coloring—the sparkle in her brown eyes, the rich brown of her hair with its reddish glints. It was a far cry to the experiences she had undergone when, for seven weeks, she worked on exteriors for the picture, "I Met Him In Paris," in Sun Valley, Idaho.

"You'll be away seventeen days," they told her when she left for the distant location, but the company stayed seven weeks. Except for ten days when she was in bed with influenza, Claudette worked every day—long days, too, that began at sunrise. "Only most days the sun forgot to rise," she explained. "We had to be on location, twenty-five miles from the hotel, by eight o'clock in case the sun would shine. Then, with the temperature any place from 35° below zero to 85° above, we waited and waited until there was no longer a chance for sunshine.

"I had a little heater that I put my feet on, but if my feet were warm, my hands were cold. It was quite an experience," she concluded.

ALTHOUGH she is not supposed to be an expert at any of the winter sports (in the picture, I mean) she had to learn enough about them to be an amateur.

"I didn't know a Gelaende sprung from a Christy turn when I went up there. When I went to bed at night after practicing them for hours I felt like an overworked adagio dancer.

"I practiced until I could do a few simple antics on skates, but the skis are something else. The experts would come booming down the mountains at a terrifying speed. It looked very simple until I tried it.

"The teacher's favorite phrase to me was, 'You are stemming again—always stemming.' Stemming is the easiest thing about skiing. It's the most natural thing in the world to have your skis turn in pigeon-toe fashion. The only trouble is that when that happens you usually fall down. I never did get off what they called the 'nursery slope'."

At night when the company returned to the Inn—sometimes on a snow plow if no other method of transportation could get through the deep drifts—Claudette invariably went to her room, had her dinner on a tray and went right to bed. This practice led some of the Eastern society crowd, up there for the winter sports, to remark that she was "not at all like our idea of a Hollywood movie star."

(*Continued on page 78*)

EASY

Are you rushing the present to get into the future? Claudette Colbert isn't—and here's why

Shirley Ross supplies the heart interest
"Waikiki Wedding." Wait till you
have to say about their Dad's

BING

And our once-carefree crooner is confronted with a grave problem. How shall he solve it?

By Gladys Hall

in Bing's latest croon-fest, hear what the Crosby chillun screen romances!

The Crosbys believe in big families. Here's Dixie with Dennis, Phillip and Gary. Sir Stork's flappin' his wings again.

GROWS UP

MY SON, Gary, saw his first motion picture not long ago," Bing said. "It was 'Rhythm on the Range.' When he came home I asked him how he liked it. He seemed to be struck dumb with embarrassment. He stood first on one foot, then on the other. He wouldn't look at me or his mother. I asked him again what he thought of the picture. He finally blurted out, in kind of a hard, cold, little voice, 'You kissed a girl.' You could have knocked me down. I tried to explain that it was just make-believe. He didn't seem to be convinced for, still refusing to look at me, he said, 'She is a bad girl.'

"That sure gave me something to think about," said Bing, "a reaction like that from a kid not quite four. I think I understood, though. I could imagine what I would have thought if I had seen my Dad 'kissing a girl.' But it couldn't have happened to me. That's where I was lucky. Nope, it couldn't have happened among the kind of people I was brought up with.

"How do you bring kids up these days as they should be brought up? What with radio and pictures and parents in this business, how do you keep them unspoiled and unsophisticated as they should be. It sure worries me."

And it sure surprised me. Somehow one does not associate Bing—Bing with the catch in his voice—with parental worries. But one has to, for Bing has grown up. This worry of Bing's gives us the clue to Crosby, as he is today, as he has always been, really. Bing is old-fashioned.

Bing has never got away, in heart, from the comfortable, shabby house in Spokane, Washington, where he and his six brothers and sisters grew up, worked and played and had their chores to do; learned the value of a dollar because they had to earn a dollar when they wanted one; got old-fashioned spankings when they deserved them and where they did the most good; honored their father and their mother; were taught to obey the Golden Rule.

"We all had our chores to do," Bing said. "We washed and wiped the dishes by turns. We chopped wood and stacked it. We ran errands. We washed windows. We mowed the lawn. The first crooning I ever did was over a lawn mower. We lived at home, of course, and the folks paid our tuitions at school. But we had to do everything else for ourselves. Had to buy our own clothes as soon as we were any size at all. If we wanted to go to a movie Saturday night, we had to hustle and earn fifty cents or a dollar, and if we didn't earn it, we didn't go.

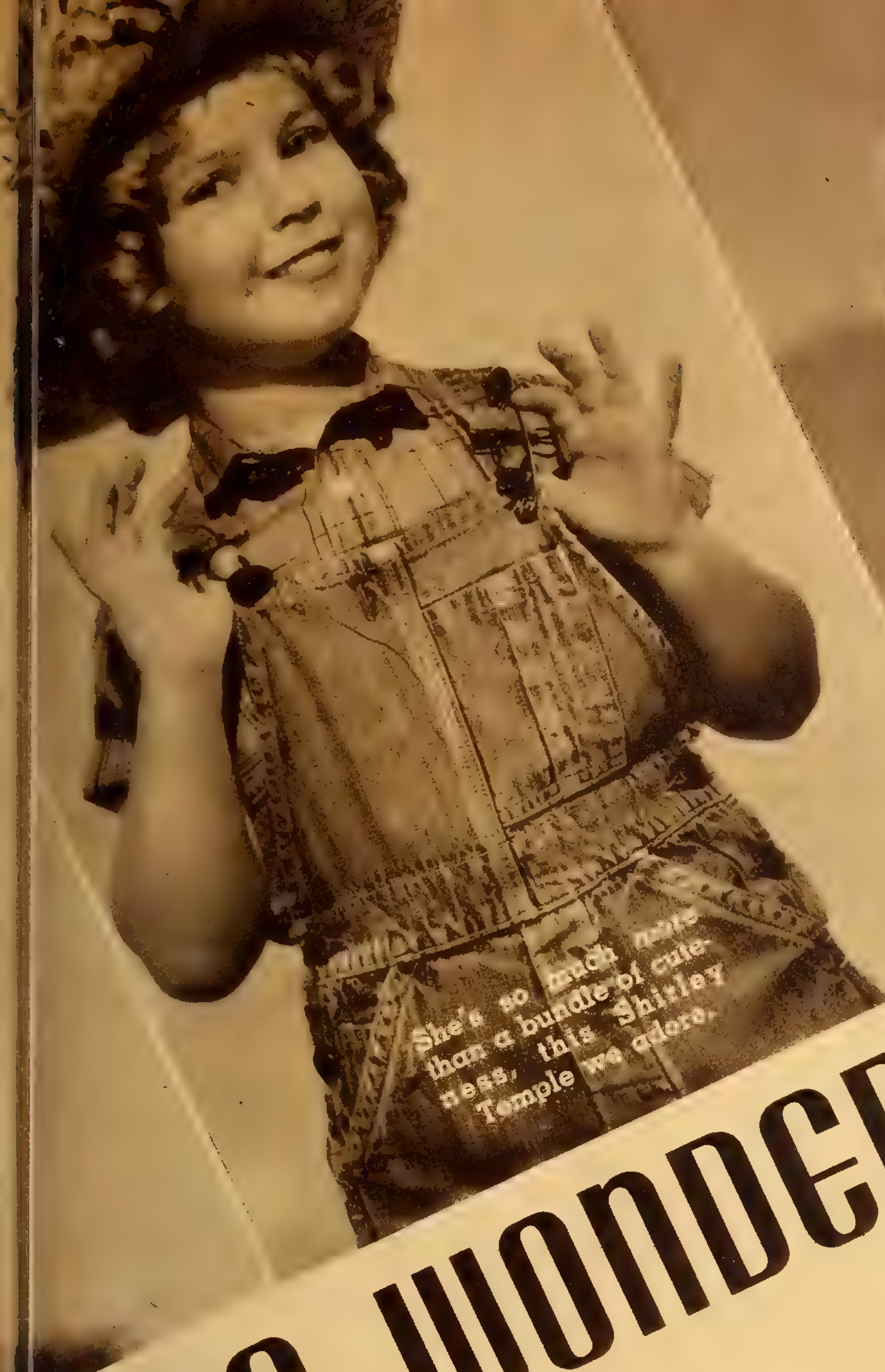
"We didn't keep a servant. That was rich man's stuff. Our mother cooked and baked and sewed for the lot of us. She still does," grinned Bing. "If I have a cold, she's right over at our house on Toluca Lake (she and Pop live a few blocks away from us), and she puts me to bed whether I like it or not and doses me up with all the old-fashioned remedies. If any one of us does anything she doesn't approve of very much, including me, she tells us off plenty. She tells me off plenty. Occasionally, some fake publicity story will break, and if she doesn't like the sound of it, she's right after me, demanding to know what I'm going to do about it. (*Continued on page 83*)

There's sound sense in that lovable child, Freddie Bartholomew.

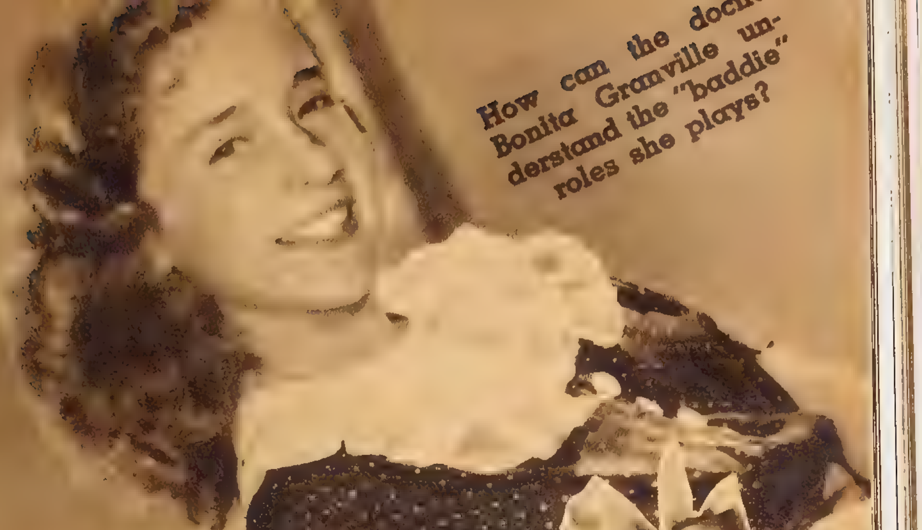
GEE, THOSE KIDS

And there isn't one among them who claims to be a child prodigy! Yet, there are definite reasons why they're so very successful

By Faith Service



She's so much more than a bundle of cuteness, this Shirley Temple we adore.



How can the docu
Bonita Granville understand the "baddie" roles she plays?

ARE WONDERFUL!

Jane Withers, the picture prankster, is *that* practical off-screen!

I CAN'T say that I actually believe in reincarnation," said Aunt Cissie Bartholomew slowly, "but when it comes to Freddie, I—well, I don't know how else to account for him. He is a puzzle and something of a miracle to me every day I live. And I have lived every day with him since he was an infant. I still can't understand how he knows what he knows—things I know he has never been told, never read, never experienced. True, I have read to him extensively, Shakespeare, Dickens, the classics. I have talked with him considerably. But he can discuss things, understand things I know he has never known—in this life.

"One instance stands vividly in my mind. Freddie was three. It was Freddie's first day in London. We were riding on a bus. We passed the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Instantly, as if automatically obeying some instinctive impulse, Freddie rose in his seat, stood erect and, without the slightest trace of self-consciousness, saluted the tomb of the Unknown Soldier!"

Aunt Cissie paused a moment. "Some of the people in the bus smiled," she recalled. "A few had tears in their eyes. I sat there, frozen. I was plain scared. He had never even been taught to salute in play. How did he know?

"Just the other night I had a nightmare. I was dreaming that kidnappers were in the house. I was struggling with them, terrified. I woke to find Freddie standing over me, patting my shoulder, saying reassuringly, 'It's all right, Aunt Cissie, those men have gone, dear.' I stared at him and said, 'What do you mean, Freddie, what men?' He answered, 'The kidnappers, the one with the black beard and long sort of hair. I knew what you were dreaming, you see, so I just wanted to wake you and tell you we are all right.'

(*Continued on page 91*)

Stay Young With

Movie actresses look younger as the years roll on. Yes, there's

THE FOUR actresses on these two pages seem to get younger, instead of older, as the years go by. Why, there's Irene Dunne, who went out to Hollywood back about 1931 to play in a dear little flop called "Leathernecking" or something, and today in 1937 she looks five years younger than she did then. Jean Arthur's first attempt at picture fame, which ended unhappily, is remembered well enough by all of you, and you'll also remember how her lack of chic and spirit made her seem older five years ago than she does now. Miriam Hopkins looks younger right this minute than she did when she was playing in "The Camel Through the Needle's Eye" for the Theatre Guild in '29. Colbert looks younger than when she was playing in "The Barker." Hollywood is full of such examples. Norma Shearer. Myrna Loy. Janet Gaynor. They've *all* been in pictures at least ten years, so yuh know they must be over thirty, no matter what their press agents say.

Miriam Hopkins, yesterday (inset) and today! It's hard to believe, but, almost ten years ago, when she was still on the stage, Miriam looked older than she does this minute.

Granted, thirty's no great age. But don't you know a score of women of thirty-odd who look at least ten years older? I'll go further. There are dozens of movie stars of a former day, who are over forty, and are, today, chic, slim, vital, young-looking. Not all dewy and pink and white and completely unlined as to face—no. None but a sap would expect it. But just as lovely for all that with their good figures, their clear, well-tended skins, their wit and charm and poise. Billie Burke. Aileen Pringle. Billie Dove. Dorothy Mackaill. Lila Lee. The ones who have gotten fat and puffy or burned-out looking and too thin are the exceptions.

Let me take up your sales resistance first, before I start my little thesis entitled, "If they can do it, why can't you?"

"These women have a lot of money," you say. "They have a lot of time. They have many serv-

Staying young is the star's job. If she can do it, why can't you? Claudette Colbert echoes, "Why not, indeed?" And *she's* learned beauty secrets since her "Barker" days in '29.

Way back in 1931, Irene Dunne appeared in "Leathernecking," and this is how she looked. Quite different from the beauteous, glamorous creature she is today!

ants. They were pretty darn beautiful, or anyhoo, exceptionally good-looking, to start with. With the aforementioned money they can buy the services of masseuses, beauty experts of every description, French maids to keep their clothes in exquisite order, coif their hair, manicure, pedicure, and pat the phizz with sweet-smelling unguents after the day's work at the studio. And all these advantages help to keep them young."

Answering all that, I'll concede one point: They were all pretty fine critters to start with. But your other arguments—phooey! Just give a second's thought to wealthy, non-professional women whom you may know or whom you see in the roto sections. Are they always lovely and young-looking? No. Frequently, they're far too fat, often they're not particularly chic, often they're downright dowdy. Because they sometimes don't give a hoot, or they've let easy living make them fat and soft, or too strenuous living render them too thin and haggard. Money alone ain't the answer, ladies. Nor servants. And so far as time goes, I don't know who has less time than a popular movie star, such'n as Mlles. Arthur, Dunne, Colbert and Hopkins.

It's the will to keep yourself in trim that's the answer. The pride in yourself, the will power to pass up a few measly eating and drinking pleasures and the intelligence to prevent before you have to cure.

You girls in the late twenties and early thirties, watch these things: Add to your regular list of cosmetics a cream that you use exclusively for softening and gentle massage. A tissue cream is what such a beauty aid is usually called. It is heavier in oil content than your cleansing cream. Young gals don't need such, but you do. Don't wait for the first lines to appear but start using a soften-

(*Continued on page 93*)

Jean Arthur bungled up her start in pictures because she lacked chic and pep. Remember "Cameo Kirby"? Today, paradoxically, her success is based on her vitality and "polish."

The Stars

By Mary Marshall

a secret—and it's simple! You can learn it in no time, too

FLYING TO FAME

By Robert H. McIlwaine

Little did John Trent know, when he piloted a producer, that Fate flew, too.

Pretty Marian Marsh plays John's romantic moment in "The Great Gambini," a thriller.

JOHN TRENT literally flew his way into the movies. Yes, and he will be the first to tell you that piloting a giant transport plane was no tough job! But emoting before the cameras; well, there's *another* story—yet, at that, one he doesn't mind discussing.

It seems that Producer B. P. Schulberg needed only one long look and the unanimous vote of his party of friends, aboard a plane en route to Kansas City, to convince him that John Trent—then Pilot La Verne Brown—was definitely a picture possibility. It was shortly after this initial trip that Mr. Schulberg travelled the skyways again with this same pilot at the controls. And it was on this second flight that the producer broached the subject of a screen test to an already-satisfied-with-life pilot.

"I thought at first that Ben was just being nice," Trent confessed, "and so I promised to call him up if ever I felt the movie urge. Then I promptly forgot about it all until several months later when I received a telegram from him. I still didn't think too much about it though. In fact, I'm afraid I didn't even answer the wire. I had a good job, I figured, so why tackle something new when, after years, I had finally converted my family to becoming airminded? It was no easy task selling them on the idea of my going into aviation, but I at last had accomplished it, so I didn't even want to think about a change. But evidently Fate stepped in and worked things out.

"Ben travelled with me quite often after that and each time he'd invariably ask when I was going to work for him. Well, to make a short story long, while I was on vacation, I visited Hollywood. Just for a gag, I called Ben and told him I'd like to make a test. I thought it would be fun and at least something (*Continued on page 88*)

John Trent is making the movie grade at aviator's speed

WEALTHY AND WISE

Sylvia Sidney owes it all to Benjamin Franklin!

By Dorothy Herzog

A GENTLEMAN named Benjamin Franklin once said, "Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

Mr. Franklin was around quite some years before the advent of Sylvia Sidney, of Hollywood and New York fame, but Sylvia effectively practices at least part of Mr. Franklin's advice. She rises early. In *many* ways, she rises early.

Sylvia Sidney has come East upon the completion of each of her pictures. Having no home in New York, she has lived at a hotel. Being healthy, wealthy and wise, she began to wonder why not have her own apartment in New York, one arranged exactly as she enjoys a place. So, no sooner thought of than done. And now, in a brownstone house that has been converted into apartments, Sylvia is set up to her complete satisfaction.

"I don't really want unnecessary possessions," she said, very seriously. "I like to travel light."

"It's funny that you've never owned property on the Coast," we remarked. "The real estate 'bug' usually gets everyone in pictures."

Sylvia's small, oval face was wreathed in a smile. "It nearly got me once," she admitted. "That was just shortly after I went to Hollywood. Mother and I leased a house in Beverly. The person who owned it wanted to sell. I had it investigated to see if the deed and titles and such were clear. I found they weren't. There was a mortgage and, as a matter of fact, I could purchase the property for the amount of the mortgage—which, by the way, was much lower than the high price placed on it for my benefit. So, I didn't do anything about it."

"Do you have a business manager?" we queried.

I MANAGE myself," she laughed. "I used to have a paid manager. Then one day I asked myself, why should I? Didn't I have the sense to look out for myself that I had before I got into pictures? Couldn't I take a certain amount of time each day and attend to whatever bills or orders or writing of checks needed to be attended to? I could. And did."

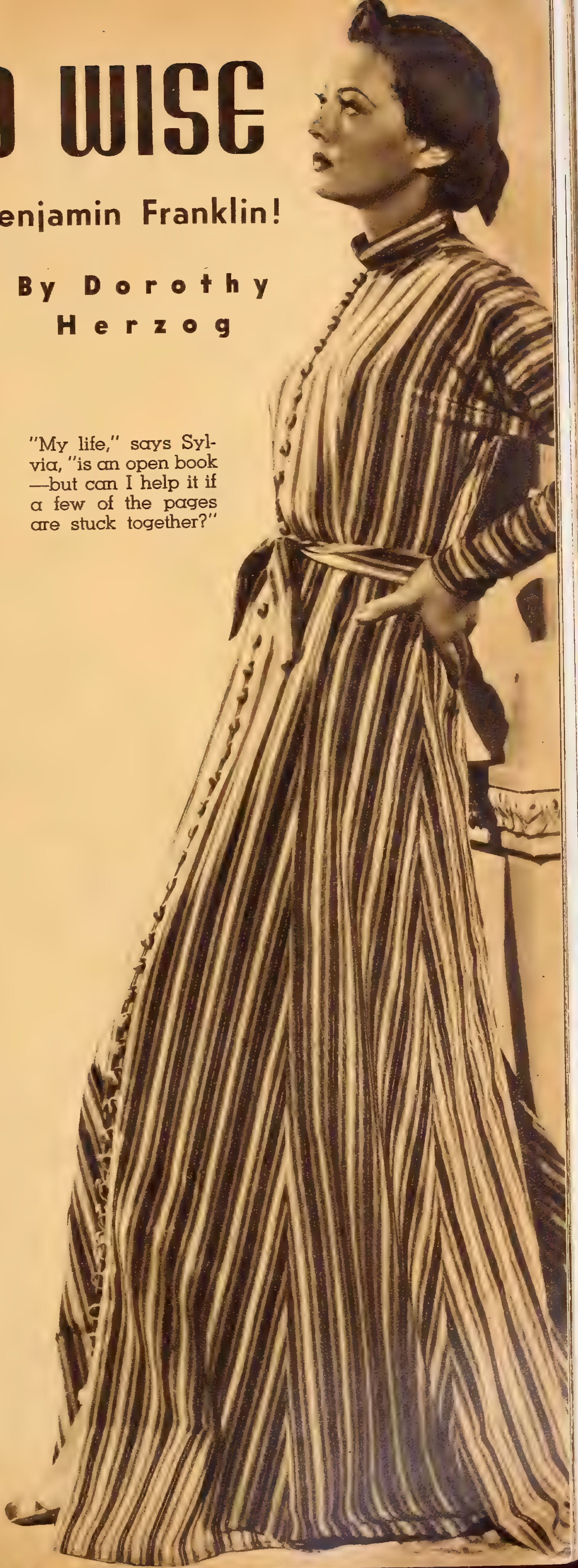
This is where the second half of Mr. Franklin's advice comes in. Sylvia finds time to attend to such matters because she's an early bird. She rises around seven, regardless of what hour she retired. When she is making a picture, she gets up at six.

"They call me a menace on the set," she laughed, "because I'm always on time."

But she loves it. "My friends don't care for it much, though. I sometimes forget eight o'clock's early and after I've been up an hour or so, I'll pick up the phone and call someone. You should listen in on the reception given me!" She shivered. "Vocal icebergs!"

Curious person, Sylvia Sidney. We remember, years ago, when she arrived in Hollywood to fulfill her first movie contract. We remember some of the stories that filtered around the town about what a temperamental girl she was. She was also credited with making big statements about herself and what a shining career as a star she was going to have. To our knowledge, she never denied any of these stories.

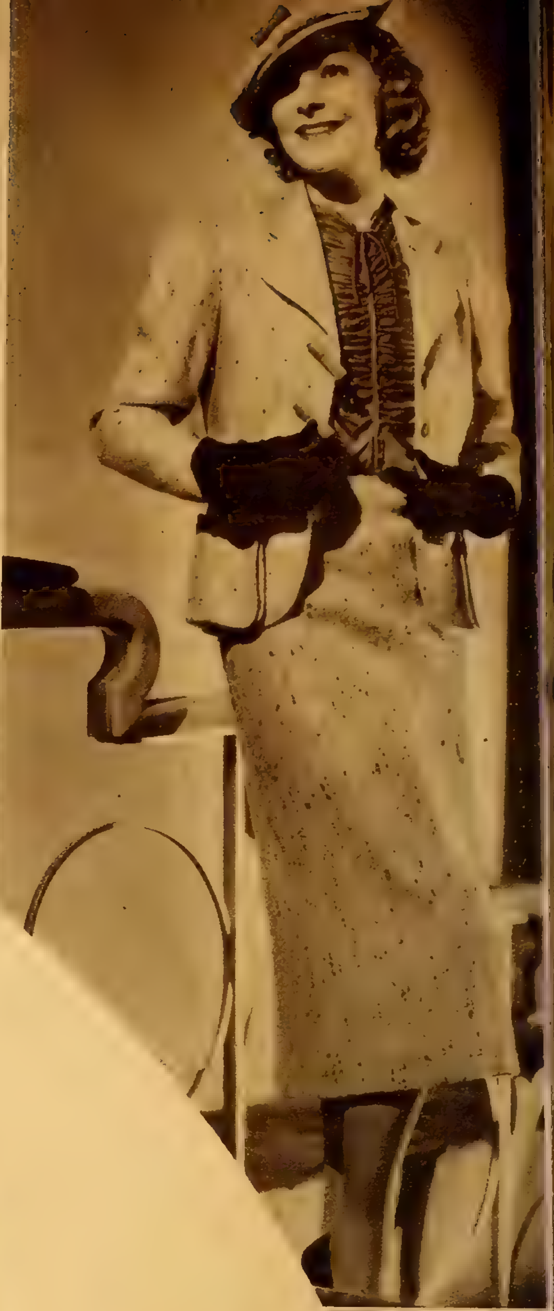
"I never did," she admitted. (*Continued on page 86*)

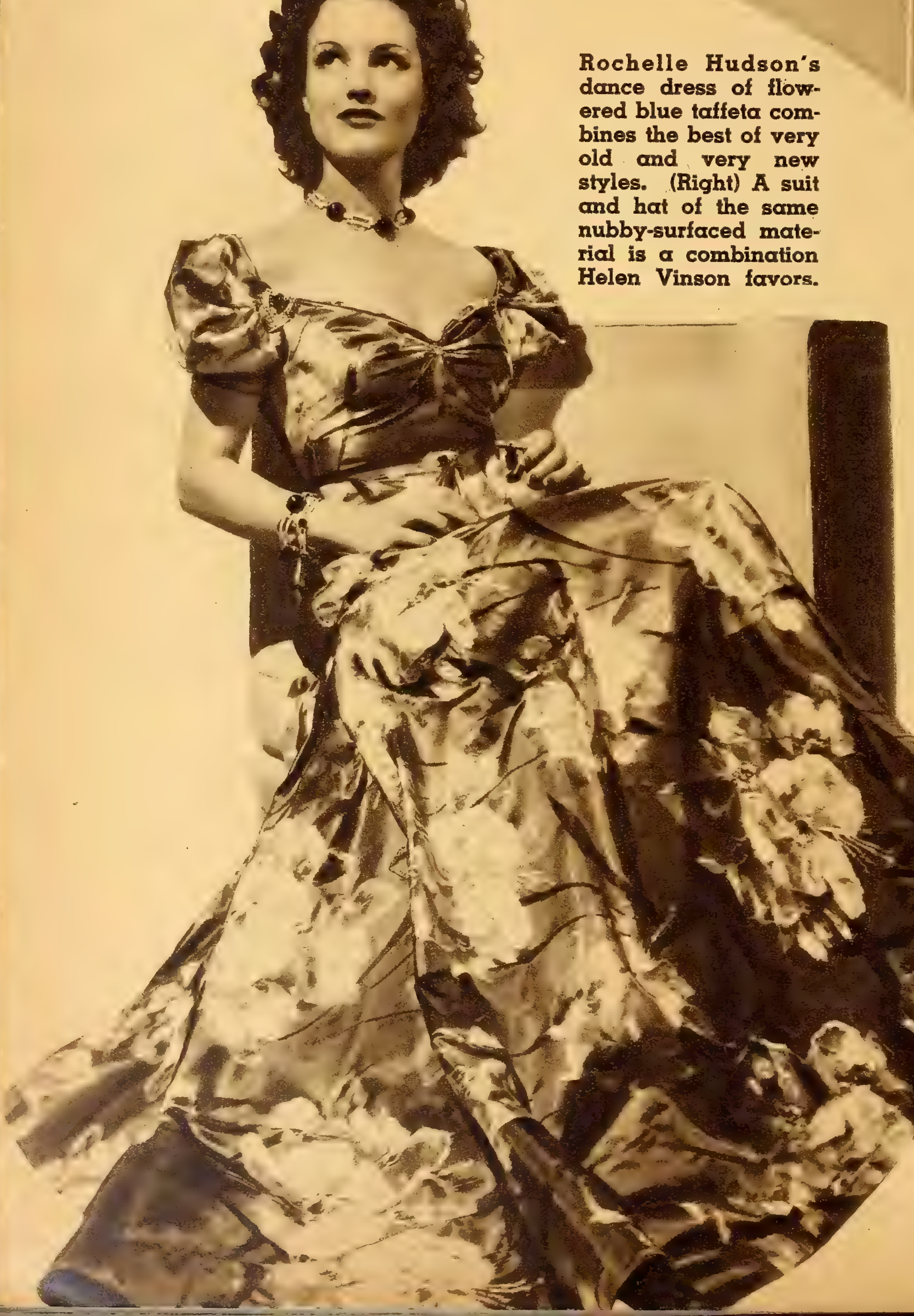


"My life," says Sylvia, "is an open book—but can I help it if a few of the pages are stuck together?"

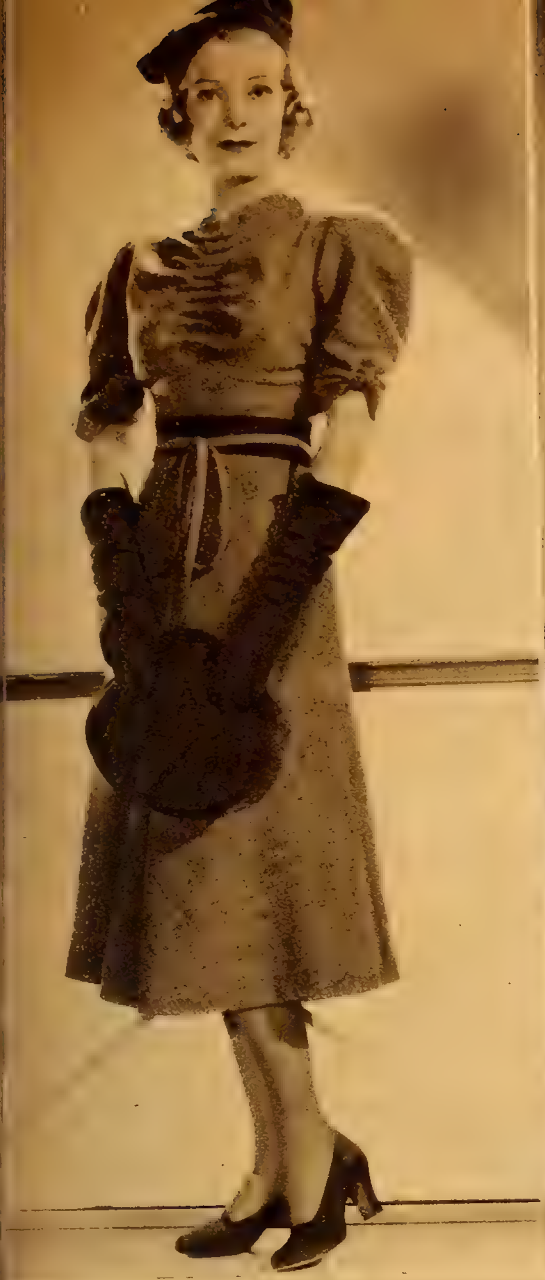
Fall Fashions Forecast

By Ann Wills

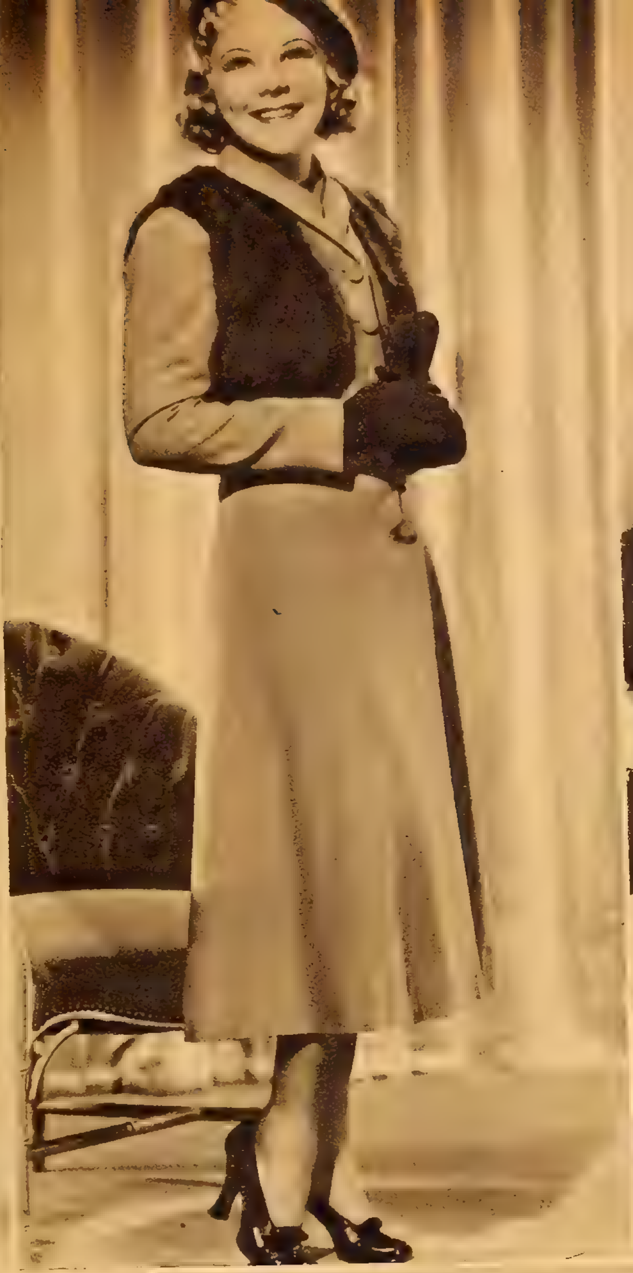




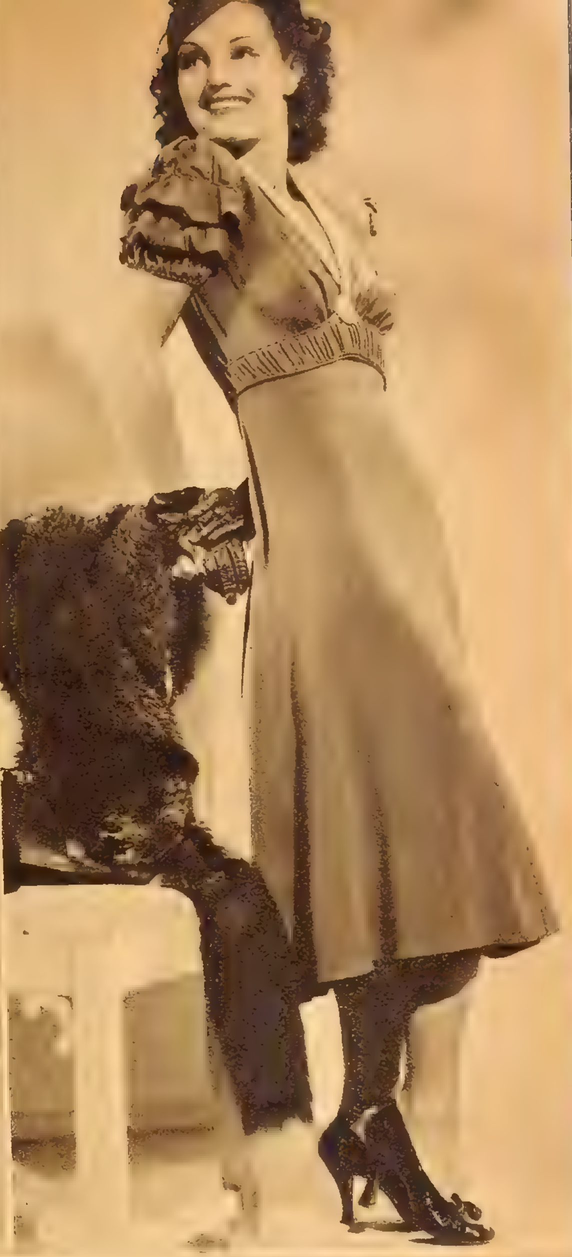
Rochelle Hudson's dance dress of flowered blue taffeta combines the best of very old and very new styles. (Right) A suit and hat of the same nubby-surfaced material is a combination Helen Vinson favors.



A swing-skirted dress is Helen Vinson's salute to Autumn. Details most important to watch for are front fullness in your skirts, low waistline and material of a rough texture.



Three coats in one is Sonja Henie's, with detachable fur bolero. Don't let the brown ermine scare you! There are tricks to every trade, and furriers have been working overtime.



Rochelle, the fashion guide for the gadabout college girl, wears the new heartbeat crepe dress. It's her choice for those Summer-into-Fall days and very alluring.

ANY GIRL with a grain of clothes sense and just a little money can look well dressed in midsummer or midwinter," Helen Vinson told me one day, as we settled down to a pot of tea and our favorite subject. "But look around you in late August and early September. Look at the clothes women are wearing, if you can bear it. It is those transition days from Summer into Fall that few women are prepared for. To be well-dressed then is a real test of a girl's enterprise and judgment.

"It takes a lot of energy to have something in your wardrobe for the first Fall days, because you feel so comfortable all along in your Summer sports things of linen and sheer silk that you don't want to make the effort even to think of woolens and furs. It takes keen judgment too, because the most marked changes in fashion are launched in the Fall. You can't just pick up a simple crepe dress or tweedy suit and feel that you are ready for that inevitable morning when there is a hint of Autumn in the air. The lines and the fabric are apt to look like something you found in the attic. You have to study what the really good Hollywood designers are launching in new pictures, follow the fashion news from Paris and then figure out what is best for you in the new style trends. To be all ready to slip into a brand-new outfit of quite different type from your Summer clothes as soon as the first green leaf is tinged with russet—that's having real clothes sense."

This year Helen did not have to figure out for herself what her first Autumn outfits would be. She was so enchanted by the clothes designed by Omar Kiam for her to wear in "Vogues of 1938" that at the completion of the picture she bought them from the studio. Omar Kiam was one of New York's most distinguished dress designers before he went to Hollywood, and since he has been there it has been a toss-up whether Paris followed his innovations or whether he had second sight that told him which way the Paris fashions were heading. When you see his name on the screen as costume designer for certain productions, get out pencil and paper and make notes on details of the costumes. Fashion experts always do.

Two designs, which are illustrated, show innumerable details that are important in the new fashions. The fur-jacket ensemble shows how subtly front fullness is introduced into the new dresses. In this case it is by horizontal tucks. Two-color ensembles in soft blended tones are important this Autumn, and this one is quite the loveliest color combination you ever saw—a rosy hue almost as pink as shrimp with brown ermine jacket and accessories. Don't let that jacket of ermine discour- *(Continued on page 80)*

A trio of players shows you style trends of early Autumn

MAKE WAY FOR MIKE

Fate threatened Whalen three times—but a sense of humor saved him for success

Michael has been in Hollywood over five years, but until a year ago, you never heard of him! Here he is in a rough-and-tumble bit from "Lady Escapes" with Gloria Stuart.

By Ben Maddox

MICHAEL WHALEN decided, definitely, to come to Hollywood when he woke up one "morning after." Fun was fun, and friends might turn into real foes, but things had been carried a trifle too far!

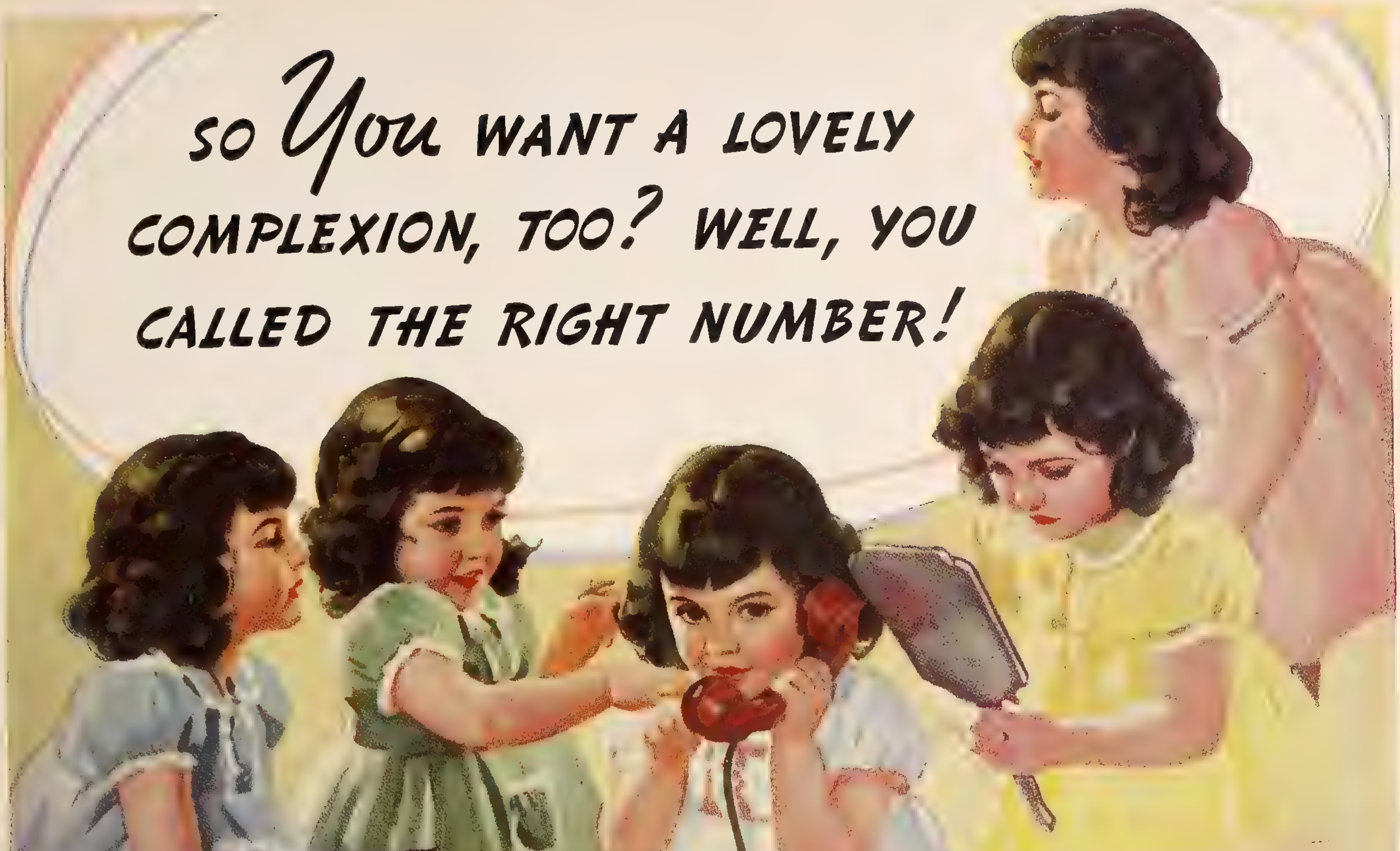
If you had suddenly found yourself lying across the tracks in a New York subway, how would you have felt? Mike came to with a terrific start. The ominous whistle of an onrushing express shrilled through his head. For one instant he was appalled to discover where he was. He's always been quick-witted, and at that moment he was more so than ever. Somehow, drained though he was of vigor, he rolled over and off those tracks. The subway express passed. Then another thundered by before he could rise to his feet.

Today, in his home in Beverly Hills, he recalls that he has been in Hollywood five and a quarter years. "For three years and nine months I attempted to get a break!" You never heard of him until he did get his chance and overnight was a popular leading man. In the past year or so he has heroed in thirteen films.

He remembers, though, the prelude to this movie chapter, the untold climax to his New York venture. Across from me in the California Spanish living-room, he dominated the couch on which he sat puffing on his pipe. He was casually correct in sports slacks, polo shirt and plaid coat. But what he confessed was by no means conventional. I'd asked him what Hollywood had done to him, honestly, before and after screen success.

"I don't know whether I should talk like this," he replied, blue eyes forgetting to laugh. "You see, I haven't told anyone here all about myself. Perhaps it will be all right to be completely candid now. To tell you how I've found Hollywood, before and after recognition, I'd have to go on from where I've been stopping. Everything I've said to writers has been true, but I've kind of skipped over some episodes that have been (*Continued on page 76*)

SO *You* WANT A LOVELY COMPLEXION, TOO? WELL, YOU CALLED THE RIGHT NUMBER!



THE DIONNE QUINS give you their "Beauty Secret"

YOU SEE, WE HAVE VERY SENSITIVE SKIN

"If you think *your* complexion is a problem, you ought to hear about ours! For we've always had such sensitive skin. And if it hadn't been for Dr. Dafoe, goodness knows what troubles we might have had!"

WE MUST USE THE MOST SOOTHING SOAP

"When we were tiny babies, Dr. Dafoe bathed us only with Olive Oil. So when we were ready for soap and water baths you can imagine how carefully he chose the soap made from the most soothing ingredients."

DR. DAFOE SAID ONLY PALMOLIVE

"Dr. Dafoe chose Palmolive, the soap made with gentle Olive Oil. We're mighty glad he did, for we've never had any complexion trouble. In fact, everyone says we have unusually lovely soft, smooth skin!"

WHY DR. DAFOE CHOSE PALMOLIVE

Because the Quins were born prematurely their skin has always required very special care. Here is Dr. Dafoe's own statement:

"For some time after their birth the Dionne Quintuplets were bathed with Olive Oil. When the time arrived for soap and water baths, we chose Palmolive Soap exclusively for bathing these famous babies."

Allan Roy Dafoe

SO DON'T YOU THINK PALMOLIVE IS BEST FOR YOUR COMPLEXION, TOO?

"Isn't our experience a beauty lesson for *you?* Doesn't it stand to reason, that if Palmolive is safest for *our* tender skin, it must be best for *yours,* too? Well anyway, our advice is, only *Palmolive,* the soap made with gentle Olive Oil."

Why Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, makes complexions soft, smooth, young again

Beauty experts advise the daily use of Palmolive Soap because Palmolive is made with Olive and Palm oils. That's why its lather is different—rich, soothing and penetrating. Palmolive softens, freshens and stimulates the skin, helping to restore attractive, natural color.

Why not use Palmolive regularly? Let its gentle, *different* lather help make your complexion lovelier, *younger-looking!*

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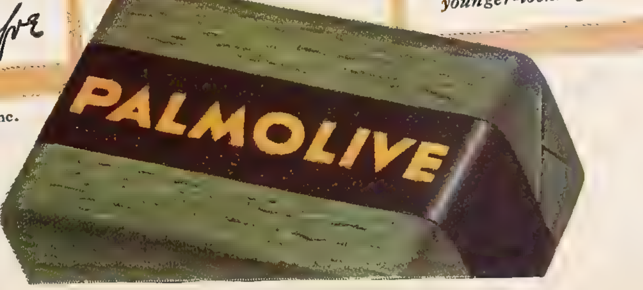


TO KEEP YOUR OWN COMPLEXION ALWAYS LOVELY, USE THIS BEAUTY SOAP CHOSEN FOR THE QUINS

All DRESSED UP AND READY TO GO

...BE SURE YOU'RE WEARING—

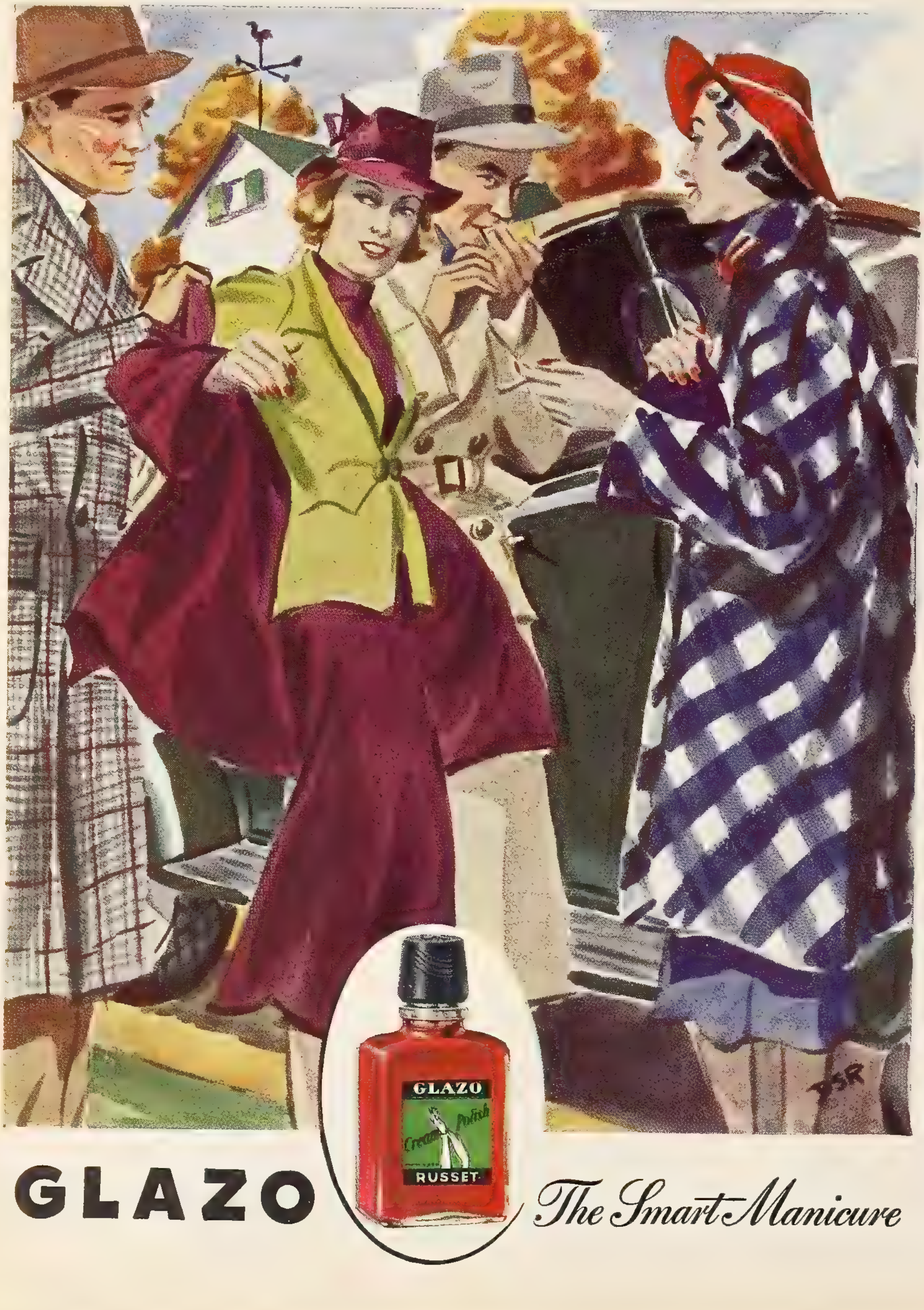
GLAZO'S *"Misty" Tints*

FOR that Memorable Moment...that Occasion demanding your most glamorous gown, your carefuliest grooming, let one of Glazo's "Misty" nail polish colors climax your charm.

Choose one of these debonair new shades...Thistle, Old Rose, Russet and Suntan, Rust, Dahlia, Imperial Red, or Shell, Flame, Natural. Among them there are bound to be the perfect colors for *you*...to flatter your own skin-tone, to blend with your chosen fabrics.

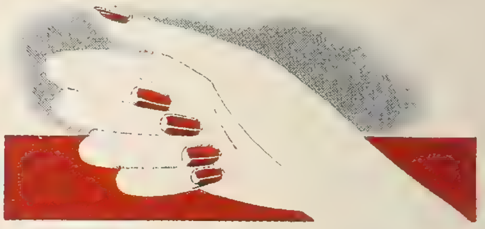
Watch your hands bloom into new, exciting beauty! Discover how poised, how sure of yourself you feel...conscious that you are looking your loveliest. Wearing Glazo's misty, smoky tints, you're *Right to your Fingertips!*

Smooth as a debutante's chatter is Glazo on the nail. Its satin lustre doesn't fade, doesn't peel. And how Glazo does solve that "thickening" nuisance! The last drop in that thrifty 25-cent bottle goes on as easily, as perfectly, as the first.

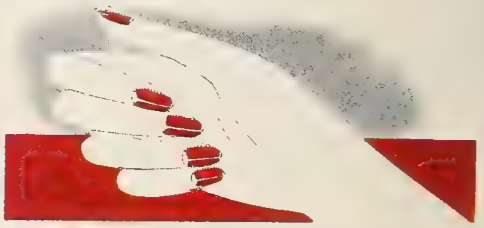


Subtle, exciting colors... and long-wearing Glazo doesn't fade or thicken!

OLD ROSE *A subtle, smoky rose. Utterly feminine and flattering. Lovely with fashion's new "off-colors," with pastels...No chipping...No peeling.*



THISTLE *A new misty beige-rose. Equally perfect with pale or dark skin. Excellent for wear with gray, beige, green, brown...No chipping...No peeling.*



RUSSET *A misty red with subtle brown undertone. Becoming to almost every type of skin. Enchanting with light or dark colors...No chipping...No peeling.*

GLAZO *The Smart Manicure*

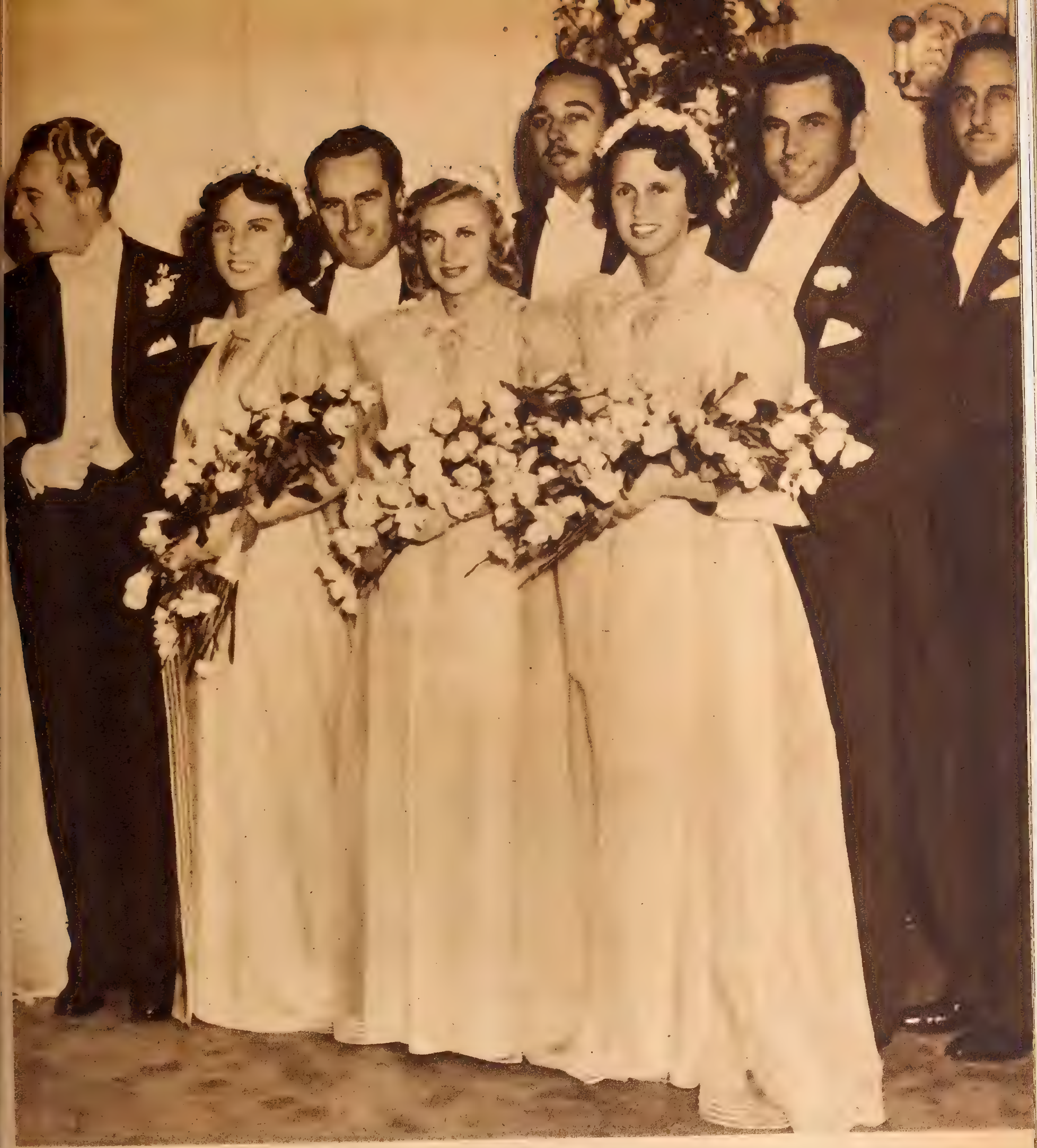
WALTER WINCHELL SHOOTING MACDONALD-RAYMOND WEDDING

WEDDING BELLS • And so they

The MacDonald-Raymond wedding was colossal, terrific, stupendous! Yep, 'twas strictly a four-star production! The night was perfect—the moon rode high, the air cool and clear and the picturesque Wilshire Methodist Church a scene of beauty.

The ceremony, scheduled for nine o'clock, actually started at 9:40. Long before the organ pealed out the Wedding March, crowds thronged the streets. Police and ropes held back the curious. Photographers' bulbs popped, as Movietown's famous poured into the church.

Outside and in there were great to-dos. Airplanes and advertising blimps flew overhead, but nobody paid much attention to 'em. All eyes were fastened on the lighted church. There, in an impressively beautiful ceremony,

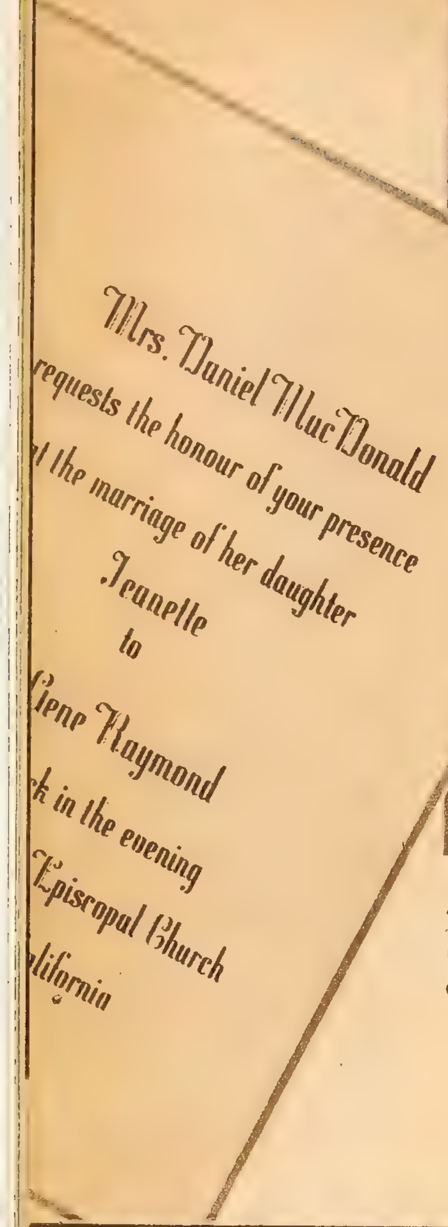


were married—Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond

Gene and Jeanette were saying their "I do's."

The bride wore a gown of flesh pink (her favorite color) mousseline, over a delicate pink taffeta, full sleeves, a lace collar and a tiny bouquet of flowers at her throat. Her long veil was of pink tulle; her cap was edged with flowers. She carried a gold embroidered, satin prayer book with the initials "G" and "J" embossed in the corner and was given away by her mother, Mrs. Daniel MacDonald.

All in all, it was one of Cinemaland's most spectacular events. Estimated cost of the wedding was $25,000, and the gifts almost equalled that figure again. Handsomest present was a set of solid silver plates, from the executives of Jeanette's studio. Hollywood will long remember this happy occasion!


Mrs. Daniel MacDonald
requests the honour of your presence
t the marriage of her daughter
Jeanette
to
Gene Raymond
k in the evening
Episcopal Church
lifornia

Romantic in white ties and tails were the ushers. (L. to r.) Allan Jones, John Mack Brown, Harold Lloyd and Basil Rathbone. Most embarrassed usher was Allan—his shoes squeaked!

Irene Dunne made a gracious picture as she stepped under the bridal canopy and entered the church.

Only in fairy tales and in Hollywood do weddings

In a town noted for lovely women, there was never a lovelier bride than Jeanette. Her attendants were Ginger Rogers, Fay Wray, her sister, and Helen Ferguson. After the ceremony, the radiant bride and groom hurried down the aisle, with smiles for all.

A number of the guests delayed their departure to snatch roses from the floral decorations. Mary Pickford got one and gave it to Buddy Rogers, who put it in his pocket. So Jeanette and Gene were wed, and launched on a Honolulu honeymoon.

Nelson Eddy sang "I Love You Truly." Had to read the words. Later sang "O, Perfect Love." Read that, too.

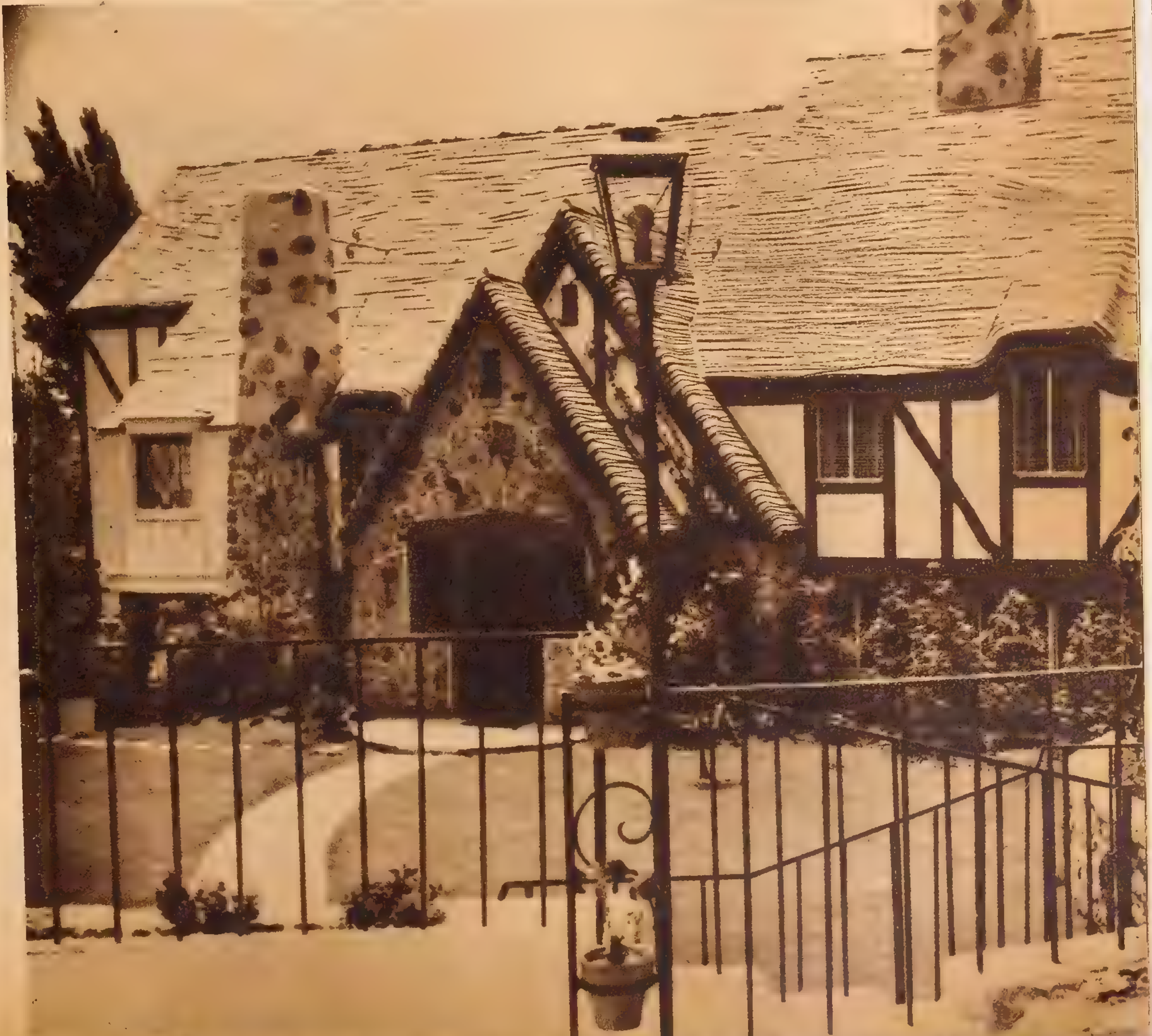
Irene Hervey, Allan Jones' wife and Miss MacDonald's friend, was among those present. Here she is arriving at the Wilshire Church.

Looking as romantic as though they were altar-bound themselves, the Stuart Erwins appear.

like this take place. Movietown won't soon forget the happy event

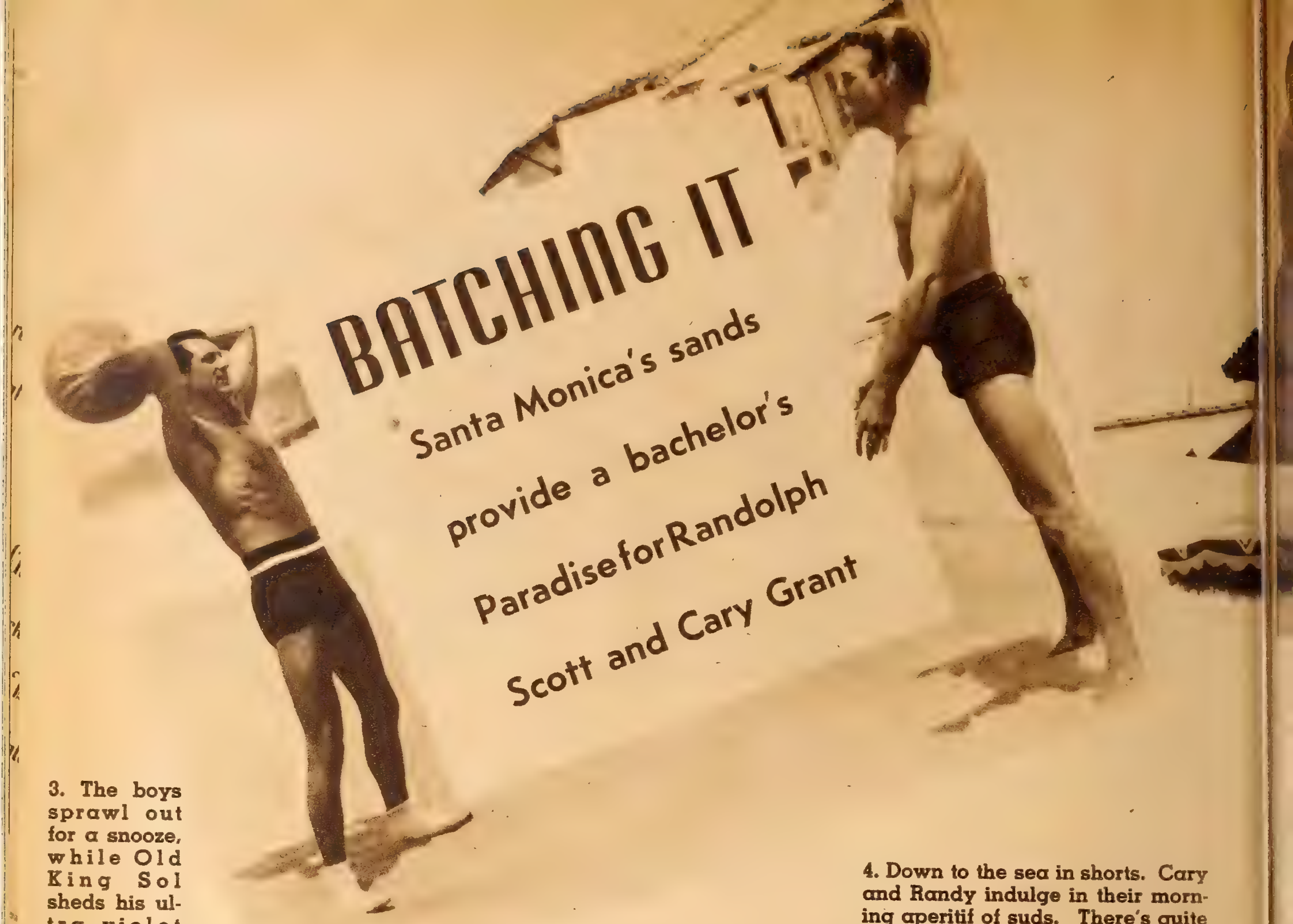
Here is the idyllic home that Prince Gene has built for Princess Jeanette. It might easily be a picture out of a story book, with its gables, low sloping roof and brick chimneys. It's set in exclusive Bel-Air on a five-acre estate. Everything that a girl in love longs to realize in her dream home is found here. And may this famous couple find happiness in their modern castle.

Gene deserves a laurel wreath for keeping a secret six months! Why, he had that house bought'n and paid for all that time without Jeanette's knowing a thing about it.



BATCHING IT

Santa Monica's sands provide a bachelor's Paradise for Randolph Scott and Cary Grant



3. The boys sprawl out for a snooze, while Old King Sol sheds his ultra-violet glamor on them.

4. Down to the sea in shorts. Cary and Randy indulge in their morning aperitif of suds. There's quite a wallop to these suds of Neptune, and all on the house, too. No hangovers, either!

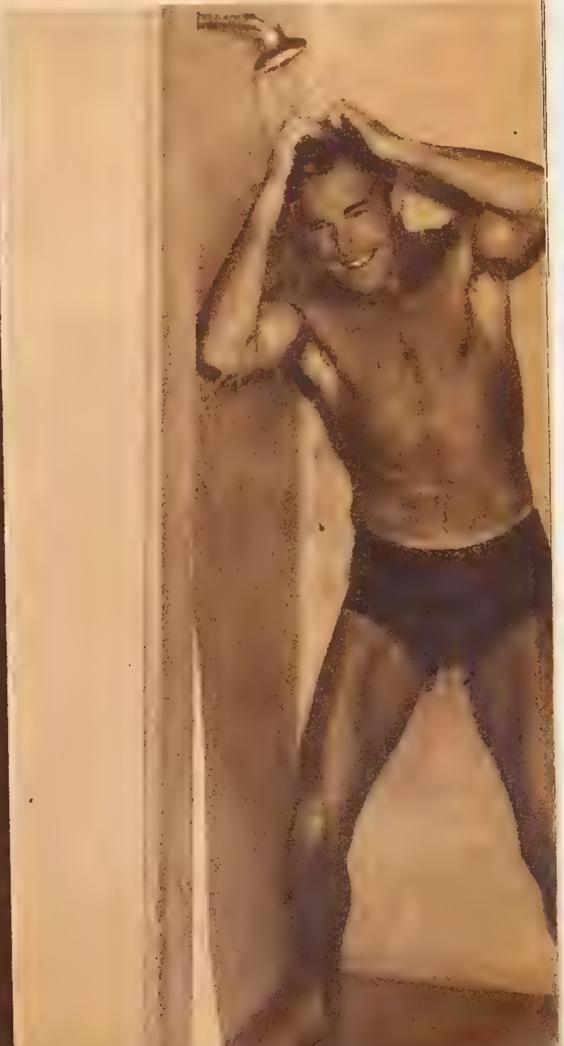
1. The first dip being the hardest, Cary and Randy spar for time. They experiment with various racing dives, knowing darned well that the only thing they'll race for is a towel and a cozy place in the sun.

2. Randy's only regret is that overhead chandeliers went out with Douglas Fairbanks. "I used to be a ninety-seven pound weakling—something like Grant over there," he confides, "until I took to answering fan mail." Cary won't talk until Scott puts down that grisly double-headed sledge hammer of his.

5. At the rate the boys are loping along, Billie Robinson could beat them running backwards. "It's a dog trot," explains Cary, but it must be a pretty small dog he has in mind.

6. The end of a perfect spray. Exuberant, but not too exuberant to remember his etiquette, Cary radiates good health and cheer from the safe vantage of a bath sheet.

7. Bolder than Grant, Randy displays a physique that should answer maidens' prayers from the rock-bound coast of Maine to the sunny shores of California.

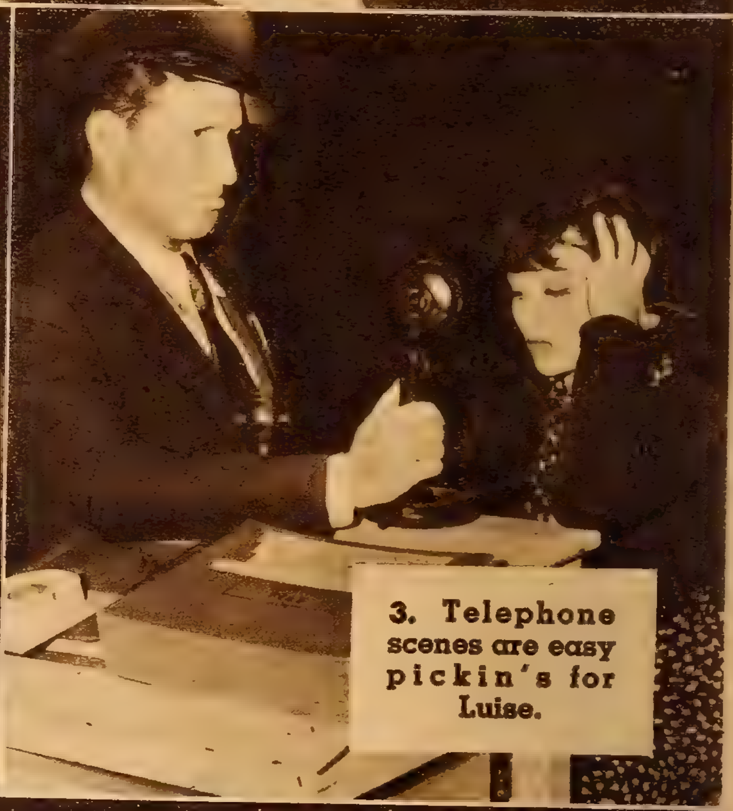


BETWEEN SHOTS

Spencer Tracy and Luise Rainer at work on "The Big City"

1. Spence and Luise take a last hungry look at the script.

2. Stressing details is Director Frank Borzage's business.



3. Telephone scenes are easy pickin's for Luise.

4. Spencer bones up on his homework between "takes."

5. A fruit cup and a chat mean time out for rest.

HALF HOLIDAY

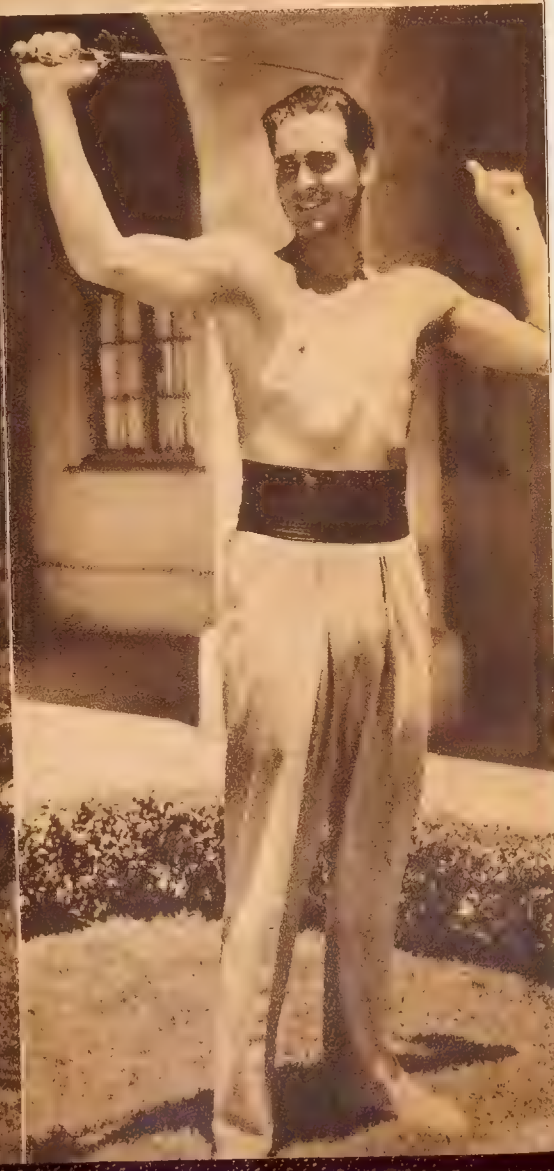
The whistle blows at noon, and then the stars' fun begins

Judging from her proud gait and immaculate carriage, Tyrone's good-looking mare is just another Power fan. And is she jealous of all those other dames in his life!

Below: "Bike-riding would be a lot more fun," says Clark Gable, "if engineers would waste less time on bridges and devote a little more research to the one-way (down) hill."

Olivia de Havilland steals a few arrows from Cupid's quiver and lets fly. Ask her whom she's shootin' for, and she just smiles that knowing smile and tries her luck again.

Beau Sabreur himself, Errol Flynn likes nothing better than crossing sabers with a worthy opponent. Careful, Errol, old man. That thing's mighty sharp.



HOLLYWOOD PARTY

No marriage for Alice Faye in the near future—the fortune tellers say. But maybe Tony Martin, her steady, feels differently.

Simone Simon checked those tantrums at the door when she went a-Groving and faced the camera with her sweetest smile. Pretty nice!

What goes on

Vic McLaglen finds something swell about the food. He digs in just as if he hadn't had a movie job all these years—no waistline to worry him.

Don Ameche (r.) has quite an appetite. You'd expect that. He's a married man. But Tyrone, you in the center, we thought lovers thrived on kisses. Oh, you leave that to your Sonja?

Sally Blane and Norman Foster—dancing together as if they hadn't been married for some time now. And them with a bay-bee at home! Hollywood couples can fool you.

here? A big movie shindig, with lots of dining and dancing

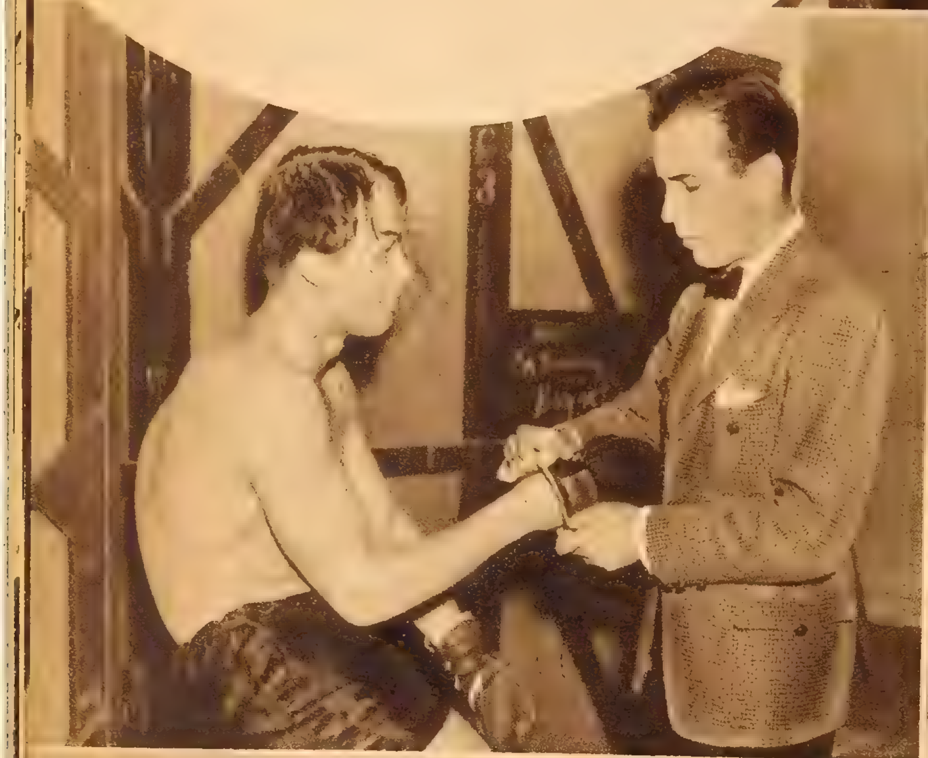
Fun for all and all for fun. A slim Katherine DeMille—she's been dieting, ya know—teams up for a dance with that bachelor boy, Michael Whalen, and (right) Dixie Dunbar does ditto with ditto Johnny Downs.

With or without the posy in her hair, Loretta Young is some looker for a fellow to take dining and dancing. She's in big demand as a stepper-outer. David Niven is her proud escort.

PRACTICE BOUT

"Nothing like tuning up," says Kid Galahad, neatly knocking Bogart's block off

1. Introducing "Killer" Wayne Morris and "Bad Boy" Humphrey Bogart.

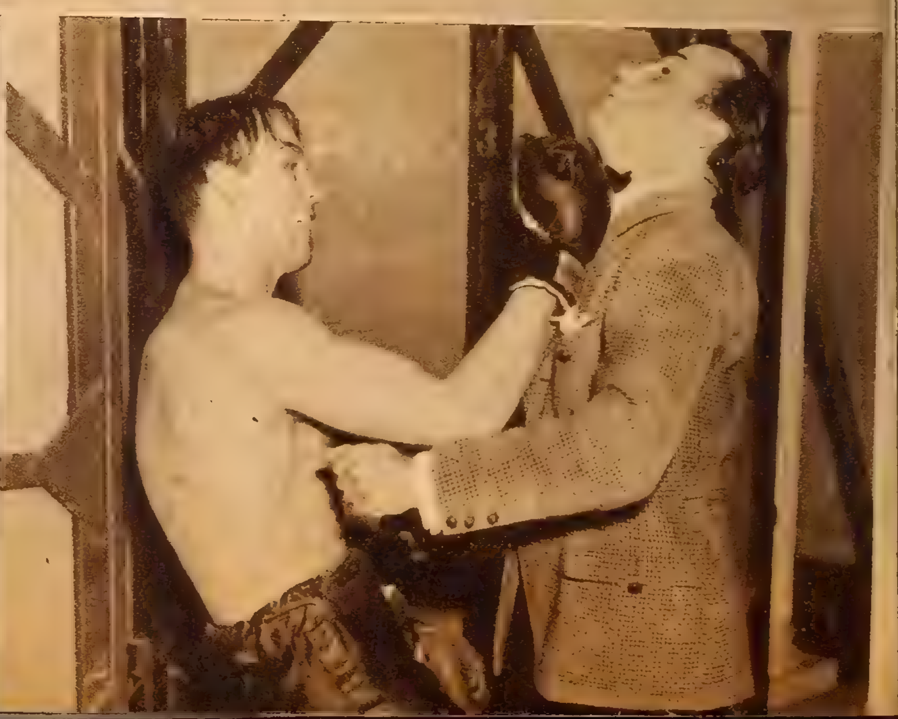


2. Wayne doesn't cotton to the stranger, but doesn't want to hit him barefisted.

3. He's afraid of smashing a handful of knuckles when he lets fly that Sunday punch.

4. Well, if that ain't gratitude for yuh! Lacing de gent what laces your gloves!

5. In just a second "Bad Boy" Bogart will see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil.



1. The march to liberty gets underway. Joan appears in the courtroom on the arm of her legal adviser.

2. "Mental cruelty," explains Miss Bennett to the gentleman, as her sympathetic witness bears mute testimony.

3. Getting a divorce from a man you once loved is no lark. Joan looks a bit wistful as she takes the stand.

4. Joan spends her last moments of wedded life telling a sympathetic attorney what's wrong with matrimony.

5. Free as the air, Joan primps up for the photographers.

UNTYING THE KNOT

Joan Bennett and Gene Markey, once Hollywood's "happiest" pair, agree to disagree

GOOD

By Leo

Happy? You just bet! There's no fake about the Myrna Loy Hornblow smile as she goes premiering with proud hubby.

Bachelor girls for the day! Pretty Joan Bennett and long-distance-wed Ann Sothern at the polo matches.

Battle of the month in Hollywood is the Hepburn-Rogers affair. Both girls weighed in about even on the set of "Stage Door," in which they're being co-starred, and Kid Hepburn won the first round when she announced, "It's so nice having Miss Rogers to play the ingenue in my new picture." She forgot skill and started tossing punches right and left, though, when she got a glimpse of some of the gowns "Killer" Rogers was allotted. Hepburn complained to the referee that this was foul tactics, but Rogers held her ground and plans to match her opponent gown for gown. Fight experts predict a knockout along about the seventh reel.

* * *

Ever heard of a stand-in for a stand-in? We hadn't either until we wandered onto the set of Marlene Dietrich's "Angel" one day, and saw a blonde young lady standing under the glare of lights in front of the camera. "Is that Miss Dietrich's stand-in?" we asked. "No," replied our informant, "that's her stand-in's stand-in." Reason, it turned out, was that they were making the picture on two sets, and Miss Dietrich at that moment was finishing a scene somewhere else, before rushing over to the set we were on. Just the same, it was pretty confusing.

* * *

Shortest vacation of the year was Bob Taylor's trip to Hawaii. After cameramen recorded for posterity his fond farewell to Barbara Stanwyck, the screen's foremost exponent of masculine glamor boarded ship for what was intended to be several weeks of luxurious solitude on the Islands. But Mr. T. reckoned without his public. Aboard ship, his every appearance was accompanied by feminine sighs, which rocked the boat and wrecked our poor hero's composure. Landing at Hawaii, the situation grew more tense, so next day Bob grabbed the same boat and sailed back to peaceful old Hollywood, where a man with a profile isn't regarded as quite such a collector's item.

* * *

June Lang's marriage to Agent Vic Orsatti was one of the social highlights of the month. Bridesmaids were Alice Faye, Claire Trevor and Shirley Deane, and Joseph Schenck gave the little lady away. Several months ago, June's mother opposed the match. She was of the opinion that agents were all right in their place, but that their place wasn't in the home. But June convinced her it was love, so parental objections were dropped and Mamma gave her blessing. The Orsattis, incidentally, probably took second billing on their honeymoon, for they sailed on the same boat with Bob Taylor.

* * *

Questions without Answers: What singing star wishes Sonja Henie would pack up her skates and return to her native fjords for kjeeps? It isn't that she doesn't like Sonja. She does—but she thinks Tyrone Power is much nicer.

* * *

Now that good old Buck Jones has left his studio and gone to produce his own open-air epics, his former bosses have unearthed a new Western hero whom they hope will soon thrill the customers in the same manner that Buck did. The new hopeful is a singing cowboy from Oklahoma, with the beautiful name of Leland Tumble Weed. Unfortunately, the studio has shorn him of this ornate

Lights! Camera! And a brilliant whirl of early autumn action

NEWS

Townsend

A-Troc'ing we shall go, said Robert Taylor to his constant flame, Barbara Stanwyck. Sure 'nuff, they did.

"Idiot's Delight" brought Hollywood's swank ones out in droves. Of course, Dietrich was right there with Doug F., Jr.

handle and given him the more prosaic tag of Bob Baker. We'd much prefer a hard-ridin' Romeo named Leland.

* * *

When the road tour of "Idiot's Delight" hit Los Angeles, Clark Gable took Carole Lombard backstage to meet Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. After the introductions, Miss Fontanne turned to Carole. "You're English, aren't you?" she asked. "Well, no," replied Carole. Miss F., hungry for knowledge, pressed on. "Tell me," she asked, "just what do you do?" Carole still wonders if she ought to tell her.

* * *

Love in Bloom Department: Along about this time of the year—what we call the slack season—producers are coaxed into admitting that next year's pictures will be the greatest of all time, and Marlene Dietrich announces that, in spite of the fact that she's seen here and there with numerous swains, she's still madly in love with her husband, who spends most of his time in Paris. What Marlene probably means is that she's heard so much about him, she'd like to meet him some time.

* * *

One thing certain, however, is Marlene's regard for her daughter, Maria. When Marlene is working and Maria is going out to a party, the little girl is always brought onto the set by her nurse. It's really something to see glamorous Marlene, in make-up, and bedecked with jewels, stop work to comb and pat Maria's hair and fuss over her dress, before she gives her final approval.

Embarrassing Moments Dept.: At a party, recently, when the spirits in the front room were high and those in the kitchen getting low, Grace Moore decided it was time to depart. Locating her wrap in one of the upstairs bedrooms, she reached for it and found herself clutching the posterior of one of the lady guests. The lady in question had quietly passed out, under Gracie's coat!

* * *

Just found out why Claudette Colbert is always seen entering previews all by herself. She really isn't alone at all. Her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman, waits in the parking lot until Mrs. P. has made her entrance. Then he dashes up to the box office, buys a ticket and meets her inside. Somebody must have called him Dr. Colbert.

* * *

Deanna Durbin is a cute kid and all that, but she's certainly no business woman. For instance, she gets autographs from picture celebrities, but not for herself. She hands them out to her neighborhood friends. Right now, the big demand is for signatures of Adolphe Menjou, with whom she worked in "100 Men and a Girl." And a good Menjou, every one knows, is worth at least an ice-cream soda.

* * *

Hollywood is such a small town that every once in awhile a guy might even find himself with his estranged wife plunked on his lap. That's what almost happened to Charlie Butterworth the other night in the Troc cellar. Charlie was sitting with Frank Morgan and Bob

whichever way you turn! Yes, in our merry, madcap Movietown

Binnie Barnes knows the shortest route to a man's affections is to laugh at his gags, and she's in rare form for this drollest of Mischa Auer's tall stories.

"Yeah Man" Raye will have you know that beneath her clown's spangles there beats a girlish heart—beating right smartly these days for handsome Hubby Buddy Westmore.

Benchley when Mrs. Butterworth, accompanied by four gentlemen, came in and seated herself in the next booth. They were so close they could have reached right out and socked each other.

* * *

Director William Seiter was giving instructions to the two hundred dancers in a ballroom scene for "The Life of the Party." "All right now, girls," he yelled, after a couple of takes, "let's have lots of personality, this time, in the front row. Just be yourself, if you're in the back rows."

* * *

Shirley Temple had her first serious accident on the set the other day when she tripped over a light cord and fell kerplunk, hitting one eye on a camera pedestal. The eye began swelling immediately, but after one good sniffle, Shirley said to the director, "Okay, let's go. You can shoot me from the other side."

* * *

A last minute change in the "Danger—Love at Work" cast was made when Simone Simon was replaced by Ann Sothern in the leading role. Although temperament is said to have nothing to do with it, we understand the title has now been changed, too. It's just "Love at Work."

* * *

Here's some inside stuff on "Lovely to Look at," the new Henie picture. Seven hundred gallons of skimmed milk are in the title role, for it's been found that frozen milk makes a better skating surface than frozen water, since the miles of refrigerating pipes are then hidden from the camera's eye. And it's much better for Sonja, too. She'd rather skate on her vitamins than imbibe them.

* * *

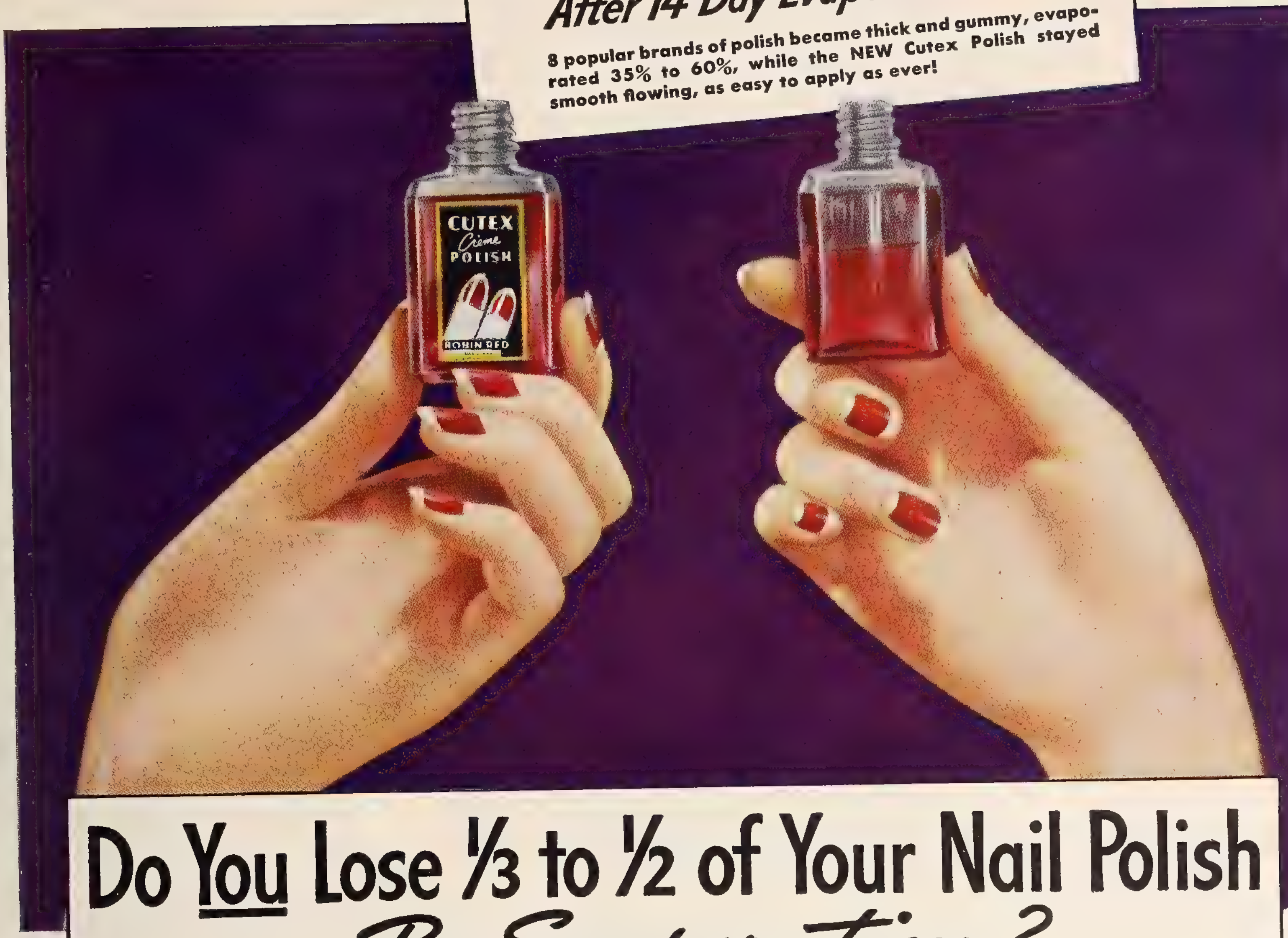
"Love Under Fire" was completed some weeks ago, but we were surprised to find the company working on retakes the other day. "Too much fire and not enough love," explained Don Ameche.

* * *

Among the sets built for the picture, "Super Sleuth," featuring Ann Sothern and Jack Oakie, was a "Chamber of Horrors." In it were all manner of gruesome torture contrivances, such as the rack, thumbscrews, dungeons, iron cages, and an exact replica of an electric chair. The company was having difficulty with some lines in the script for this scene, when the director turned to Oakie. "Haven't

(*Continued on page* 70)

Groom Bill Boyd and Bride Grace Bradley are still in the hand-holding stage, which means that Cupid won't be letting them down.



After 14 Day Evaporation Test

8 popular brands of polish became thick and gummy, evaporated 35% to 60%, while the NEW Cutex Polish stayed smooth flowing, as easy to apply as ever!

Do You Lose 1/3 to 1/2 of Your Nail Polish *By Evaporation?*

CUTEX
CREME POLISH
Robin Red
CUTEX
CREME
POLISH
Robin R
CUTEX
Crème
POLISH
ROBIN RED

New Cutex Polish is Usable to the Last Drop!

"WE'RE getting tired of having to pay for TWO bottles of nail polish in order to really get ONE!" women complained. We thought that was a legitimate grievance, so we perfected our wonderful New Cutex, and now we are proud to say, "Buy the New Cutex and you'll get *all* the polish you pay for!" We've made sure that the last drop will be just as much of a joy to apply as the first one!

To prove it, we deliberately uncorked 10 bottles of nail polish . . . two of our New Cutex and eight popular rival brands —and let their contents stay exposed to the air for 14 days.

Only the New Cutex stood the test! All the rest became thick and gummy. But the New Cutex evaporated less than half as much as the competitive brands. After 14 days, it still went on the nails as smooth as glass, free flowing . . . just right!

Think what a saving this means! A saving not only of money, but of annoyance. Add to this Cutex's longer wear, its freedom from chipping and peeling, its fine lacquer, its 11 smart shades . . . and you can't wonder that women everywhere are refusing to put up with ordinary wasteful polishes any longer.

And besides giving you twice as much for *your* money, Cutex costs so little to begin with! The New Cutex is still the old economical price of 35¢ a bottle, Crème or Clear.

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

New "Smoky" Shades

MAUVE—A misty lavender pink. Perfect with blue, gray or delicate evening pastels.

RUST—A smoky shade for tanned hands. Good with brown, beige, gray, green.

ROBIN RED—New, soft red. Goes with everything, sophisticated with black and white.

OLD ROSE—A soft, feminine dusky rose. Flattering—especially with the new wine shades!

THE NEWEST SHADE—BURGUNDY—Brand-new deep, purply wine shade. Enchanting with pastels, black, white or wine, and electrically smart with blue.

MAIL COUPON TODAY for complete Cutex Manicure Kit, containing your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Remover and sample of Cutex Lipstick for only 16¢.

Northam Warren Corporation, Dept. 7-M-9
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
(In Canada, P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 16¢ to cover cost of postage and packing for the Cutex Introductory Set, including 2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish as checked. Mauve ☐ Rust ☐ Burgundy ☐ Robin Red ☐ Old Rose ☐

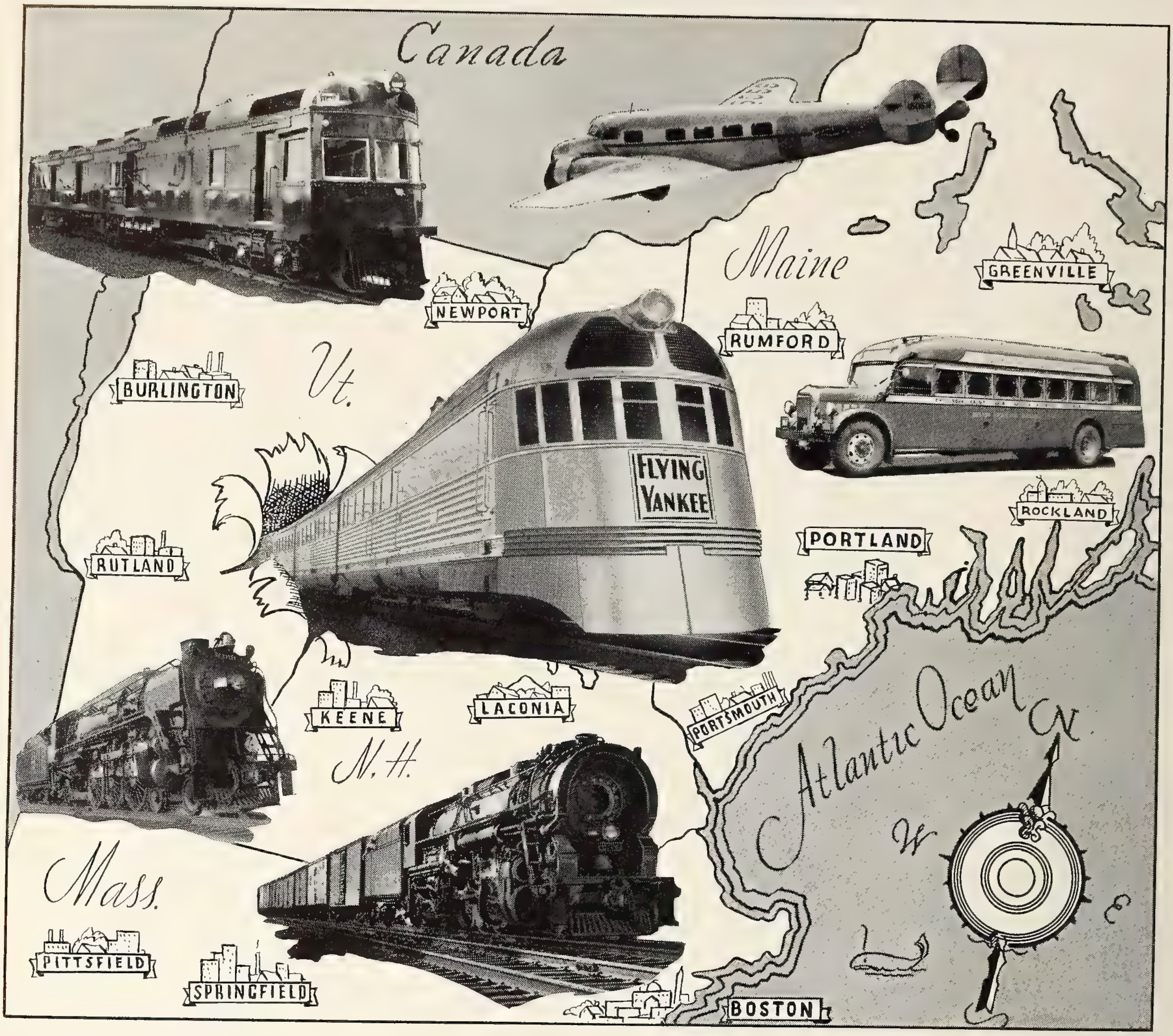
Name____________________

Address____________________

City_______________State________

Serving NORTHERN NEW ENGLAND

RAIL • AIR • HIGHWAY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Maine
GREENVILLE
NEWPORT
RUMFORD
Vt.
BURLINGTON
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PORTLAND
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Modern Streamlined Train "The Flying Yankee".

Modern Ten Passenger Lockheed Electra Planes traveling 3 miles a minute.

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Modern Speedy Passenger Trains with deluxe air-conditioned coaches.

Modern Super-Powered Freight Locomotives providing fast freight service.

Modern Diesel Electric Power Units.

Come to New England—The Year Round Vacationland.

COMPLETE

MODERN TRANSPORTATION

SYSTEMS

★ TRAINS ★ PLANES

★ BUSES

BOSTON AND MAINE
RAILROAD

MAINE CENTRAL
RAILROAD

HER DAY OFF!

● Many a Movie Miss spends her day off at the tennis matches. But not Barbara Read! For, though Noah Beery, Jr. may be in her heart, gardening's on her mind.

● It is hard to believe that this lovely little lady, wheeling her barrow to the bush-shearing department, is the girl who plays the meanie in "The Road Back." Anyway, on to her plant-sprinkling and, finally, we see Barbara as mistress of all she surveys!

HAVE THAT GOOD KIND OF SPAGHETTI FOR LUNCH — WILL YOU, MOM?

A Food Children Love—Good for them—Easy for you!

—and costs only 3¢ a portion!

WOMEN bought millions upon millions of cans of Franco-American Spaghetti last year, because they found out that it was one of the greatest time and money savers that ever came into their kitchens! For example, there's no finer lunch or supper for school children than Franco-American, served piping hot, with milk and fruit. For dinner serve Franco-American as a main dish, or use it to make left-overs taste like a million dollars. It usually costs only 10¢ a can — less than 3¢ a portion.

Be sure, however, that you get Franco-American Spaghetti — the kind with the extra good sauce. It's entirely different from all other ready-cooked spaghetti. Its delicious cheese-and-tomato sauce is made with eleven savory ingredients — the secret recipe which was the great discovery of a famous French chef. Get Franco-American today at your grocers — it will save you no end of time and trouble.

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups

MAY I SEND YOU OUR FREE RECIPE BOOK? SEND THE COUPON, PLEASE!
Franco-American
SPAGHETTI
A LA MILANAISE

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD COMPANY, Dept. 69, Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print)__________

Address__________

City__________State__________

Nelson Eddy's Favorite Recipes

(Continued from page 73)

GARDEN PEAS TOURAINE

Shell 2 pounds of peas and place them in a heavy, waterless cooker or Dutch oven. Add ¼ cup water, 2 tablespoons butter or vegetable oil, a teaspoon sugar, a small, mild white onion, sliced thin, and a pinch of thyme. Cover peas with the outside leaves of a head of lettuce. Cover cooker with a tight-fitting lid and simmer peas until tender, stirring occasionally. When tender, season with salt and pepper to taste. Dredge with 2 teaspoons flour, cook and stir until smoothly blended. Serve very hot.

SEAFOOD COCKTAIL (OR SALAD) SAUCE

⅓ cup mayonnaise
⅓ cup bottled seafood cocktail sauce
⅓ cup cream, whipped
¼ teaspoon paprika

Mix mayonnaise and cocktail sauce. Fold into stiffly whipped cream. Add paprika. Serve as a sauce for Seafood Cocktails or as a dressing for fish salads.

A delicious and healthful Seafood Cocktail or appetizing summer salad can be made entirely of canned fish. It should include large pieces of salmon, a few shrimps and some shredded crabmeat for each serving. Place on lettuce leaves, top with the above sauce and serve icy cold.

AVOCADO GINGERALE SALAD

2 tablespoons gelatin
½ cup cold water
½ cup boiling water
2 tablespoons sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
1½ cups pale dry ginger ale
½ cup pineapple juice
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 cup pineapple tidbits
1 avocado, peeled and diced
½ cup halved, seedless (or seeded) white grapes, if desired

Soak gelatin 5 minutes in cold water, dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar and salt. Stir until sugar has dissolved, then add gingerale, pineapple juice and lemon juice. Chill until mixture starts to thicken. Fold in pineapple tidbits and the avocado (alligator pear) which has been diced into small, even pieces. If desired, white grapes may also be added. Turn into small molds which have been rinsed with cold water. Chill until firm. Unfold onto lettuce leaves and pass mayonnaise separately.

This salad may be molded in the cups of a muffin pan. It will then make approximately 12 servings and therefore is ideal for bridge parties and social gatherings. The recipe may be divided in half for family use.

SALAMI POTATO SALAD PLATTER

3 medium sized potatoes
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon sugar
3 tablespoons vinegar
6 tablespoons salad oil
1 tablespoon minced parsley
½ cup finely diced salami

Cook potatoes with their skins on until tender (but not mushy). Drain and allow to stand until just cool enough to handle. Peel quickly, dice into small pieces. While still warm, add dressing made by combining salt, pepper, sugar, vinegar and oil in a jar with a tight-fitting cover and shaking well. Stir the potatoes lightly until well coated with dressing. Chill for at least an hour. Just before serving, add parsley and diced salami. Mayonnaise may also be added or passed separately. Place Potato Salad in a lettuce-lined bowl. Place salad bowl in the center of a large serving platter. Surround with cold sliced meats. On one side of platter place a green pepper, hollowed-out and filled with prepared horseradish. On the other side place a hollowed-out tomato, filled with prepared mustard. Garnish platter and bowl with sprigs of parsley. Sliced or quartered tomatoes also make an attractive garnish.

PINEAPPLE UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE

¼ cup butter
¾ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
1 small can (9-oz.) sliced pineapple

Cake Batter

3 eggs
1 cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon vanilla
2 tablespoons boiling water
1 cup sifted cake flour

Melt butter in large iron skillet or in a cake pan at least 9 inches across and 2 inches deep. Add brown sugar and stir until sugar has melted. Carefully place a slice of well drained pineapple in the center. Surround this slice with other slices which have been quartered, arranging them attractively to form a design. Break eggs into a bowl and beat with rotary beater until thick, lemon colored and frothy. Add sugar gradually, then add salt, vanilla and boiling water. Add flour which has been sifted, measured and sifted again twice, folding it in gently but thoroughly so that no dry flour remains. Pour this batter carefully over contents of pan or skillet. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 30 minutes or until cake is done and a cake tester inserted in cake comes out clean. Loosen sides of cake from pan and invert at once onto large serving platter. Better served hot, but also excellent cold. Pass whipped cream, separately.

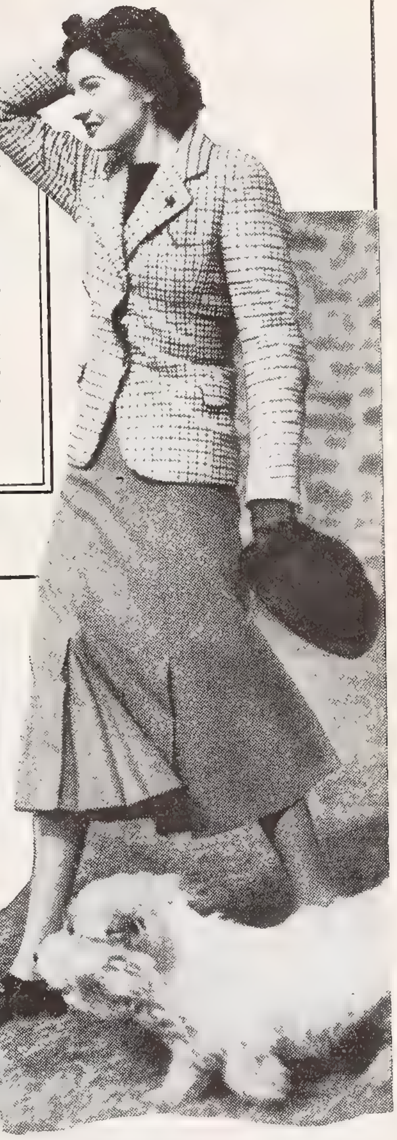
Freshening Up

THIS WAY

Does More Than Clean Your Skin—It Invigorates the Skin!

Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III

At parties and dinners . . . in her simplest play clothes . . . or out for a brisk walk with her Sealyham "Daffy". . . Mrs. Drexel always presents the same sparkling loveliness! Mrs. Drexel is an enthusiastic user of Pond's Cold Cream. "A Pond's freshening up leaves your skin more than clean," she says. "It's brighter . . . invigorated."



FRESHENING UP is *more* than getting your skin clean. That's what beautiful girls who have found the Pond's way of freshening up say.

Before they make a single appearance, they give their skin the brisk toning up as well as cleansing that sends them forth with such fresh and vital-looking young faces.

Rousing Treatments Fight Off Skin Faults . . .

For this Pond's way of skin care, they find, invigorates their skin. It tones up faulty oil glands, chief cause of blackheads and blemishes . . . livens the circulation. Tones the tissues, so lines will soon be smoothing out, your skin be clear, fine textured, flawless!

Here is the simple method they follow. It's a method whose fame has spread around the world!

Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it softens and releases dirt, make-up and skin secretions—wipe off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—*briskly*, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated. It is softer—smoother!

Every morning (and before make-up) repeat. Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Begin yourself to use Pond's. See *your* skin, too, grow clearer, brighter, smoother—admired for its youth and freshness.

Send for* SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE *and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

Pond's, Dept. 9MS-CJ, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

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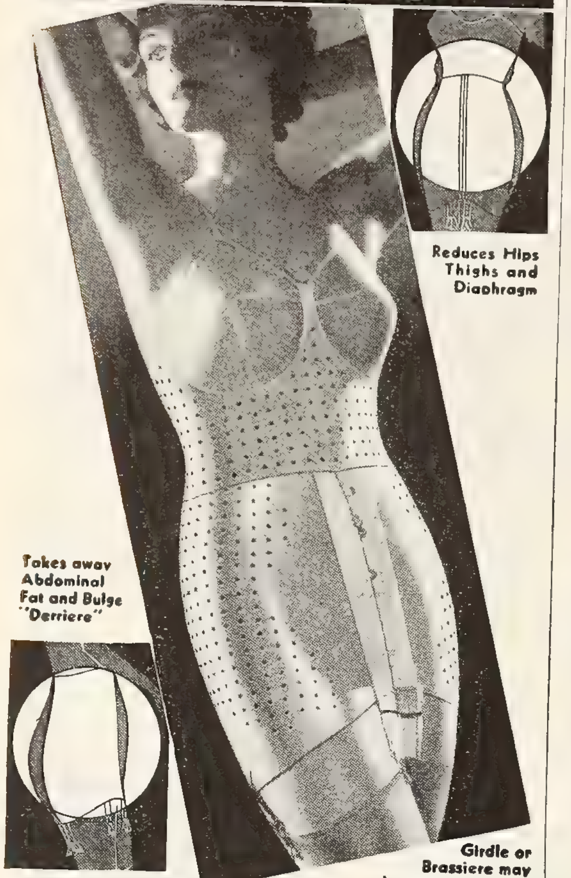
Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company

Quickly...

Correct Your Figure Faults
Perfolastic Not Only Confines, It Removes Ugly Bulges!


Reduces Hips Thighs and Diaphragm
Takes away Abdominal Fat and Bulge "Derriere"
Girdle or Brassiere may be worn separately

Thousands of women today owe their slim youthful figures to the quick, safe way to reduce . . . Perfolastic.

"Hips 12 inches smaller," says Miss Richardson. "Lost 60 pounds and 9 inches," writes Mrs. Derr. Why don't you, too, test the Perfolastic Reducing Girdle and Brassiere at our expense?

IF YOU DO NOT REDUCE 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
. . . it will cost you nothing!

Because so many Perfolastic wearers reduce *more* than 3 inches we believe we are justified in making you the above unqualified agreement.

IMMEDIATELY APPEAR INCHES SLIMMER!

■ You *appear* inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments the massage-like action and gentle pressure are *actually reducing* hips, waist, thighs and diaphragm... the spots where fat first accumulates. You will be thrilled with the results...as are other Perfolastic wearers!

PERFOLASTIC REDUCES SAFELY... QUICKLY WITHOUT DIET, DRUGS OR EXERCISE!

■ You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. No strenuous exercise to wear you out... no dangerous drugs to take... and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. The perforations and soft, silky lining make Perfolastic delightful to wear.

■ See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks... safely... and quickly!

You risk nothing . . . why not mail coupon NOW!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 539, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N.Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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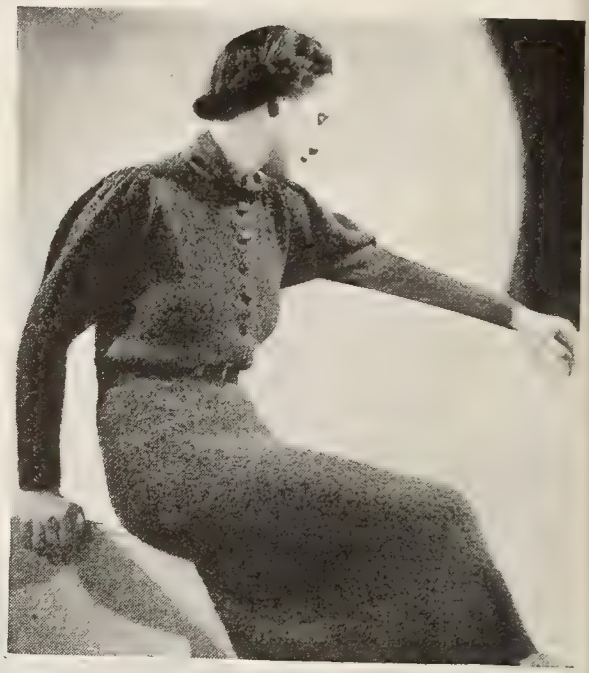
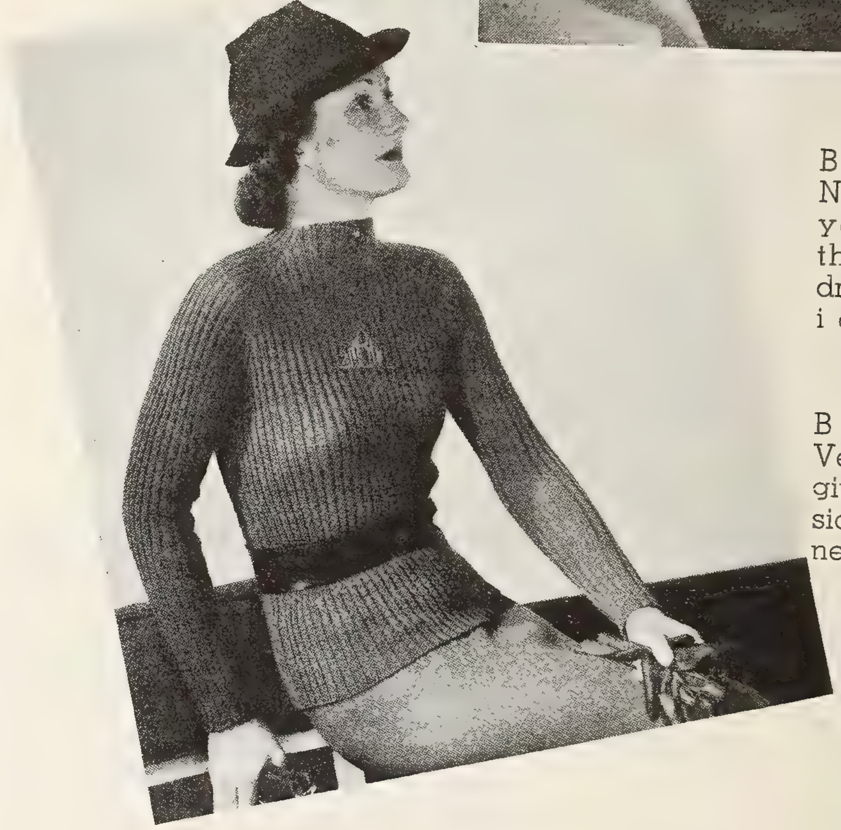
Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard

KNIT NOW FOR FALL!

Busy needles these days will bring you endless satisfaction later on





BM 1007—Nubby bolero yarn gives this simple dress its fashionable texture.

BW 101—Vertical lines give an illusion of slimness to this sweater.

ONE of the nicest phases of knitting is that you can be speeding ahead on a knockout Autumn outfit while you are still lolling languorously on a porch enjoying Summer. Knitting takes no energy at all and very little skill, for the directions which we have prepared for you are so simple they are foolproof. Perhaps the best feature about knitting right now is that advance Paris showings stress rough-textured and ribbed fabrics—and here we have them all ready for you.

FILL OUT the coupon, get set with your needles, and you will be wearing the newest styles by the time shops start introducing them in your town. Both the sweater and the dress boast the sleek, softly-molded new lines that are so popular. Of course, you know that the knitting directions are free.

ANN WILLS, MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Kindly send, at no cost to me, knitting directions for Style BW 101 in size.... Style BM 1007 in size.... I am enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.

Name.......................................

Street.......................................

City...................State..........

(Check one or both patterns. No Canadian or foreign stamps accepted. Please print name and address.)

"This snapshot fixed everything"

"WHEN he went away, we both promised to write. But you know how letters are—you don't say what you intend to, or the other person misinterprets.

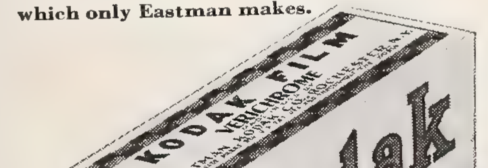
"Before we knew it, our letters were mostly spats, explanations, and apologies. We were getting farther apart all the time. One day I was awfully blue, and on impulse sent this old snapshot. I wrote on the back, 'We didn't quarrel then, did we?'

"I wish you could read the letter I got back. It was the old Pete again, not trying to write, just telling me how much he cared. He said he'd always write with this snapshot in front of him—he could talk to the girl in it so she'd never misunderstand."

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow —you must take Today

• By far the greater number of snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film because people have found that "it gets the picture"— clear, true, lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome. Don't take chances . . . use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes.



KATHERINE de Mille TESTS 2 TALCUMS

See vivacious KATHERINE DE MILLE in "The Californian"—20th Century-Fox

Finds "X" More Flattering

Katherine de Mille tries both powders in plain white boxes. She likes both, but prefers "X"—the original MAVIS, *fully scented*. Other lovely stars choose "Y"—the new MAVIS, *mildly scented*.

MAVIS flatters your skin like a glamorous face powder. Spreads evenly—clings for hours—leaves a bewitching fragrance that *lasts!* MAVIS safeguards summer daintiness and makes clothes slip on much more easily.

NEW! MILDLY SCENTED MAVIS

Created for the woman who prefers a subtly perfumed talcum. 33-hole needle-spray top showers body with light film of powder more effectively than old-fashioned powder puffs.

FREE Generous size trial package. *Ask for either regular or mildly scented MAVIS.* Write to Vivaudou, Dept. 62, Long Island City, N.Y. Offer not good after Sept. 25. Get your FREE MAVIS now!

Finer Than Most Face Powders

#1 Original MAVIS

MAVIS FOR BODY PROTECTION

MAVIS TALCUM VIVAUDOU
MAVIS TALCUM
Mildly Scented

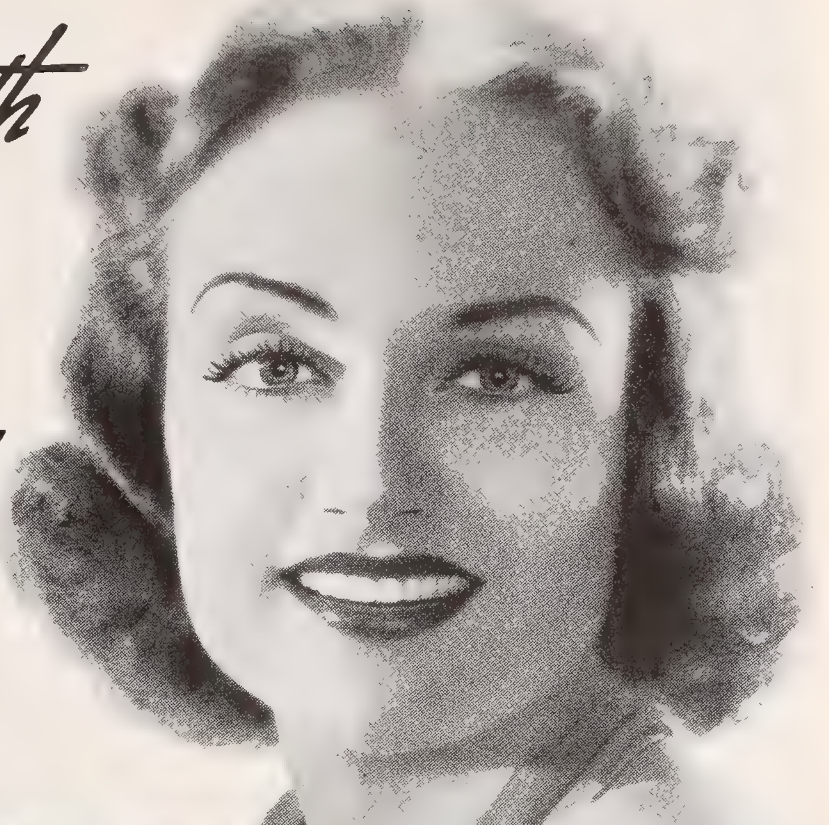
#2 New MAVIS Mildly Scented

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Angel's Holiday (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Another Dawn (Warners)	2½★
Any Man's Wife (Republic)	2★
*Armored Car (Universal)	1★
As Good As Married (Universal)	2★
A Star is Born (United Artists)	4★
Bank Alarm (Grand National)	2½★
Behind the Headlines (RKO)	2★
The Beloved Vagabond (Columbia)	1½★
Beware of Ladies (Republic)	1½★
Big Business (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Border Cafe (RKO)	1★
Borderland (Paramount)	2★
Breezing Home (Universal)	1★
Brides Are Like That (First National)	2½★
Bulldog Drummond Escapes (Paramount)	2★
Cafe Metropole (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Call It a Day (Warners)	3½★
Camille (M-G-M)	4★
Captains Courageous (M-G-M)	4★
Champagne Waltz (Paramount)	2½★
Charlie Chan at the Olympics (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Charlie Chan at the Opera (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
China Passage (RKO)	2★
Clarence (Paramount)	1★
The Crime Nobody Saw (Paramount)	1★
Damaged Lives (20th Century-Fox)	2★
*Dance, Charlie, Dance (Warners)	2★
Dangerous Number (M-G-M)	2★
A Day at the Races (M-G-M)	3½★
*The Great Hospital Mystery (20th Century-Fox)	1★
The Devil's Playground (Columbia)	2★
A Doctor's Diary (Paramount)	2★
Don't Pull Your Punches (Warners)	1★
Don't Tell the Wife (RKO)	2½★
Dreaming Lips (United Artists)	2½★
Elephant Boy (United Artists)	3★
*The Emperor's Candlesticks (M-G-M)	1★
Espionage (M-G-M)	2★
Ever Since Eve (Warners)	1★
Fair Warning (20th Century-Fox)	1★
A Family Affair (M-G-M)	2½★
Fifty Roads to Town (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Fire Over England (London Films)	3★
The Girl from Scotland Yard (Paramount)	2★
The Girl on the Front Page (Universal)	1★
Girl Overboard (Universal)	2★
The Girl Said No (Grand National)	2★
Git Along Little Dogies (Republic)	2★
The Go-Getter (Warners)	2★
Golden Arrow (First National)	2½★
The Good Earth (M-G-M)	4★
Good Old Soak (M-G-M)	2½★
*The Great Gambini (Paramount)	1★
Green Light (First Nat'l)	2½★
Head Over Heels in Love (GB)	2★
Her Husband Lies (Paramount)	2★
Her Husband's Secretary (First Nat'l)	2★
History Is Made at Night (Walter Wanger)	3★
The Hit Parade (Republic)	2★
Hollywood Cowboy (RKO)	2★
Holy Terror (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Hotel Haywire (Paramount)	2★
House of Secrets (Chesterfield)	1½★
I Met Him in Paris (Paramount)	3½★
Internes Can't Take Money (Paramount)	2½★
I Promise to Pay (Columbia)	2★
*It Could Happen to You (Republic)	1★
Jim Hanvey, Detective (Republic)	1★
John Meade's Woman (Paramount)	2½★
Kid Galahad (Warners)	3½★
Kidnapped in Shanghai (Republic)	2★
The King and the Chorus Girl (Warners)	3★
The Last of Mrs. Cheyney (M-G-M)	3★
The Last Train from Madrid (Paramount)	2½★
Let Them Live (Universal)	2★
Lost Horizon (Columbia)	4★
Love from a Stranger (United Artists)	2½★
Love Is News (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Maid of Salem (Paramount)	3★
Make Way for Tomorrow (Paramount)	3½★
A Man Betrayed (Republic)	2★
Man of Affairs (GB)	2½★
The Man in Blue (Universal)	2★
Man of the People (M-G-M)	2★
The Man Who Could Work Miracles (United Artists)	3★
Marked Woman (Warners)	3★
*Married Before Breakfast (M-G-M)	3★
Maytime (M-G-M)	4★
Meet the Missus (RKO)	2★
*Michael O'Halloran (Republic)	1★
Midnight Court (Warners)	1★
*Midnight Madonna (Paramount)	1★
Midnight Taxi (20th Century-Fox)	1★
The Mighty Treve (Universal.)	1★
Mind Your Own Business (Paramount	2★
Mountain Justice (Warners)	2★
Mountain Music (Paramount)	2★
Murder Goes to College (Paramount)	1★
Mysterious Crossing (Universal)	1½★
Nancy Steele is Missing (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Navy Spy (Grand National)	2★
*New Faces of 1937 (RKO)	3★
Night Key (Universal)	2½★
Night Must Fall (M-G-M)	3★
Night of Mystery (Paramount)	1★
Nobody's Baby (Hal Roach)	1★
Off to the Races (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Oh, Doctor! (Universal)	1½★
One in a Million (20th Century-Fox)	3★
On the Avenue (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
The Outcast (Paramount)	2★
Outcasts of Poker Flat (RKO)	2½★
Park Avenue Logger (RKO)	2★
Parnell (M-G-M)	2★
Parole Racket (Columbia)	1★
Penrod and Sam (Warners)	2★
Personal Property (M-G-M)	2½★
Pick a Star (Hal Roach)	2★
The Plainsman (Paramount)	4★
The Plough and the Stars (RKO)	3★
The Prince and the Pauper (Warners)	3½★
Public Wedding (Warners)	1★
Quality Street (RKO)	3★
Racing Lady (RKO)	2★
Racketeers in Exile (Columbia)	2½★
Ready, Willing and Able (Warners)	2★
Riding on Air	2½★
The Road Back (Universal)	3★
Romance and Riches (Grand National)	2★
Romeo and Juliet (M-G-M)	4★
Sea Devils (RKO)	2★
Seventh Heaven (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Shall We Dance? (RKO)	3★
She's Dangerous (Universal)	1★
Silent Barriers (GB)	3★
Sing and Be Happy (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Sing, Baby, Sing (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Sing Me a Love Song (First National)	3★
Sinner Take All (M-G-M)	2½★
Slave Ship (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Slim (Warners)	3★
Smart Blonde (Warners)	1★
The Soldier and the Lady (RKO)	2½★
Song of the City (M-G-M)	1★
Step Lively Jeeves (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Stolen Holiday (Warners)	2½★
Strangers on a Honeymoon (GB)	2★
*Sweetheart of the Navy (Grand National)	1★
Swing High, Swing Low (Paramount)	3★
*Talent Scout (Warners)	1★
That Girl From Paris (RKO)	3★
That I May Live (20th Century-Fox)	1★
That Man's Here Again (Warners)	1★
There Goes My Girl (RKO)	2★
They Gave Him a Gun (M-G-M)	3★
*Think Fast, Mr. Moto (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Thirteenth Chair (M-G-M)	2★
*They Won't Forget (Warners)	2★
This Is My Affair (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Thunder in the City (Columbia)	2½★
Time Out for Romance (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Top of the Town (Universal)	2½★
Trouble in Morocco (Columbia)	2★
Turn Off the Moon (Paramount)	1★
23½ Hours Leave (Grand National)	2★
Two Wise Maids (Republic)	2★
Under Cover of Night (M-G-M)	2★
Under the Red Robe (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
The Unguarded Hour (M-G-M)	3★
Waikiki Wedding (Paramount)	3★
Wake Up and Live (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Walking on Air (RKO)	2★
Way Out West (Hal Roach)	2½★
*Wee Willie Winkie (20th Century-Fox)	4★
We Have Our Moments (Universal)	2★
We're on the Jury (RKO)	2★
We Who Are About to Die (RKO)	3★
When Love Is Young (Universal)	3★
When Thief Meets Thief (United Artists)	2★
When's Your Birthday? (RKO)	2★
When You're in Love (Columbia)	3½★
Wild Brian Kent (Lesser-RKO)	1★
*Wild Money (Paramount)	1★
Wings of the Morning (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Wings Over Honolulu (Universal)	2½★
The Woman Alone (GB)	3★
Woman Chases Man (Sam Goldwyn)	3★
The Woman I Love (RKO)	2½★
Woman in Distress (Columbia)	1½★
Woman Wise (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Women of Glamour (Columbia)	2★
You Can't Beat Love (RKO)	1★
You Only Live Once (United Artists)	3★
You're in the Army Now (GB)	2½★

Turn to our Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. It's a valuable guide in choosing entertainment. Instead of giving the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under General Rating, beside each picture. 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. Asterisk denotes that only Modern Screen ratings are given on films not reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

"My Beauty Bath leaves me marvelously refreshed—"



MY COMPLEXION SOAP—
LUX TOILET SOAP—
MAKES A WONDERFUL
BEAUTY BATH

WHEN I STEP OUT
MY SKIN IS SOFT
AND SMOOTH—
DELICATELY
FRAGRANT. YOU'LL
LOVE **LUX TOILET
SOAP'S** PERFUME!

Carole Lombard
PARAMOUNT STAR

Girls everywhere follow Hollywood's lead—protect daintiness the Lux Toilet Soap way
LUX

Hollywood's Beauty Bath protects daintiness . . .

EVERY GIRL knows how important it is to keep skin *sweet*. It's only then you can be sure you are attractive! Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather sinks deep into the pores, frees them of stale perspiration, every hidden trace of dust and dirt—leaves skin *thoroughly* clean.

You'll find this quick beauty bath refreshing, too—a wonderful pick-me-up before your evening date. Why not try it?

LUX
LUX
TOILET SOAP

9 OUT OF 10 SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP

YOUR FIRST STEP TO Glamour

Parfum
DJER-KISS
KERKOFF
Paris
POUDRE DE TALC

...SCENTED WITH GENUINE IMPORTED DJER-KISS PERFUME

STEP from your bath into a glorious shower of DJER-KISS TALC. All through the day this soft, downy film with its tantalizing Parisian fragrance will cling tenderly to your satin-smooth skin . . . safeguarding personal daintiness . . . lending you glamorous allure and captivating charm.

Utmost quality and value in the green Djer-Kiss container. Three sizes — economical jumbo and medium sizes at drug or department stores; new, large 10c size at all ten-cent stores.

DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF · PARIS

Good News

(Continued from page 60)

you any hot ideas for this?" he asked. "Hold everything!" cried Jack, rushing over to seat himself in the last-named article of torture. "I'll have one for you in a minute."

* * *

Jane Withers is little Princess Elizabeth's most rabid fan. So her mother bought her a book on the Royal Family and let Jane read it by herself. A few days later, Mrs. Withers took Jane to a preview and was amazed to hear her unspoiled daughter quote the Princess. "Don't you think I really should stand up for a minute?" Jane asked her mother. "Surely all these people would like to see me."

* * *

Arthur Treacher has a definite domestic streak, and for some time has been wanting to buy a house for himself. The other day he ran across a place that looked ideal—small, attractive gardens, and just $7,500. But that was before he had talked a few minutes to the agent, whose eyes suddenly lit up. "Are you ARTHUR Treacher?" he asked, and upon Treacher admitting it, the agent said, "The property *complete* is $8,500, Mr. Treacher. That, you see, includes the garage."

* * *

Gregory Ratoff, who was hired under a writer-actor-director contract, is now directing his first picture. To say that Gregory is something new in directors is putting it mildly. He practically has everyone in the cast on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Ratoff loves his superlatives and, after a scene, came up to Dolores Del Rio, wildly gesticulating, "Wonderful! Marvelous! Gorgeous! Simply gorgeous, Miss Del Rio, that scene!" Then, lowering his voice to a quiet scream, "But here's the way you should have done it."

* * *

And Peter Lorre, also in the picture, came wearily into the studio barber shop one day and lowered himself into a chair. "Well, Mr. Lorre," said the barber brightly, "how's everything going? And how's Mr. Ratoff?" "He seems to be feeling all right," said Mr. Lorre. "Not a sign of a breakdown yet," he added, with a sad shake of his head.

* * *

Those chronic honeymooners, according to their publicity department, are now going to take off on another jaunt. This time it will be a trailer trip for the Dick Powells. They plan to spend three weeks in the North Woods, this month, and hope to get the trailer sneaked out of town before the studio can paint "Gold Diggers of 1938" on it.

* * *

And it seems that ever since this trailer vogue started, Miriam Hopkins has been dying to see the country in that fashion. So when Director Anatole Litvak's birthday rolled around recently, she made him a gift of one. But our spies report that it's not equipped with honeymoon accommodations.

* * *

Just to show you the influence of radio on the young, or something, here's a little item concerning Cecil B. DeMille, who has lately been adding to his income from producing epics by acting as master of ceremonies on that big weekly air show. The other day, his small grandson was visiting on a DeMille set, when a kindly old lady engaged him in conversation. Peter explained that he was visiting his grandfather. Pointing out C. B., he said, "That's my grandfather, Mr. DeMille. He sells soap."

* * *

Bing Crosby ordered up a pony the other day for Gary Evan, heir apparent to the Crosby estates. When the pony, resplendent in a hand-carved saddle, was brought around to the Crosby home, Gary waxed enthusiastic. "Say, Dad," he asked, "can this one run backwards like the men say the rest of your horses do?" Either Bing's friends have been talking, or Gary is up on the news from papa's race-track.

* * *

There's an unconfirmed rumor about town that during the shooting of "Stage Door," Katie Hepburn did her week-end relaxing at a resort in Carmel, with Howard Hughes as her companion. All of which revives the romantic rumors which once hovered about this pair. Mr. H., if you remember, was once seen about quite frequently with Ginger Rogers, who's playing opposite—and we mean opposite—Hepburn in "Stage Door."

* * *

Want to know how Marlene Dietrich keeps her well known figure so well known? Her secret is a diet of tomato juice and hard-boiled eggs, three times every week. Give it a try, girls, and if you don't come out looking like Marlene, don't sue US. We're only telling you. Of course, Miss D. was not exactly an ugly duckling even back in the days when her diet consisted of Wiener Schnitzel and Pfannekuchen.

* * *

Here's a little story about Mae West you might like to know. Out on Ventura Boulevard, near Hollywood, there's a small restaurant, operated by a widow who gambled what little money she had to buy the place. It soon became noted for its food, and among its customers was Mae West. When business got good, the landlord promptly raised the rent to a point where the poor gal couldn't afford to stay in business. Miss W. heard about it, and just as promptly bought the place herself. Now the girl's rent is lower than ever, for she pays only enough to cover the taxes.

* * *

For "First Lady," the cast includes Kay Francis, Anita Louise, Verree Teasdale, Marjorie Gateson and Marjorie Rambeau, among others. We could hardly wait to get out on the set to see what all these glamor girls were up to. It developed they were up to just what the gals back in Oshkosh go in for—sewing circles. Everyone of them was either hemming towels, embroidering linens or doing drawnwork. And, with chairs drawn into a close circle, they were gossiping away like mad—not about movies, but about the high cost of housekeeping, the newest gadgets to lighten the task of the housewife and similar de-glamored topics. According to the men on the set, the girls haven't wasted a minute on any of them.

* * *

They even have exclusively feminine luncheons, staring coldly at any man who looks like he might draw up a chair to their reserved table in the commissary. And each day, one of the girls brings a dish she's cooked with her own hands. To date, Kay Francis has turned up with fried chicken, Verree Teasdale with a couple of cocoanut cakes. Marjorie Gateson brought her special lemon pie one day, and Anita Louise caused the biggest furore by showing up

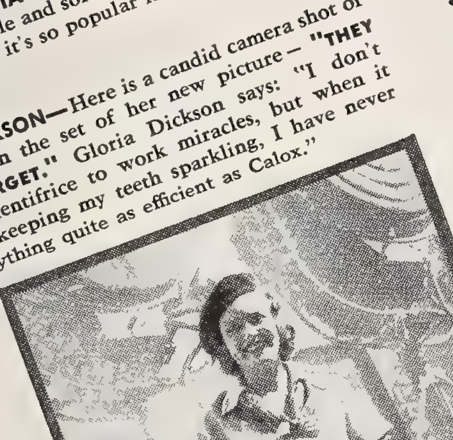
(Continued on page 110)

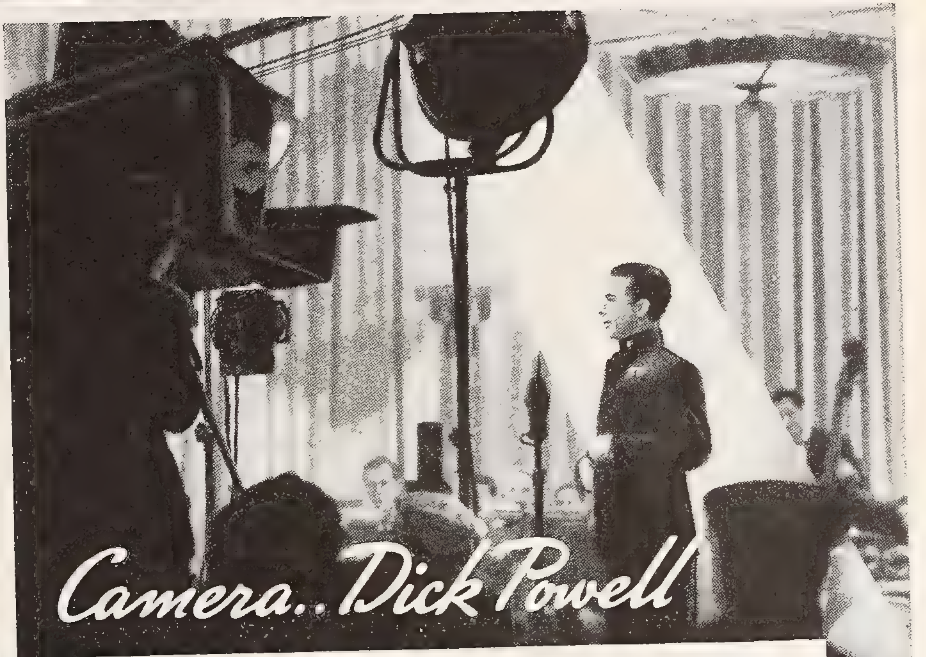
WARNER BROS.' STARS OFFICIALLY APPROVE CALOX TOOTH POWDER

... show *You* the way to a "starry smile"... sparkling teeth

OLIVIA de HAVILLAND—"Calox has always seemed gentle and soft. And it does polish beautifully. No wonder it's so popular in Hollywood."

GLORIA DICKSON—Here is a candid camera shot of her, taken on the set of her new picture—**"THEY WON'T FORGET."** Gloria Dickson says: "I don't expect a dentifrice to work miracles, but when it comes to keeping my teeth sparkling, I have never found anything quite as efficient as Calox."





Camera.. Dick Powell

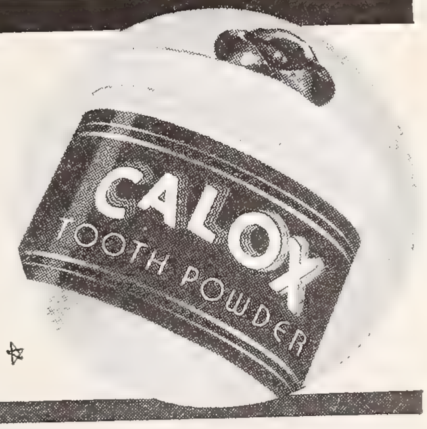
"CAMERA," shouts the director...and powerful 2000-watt lights are thrown on the star's face *and teeth.* The camera is cruelly honest. Teeth have to sparkle *naturally.* That is why the choice of a dentifrice is a matter of vital importance in Hollywood.

It is significant that the glamorous Warner Bros. stars have chosen Calox Tooth Powder.

"TOPS," SAYS DICK POWELL. This famous star, now appearing in **"The Singing Marine,"** states:—"I've never heard of any dentifrice that cleans the teeth better than Calox. Here in Hollywood it's considered 'tops'."

JOAN BLONDELL—now starring in **"BACK IN CIRCULATION."** Joan says: "Calox Tooth Powder has a wonderful reputation in Hollywood for keeping teeth sparkling and clean."

PAT O'BRIEN—"I like a tooth powder that makes the teeth glisten. Calox is ideal for screen stars—or for anyone who wants 'starry teeth'."



CALOX—for teeth that shine like the stars!

WHY HOLLYWOOD SAYS "O. K." TO CALOX

1. **GIVES "HIGH-LUSTER" POLISH.** Calox contains *five* scientifically approved cleansing and polishing ingredients.
2. **DOUBLE SAFE BECAUSE IT'S...DOUBLE-SIFTED.** It *cannot* contain grit.
3. **RELEASES OXYGEN.** Oxygen is Nature's own purifying agent.
4. **MADE WITH PRESCRIPTION CARE** by McKesson & Robbins, who have supplied fine drugs to physicians and hospitals since 1833.

EDDY EDIBLES

By

Marjorie Deen

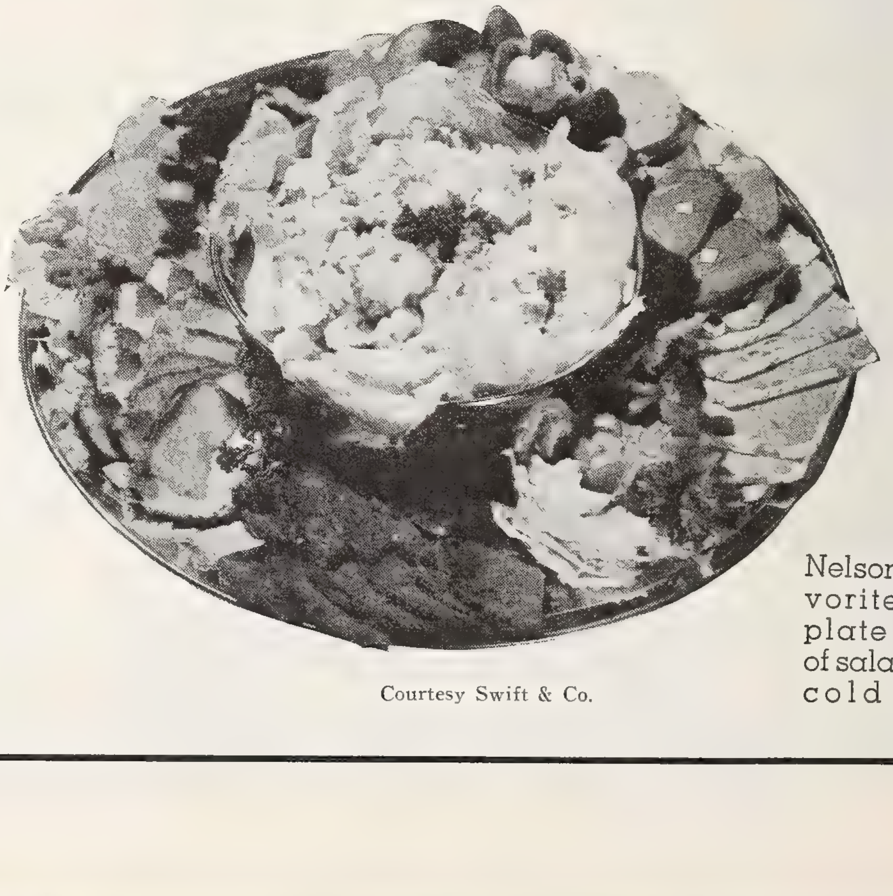
Some simply "Eddyfying" recipes, which Nelson's cook gave our Modern Hostess, are included in this article. You'll want to serve them often.

WHY DON'T you tell us what Nelson Eddy likes to eat?" many of the readers of this department have written in recently to ask me. It's a logical question, I'll admit, but up to the present time the only possible answer was that Mr. Eddy doesn't like to be interviewed on such matters. But now, at last, your Modern Hostess has accomplished the hitherto impossible job of getting this popular singing star to discuss his favorite dishes.

On any but the hottest days, if you were to ask Nelson what he likes, he'd give you a list of the most filling dishes imaginable—a substantial "man's meal," featuring Roast Beef, preceded by Borsht and always accompanied by Yorkshire Pudding. Or it might be such a repast as he was enjoying when our photographer caught him in the studio commissary. This particular luncheon consisted of Southern Fried Chicken, Hashed Browned Potatoes and a bottle of milk. But I reminded him that the foods he would recommend doubtless would be tried out by our readers in August, and then, like any sensible person, Mr. Eddy quickly revised his suggestions by discarding the more substantial fare he had first spoken about, in favor of dishes that would be more sure of a welcome in hot weather, both from the standpoint of the cook and the diner. So, instead of roasts and potatoes, pies and such, Nelson advised me to get from his cook a good vegetable recipe and some salad suggestions. Then as a parting admonition he told me not to fail to collect from the head of the Eddy culinary department a recipe for the Pineapple Upside-Down Sponge Cake, which is a great favorite of Mr. Eddy's the year 'round. All of which suggestions I hurried to carry out, with the happy result that I am able to hand on some slick recipes to you.

Let's see, then, what Nelson, himself, likes to eat in hot weather. Well there's a special green vegetable dish—a new way to cook one of the most popular vegetables of them all, green peas. There's a substantial one-plate meal consisting of potato salad and cold cuts with special garnishes to make this simple-sounding idea evolve into something really pretty special.

There's a flavorsome Seafood



Courtesy Swift & Co.

Nelson's favorite one-plate dish of salad and cold cuts.

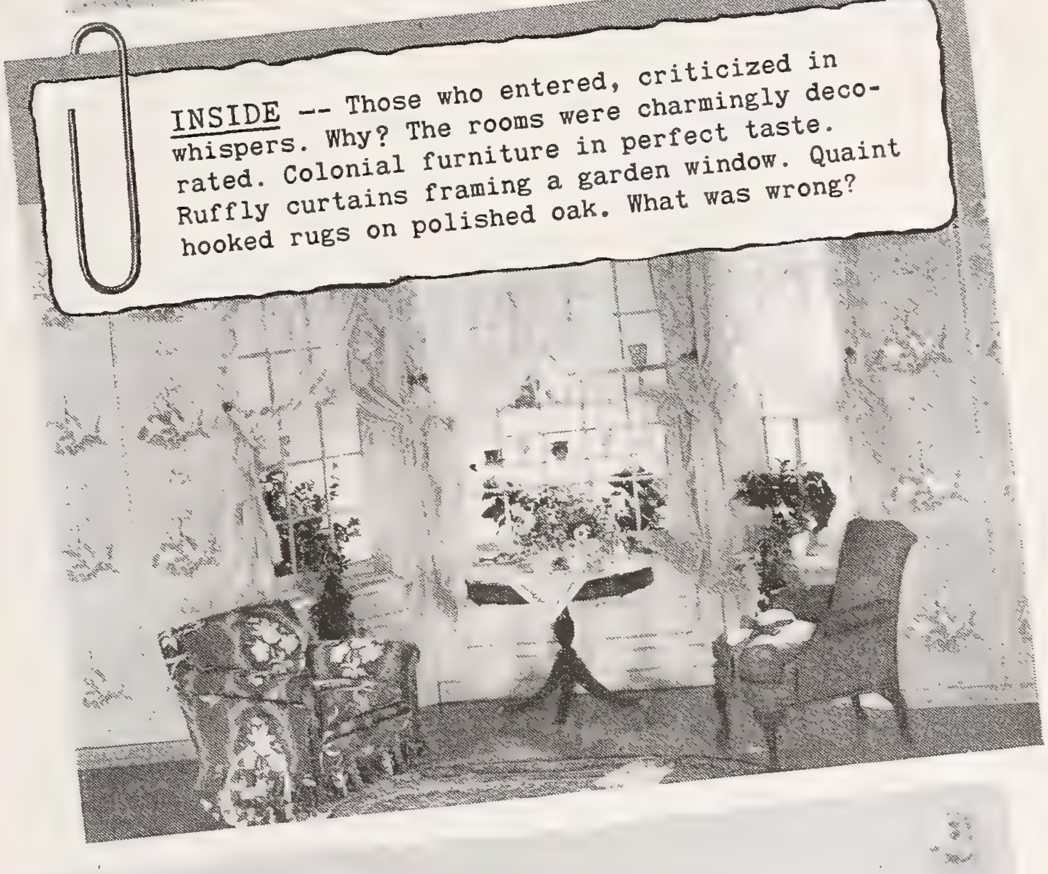
Why not pep up your summer meals with dishes Nelson Eddy dotes on?

Cocktail Sauce that turns out to be quite as good when used as a salad dressing as it is when served with the first-course cocktail. Be sure to try it even if you cannot get fresh seafood, because it's equally good with the canned variety. And now that we have come to recognize the existence of a so-called "goiter-belt," we realize more than ever before the value, in the diets of inland inhabitants, of seafoods with their high iodine content, which act as an anti-goiter aid. Canned seafoods, such as salmon and tuna, also add the feature of economy to their other qualities. I cannot imagine a more welcome, more easily prepared, or more tempting dish on a hot day than a good Salmon Salad, and served with Nelson Eddy's favorite sauce, it becomes something to rave about.

There is also a molded Gelatin Salad recipe on page 64. If you think that this type of salad isn't as popular with the menfolk as with the ladies, then try that Ginger Ale Salad recipe—as given on page 64—a guaranteed favorite of Nelson Eddy's. It turns out to have a very pale green and gold color scheme that is cooling just to look at. And the gingerale gives it a tang and zest that makes it really distinctive. Mr. Eddy, his cook informed me, likes it in place of dessert, frequently.

But not always! For, you'll recall, a Pineapple Upside-Down Cake also came in for honorable mention. Be sure to try this recipe. And don't mislay this magazine before you have secured a copy of this recipe for future use. I think you will find it more convenient if you keep any recipe you like on a regulation filing card. Then it will fit into your kitchen card-index recipe file. Please turn to page 64 for Nelson Eddy's Favorite Recipes.

OUTSIDE -- Everybody stopped to admire. Here was a lovely dream cottage. White stone and shingle, gleaming in the sunshine. Lacy evergreens before deep-set windows. Two tall elms standing guard on the lawn. But...



INSIDE -- Those who entered, criticized in whispers. Why? The rooms were charmingly decorated. Colonial furniture in perfect taste. Ruffly curtains framing a garden window. Quaint hooked rugs on polished oak. What was wrong?

ANSWER -- The loveliest home can be spoiled by tattle-tale gray in your curtains and linens -- that dingy color that shows they aren't really clean. So why use lazy soaps? Change to Fels-Naptha! It brings you richer golden soap and lots of naptha to loosen dirt thoroughly and wash it all away. It makes linens, curtains and all your clothes so beautifully fresh and snowy they add charm to your home instead of spoiling it. Get a few golden bars today and see how easy it is to...

Banish "tattle-tale gray" with Fels-Naptha Soap!

COPR. FELS & CO., 1937

"Windsor Rose gives the skin the Spirited Look of Youth"

says **MAGGY ROUFF** of Paris

"Always we women seek to entice the masculine eye. In this you will succeed when you give your skin the warm glow of Windsor Rose. This shade of Woodbury's lovely powder is magically flattering to almost every complexion."

Maggy Rouff advises her mannequins to wear Woodbury's Facial Powder for its becoming shades and germ-free* quality. This germ-free face powder helps guard the skin from blemishes. See Windsor Rose and the six other youth-blend shades. \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

*Tested with 19 other leading brands, Woodbury's Facial Powder, alone, was germ-free both before and after use.

MAIL FOR 10-PIECE LOVELINESS KIT!

For generous samples of Woodbury's Scientific Aids to Loveliness, enclose 10c and mail to John H. Woodbury, Inc., 9181 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O. In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.

Name__________

Address__________

Is Eleanor Powell Sorry?

(*Continued from page 25*)

into the strains of "You Are My Lucky Star." Everyone in the restaurant clapped hands for Eleanor.

Señor Ygorin was so delighted with this quaint American demonstration that he ordered champagne for the orchestra. Then he asked Eleanor what the music was. And learned for the first time that she was in the movies.

Somehow, that delighted Eleanor. That someone had actually wanted to know her, perfectly unaware that she was a movie star.

She did not go out much in New York, but when she did, it was usually with the young, darkly handsome Peruvian lawyer. Then she was taken ill, had a complete breakdown, was forced to drop out of "At Home Abroad."

Emmanuel Ygorin was in a panic of worry. She had a good doctor, but he wondered if he could not get her a better one, the best one in the world. There were rumors of possible blood transfusions. He begged to be the donor, if there were any transfusions.

He was supposed to go back to Peru. He delayed his departure until he saw her convalescing. Behind him in New York, he left some relatives. At his behest, they called on the Powells, sent Eleanor flowers constantly, did everything possible for her, cabled him about her.

Then, at last recovered, she returned to Hollywood to make "Born to Dance." And cable offices in Los Angeles began to receive cablegrams from Peru, bearing the cable address: ELESWEET. Checking, they discovered that a wealthy gentleman from Peru paid the cablegram company to have such an address, which, decoded, would stand for: Eleanor Powell,—Bedford Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

And all this happened without the knowledge of Broadway, Hollywood or even Peruvian correspondents. It might have remained a secret indefinitely, if an outsider hadn't been present when one of the cablegrams arrived. Then the story came out. And, immediately, romance rumors about Eleanor and "a wealthy Peruvian admirer" were rampant. For Eleanor had led, up to date, a life singularly devoid of rumors.

I checked into them. And I have an amazing story to tell you—a story that reveals Eleanor in a new light, a story that reveals the amazing girl behind the dancing star.

"I'm very fond of him, as a friend. I'm not thinking of marrying," she told me, her blue eyes looking straight at me. "I'm not in love.

"I've never had the time to fall in love—or even to be sorry that I haven't. And it's a bit ironic, too." She smiled cheerfully. "I'm one of the youngest stars at the studio. I'm supposed to be the peppy bachelor girl—always out for a good time. Dances, parties, moonlight auto rides, sodas at the corner drug store, and all the rest of it. And I've still to do the kind of playing that most girls do at sixteen!

"I've never had the time. . . .

DON'T look so worried; I'm not going to give a year-by-year account of my life again. I've had to tell it enough times, goodness knows. But if I hadn't been a self-conscious youngster, and if my mother hadn't taken me to a dancing school to get me used to being with other children, and if I hadn't gone crazy about dancing after five lessons, and if I hadn't been determined to make something of myself as a dancer—well, I wouldn't be telling this story now.

"Work is play to me. And I'm not sorry—yet. I want to get that point across. I've had a good time, in my own way. A swell time.

"I'm too excited about my work to be happy doing anything else. You wouldn't want to be sorry about that, would you? And it's been that way as long as I can remember. Sometimes, I wonder how much longer it will be that way."

Eleanor had hurt her foot two days before, which explained why she was at home now. I asked her how the accident had happened.

"I was doing a comedy number with George Murphy and Buddy Ebsen in a box-car for 'Broadway Melody of 1937.' The box-car is a rolling stable for a couple of race horses. We do a trick dance that winds up with us dancing on big brushes and kicking them off. The camera crew was right in front of me. I was afraid I'd hurt somebody if I kicked the brushes off forward, so I tried to kick them backward."

Only Eleanor would think of something like that. No wonder the studio workers call her "The Sweetheart of M-G-M!"

"The right one caught and tripped me. I sprained my ankle and one of my toes. I had a nurse tape it up and then I went on; but that night my foot was so swollen that I couldn't even step on it. It's the first time anything like that has happened to me—where's some wood?—and my legs aren't insured, either. I don't know how much it will delay the picture. We thought we'd get some of the dances out of the way before Robert Taylor came back from another studio to play opposite me. The studio has told me to stay at home and rest until my foot is completely well.

"And here it is, the second day, and I'm fuming with restlessness. I've never been idle before, never missed a day of dancing—except when I had that breakdown. And I don't like it. I feel as if I'm losing time. Though I suppose the enforced idleness will be good for me."

The doctor ordered three weeks' complete rest. One week later, Eleanor was hobbling back on the set!

WHEN I'm working, I have to be up at a quarter of six, to limber up for the day's work. I'm in bed at nine-thirty because I'm exhausted. And when I have days off, instead of going away on a trip somewhere, I'm so tired that I have to stay home to store up energy for what's ahead.

"Yet I get home from the studio, after doing a number all day and say to Mother, 'I think I'll do that number once more.' I do it, right then and there. And I'm thinking about it all during dinner.

"Mother says my dinner doesn't do me any good because I'm thinking of all the time it's taking. The doctor told her the other day, 'You've got to get five more pounds on this girl,' and she just threw up her hands.

"Sometimes, I think, 'I'd like to give up all this.' That sounds silly, probably, in just those words. Sounds like the star too-too-tired-of-it-all, complaining about her luck. I don't mean it that way.

"I'm quite sure that I shall always dance. But some day I'd like to dance just to amuse myself, without worrying whether or not anyone else will like what I'm doing."

Does she feel that she has missed something along the way to success?

"No. Because I wouldn't have what I

do have, today, if I hadn't been willing to pass up a few things. Sports, for example.

"I've never been able to go horseback-riding because I've always had the thought, 'If the horse threw me, and I broke my ankle, I'd never have flexibility again. I couldn't do that ripple of taps that I've worked years to perfect.'"

"I haven't been able to play tennis. I have to give my heart a rest. It's overtaxed already by my dancing. I have to watch it constantly.

"If I went out for tennis, I'd give everything to it. That's me: a one-track mind. And energy plus. When I get into a thing, it's to see how far I can go in it.

"I would have been a swimmer if I hadn't been a dancer—and I would have worked to be a champion. I don't dabble, when I get an interest. I put everything I have into it. Particularly if it's competitive.

"I get letters from ambitious girls, trying to be dancers, saying, 'Gee, I hope *I* can be a big success.' If they ever read this, they'll probably ask, 'Gee, what's the sense of living—if you can't do anything but work?'

"And all I can answer is that work has its own peculiar compensations, entirely apart from fame or money. There is a satisfaction in accomplishment, especially creative accomplishment, that tops anything play can offer. I'm pretty sure of that."

But hasn't this concentration on work taken some rare will power?

There is no false modesty about Eleanor. "I have wonderful will power, if I do say so myself. Maybe too good. If I had to do anything, I could do it. If I had to stop anything, I could do that, too. Dieting, for example. If I were told to diet—there isn't much danger, but let's suppose—I could conquer this ravenous appetite of mine."

She dipped, for emphasis, into the bulging bowl of popcorn on the coffee table in front of us.

"This will power—which, by the way, has kept me from falling in love—came from working very young. That can't help but develop character and a sense of responsibility, particularly when a person has absolute freedom to choose what he will do. Which I had. I wasn't forced to work. My mother told me, when the choice between school and career came up, 'Eleanor, you can do what you want to do—but once you make your choice, I'll expect you to stick to it, to prove you meant it.' I can't let Mother down, or my grandfather and grandmother. They've believed in me so. And not wanting to let somebody down who believes in you has so much to do with your coming through.

"That sounds idealistic. It is idealistic. I wouldn't have got very far without some ideals, some pretty high ideals. I still have them—thank heaven. Nobody has shattered them. All my years in show business haven't made me cynical. I've kept right on living, you see, in a private world of trying to improve, of trying to be well-liked by everyone."

But, getting back to romance—or romances—

I'VE had far less than the usual girl. Oh, I've had 'conquests'; everyone on the stage has those, flirting across the footlights. But not anything to touch the heart. Yes, I've had some embarrassing moments because I hate to hurt anyone's feelings. There were boys who cared, and I couldn't hurt them by saying, straight out, I didn't. For, once you meet a fine, clean boy, who is attracted to you because you don't drink or pet or know all the latest smutty stories, and he wants to continue the companionship—well, it can become serious if you continue, too."

I reminded her that when she first went East to play in "At Home Abroad," she was briefly engaged to Abe Lyman, the

Lady in danger..

OF LOSING HER MAN!

Isn't it a shame she doesn't know this lovelier way to avoid offending?

BEFORE EVERY DATE, wise girls bathe with Cashmere Bouquet. For this deep-cleansing, perfumed soap not only keeps you sweet and clean, but also alluringly fragrant. No need to worry about body odor, when you bathe with Cashmere Bouquet.

YOU FEEL MORE GLAMOROUS when you guard your daintiness this *lovelier* way. Long after your bath, Cashmere Bouquet's flower-like perfume still clings lightly to your skin—keeping you so completely safe from any fear of offending!

SO ALLURING TO MEN—Cashmere Bouquet's lingering fragrance! But remember that only a rare perfume like Cashmere Bouquet's has that special *lingering* quality. Only Cashmere Bouquet Soap brings you the *lovelier* way to avoid offending!

NOW ONLY 10¢
at all drug, department, and ten-cent stores

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

This pure, creamy-white soap has such a gentle, caressing lather. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics—keeps your skin alluringly smooth, radiantly clear!

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

DRY, DEAD SKIN
Made Her Look 40
--- MEN NEVER NOTICED HER

WRINKLES
LINES
BLACKHEADS
SHINY NOSE
DRYNESS ROUGHNESS
CREPEY THROAT

PROFESSIONALLY POSED

Now It's Smooth, Younger Looking
--- AND SHE'S ENGAGED

MAYBE THIS GIRL'S EXPERIENCE WILL HELP YOU TOO

Kansas City, Mo.
Dear Sirs:
your Tayton's Cream is wonderful. I am 23. My skin was terribly dry, scaly and rough and lines were making me look 40 years old. After using Tayton's Cream for cleansing and also as a night cream for two days it made my skin so smooth and soft I could hardly believe how much younger I looked. I met a wonderful boy who told me I had a beautiful skin. We are now engaged. I am so thrilled I can't thank Tayton's Cream enough.
Mary Shireman

Here's The Amazing Beauty Cream That's Thrilling All America

Skin beauty is the soul of romance—the power to attract . . . At last science has found a way to help nature restore smooth, soft, younger looking skin. Like the oils of youth, this new beautifier TAYTON'S CREAM releases precious ingredients, which are tripled whipped and quickly aid nature to combat Dryness, Roughness, Lines, Premature Wrinkles, Blackheads and Pimples. Melts away dry, scaly, dead skin. Stimulates underskin. Rouses oil glands. Frees clogged pores. Cleanses, Lubricates, Smooths. Brings out new, live, fresh skin. Beauty editors are writing about it! Thousands praise it!

Make This Guaranteed 3 Day Test

Give your skin these thrilling new beauty benefits. Use TAYTON'S CREAM to cleanse with and also as a night cream for 3 days. It must make your skin softer, smoother, look younger and satisfy completely, or your money will be refunded.
Ask for TAYTON'S CREAM at drug, department and 10c stores. If your dealer can not as yet supply you, insist he order for you from his wholesaler or headquarters.

At Drug, Dept. And 10c Stores

TAYTON
"An Old English Name"

orchestra leader. I asked her how that had happened.

She smiled. "I don't know. It must have been part of the excitement of getting back to New York. Or I must have been in a daze. I like Abe; always have and probably always will. But I don't know, now, what made either of us think it was a romance. We didn't have the illusion very long, if you remember.

"But, seriously, I've always had my work and my family to occupy my thoughts. When I haven't had work to think about, I've had my family—a swell family.

"Very few people could live as I do, probably, and enjoy life.

"People ask me, 'But don't you ever go out?' I wonder sometimes why any boys ever take the trouble to come around. Johnny Payne, for example—a grand boy. He's coming over this afternoon to see me, though I warned him that Myrna Loy has loaned me her hairdresser to experiment with some new coiffures, and we'll be experimenting this afternoon. And Jack La Rue says, 'Eleanor, if I get to be fifty, I'll wait to take you out just once.' Jimmy Stewart hasn't seen me much since he stopped working with me."

It all comes back to that little matter of time.

"I work under terrific pressure—physical *and* mental. A dramatic actress, when she gets through one scene, has nothing to worry about except her make-up, her clothes, and her lines for the next scene. I have lines to rehearse, too, and make-up to repair, and clothes changes. And then, on top of those responsibilities, countless others. But I seem to thrive on them.

"I have to make sure that my shoes are completely broken in. I have to be sure that I am completely limber. I have to remember complicated routines, and try to improve on them if I can. If I do an hour of ballet, I have to do an hour of tap afterward, and vice versa, to equalize the effect on the muscles. I have to be thinking ahead not only to the next scene, but the next sequence, the next picture. I have to be generating ideas, day in, day out. Nobody else can do that for me. I've developed my own style, my own technique. It's individual: And the only way I can keep it individual and spontaneous, is to create all my steps myself.

"When I came back from this last vacation—they called it 'a vacation,' but I called it 'having two impacted wisdom teeth out'—the studio said, 'Just tell us what you want, in preparing for "Broadway Melody," and we'll give it to you.' And do you know what my answer was? 'All I want is time. Just give me time, and I won't ask anything else. Time, so that I won't be working under pressure'."

Yet she likes the business. She loves it. She isn't sorry that, to date, it has made her miss romance.

"I won't miss it forever. But as much as I like dancing, I'll never marry and try to keep on working. Some girls could do it, but I couldn't. When I work, I work too hard, have to create too much to have time to think of anything else.

"When I do marry, I want my marriage to be as important as my work has been. And I think my will power—I've a lot of faith in that will power—will keep me from falling in love with a man who hasn't some driving ambition, himself, a passion for achievement."

She paused, and added, "When I have *time* to fall in love. . . ."

Make Way for Mike

(*Continued from page 42*)

vitally important to me as a person.

"I did go to New York from Philadelphia because I was stagestruck. I had been manager of several Woolworth stores, and I'd saved eighteen-hundred dollars. I was twenty-three when I stood in Times Square and stared at all those bright lights. I swore my name would be up there soon.

"Well, it wasn't. I worked for Eva LeGallienne for a few months. I lived in Greenwich Village. And, frankly, I was disillusioned. I hadn't suspected how much groundwork there is to acting. The tinsel was torn off pretty abruptly. I'm a moody cuss and when I'm through, I'm through. So I quit the stage.

"I still had quite a bit of my savings, however, so I enjoyed life. New York was so gay. It was a constant whirl of excitement. But then I was thumped to earth by the sad state of my finances. I was broke.

"Singing on the radio was my next goal, but I didn't get far. They declared my baritone voice was worth twenty programs a week. They'd pay me sixty-five dollars for them, providing I paid for a fifteen-piece orchestral accompaniment. So you want to be a crooner? That's the proposition I bumped into!

"Luckily for me, I also bumped into James Montgomery Flagg. He hired me to pose for his magazine illustrations. So I moved to the Barbizon-Plaza and lurked on the fringe of luxury.

"I had a swell address and enough good clothes for all the parties I rated invitations to. I took tests for almost every picture company, but nothing happened. Then, finally, personal affairs became complicated. That's why I came West.

IT seems that a friend of mine had been slandered, and I resented it bitterly. On the night I'll never forget, I was invited to a party by those whom I'd taken it upon myself to chasten. I went. I took but two short drinks. Next thing I was lying quite literally in the subway.

"When I scrambled to my feet I was unsteady, of course. You'd be, too, if you'd been playing Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model in that up-to-date fashion! I had no memory of what had happened, no conception of how I'd got there. I called up to the guards on the platform and told them I'd been under the weather and had fallen off the platform.

"But when I awoke next morning I did a little checking. I found out that I hadn't been the slightest bit tipsy. I realized that if I had been I couldn't have become positively sober so quickly. I believe that I was doped. I believe, and only my hunch and the apparent evidence could back me up in this, that I was doped and pushed over onto those tracks on purpose!"

"Nice friends you had," I interrupted.

"Yes," said Mike succinctly. There was tenseness in the room as the implication of the episode gripped us.

"That was the final straw. All around me were trouble and blasted dreams. To go on being brutally candid, I had a suicide complex for a spell. I appreciated Mr. Flagg's giving me work, but posing for sketches is hardly satisfactory to a man. I was defeated by the city.

"By noon, on that morning after, I had

resolved to tackle Hollywood. While none of my screen tests had been profitable, the fact that I'd been considered by nearly every company encouraged me. It showed I had some possibilities. Hollywood was far away; it was a plunge into new surroundings.

"I borrowed some money and came West by boat to New Orleans and then by day coach, sitting up nights on the train.

"When I arrived I phoned a friend who had a room on Selma Avenue, a block below the Boulevard. I moved in with him."

Mike's rent was three-fifty a week, and he was glad of that when it began to appear that he was in for a long struggle. Mr. Flagg had given him a letter of introduction to Hollywood's foremost actors' agency. It was suggested that he stand by while a studio was informed of his availability. After two weeks Mike inquired about warming up at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. Unfortunately, it's all glory at Pasadena and no wages.

However, after doing two plays there, Mike's good looks and genial manner rescued him from the pangs of frustration. He met Sylvia Sidney, Sari Maritza and her manager, Vivian Gaye, and they particularly encouraged him. Mike was the import who added zest to every party, a handsome devil who was sure to get going professionally.

ONLY he didn't. The biggest agency was too big to bother with him after all. So he became an anxious client for another agency, which assured him of a splendid film contract just around the corner. In the meantime he was to wait. He wasn't to work as an extra, for that would be a blow to his prestige.

"I was invited out nearly every evening and that was a godsend. But when my money had given out and my roommate had been carrying the expenses for a month or more, once more I was blue.

"I was saved by the revival of my sense of humor. Socially, I was having a great time. My agent counselled me to wait. But I was getting nowhere, and life seemed a horrible joke on me. You can't go on laughing at empty pockets forever, you know. So one night I went into the bathroom and turned on the gas. As I was lying on the floor, I got to thinking what a mess I was making for the landlady. Then it struck me as a silly procedure. Maybe the gas in Hollywood is sweeter than the gas in New York—it was too sickening! I got dizzy and then my sense of humor miraculously dashed to the rescue. What a picture I was making, one no artist could sketch!"

Of course, what really saved Mike for success was his tremendous valor. It's the brand that will take slap after slap and still bear up. What he went through illustrates what I mean.

He and his pal moved to a thirty-dollar a-week apartment, on his agent's advice. His chum had a car, and Mike tried to compensate by doing the cooking. Gradually there was less talk of a regular contract; the agent said he'd try to get Mike in at a major studio, on a stock contract which would provide dramatic training. Next day the agent phoned that they had said no, without even looking him over.

"It was then I began to understand that you have to fight for yourself to get ahead. You can't depend upon others. I'd met B. P. Fineman, the producer, socially. He gave me a letter of introduction to Ben Piazza, an important casting director. Piazza evidently thought I looked better than I sounded, for he put me into the studio's school.

"A contract's no guarantee of opportunity, though! During my entire year at this studio I was never once cast in a single role." He studied under Oliver Hinsdale, the studio's coach. And Hinsdale told a friend of Mike's that it would be an act of charity to tip the lad off to his absolute hopelessness as an actor.

How much courage would you have left if an authority classified you thus?

Then, at the end of the year, Mike was called to the front office. "You have everything it takes to click in pictures but stamina. We have to make room for some newcomers, so we'll have to let you go temporarily." He knew what that meant. He didn't bother to give his backbone a build-up, say that he had been working as a common laborer on the night shift on another lot to afford his attendance at school! No pluck? He merely studied at one studio all day and then put in eight hours sweeping and tearing down scenery at another.

He dropped out of the party whirl when he went to work as an ordinary laborer. "So long as I was a potential success, it seemed to me all right to accept the hospitality of the big people; but when I was emphatically a nobody I preferred not to.

LITTLE theatres became my Mecca. I acted in every amateur play I could get into. They paid nothing but experience."

However, two of the friends whom he'd known when he was a newcomer never lost faith in him. Sari Maritza and Vivian Gaye appreciated his battle. "When my clothes were all worn out, and I hadn't anything decent to wear, Vivian got me two suits that Randy Scott, then Vivian's husband, was ready to give away.

"Three years ago this July Fourth I had

HER SMILE WON HIM

...But her breath lost him

I HEAR TOMMY BLAKE FELL HARD FOR YOU TONIGHT, HELEN. LIKE HIM?

HE'S AWFULLY NICE! BUT HE ONLY DANCED WITH ME ONCE, PEG!

I THINK I KNOW WHY, HELEN...BUT IT'S HARD TO SAY IT! SOMETIMES YOUR BREATH...OH WHY DON'T YOU SEE THE DENTIST TOMORROW?

MY BREATH! WHY PEG, THAT CAN'T BE...BUT I'LL SEE DR. ELLIS

MISS WEST, TESTS PROVE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO PROVE THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...

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AND PEG, TOMMY AND I WANT YOU TO BE BRIDESMAID!

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a marvelous part in a show. There were only twelve people in the audience, and the cast, discouraged by that reception and pepped up by the holiday as an excuse to celebrate, celebrated in liquid style. They were all angry with me because I wouldn't take a drink. But I had a part and I was going to act it to the hilt. After the show I received a caller, the manager of the stock company in Vancouver. He hired me."

When he returned from Canada he worked in "Common Flesh," a play by Jim Timmony, Mae West's manager. Mae came to the dress rehearsal and her verdict was, "Kill it—it's lousy. But sign that man, Whalen!" However, Mr. Timmony wanted the pleasure of seeing his drama in action. And who should turn up at the opening but a Darryl Zanuck scout! The next night Zanuck went down to watch him act. The direct consequence was a long-term contract, with Mike debuting in a lead.

"I never expected to make another picture," Mike vows. He'd plugged for so long that skyrocketing was a fantastic reality. But it wasn't luck that had made him choose to say no when his fellow amateurs were disregarding their duty to their audience by drinking.

"I'm going to keep on learning to be a good actor, if it takes me forty years," he maintains. "But since 'success' what, you ask. Well, steady work. The thrill that comes from doing what you enjoy doing as best you can. Applause. Money.

"But there are catches to these awards. I like to go to parties, but I rarely go out any more, for what's the use if you can't be yourself? Whatever I do is commented upon. When you're a leading man, instead of a would-be, you're gossiped about if you sit peacefully at home. So I don't dare do this or that for fear someone will criticize. Financially, I'm much better off, of course. But I haven't been able to save any money yet. I'm not earning a great deal. I've brought my mother and two sisters West to live with me, and I'm supporting them. Buying clothes for three gals and buying a more-than-average priced car—that's my dissipating with my surplus funds.

"I'm not in love. Someday, after my family is cared for, I intend to marry, but I don't want to seem like a shop-worn Romeo to the girl who gives me a break. So I dislike having romance rumors flung foolishly on the breeze. I get more kick out of buying a girl friend and myself two sips of sherry for fifteen cents than I do out of parading to the Trocadero and tasting expensive champagne and wondering if I'm partially living up to what a leading man's supposed to be. I haven't met Garbo, my favorite. I haven't even caught a glimpse of her.

"What I want now is a little ranch, where I can putter around and ride—and have a sailboat.

"When I was doing 'Wee Willie Winkie,' the location at Chatworth was somehow familiar. Gradually, it dawned on me that four years ago I had been on the same spot. Then I'd been pushing lion cages into position for Buster Crabbe to disport himself as 'King of the Jungle.'"

She's Taking It Easy

(Continued from page 31)

When the picture was finished she followed one rushing habit that still clings to her. She lost no time in having her hair restored to its natural dark brown. The cameramen insist on having it a few shades lighter when she is working, but the minute she is on her own she rushes to a hairdresser.

"It's a good thing I have hair that will stand it, for I'm continually changing it back and forth from light to dark," she commented with no hint of complaint in her voice, although her hair is one of the things about which she is very particular. Professional hairdressers don't get much of her money, for it is washed by her personal maid and arranged by Claudette herself. Sometimes the process takes more than an hour, while engagements wait, for she painstakingly winds each curl around her finger and, according to a friend, "fixes her bangs and fusses until she drives me crazy." According to this same friend and by Claudette's own admission, it is almost axiomatic that she is just never on time.

WATCHING her while she talked I wondered what had brought about this change of mental attitude. Could it be due entirely to her happy marriage? Was it a natural sequence following the steady success of her career; a sense of financial security or perhaps a combination of all three? She told me.

"Experience taught me to relax," she said thoughtfully. "Of course the combination of perfect happiness, of having made a few good pictures and the feeling that I am financially secure, has allowed me to put what I learned into practice. Unpleasant experiences as a result of rushing headlong into things helped a lot.

"There was the time I was going to Honolulu to make a picture. The day the company sailed I had to go to the hospital for an emergency appendectomy. For some reason that picture seemed very important to me, and with my last breath before I went under the anaesthetic, I declared I would take the next boat and join the company. I did!"

I recalled the wire she sent the director the day following her operation, which read: "You'd be surprised how fast I recuperate. Wait for Baby."

Actually, she walked four days following her operation and ten days later she took the boat for Honolulu. Most of her scenes in the picture showed her in a swamp up to her neck. She risked her health, if not her life, and the finished picture, to quote Claudette, "was a Lulu!"

"That was once when I should have taken my time," she laughed, "but definitely."

She took her time about making up her mind to marry Dr. Joel Pressman. Indeed, she kept an interested world-at-large, as well as her fiance, on pins and needles for months until she made her decision. And after a year she is enthusiastically happy.

Perhaps now she could give the interview one editor asked her for, the day following her marriage, on the subject of "Why Second Marriages Are Successful." At that time she displayed caution and a rare sense of humor when she wired her reply to the editor. It was terse and to the point and read: "How should I know?"

Marrying a man who is tops in his profession as she is in hers, a man whose career is one she can look up to, has helped to make it one of Hollywood's successful

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marriages. His work has become of tremendous importance to her. She takes the keenest interest in it, not only because it is fascinating to her of itself, but because it is where his interest lies. She takes pride, as any womanly woman does, in the achievement of the man she loves. And says quietly: "His work is so much more important than mine."

In order to give herself a personal life, which few stars are able to manage, Claudette has reduced her professional life to three pictures a year.

For, "What's the hurry?" she asked.

I COULD have used some delay to advantage when I built my house, too," she suddenly remembered. "Oh, I've had my lessons. I didn't learn to proceed cautiously all in a minute, or from hearing that song about taking your time. I've had experience.

"Naturally when I decided to build, I got an architect to draw up the plans. He made blue prints. Everything was down on paper or, rather, on the blue prints, and it all sounded fine. But, of course, I couldn't read a blue print and when I saw the house, it wasn't anything like what I had visualized. I had most of it made over entirely."

Claudette wasn't planning to marry at the time she built the house, and considerable remodeling had to be done to accommodate a man. "But not too much," she added. "I did my bedroom a little differently than I had intended. Instead of having it all satin and ruffles, I used chintzes. And made another bathroom out of a dressing-room.

"Another thing I am doing over right now is the playhouse. It seemed to me a good idea to build it away from the house. I had a projection machine down there, but when we wanted to run a picture it was like getting dressed to go downtown. During the rainy weather we had to stop and bundle up, and, if we had guests, we had to ask them to put on their boots and take a hike.

"Now I'm having the library, two guest-rooms and a small powder-room thrown into one large room and the projection machine moved in there. I'm also going to add a nursery and put it away like a hope chest," she added.

Asked if she were going to have need for a nursery, she replied: "Oh, certainly. I hope so, some day."

Claudette is never written up in the gossip columns. Big parties, cafe life and crowds never appealed to her, and recently she has been seen less and less at places haunted by the film crowd. Not that she has become a recluse. Far from it! She hasn't changed in a manner that you would notice. She is just as full of fun; just as much the prankster and has just as grand a sense of humor as ever, but she seems to demand more leisure in which to enjoy life. She likes to read the new French plays in French. And to lean over the back fence and talk with her neighbor, Irene Dunne. Tennis being her favorite game, she gets in a few sets almost every day.

It's a mental attitude, this taking-it-easy business, she thinks, and something that each individual must learn for himself.

"You can preach it to people, but preaching does no good," she said seriously. "The whole theory in a nutshell is," she concluded, "that there's no use rushing the present to get to the future, but each person must find that out for himself, of course."

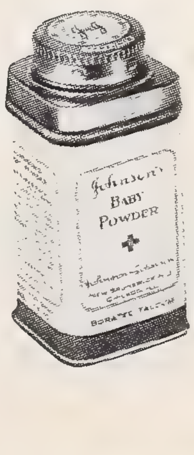
Just then Dr. Pressman drove up in front of the door, ready to take her home. He leaned out and whistled—ever so softly—and I rose to go.

"Don't go," she urged cordially, "he's in no hurry."

● *"Gee, I'd hate to be you, Jocko! That get-up may be peachy for collecting pennies, but you couldn't hire me to wear it on a day like this. The prickly heat breaks right out on my neck to think of it!"*

● *"Boss won't let you take it off, eh? Well, that's life...many's the time I've been rammed into a sweater. Only thing makes 'em bearable is Johnson's Baby Powder. It always fixes those prickles!"*

● *"I could stand a sprinkle myself—this carpet's itchy...How about some soft silky Johnson's Baby Powder for both of us, Mother? Jocko will do his best monkey-shines for you. And I'll do mine!"*



● *"Did you ever notice how fine Johnson's Baby Powder is? Just like satin! It keeps my skin like satin, too!"...Clear, unblemished skin is the best protection against skin infections, Mothers! Johnson's Baby Powder helps prevent prickly heat, rashes and chafes. It's made only of finest Italian talc—no orris-root. Try Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too—and for tiny babies, the new Johnson's Baby Oil, which is stainless, pleasantly fragrant, and cannot turn rancid.*

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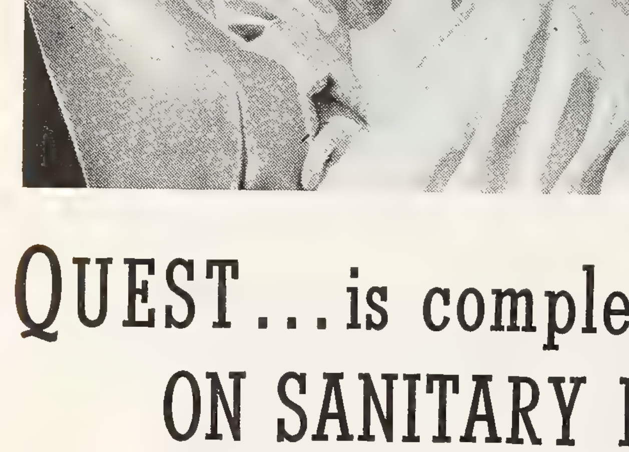

Fall Fashions Forecast

(*Continued from page 41*)

age you. For us budgeteers, the furriers have been working day and night on some new process that treats and dyes lapin until it is as pliable and alluring as the more expensive furs.

There never was a law that first Autumn outfits had to be black or brown, but from the predominance of sober hues in previous years, anyone might have assumed that there was. This year, it is all going to be different. Dress designers have been looking at Nature, and they have discovered that trees put on their most gorgeous display when Summer is over. It isn't the copper and henna and walnut shades that they have adopted for this year; it is the soft mauves, the rosy and yellow and mulberry shades that they have borrowed for Autumn woolens.

THE suit which Helen is wearing in the photographs on Page 40, is big fashion news. The material is a nubby, speckled wool of gray-beige cast, typical of the new woolens which are almost all rough-textured, as boucle or other knitted fabrics. Odd-shaped buttons crop up in all the Paris fashion news, and here is Omar Kiam leading the parade with cylinder buttons of gray suede. As for the shirtwaist it is of finest silk jersey of that shade of brick red that maple leaves take on in the first severe frost.

Hollywood and all the rest of the fashion world have been following the horse-races this year, and suddenly women have awakened to the stunning effect of jockey's brilliant-colored silk shirts. You will find the most vivid hues in blouses under the smartest suits this Fall and Winter.

A fashion detail that Helen particularly likes is the hat fashioned of the same fabric as the suit. She, like many of you, I am sure, has sought in vain other years to find a hat fabric that wasn't too smooth to harmonize with rough suitings. The only wholly satisfactory topper to a suit like this is a hat of the same material.

Before we leave the wealth of fashion hints that are to be found in "Vogues of 1938," just let me remind more mature readers that Hedda Hopper is in the picture, too, and wherever Hedda is, there is a whole course of lessons in what to wear and how to wear it.

Shorter, younger, giddier Rochelle Hudson is a fashion guide for a quite different type to follow. Such dignified and stately words as describe Helen Vinson, are discarded in favor of "Whee" when you attempt to catch the breezy spirit of Rochelle's favorite dresses. Rochelle is the dress-idol of the gadabout college girls who want to make a knockout impression. Here is a wise bit of counsel from Rochelle. When you shift from Summer dresses to Fall fashions, and she is in favor of doing it abruptly even before the weather is chilly, go definitely, alluringly feminine! You've been wearing slacks and shorts and classic sports dresses, and soon you will be wearing boxy coats and tailored suits, so take advantage of the Summer-into-Fall interim as an opportunity to wear blithely-graceful, artfully pretty dresses. Her daytime dress shown in the photograph is of the new crepe called heartbeat. It is Coronation blue. I am sure it is wonderful news to all the gray and blue-eyed girls that this year fashion dictators have relented and are really going to show a great deal of blue as a Fall and Winter color.

Frankly-feminine accents that make this dress merit the old, but always good, classification of "beau-catcher," are the short, puffed sleeves, the puffed and shirred band, uptilted in center front that forms the girdle, the snug-hipped and slightly-flaring skirt. With this dress Rochelle wears midnight-blue gloves and shoes and hat. And don't overlook the veil. Our breeziest moderns have whole-heartedly adopted this flagrant bit of coquetry.

Once when a saleswoman said to Rochelle, "Yes, I understand. You want a frock that is definitely not a sports dress," she replied, "Yes, I want one that is actually an anti-sports dress." Here you have it. And don't you think it would make the candid, open-faced, good pal of a Summer sports girl simply writhe with envy?

When you are shopping for clothes, regardless of the season, here is a tip from Rochelle that will prove valuable to you. Study every dress you try on both in repose and in movement. Often dresses that look charming when you stand still have an awkward swing when you walk or reach for the high step of a running board or bus step. Make sure that every dress you buy has enough fullness for free movement, and that it follows your every move gracefully and dramatically.

The dance dress that makes her look like the portrait of a reigning belle is one she wears in "She Had to Eat." Very subtly it combines the most flattering fashions of Colonial times and tomorrow's fashion dispatch. The deep off-shoulder neckline, the huge wallpaper flower print, were favorites of the alternately demure and bold heroines of Washington's time. But the clips and necklace and the skirt that is full without being bunchy is decidedly the mark of an ultra-modern designer.

THERE has been no end of controversy over whether dance dresses should have short or long skirts. Some of the new, short ballerina-skirted dance dresses are flattering, and there is no doubt that it is refreshing to see girls dance without fear of stepping on their skirts. It is still the girl in the long, flowing dress, however, who makes the most dramatic entrance. It is still the frankly pictur esque gown that makes of every evening party a great occasion.

If your long-skirted evening dress is made of taffeta, as this is, you won't have much trouble dancing in it. It billows out crisply as you float across the dance floor. The color, incidentally, is blue—a mauve blue background with roses of deeper blue and pink.

For the girl going away to college, for the girl whose whole Winter of fun is apt to depend on the impression she makes at the first big dance of the season, there couldn't be a wiser choice than this dress. Even if she had a whole closetful of other evening dresses, she would want to wear this one again and again.

Pulling ourselves away from the glamorous possibilities of just the right evening dress to the practicalities of every day, let's take a look at the coat Sonja Henie is wearing. If you are going out shopping for one grand coat that will see you through all occasions of Fall and Winter, I'd advise you to take this picture along with you. You will never find another coat as versatile as this one. The fur bolero is detachable, which makes it just right to wear over dresses on earliest Fall days. A little later, about the time the first football games come around, the full-length cloth coat can be worn without

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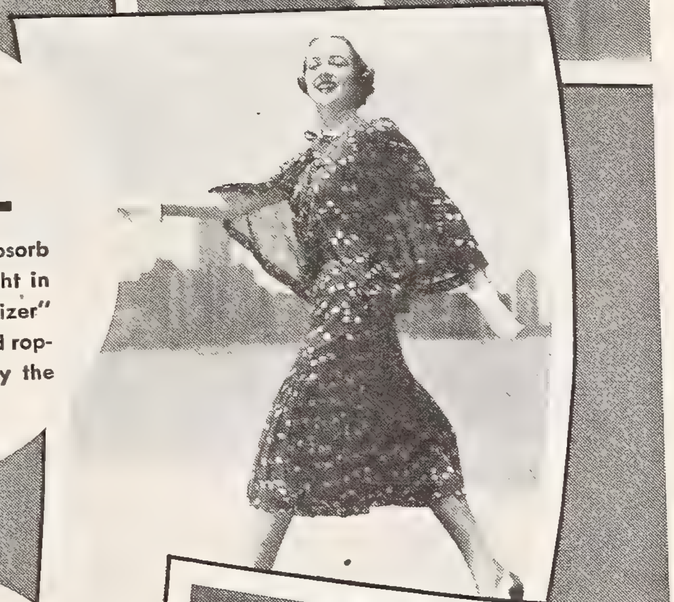
CAN'T CHAFE

Kotex sanitary napkins are Wondersoft. Sides are cushioned with downy cotton to prevent chafing, to assure lasting comfort. Sides only are cushioned — the center surface is free to absorb.



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Kotex sanitary napkins absorb many times their own weight in moisture! A special "Equalizer" center prevents twisting and roping, guides moisture evenly the length of the pad.

3

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The rounded ends of Kotex sanitary napkins are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the closest-fitting gown reveals no telltale lines.

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Regular, Junior and Super — for different women, different days.

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"Now **there's** a girl who KNOWS HER WAY AROUND"

"THAT girl has something."

"And plenty of it. I've seen prettier girls and known smarter ones, but Janet will manage nicely with what she has."

. . .

The girl who knows her way around men—what is her secret?

It's the happy art of pleasing, of taking care always to consider masculine likes and dislikes.

She knows that one of the things men admire most in a girl is a fresh, sweet daintiness of person. And that they *dislike* nothing more than the odor of underarm perspiration on her clothing and person.

And so she takes no chances. For she knows it is easy to avoid—with Mum!

Takes only half a minute. Just half a minute is all you need to use this dainty deodorant cream. Then you're safe for the whole day!

Harmless to clothing. Another thing you'll like—use Mum any time, *even after you're dressed.* For it's harmless to clothing.

Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too—so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Doesn't prevent natural perspiration. Mum, you know, doesn't prevent natural perspiration. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor. And how important that is! Remember—nothing so quickly kills a man's interest in a girl as disagreeable perspiration odor. Don't risk it—use Mum regularly, every day. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

MUM

ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Use it for this and you'll never have to worry about this cause of unpleasantness.

takes the odor out of perspiration

the fur. It is a lovely warm shade of toast-brown duvetyn, trim and plain in its outlines, as befits a very young girl with a tendency to be a little well rounded in figure.

Later on in the season when Winter winds really get seriously down to work, you can wear the coat with the bolero. And how grateful you will be for the added warmth around your shoulders.

Now some of you bright girls, who think fast while you are reading, are going to object that a cloth coat suitable for early Fall would certainly not be warm enough for blizzardy weather, even with the addition of a fur bolero. You're wrong. Inventors in the dress trades have recently devised some wonderful interlining materials that act like magic. They are neither warm, nor heavy; in fact, you won't know there is an interlining in mild weather. Then when piercing winds come, you don't feel them. Wind and cold simply cannot penetrate through these new interlinings which have so little bulk that they can be used in the trimmest, slimmest coats. One of the new interlinings is a fabric that looks and feels like chamois skin. Another is the fine snow cloth that was developed for use in ski suits last Winter.

There is a lot of fur trimming used on the new Winter coats and suits, the newest innovation being a wide, full peplum of fur on an early Fall suit. The girl who dresses on a budget has not been overlooked by the style dictators, though. Fur fabrics, wonderfully contrived to have a distinct character of their own, are used on many Winter fashions. These fabrics don't pretend to be fur. They are not a cheap imitation of something else; they are lustrous and beautiful, deep-piled fabrics that anyone could be proud of. Fingertip jackets of these various heavy-pile fabrics are just as flattering as those of fur. Another fabric that is encroaching on the domain of fur as trimming is heavy velvet. Two-piece dresses of plaid hairy-wool skirts, or checked rough wool with velvet jackets are going to be the costume that takes many a girl smartly dressed through the transition days from Summer into real Autumn.

Out of all the maze of new fashions that will be launched in these next few weeks, the details that are important are, first of all, vivid, warm colorings; next, front fullness in your skirts; waistlines are a little lower, skirts a little shorter and backs of bodices have just as many clever details of fitting and fastening as you are accustomed to see in front-fastened dresses. All the new fabrics, with the exception of duvetyn and velvet, have rough, uneven texture. Some are made of thick and thin yarn; some have the meshy basket weave; some have silky rabbit's hair woven in to give a furry surface, but all have an uneven, pebbly surface. The better to make your skin look soft and satiny, my dears.

Solution to Puzzle on Page 14

GINGER ROGERS ABEL
ROONEY AWAKEN NERO
AD ARAN EYE ETNA GO
VIEW NOON HER LOAD
END LA LAUREL AND
TENT FARRELL NOOK
ARLEN NOEL TUNIS
HT EEL B ITEM
ERIK LO ALSO AL
NAT LON ROE PRE
IV LOWE AR LATE
EILERS IVAN

SOAR ASTOR ANON
SHEA HARDING GRAB
SEC BRADY DI AIR
TAHA BOW KATE PYRE
AT STEM DEE ADDE IN
BETTE EBURNE DURANT
READ OBERON YOUNG

Bing Grows Up

(Continued from page 33)

She still can't quite get used to the idea," laughed Bing, "that one of her boys is one of those things called 'an actor.'

"That's the way I was brought up and that's the way I am. Why," said Bing, "even crooning is old-fashioned, really. It's as old as civilization. In the old days they called us troubadours, or maybe just caterwaulers. Anyway, there's nothing new about it.

"I'm old-fashioned and I like old-fashioned ways and old-fashioned girls. I always did. A fellow, when he is very young, may take the flashy type of girl out for a good time, but he still hopes to marry one who can cook a good dinner and be handy with a brace of babies. I still feel kind of queer when I see girls smoking. I should be used to it. If I had ever seen my mother smoking, I would have thought the world had turned over on its ear. Why, she doesn't even allow my two sisters to smoke now, and they're both married women. It's only recently that my brothers and I have dared to smoke in front of her. And she's just got around to admitting that a glass of wine isn't death and destruction. You don't get away from training like that," Bing said. "I never have."

THIS mild-mannered young man of few words is not "just a crooner" today. He is a husband and a father. He is, also, one of the most successful business men in Hollywood. A suite of offices on his studio lot are lettered, "BING CROSBY, LTD., INC." Within that suite of offices six people carry on the business which is Bing Crosby; the Select Music Corporation which publishes Bing's songs and the songs of others within the studio limits; his radio broadcasts and all the attendant business of the broadcasts; his picture contracts; his stables where horses are bred. He has recently formed a company along with Bill Le Baron and Leo McCary, to open a race-track at Del Mar.

His father handles his enormous fan mail. Bing is one of the few stars who, graciously and generously, sends photos out free. Bing's two brothers attend to all major matters, radio contracts, picture contracts, etc. Two secretaries carry on the minor details.

I watched him there on the set of "Waikiki Wedding." I had to look around before I could spot him. He's never in the foreground. He was smoking his pipe over in back of a group of extras. He was crooning "Bye, Bye, Blackbird" with Shirley Ross and Martha Raye. He was talking to the prop boys and the electricians. He picked up the script for the script girl when she dropped it.

I talked to the boys on the set while Bing changed his costume. They all agreed that Bing is the most undemanding star they have ever worked with. And they know. He has no personal vanity whatsoever. He goes about in old sweaters, tieless. And I had good reason to believe them when, a few nights later, I dropped in at NBC, while Bing was broadcasting. There he stood on the stage, the place jammed to the very walls, wearing a pair of brown trousers and a blue cotton shirt, open at the neck, swaying a little as he sang, as though he had just "run over from next door." Which is just exactly what he had done . . . come over from home just as he was.

He doesn't lunch in splendid isolation in

Conrad Nagel

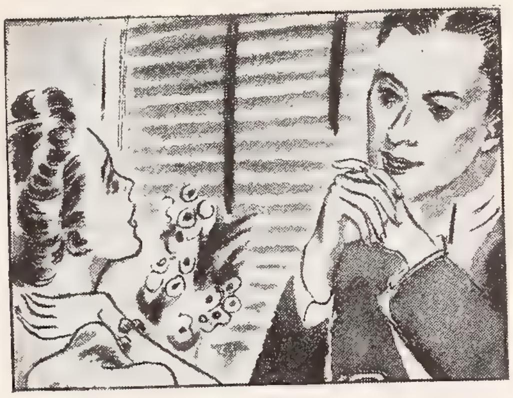
helps a lady in distress

Conrad Nagel...currently starred in the Grand National picture, "Bank Alarm".

"A relative of mine back East wrote me that his daughter, whose engagement had just been tragically broken, was visiting the coast. Would I help her?...

"I took her to dinner. She was a pretty girl, but her self-confidence had been shattered by her bitter experience. I encouraged her to tell her troubles...

"Her fiance's love had cooled until, in despair, she finally sent back his ring. It occurred to me that her appearance could be improved and I couldn't resist just one bit of advice...



"'Remember', I said, 'a girl's most alluring feature is her mouth. No man is attracted by dry, cracked lips. To keep always lovely, there's a special lipstick with a Beauty-cream base.'"...

THAT ADVICE ABOUT KISSPROOF HAS MADE LIFE WORTH LIVING AGAIN! NOW JOHN'S RING IS BACK ON MY FINGER. THE BEAUTY-CREAM BASE OF KISSPROOF IS A GIRL'S MOST PRECIOUS BEAUTY AID!

Kissproof protects your tender lips from drying and chapping while it gives warm, lasting color.

Kissproof

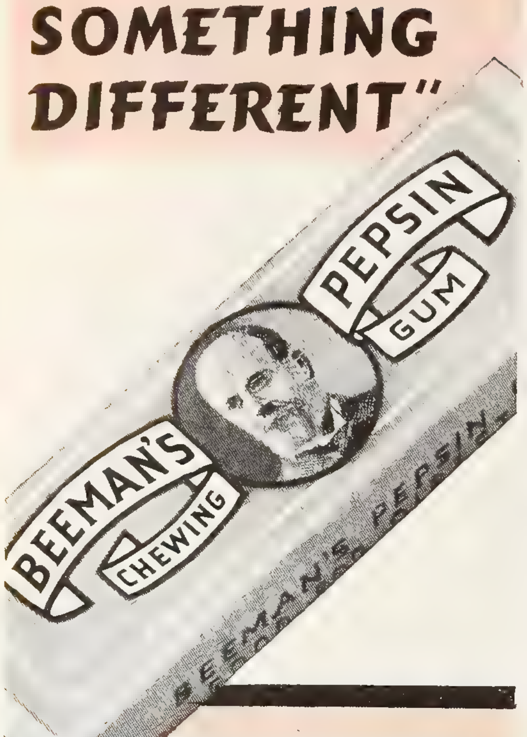
Indelible LIPSTICK *and* ROUGE

5 luscious shades of Kissproof at drug and department stores **50c**

Match it with Kissproof rouge, made in two styles—Lip and Cheek (creme) or Compact (dry).

Generous trial sizes at all 10-cent stores.

"I LIKE SOMETHING DIFFERENT"



"I've got it! Biggest lot of flavor ever sold for a nickel! A smooth, zesty flavor that slides along your tongue as satisfyingly as cream, yet refreshing as a cold shower. You get this flavor fresh—in scientific, airtight packages—in Beeman's, the gum so many people buy to aid their digestion but chew often because it's so downright good."

Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

his dressing-room. He doesn't even have a portable dressing-room on the set or so much as a chair, set apart and lettered, "Bing Crosby." He eats his lunches in the studio commissary, quite often at the counter—sometimes with Gary Cooper, George Raft, his brothers, or with Director Tuttle. He is never seen joshing with the girls. He is much more the "big brother" type with the girls in his pictures than the crooner or charmer.

I KNOW no story about Bing which so perfectly explains the kind heart of the man as this: A young woman had been writing Bing for years. Long, ardent, intelligent letters. She wrote that she was worried about herself. She feared that she was becoming a psychopathic case, for, preposterous as it might sound, Bing was wrecking her life. She couldn't make dates with the young men of her acquaintance because, whenever she did, she heard only Bing's voice; it haunted her and stood between her and reality. She realized how absurd she was, but the absurdity seemed to be more real than the tangible world around her. Eventually, she came to Hollywood to see Bing. Bing met her.

Did he pose and posture and romanticize himself, the more to inflame the inflammable heart of the girl? He did not. He showed her around the studio, wearing his old clothes. He emphasized the practical, workaday details of his work. He stripped off the glamor and showed her the grind beneath it. He took her home to dinner and introduced her to Dixie. Dixie, he explained, was the only girl he had ever gone out with in Hollywood. He put on carpet slippers, at home. He smoked his pipe. He and Dixie discussed the baby. Bing heard the baby's prayers. Bing hosed the front lawn. Bing ate too much at dinner. He was folksy and familiar as an old shoe. He was that girl's father and brother and the boy-next-door. And she went home, cured. She went home, Dixie and Bing's warm and grateful friend, as she is today. She went home cured of the fever in her veins, caused by the Crosby crooning and cured by the salty, kind good sense of Bing.

Bing doesn't like to go out partying. Once a month is his limit. Other nights he stays home, plays a card game called "Gin" with Dixie, puts out the lights at ten and is in bed at ten-thirty.

They still have old-fashioned Sunday dinners, as they had at home when sometimes twenty-five and never less than ten sat down at table. Now, on Sundays, there will be Bing's mother and father, brothers and their wives and thirteen Crosby grandchildren. It's fun to be at Uncle Bing's, the children declare, because Uncle Bing knows how to play with kids.

Bing sat on a platform covered with sand, on the set, as we talked. He said, "Yep, I'm old-fashioned, I guess. Sure, I spank the kids. They're bad actors, those three, and good paddy-whack wakes 'em up. I'm going to send them to public schools, too. Our ranch at Rancho Santa Fe is an attempt to get back to the family way of living. We raise our own vegetables and have an orchard large enough to give us fruit to preserve.

"I wouldn't stand for any of this husband-and-wife vacation stuff. When Dixie and I go off on vacations, we go together. No, I have no objection to Dixie working, if she wants to. It's almost old-fashioned by this time," laughed Bing, "for women not to work. I won't allow her to work Saturdays, Sundays or evenings. Working is all right, but none of this business of husband and wife going about alone. If I don't want to go to a preview or a party and Dixie does want to go, she goes with my brother, Larry, and his wife. Even then I tell Larry not to encourage her; I have hard enough work keeping her at home as it is.

"It's the kids I worry about," Bing said, blue eyes grave. "They haven't any need to wash dishes or mow lawns or hustle for fifty cents. Even if we made them go through the motions, they'd know they were just humoring the old man's quaint notions. It's harder to raise kids right when they have a silver spoon in their mouths than when they have no spoon at all," sighed Bing.

Deanna—Diminutive Diva

(*Continued from page 29*)

clear, bird-like voice singing a few notes.

"No, no, Deanna," the director interrupted. "Not that way. You must sing badly. You are supposed to be making fun of Binnie Barnes. Let's try it again."

"But if I do that, people will think that is the way I really sing," Deanna argued, on the verge of tears. "No one will believe I am a good singer."

She was finally convinced that singing a few notes incorrectly wouldn't give her audiences the wrong impression. Regardless of her first success as an actress, nothing to her is as important as her singing.

When the dramatic lessons, paid for by the studio, strained her voice, she refused to continue and said, "They'll have to take me as I am, without being an actress."

No doubt this decision had a great deal to do with her immediate success; for, next to her singing, her naturalness was one point the critics stressed in their reviews of the picture.

The next time I saw her, the picture was finished and had been previewed. Everyone immediately agreed that Deanna was, indeed, a wonder child.

She had been singing regularly on Eddie Cantor's radio program and had endeared herself to radio audiences, and it had been predicted that she would be a sensation in the picture. Mr. Cantor was going to New York for a few weeks and wanted Deanna to go along and broadcast from the East. It was decided that Deanna should not go to New York as a mere member of the program, but as a star in her own right. She was to be accompanied by her mother, her manager, Jack Sherrill, and her tutor. They were going to New York, Deanna told me, "to see the Statue of Liberty. I can't believe it is as big as they say," she added, confidentially.

She was less excited than anyone else over the trip, having expended most of her enthusiasm on a shopping tour the day before when two new coats, one fur and one cloth, had been added to her wardrobe. "But I'm going to get some clothes in New York," she told me. "I left them out purposely so I could shop there."

DEANNA'S arrival in New York was nothing short of triumphant. As she rode along on the train—her first lengthy trip—she could look out of the car window and see great signboards in every city covered with 24-sheets reading: "Orchids to you, Deanna Durbin!" There were newspapermen and cameramen at every station to interview her and photograph her. She was the center of attraction and had enough attention to turn the head of anyone, but while the attention of everyone else was riveted on Deanna, her whole interest was on the things she was going to see and do in the great City of New York.

"Being the center of attention is nothing new to Deanna," her sister told me. "I don't think she has ever been afraid of anyone in her life. She has always been the center of attraction, a fact which probably accounts for her unusual poise. She has entertained since she was a baby. As she grew older and was asked to sing in school and church affairs, she did it without fear."

Deanna isn't precocious in manner and not a bit the stage child. Certainly, she isn't impressed with her own importance. But neither is she impressed with the importance of anyone else. When she was introduced to Leopold Stokowski, the great conductor, who is co-starring with her in "100 Men and a Girl," she looked at him in a friendly but calm fashion and said, "Hello!" He returned her greeting in kind, and they had lunch together. He might have been an old friend. But afterward she displayed her real feelings when she said, "He is so wonderful, but why should I be afraid of him? He is just a human being."

Deanna adores her older, only sister, Florence, who insisted that the child had a voice when she was but five years old, and who, later, paid for Deanna's lessons with money she earned teaching school. Recently Florence got married, and Deanna was confronted with a major problem. Should she be her sister's bridesmaid, or should she sing at the wedding? It was vital to her to do both, she thought. She settled the matter by singing before the wedding and then running like mad out the side door of the church and reaching the bridal party in time to march up the aisle as a bridesmaid.

Probably Deanna will never forget the premiere of "The Good Earth," for, in addition to being the first opening she'd attended, it was the occasion when she wore her first long dress, a beautiful pink velvet. Thousands of ermines had sacrificed their lives to lend comfort and elegance to the occasion, to say nothing of the minks and sables. Even the street leading to the theatre was dressed in gala attire. The usual mob of enthusiastic fans was crowded outside the theatre, and each arrival brought forth its quota of "Ohs" and "Ahs" and "Oh, there's Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor."

Then, as though Fate had decreed it should be so, there was a slight pause in the arrivals before a shiny, new car drew up to the curb. From it stepped four grown people and a little girl in a pink velvet dress. The fans looked eagerly. One remarked, "Tourists, I guess," and the disappointed crowd relaxed. Suddenly, out of the momentary silence a shrill, young voice cried, "It's Deanna!"

Immediately the cry was taken up. The crowd screamed, waved and yelled unintelligible but reassuring comments. Not even the stars of the picture received such tribute. Little Deanna, with one picture to her credit, had arrived.

HER reaction to this reception endeared her to the crowd. She didn't seem embarrassed; neither did she appear too self-assured. She waved happily. She laughed and called out, "Hello, everybody!" Never once did she lose that poise which is as much a part of her as that happy smile.

It seemed to Deanna that Christmas was being prolonged into Spring. Her beautiful new car that her employer, Mr. Charles R. Rogers, had given her when she returned from New York; her first premiere and now this reception. She must be, she confided to her sister in a whisper, "the happiest girl in all the world."

After she had worn the dress a couple of times the thrill diminished, and she told her sister that she wasn't very fond of wearing grown-up clothes. But, according to her family, her favorite playthings at the age of three years were a pair of her sister's cast off, high-heeled shoes. For hours at a time she would clump and stumble around the house in those high heels, filling the family with misgivings at the dangers involved.

Strangely enough, Deanna has just as many fans among the grown-ups as she has among boys and girls her own age. Her fan mail has increased to such proportions that it can't be taken care of at home.

"Deanna tries to read it all," her mother told me, "but she hasn't time. A majority of the letters are from youngsters like herself, who write her all about themselves, their studies, their ambitions, and frequently they send her pictures of themselves. Deanna wants to answer every letter, but it is a physical impossibility, and she wants these boys and girls to know that it isn't neglect on her part that delays an acknowledgment of their letters."

Although she scarcely has time to think of them, she misses her former schoolmates just the same. Her mornings are spent with her tutor; her afternoons are more than filled with fittings, rehearsals for her Sunday broadcasts, make-up, learning new songs, experiments with new styles of hairdress and every afternoon at three o'clock a singing lesson.

She sees few motion pictures because of the lack of free evenings and, in short, Deanna is beginning to understand that with fame come responsibilities. The greatest drawback to her sudden popularity, she feels, is that she must give interviews.

"They ask me so many questions," she complained recently. But realizing that publicity is necessary to her career, she does her best. Probably they are the most non-committal interviews ever handed out by a star. She can answer questions with a "yes" or "no" and still be polite. She looks at you with an expression that says, "I don't want to do this, but I have to, and I'll be as nice as I can about it."

WHEN asked if she prefers history to algebra she will admit frankly that she gets bad marks in algebra. She is equally frank about everything, if one can be frank and amazingly reticent at the same time.

The day following her return from the East, Mr. Rogers was disturbed in his office by firm little footsteps walking up and down outside his office. Deanna was waiting to see him.

"They won't let me drive my new car," she cried, almost angrily. "They say I'm not old enough."

Mr. Rogers called the chief of police of the studio and learned the sad truth first-hand. Then he did things, and this major problem was solved forthwith by the issuance of a special permit which allows Deanna to drive her car within the confines of the studio lot. Deanna could smile again.

They are very clannish, this Durbin family. Nothing short of a disaster could keep any of them away from the Eddie Cantor broadcasts on which Deanna sings twice each Sunday. They gather at noon to see the first show. During the afternoon they visit and have a family dinner. In the evening they attend the second broadcast. Sometimes Mr. Cantor lets Deanna off from the second broadcast if she is working hard at the studio. She adores him and is grateful to him for giving her an opportunity to sing on his pro-

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Please rush "Miracle Face Powder Test". (Includes miniature Tangee Lipstick.) I enclose 5¢ (stamps or coin) (10¢ in Canada)... Send sampler checked:

Sampler #1 ☐ Contains Flesh and Rachel
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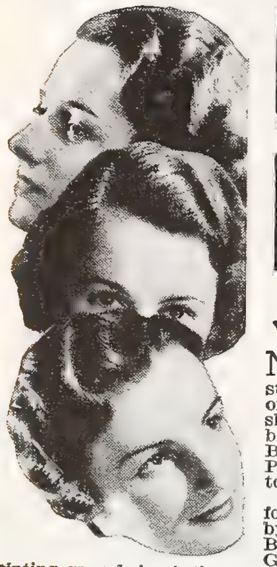
Brush Away GRAY HAIR AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER



NOW, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Prove it, by applying the tint to a lock of your own hair. Used and approved—for over twenty-five years by thousands of women. BROWNATONE is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. BROWNATONE imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

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gram, but she is glad and her audience disappointed, when she is let off once in awhile.

Deanna, though, wasn't brought to Hollywood to be put into the movies or on the air as so many children are. The Durbin family moved here from Winnipeg when Deanna was a year old to escape the rigors of the Canadian climate, which was undermining the health of her father.

Deanna was attending public school and doing all the things her schoolmates did, plus singing. At the same time, but entirely unbeknown to Deanna, M-G-M producers were scratching their heads over a scenario for the late Mme. Schumann-Heink. They were searching for a young girl who could sing, to portray the prima donna as a child. The casting director confided this to an actors' agent, who wasn't much interested but said he would keep his eyes open.

That very day a friend telephoned and told him of hearing Deanna sing. "The child is marvelous," she told him. A few hours later he heard her sing.

To Deanna it meant nothing to sing for him. Certainly she realized that it might mean a job, but singing was her job, a job she knew she could do well, so with the assurance of youth and no thought of stage fright, she gave her audition.

"I'm telling you, I had to hold onto my seat, I was so thrilled over her voice," the agent told me later, "and I had her out at M-G-M singing for the producer and casting director that afternoon."

Each person who heard her was more enthusiastic than the last and finally they telephoned to Louis B. Mayer, chief executive of the studio, who was in New York at the time, and he listened to Deanna sing over long-distance. She went home with a long-term contract in her pocket.

FROM then on Deanna attended school at the studio for three hours each day, the requirement for all children employed in a studio. Weeks went by, and Deanna experienced the fate of many another actress of far more experience. Madame Schumann-Heink was taken ill, and the picture was postponed time after time. Deanna was forgotten by everyone but the agent, who had faith in her. He got her on the Eddie Cantor program and about that time Universal began preparations for making "Three Smart Girls." The producers were interested in Deanna for the picture, but only if they could have her under contract.

With the passing of Madame Schumann-Heink, it seemed that Deanna's chances at her studio were at an end. Her agent went to the casting director and learned that he had no plans for her, so he asked for her release.

"Maybe I could get her a job some place else," he suggested. She was released and signed a contract with Universal to make "Three Smart Girls." Meanwhile she was growing more popular all the time on the radio. Mr. Mayer, in New York again, listened to her on the Sunday night broadcasts and chuckled with delight because his studio had such a "find" on its payroll. When he returned home he asked, "Well, what are we going to do with our little songbird?"

What happened when he learned that his little songbird had flown to another studio, I leave to your imagination. But it was too late to do anything about it except to rush Deanna into a short picture before her contract expired. Deanna doesn't care much for the short picture, "Every Sunday," which she made hurriedly. When asked if she didn't like the music, she replied, "Oh, the music was all right, but I didn't like the way they combed my hair."

The movies have had one bad effect on Deanna. In her first picture she had to bite her fingernails in one scene, a habit Deanna had never been allowed to practice. Pressed to do it "just for the picture," she found it such a delightful exhaust for fraught nerves that she continued it after the picture was finished. Now she must break herself of the bad habit all over again.

To date she is unspoiled about her success. Even her mother (the mothers usually become prima donnas before their children do) hasn't yet succumbed to the inevitable influence of constant deference, and she doesn't seem to me to be the kind who will. Deanna's money is being put into a trust fund.

Fate, luck or whatever you want to call it, may have furthered her career, of course, but there must be something in the quotation about the mouse-trap!

Wealthy and Wise

(*Continued from page 39*)

"I knew who started those reports about me. There wasn't any truth in them, but the only thing to do was to let them die out themselves." She is a wise young woman.

"I am twenty-six, you know," she reminded us.

But in experience, Sylvia is far wiser than her years.

There is Roumanian on her father's side, Russian on her mother's. Her parents come from a small town about a hundred miles east of Warsaw, the capital of Poland. When they lived there—before the World War—it was still a part of Russia.

Sylvia has the sophisticated traits of the Russian. By sophisticated, we mean freedom of personal actions, and thoughts unhampered by obvious conventions.

"My life," she says, "is an open book, but can I help it if a few of the pages are stuck together?"

On occasion she has been questioned about a few of the pages that are "stuck together." She resents this, for she has not quite learned that being a motion picture star means she is living in a figurative gold-fish bowl.

"There are personal things in my life that I can't share with everyone," Sylvia believes emphatically.

It was not so many moons ago, however, that Sylvia's name was linked with that of a producer whom, it was reported persistently, she was going to marry. As a matter of fact, her name has been linked with several in pictures.

Recently in Chicago, a reporter camped on Miss Sidney's doorstep at the hotel where she was stopping and prepared to follow her at a moment's notice, on the elopement she was supposedly about to enjoy.

BUT I was not there to elope with anyone. Even if I had wanted to," she added, "I couldn't have, for I hadn't yet received my final decree of divorce from my husband." That was Bennett Cerf, her first and, to date, only husband. "I was married and lived in a suburb just outside of the city. But my intrepid interviewer wouldn't believe *that*.

"It was like that when I first went to Hollywood," and she shook her head without much pleasure at the memory. "I was interviewed and asked some of the most extraordinary questions that I've ever listened to. I don't see why, just because one is in pictures, she should be asked questions that are not only personal but insultingly so. I turned around and asked the interviewer the same questions put to me. That didn't set so well. Someday I'd like to memorize a long list of scorching questions to pop at such people.

"I wasn't married at that time, but I've been married since, and I don't care to speak of it. My marriage is ancient history now, anyway. I'm no longer married, and I shan't marry again."

"Never is a long time," we remarked. There was no answer to this. Miss Sidney's face is firmly set.

"Have you ever been to a fortune-teller?"

She smiled broadly. "I had my fortune told by one in a tea-room. She told me I was going to fall in love three times."

"And be married?" we asked.

Sylvia shook her head. "She didn't say anything about marriage. Only about falling in love." She smiled cryptically.

You can take it or leave it about Sylvia's not remarrying. At the moment, she is having a happy time furnishing her new New York apartment. An interior decorator is going to fix it up for her along the simple lines she has in mind, and when she returns East after finishing her new talkie, "Dead End," her apartment will be ready for her. There'll be a house-warming—and all her old New York friends in attendance. Sylvia's not the kind of girl who lacks amusing company, for she's amusing herself and almost recklessly interested in having fun.

Much has been said about Miss Sidney's love for books. Not a mention of books when we saw her. She may enjoy them, but she's no walking library. Her real knowledge doesn't come from books, anyway. It comes from people. She's a very shrewd judge of human nature. She doesn't always follow her own hunches, but when she does, she is invariably right. Sometimes, she gives a person a long loop of rope because she doesn't want to hurt his feelings. Sometimes, she prefers to hurt feelings and have done with it.

She's a many sided girl. She enjoys simplicity. She enjoys her popularity. She enjoys her work. And yet, she has lapses into intense moodiness when she has to be by herself to work it off. She appears much taller and bigger on the screen than she is.

"That's because I usually have tall leading men," she explains. "When you see me on the screen with them it is a closeup or semi-closeup or else a long-shot, so taken that I am built up, and my chin comes above their shoulders. If I weren't built up to look taller, you wouldn't be able to see me. My head would barely touch the leading man's shoulder."

But though small in stature, Sylvia is tall in other respects, and she has a very clever head on her slim shoulders.

"Have you ever done any writing?" we inquired apropos of this.

"No. I don't know the first thing about it."

"You know how to live, don't you?" we asked.

She does.

"Well, writing is just simplified living."

But Sylvia is dubious, and time can wait, for she is still young—a free agent and—healthy, wealthy, and wise.

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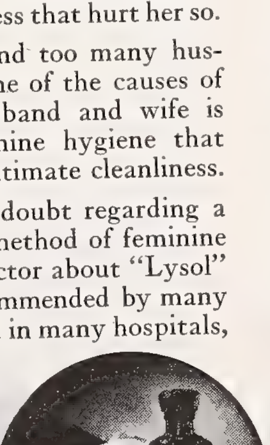

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Flying to Fame

(*Continued from page 38*)

novel to do. But the joke proved to be on me.

"When the test was run off, Mr. Schulberg wanted me to start work at once. Of course, I couldn't. In the first place, there was no one to replace me on the airline, and I couldn't leave them flat during our busiest season. However, after some discussion, I was signed to begin work the following September, which was just about a year ago."

John Trent was born on his father's orange ranch in California. He was christened La Verne Brown and held firmly to the name until that eventful day that one of his passengers turned out to be a talent-finding movie producer. Being a fatalist, La Verne accepted this new stroke of luck much in the manner he has accepted life in general. "It's just one of those things," he'll tell you philosophically.

After completing his education as an electrical engineer, he immediately took up aviation as a career. His wish was to be a transport pilot and, with this aim in view, he began saving for a plane of his own. The day finally arrived when he actually bought one, thereby inaugurating his flying career practically and in earnest. Around the country he went barnstorming—which, as a matter of fact, is doing any and all things with a plane in order to pile up the hours of flying time required for a transport pilot's license.

"I barnstormed all over the south and middle west, getting everything from a dollar to a sack of corn as fare for a ride," Trent admitted with a twinkle in his eye. "We certainly had *some* times, too,—lots of thrills but no spills."

SPEAKING of them, John declares his greatest thrill, or scare—whichever you prefer to call it—came on his initial run as a co-pilot; that is, his first really exciting experience. Indeed, it was comparable only to his first day of facing the camera out in Movieville.

"After introducing myself to the pilot and noting his amused expression, of course I should have been on," John admitted, "for he certainly realized that I was plenty green. Anyway, it wasn't long after taking off that we ran into a thunder storm. Well, I had seen storms before, but always from the ground. That's where *we* stayed when I was piloting my own ship. Yep, we'd park safely on terra firma and indulge in a little poker with a glass of "cawn" to keep us warmed up.

"Not here though! Right into the middle of this big, bad, black one, we flew, and the only thing you could see besides the instrument panel, were jagged streaks of lightning. The pilot asked me to consult the maps and see where we were, as he didn't have the slightest idea! Said, not only that he didn't know, but couldn't be bothered about it, since that was my job. Well, the only thing I knew for sure was that maps or no maps, I'd probably meet my Maker any minute.

"However, we landed safely, and I asked my 'friend' if they encountered many of these storms. He promptly assured me that there were plenty with most of them heavier than the 'light' shower we'd been through. That was just about all I needed, and I don't mind telling you that I certainly spent a little time right then and there contemplating my future.

"Of course, what the pilot neglected to say was that he was flying the radio beam and could have gone around the storm if he'd wanted to. These little details I learned later and had a good laugh over the ride I'd been taken for!

"My next big fright, which was really a thrill as I think of it now, occurred the first time I faced a camera. Well, I was so scared that they had to take the scene over and over. As a matter of fact, when it was finally done to the director's satisfaction, they began calling me 'fifty take Trent.' That gives you an idea of how the camera threw me for a loss. Indeed, one of the men on the set said, 'Say, if we don't get on with this picture these kids will all be character actors by the time we finish!' Anyway, with the help of a patient director and a little outside coaching, I finally got the hang of things.

"My knowledge of aviation helps a lot in acting. Basically, believe it or not, they are comparable, for each, more or less, concerns relaxation and freedom from nerves. If you're acting, you have to walk into a room apparently unselfconsciously, timing yourself so as to arrive at a given point on a set speech. In flying, you must be equally relaxed and never become nervous or tense, for if you do, there'll be real trouble at the controls. Then, too, if there is anything that seems to go wrong, it's the pilot's or co-pilot's job to reassure the passengers. So, it's pretty important to be composed under all circumstances."

ROUGHLY SPEAKING, we'd say that John Trent is completely at ease. There is a naturalness and self-assurance about this native son of California that is phenomenal in a newcomer. In fact, insofar as poise is concerned, John starts out with what it took Robert Taylor almost a year of success to acquire. He promises to become a very popular screen personality. With fan mail pouring in before he's hardly begun, Trent seems a little bewildered by the rapidity with which things are happening about him.

He confesses that to date he's had only one disappointment in his brief movie career. That was when he had looked forward to piloting a plane on a publicity trip which he took for the studio. The purpose of this tour was to deliver prints of his second picture, "A Doctor's Diary," to exhibitors throughout the country and so, meet the people who were to show his films. An advanced starting date on his following production prevented the trip. Now, he is looking forward to the time he may be able to make it.

Trent confesses that he'd like sometime to do an aviation story. That would give him a chance not only to act, but be of service on the technical end of the production. There would be no blunders in *this* flying film, for he would be right on the spot to correct any errors that might happen, as only a person with his practical experience could.

"You see, in many aviation pictures, they make one common mistake," John explained. "You invariably see the pilot at the controls calmly gazing out of the window at the passing scenery. In the first place, no pilot takes his eyes off the instrument panel, with the possible exception of an occasional glance out to see whether it is clear or clouding up. Then, of course, there isn't anything to see anyway, as you fly at a high altitude, and there's nothing around but clouds and—more clouds!

"Well, I'm going to try to see to it that my picture—should I have one—doesn't commit such mistakes—and some of the others I've seen so often. There was one, for instance, that showed the side windows beside the pilot caked with snow and ice. Well, that never happens, no matter how cold it gets, because ice can't form there, due to the strong wind created by the motors, added to the terrific force of that induced by air speed. All these things are details perhaps, but to me, or to anyone who knows flying, they stick out like the traditional sore thumb."

We are now waiting to see John Trent in "The Great Gambini," in which picture he plays a romantic role. It isn't, to be sure, the flying film he's been waiting for, but it should do nicely until that one comes along. En passant, let us say that J.T. likes the movies muchly, but, nevertheless, still retains his standing as reserve pilot with his old airline at the nominal salary of a dollar a month. Just in case? Well, maybe.

Don's True Love Story

(*Continued from page 27*)

too, I take that back. He bought himself his car And he's mad about the races. And he has a passion for barber-pole striped ties. Otherwise, he has no extravagances. I have to do his shopping or there just wouldn't be any done. I even bought his suits, such few as there were, before we came to Hollywood. Now that he is here, he realizes that he must dress well, and so he goes to a tailor. The other day," laughed Honore, "he wanted a pair of shorts to play tennis in. He didn't have any. He was wearing a pair of long white ducks. He got a pair of scissors and then and there, cut them off to his knees. The effect was sort of scalloped, to say the least."

I managed to say, "But will this go on? Don't you think he'll change, you'll both change? I mean, won't it get you, the Troc'ing, the glamorizing?"

"No," said Honore Ameche, "Don won't change. We won't change. I'll tell you why. It's because the babies are our whole lives. We're interested in them and each other. He isn't one bit different from the boy I used to 'go with,' meet Saturday afternoons for the movies or to visit an ice-cream parlor. Seldom both. Because we never had more than fifty cents to spend. It never mattered. It doesn't now. Don would tell me what a fine lawyer he was going to be and I believed in him. I knew he would make good then, as now."

And then Honore Ameche told me something of that young romance, of how Don's father, afraid that the lad would do something premature, sent him away to Marquette University, how they didn't meet again, save once, for six years. And that once was after Don had joined the Jackson Stock Company at Madison, Wisconsin. Honore saw the show and met him afterwards and didn't think she liked him very well. It was the only time she ever wavered.

More time passed and they met again. They knew what they had always known. And Don's young ardor flamed hot and high and the phone in Honore's home rang daily, nightly, hourly. Letters poured in, flowers, books, candies.

And when, at last, Don had the ring, he motored nearly three hundred miles in the

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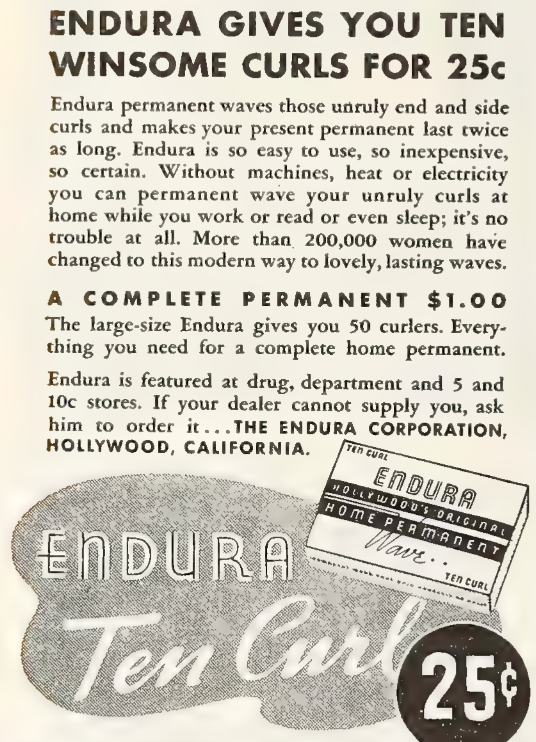

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dead of night, to give it to her. She waited up for him and, in the kitchen of the home where all of the romancing of Honore and her brothers and sisters had taken place, at three-thirty in the morning, Don placed the modest ring on her finger.

DAWN came over the midwestern prairies. The kitchen-faucets dripped. Birds stirred in their nests. They neither knew, nor cared. Honore was in a dog's palace with her young Florentine lover. Don was off on the strong wings of one of his songs. And there was something fitting in that the betrothal, the giving of the ring took place in a homely kitchen, surrounded by the warm realities of living—among which they still live, and always will.

"We've never had any money to spare," Honore was telling me. "We're saving, putting everything we can into trust funds and annuities and educational funds for the children, so that, in a few years, we'll be able to travel and see the world and have some fun. There have been the heavy expenses of the babies' births. Don has bought a small ranch for Grandma and Grandpa Ameche. Then there are his younger sisters and brothers, most of them still in schools. They come out here in the summer. This ring," said Mrs. Don, displaying, with refreshing pride, the lovely star sapphire girt with small diamonds, "Don gave me this last Christmas. I was supposed to have had it Christmas before last. But we had the baby instead." (A *baby* instead of a star sapphire! O, Hollywood, O Tempora, O Mores, what *are* we coming to?)

"But to go back home," smiled Mrs. Don. "Gabriel went to school with Don back home. Don used to help Gabe, an orphan, adopted by the good Brothers, with his Latin. And Gabe conceived for Don one of those devotions, those life-long fealties which make us know that Damon and Pythias really lived. In Gabe's eyes, as in mine, Don can do no wrong.

"Then, after we married and Don's work increased and the babies came and I was so ill and Don doing two jobs, his and mine, Gabriel came to help us out. I don't know now what we could do without him. He cooks like a streak. He takes care of the babies as efficiently as I do. He takes care of Don's clothes and is with him at the studio most of the time lately. Don, by the way, is no business man at all. He knows nothing whatsoever about insurance and income taxes and things like that. I take care of all that sort of thing.

"And then there's Anne. She came to us while we were in Chicago, too. And she and I divide up the work of the house and the babies. If Anne is busy cooking or something, I bathe and dress the babies. If Anne is with them I do the washing and ironing. They are in no sense of the word servants. They are members of our family. They all, Don, Gabe, Anne, the babies, call me 'Honey.' We all call Don 'Daddy.'

"Anne and Gabriel have their friends in, as we do ours, together or not as the case may be. They dance and play games and use the radio in the living-room. Sometimes we get someone to stay with the children and all four of us go to the movies. Saturday nights we often pile into the car and drive to Venice and go on the merry-go-rounds and to the fortune tellers and everywhere. We have a lot of fun. We just all pitch in together and get the chores done. Don does his share, too, if he has to. Of course, he doesn't have much time now, what with the studio and the radio work. But he's just as handy around the house and with the babies, as any one of us. And he's the most marvellous disciplinarian. I give him credit for the good behavior of our first child. I was so ill after his birth that the full care of the baby fell to Don. He did everything for him. And I must say he did a masterly job.

"There is never an unkind word in our home. It is the one thing that Don and I demand of our home—that it be perfectly harmonious. We wouldn't have regular servants now, not even if we needed them, not while Gabe and Anne are with us. It might place them in sort of equivocal positions. If and when Don and I do have company and want to be sort of 'elegant,' Anne and Gabe don uniforms. Gabe cooks, and they serve a marvellous dinner with all the finesse of accomplished retainers. They understand that this is part of the set-up, and they love it and enjoy the masquerade and never for one instant step out of character. It's simply a case of our being one for all and all for one, and there's never been one uncomfortable moment for any of us. Don dislikes the idea of servants. There is something in his sensitiveness which rebels against giving orders, drawing that sharp distinction between himself and his fellow man or woman. He just can't be the overlord. The autocrat isn't in him.

"It's all of a piece, too, the way he refuses to 'put on airs,' pretending to condescension he doesn't feel. He's too human, he's too raw to the hurt or the humbleness of others for anything like that."

Which is true of Don Ameche. True that he would never have any part of that erasing of and then rewriting the humbler pages of his "past." He wouldn't put a 'tiara' on his mother, who wears her motherhood, he says, as the only tiara she needs. He will not conceal the fact that his grandpappy kidnapped horses, that his Dad drove a taxi and became, later, the best saloon-keeper in Kenosha, Wis., where Dominic Felix was born. Said Don, "He was the best saloon-keeper in the business. No man ever left his place drunk. I don't see any sense in changing the story. I'm proud of it, not ashamed."

It's all of a piece, too, with the way he talks of the days when he was working in Kenosha with a gang of city workmen, rounding square street corners. That, he says, was the all-time low in futility!

He enjoys reminiscing about the days when he dug ditches, socked an Irish foreman, worked in a mattress factory testing the comfort of the finished product; the summer he spent loading one hundred pound bags of cement onto trucks, rather than stressing the fact that he attended four colleges, Columbia, in Iowa; Marquette, in Illinois; Georgetown in Washington, D. C. and the University of Wisconsin. He will lay emphasis on the fact that while the universities added to his store of knowledge, there wasn't a degree in the carload.

"I had the instincts of a minstrel," said Don. "I couldn't stand more than a year in any one place."

"He has only one idiosyncrasy," Mrs. Don told me, "only one trait which might be called temperamental. He can't eat his dinners at home! He doesn't like to know what he is going to eat. He likes to have a choice. He likes to have lots of people and lots of talk and noise around him."

The result? Almost every night in the week Don and Mrs. Don are to be seen dining at the Beverly Brown Derby.

And all of a piece, too, the way "juicers," property men, waiters, the toughest "critics" this side of Jordan, give him the beamish smile, the out-stretched hand whenever he is around.

"He's grand," declare his studio associates.

"He's so attractive," choruses feminine America.

"He's so good," says his wife.

Gee, Those Kids Are Wonderful!

(*Continued from page 35*)

He knew what I was dreaming. But how? His room is considerably down the hall from mine. I had, he told me, made no sound. Can you explain that? I can't.

"Our attorney was at the house the other night," resumed Aunt Cissie. "Freddie was on the floor playing with his electric trains, as any child likes to do. I left the room for a moment. I returned to find Freddie and our attorney involved in the most technical and legal disputation, having to do with maritime law. Freddie came forth with a quotation from Bowditch's 'Practical Navigator.' He won the argument. The attorney said, 'He knows fine legal points I have forgotten, if I ever knew them. When did he read Bowditch?' 'He never did,' I said.

IT isn't only in specific instances like this that Freddie constantly confounds me. It is the mature philosophy which seems to permeate his whole life. He never reads his reviews, for an instance. When I asked him one day why he isn't interested in what people say about his work, he said, 'When I'm working I do the very best I can. If it's good, that's fine, but I don't need to hear about it. If it's bad, I'm sorry but there's nothing I can do about it once it's done, so why read about it? I want to go on to other things.'

"He is two years ahead of his age in school work. He studies trigonometry, Latin, general science. And what is even more illuminating, he loves his work. He coöperates with his teacher, he coöperates with me, in every particular.

"He has, also, a sense of humor. I said to him recently, 'Freddie, when you grow up, you may want to be a director, a writer and an actor—you seem to have ability in all three lines.' 'All right, darling,' grinned Freddie, 'but when would I sleep?'

"He seems to have the sensitiveness to suffering, the fine humor of life which comes, ordinarily, only after many, many years of living. Perhaps," said Aunt Cissie, "there have been many, many years . . ."

GEE, those kids are wonderful!

I recall the time, years ago, when Jackie Coogan, having just made his great success in "The Kid," with Charlie Chaplin, came to New York. He was being entertained one day by an eminent editor. In course of conversation the editor said to him, "Give us an imitation of Chaplin, will you, Jackie?" The child looked at him, something inscrutable in his eyes and answered smoothly, "I never imitate Mr. Chaplin. Nobody could." There was only the slightest stress on the "Mr." It was a reproof so subtle, so delicately done that it has remained stamped, indelibly, on my mind.

It was then, for the first time, that I began to perceive something beyond clever mimicry in these children. I began to suspect that they are not, most of them, merely soft pieces of clay which are moulded and set in shapes and taught to go through their motions by adept directors. Meet them in any walk of life, confront them with any situation, personal, social, professional, and they will meet each one with adult ease, with intuitive, age-old wisdom and sensitivity. And yet, they're not obnoxious child prodigies—they're real kids at heart.

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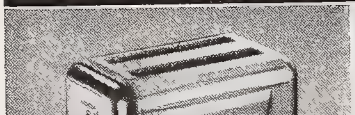

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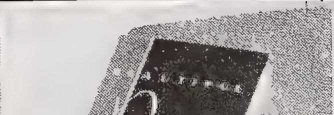

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I TALKED, the other day, with young Bonita Granville, aged fourteen, on the set of "It's Love I'm After." Nearby sat the stars, Leslie Howard and Bette Davis, engaged, I felt sure, and with all due respect to their unquestioned intelligences, in a conversation far less adult than ours—or rather, Bonita's. For Bonita was discussing the horrendous child she played, a year ago, in "These Three." I said, "What did you think of her, Bonita?"

And Bonita replied gravely, "I felt awfully sorry for her. I felt a great pity for her. I know that she was, primarily, the victim of her environment. Her grandmother had spoiled her miserably and completely, you see. Until her only law was her own law. She knew no other. I've read quite a lot about the theories of the environmentalists and the behaviorists. I believe that the behaviorists have the last word. I suppose heredity plays its part, of course. But I do believe that that part is relatively small and can be guided by environment. I know that my behavior would be quite different from what it is if mother . . ." she grinned at her small, gentle mother, "if mother had not brought me up as she has."

I gasped, not so much at what Bonita was saying, as at the way in which she was saying it. Not as a precocious child who knows, and is exhibitionistically enjoying the effect she produces, but sensibly, in an ordinary conversational vein.

Bonita ran onto the stage to do a scene. Her mother murmured, with somewhat the same look of mystification as had veiled Aunt Cissie's eyes, "I don't understand how Bonita works as she does. She never studies her lines. She reads her scripts through once, very thoroughly, and then never looks at them again. She never so much as pulls down her dress or touches her hair when she is called to the set."

Leslie Howard remarked to me later, "She is the only actress I have ever played with, or actor, for that matter, who never goes up on her lines, is never flustered, has a surety of touch which is astonishing. All the more astonishing because she is much too highly strung."

Gee whiz, those kids are wonderful.

WHEN Shirley Temple was training with Jack Donahue for "Captain January," she couldn't seem to get one of the dance routines. Jack was puzzled. He had never known Shirley to fumble before. Later in the day Bill Robinson came on the set. He asked Shirley howcome she was missing out. She whispered confidentially, "Uncle Billy, I didn't really fumble the steps. I knew them all right. But you taught me to do this routine your way, and I didn't think I ought to give it away to anyone else."

On the set of "Heidi," recently, a rapacious reporter appeared. She drew Shirley aside and pinned her down with question marks. She said finally, "Tell me, Shirley, John Ford is your favorite director, isn't he?" Shirley moved away, and as she left, she said, "I think Mr. Ford is very, very nice." She had answered the undiplomatic question, with delicate, evasive diplomacy. She had answered, and she hadn't answered at all. It was a politic *piece de resistance.*

Shirley's mother told me how, at a formal luncheon recently given, one of the grown-up guests spilled a glass of water and was consequently embarrassed. And Shirley, reacting immediately to the lady's embarrassment said, "That's perfectly all right. I just spilled some peas in my lap!"

A very distinguished newspaper man was visiting Shirley. They were in the studio portrait gallery together. The eminent journalist was so excited at meeting the First Lady of the Juveniles that he was at a complete loss for words. But Shirley saved that situation by asking animatedly, "Do you know any riddles, Mr. ——?" That gave the uneasy gentleman his cue. He did know some riddles—and, instantly, he was at his ease.

Daddy George Temple told me, "Shirley frequently answers the phone herself, at home or in her dressing-room. She does it with such an adult, non-committal voice that no one ever suspects it is Shirley they are talking to. When they ask for her mother or for me, Shirley asks who it is; says, 'Just a moment, please,' and that is that. Only once did she have a contretemps. She slipped off her chair, plopped on the floor, reached at once for the telephone and said calmly, 'Will you repeat the message please? There's a lot of noise in here.'"

Time, place, circumstance or personage make no difference to the control, the perfect poise of Shirley. On the set of "Heidi," Shirley had long lines to speak and was supposed to pause when she heard the sound of a trumpet, which was to be blown by a prop-man as a sign that the goat herd was coming. The prop-man, however, engrossed in the scene, forgot to blow the horn. Director Allan Dwan hastily substituted a long "Baah," like a sheep. The whole company collapsed into suppressed laughter. But not Shirley. Shirley went right on with her lines without even a perceptible pause, and the scene was "in the box." Grown-up actors, said Director Dwan, would have halted and lost the scene, had they been making it. Shirley, the trouper, impervious to all extraneous incidents, smoothly saved it.

ONE of the ingredients of genius is, certainly, poise. Another seems to be deep, warm kindness of heart. When young Jane Withers, aged eleven, was making a recent personal appearance tour in the East, she found that the manager of the Palace Theatre in Cleveland, where Jane played, had upped the admission price from fifteen cents to a quarter for children. Many of the children came from distant parts of the city and had only their carfare and their fifteen cents. Jane noticed that they were being turned away. She rushed to the manager and said, "Please let them in whether they have enough pennies or not—and take it out of my salary." Needless to add that the youngsters were all admitted, and that the manager, being a gentleman, left Jane's salary free of deductions.

At a children's party Jane recently attended, one youngster was severely admonished by her mother for pointing at people. The little girl's woebegone face touched Jane's warm heart. And promptly and with apparent solemnity Jane said, "The only thing it's polite to point at is—*French pastry.*" At which everyone, including the child's mother, laughed so heartily that the little girl stopped crying.

Several hundred youngsters, having had word-of-mouth information that Jane had gone into a Hollywood theatre one Saturday afternoon, waited in long queues for three hours until Jane came out, after the double-feature bill. And when Jane did appear, hundreds and hundreds of small, grubby autograph books were pressed upon her. The grown-ups in Jane's party, fearful that Jane would be exhausted, told her to get into the car, after the first fifty autographs. But Jane said, quietly, aside, 'If they had patience to stay here and wait three hours for autographs, I certainly ought to take the time to write them.'' And she did.

There is poetry in these children and pity, and there is, also, practicality. For instance, while Jane was motoring with her father a few days ago, she saw a motorcycle stuck in the mud, the owner vainly trying to extricate it. Jane, who has learned to rope expertly under the tutelage of the late Will Rogers' teacher, Shorty Miller, for her current role in "Wild And Woolly," suggested that they help him. She lassoed the handlebars slickly, and Papa Withers and the cyclist then took the rope and pulled the cycle out. When the extricated cyclist tried to thank her, she said, "Well, it just goes to show that everything we learn comes in handy sometime."

Another instance of the practicality of Jane's mind came to light when, the other day, her teacher, Miss Lola Figland, was reviewing the geography lesson about the five thrifty little nations of Europe—Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Holland and Switzerland. She pointed out that the number of people to the square mile, seven hundred, couldn't possibly live on what they produce on the land. "How," queried Miss Figland, "do you suppose they manage to live?" Jane answered, "If they can't find enough on the land, they can find the balance in the sea."

Jane, too, has her sly humor. In the schoolroom the other day, Miss Figland was looking at a picture of herself taken with Jane. Only the back of the teacher's head showed. Jane said consolingly, "Never mind, Teacher, everyone will know it is you because that big hairpin is sticking out as it always does!"

ONE could make a monumental mosaic of the marvelousness of these kids. But out of the mystery which obscures the answer to the riddle of how, in their little packet of years, they have managed to acquire what the majority of adults never acquire, three deductions emerge: One is that they seem to be, all of them, amenable to discipline, coöperative with their parents, their teachers, their directors. In other words, they are *good* children. They contradict the theory that genius finds lodging in children who are unmanageable and rebellious.

The other deduction is that they, all of them, are possessed of complete poise and self-possession.

The third is that they seem to share, in common, deep and unusual kindness of heart, consideration for others, compassion which holds out their small hands in helpfulness.

I can't explain it. It may be the result of intensive training at home. It may be that they were born more psychic than the average child. Or it may be, as Freddie Bartholomew's Aunt Cissie suggested—reincarnation. I'm not sure. I can only fall back, I fear, on the inept amazement of, "Gee, those kids are wonderful!"

Stay Young with the Stars

(*Continued from page 37*)

ing, oily cream before they do appear. How can you tell when to begin? Well, perhaps last winter, you noticed with surprise that your skin seemed dry. You may never have given a thought to creams before, beyond a good, routine cold cream for cleansing. But there is the first warning—that dryness. I repeat, it isn't that a few lines in themselves are so terrible. All of us who really live and endure a full life's worries and cares are bound to collect a few character marks as we go along. In

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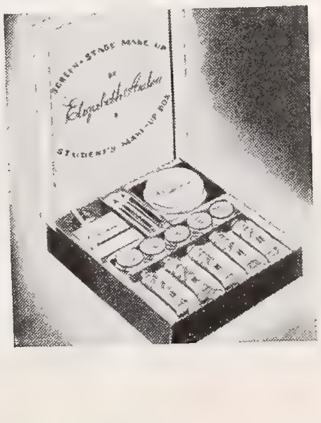

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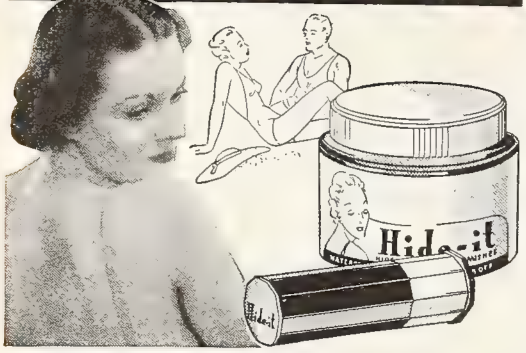

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fact, I despise a blank, smooth, characterless face on an older person. But it's the webbed, wrinkled look that starts with the drying out of the skin at thirty and ends in an old, tired skin at forty, and which can be prevented, that I want you to guard against.

The old so-called tissue creams used to be horrible, heavy, greasy affairs. Nowadays, all the good brands are pleasant to use. Just a thin film is all that's necessary and a seemingly expensive jar will last and last. You needn't, if you don't want to, leave the cream on overnight. Put it on before you take a bath, and let the warmth from the tub help the oils to penetrate into your skin. Let the cream stay on for twenty minutes or half an hour while you're dressing or busy doing odd jobs around the house. Don't forget your neck, either. At least twice a week, let the neck enjoy a good, softening creambath, too.

WATCH the upper arms and the waistline. A thickened, mature fleshiness seems to settle upon these parts of the body as we get older. Sometimes, even though one is not actually too heavy, the settled, mature look comes just the same. 'Tis a lack of suppleness which causes it, and exercises will prevent and correct that fault. Such a loss of youth's suppleness is devastating to all sizes and shapes, but particularly so to short women. The movie stars are short, almost without exception. (When a girl five feet six or seven hits Hollywood, they look upon her as an Amazon.) The movie stars' bare arms, in evening gowns, must keep the slim, willowy look of youth. And the waistline—well, of course, it goes without saying that it must keep that trim, nipped-in look. Did you obsoive Miss Colbert in her skating costume in "I Met Him in Paris"? All over the theatre, I heard them whispering, "Doesn't she look adorable!" And a skating costume, dears, is about the most difficult garment to wear with its snug fit and short skirt.

WELL, there now, those are the salient points of youthfulness, I think: The texture of the skin, the jaw line, the brow, the upper arms, the waistline. Graying hair doesn't matter. You can dye it—rather, have it dyed, by the best possible hair artist you can afford. Or you can let it get gray, which, with your clear, lovely skin, good figure and young, sparkling eyes, will only render you that much more distinguished. A word about the care of gray and white hair. It needs frequent laundering to look its best, but everyone knows that soap is inclined to give it a yellowish cast. Write me for the best shampoo to use. It's good for all shades of hair, by the way, but particularly helpful for gray-ladies and delicate blondes. It works up into a lather like lightning. Only a little is needed to give a thorough shampoo. You need no rinses afterwards—just a good sousing with clear water.

As we get older, we must learn to be better and better make-up artists. We can't use the same casual dab of lipstick and puff of powder we used when we were twenty-one. If powder is used, it should be first reinforced with a powder base—the liquid ones, delightfully tinted to every known flesh tone—are the best. This base should be applied sparingly, evenly and carefully. Then use the lightest textured powder you can find, perhaps in two shades—a darker shade for the jowl line, where you are a bit too heavy, or for the nose, which is too prominent. Powder should cover the face and neck, leaving no line of demarcation. If you use rouge, it must be cream rouge, for cake rouge has a drying effect. The merest flush of rouge under the chin, if one's chin is too heavy, will

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reduce that annoying feature. You yourself must determine whether or not you are the type to get away with mad shades of lipstick and a dash of eye-shadow, or whether you should wear only the merest touch of rose-shaded lipstick and look sweet rather than sophisticated. I can really give only one rule for make-up for us older gals: Experiment for yourself and use your judgment. When in doubt, don't.

As we get older, too, we must all learn to be our own fashion advisers. We must study lines. For the woman with a heavy bust, a deep V neckline narrows her like magic. Heavy hips lose inches when a floor length sash of contrasting color to the gown is allowed to fall down the left-side-front of the figure. On tall, heavy women, the judicious use of long fringe, applied on a slanting line, gives evening dresses glamor. Do not think you must stick completely to black, navy and brown as you get older. The wine shades of red are made for you; they give the skin a glow. Spring green. Soft blues. Prints. And if you're very thin, the big splashy prints will give you needed fullness. But always soft colors—the mad shades are for the young. If your hair is white or gray, don't wear white or gray next to your face. A touch of pink at the neckline, if you please.

Be careful about the length of jackets as you get older. The very short, nipped-in and bolero effects are also for the young. Suit jackets should be at least hip length. Have a number of extra jackets in your wardrobe, which can be worn with various things. You may soothe your yearning for an occasional bright color with gay scarves, buckles, buttons, flowers and other gadgets. But heavy women, please, always tack scarves, belts and such in place, so that they won't fly in the breezes or shift around and make you look bigger than you are.

As we get older, we must settle upon a definite coiffure. Our hair must be "fixed" every day—that quaint old custom which nearly went out with the event of the casual, long bob. In general, I'd say that the lines which sweep up and give height and dignity, even though one is tall, are best. I like a short crisp bob on older women only when the hair is naturally wavy or curly and adaptable enough to "stay put." If your hair is long, the style of hair-do I like best is what used to be called the Elsie Ferguson coiffure, remember? Adapted a little—not so full around the face as it used to be fashionable to wear one's hair, but that general idea. This is the way to do it: Divide the hair across the crown, leaving the more generous half to the back. Roll the back hair up fan-wise, and smooth it across the crown of your head. Then take the front part and arrange it over this padding effect. You may part it where you wish, and soften it at ears and temples as you wish. Tuck the ends in by twisting the hair to the right or left and poking the ends under. If you have a lot of hair, you should have it thinned for this coiffure, for the line of the head will be lost, if you have too abundant tresses.

If your hair is rather short and thick and you don't wish to wear a bob, a charming effect is attained by swirling the hair to one side of the head and rolling and tucking till all the ends are out of sight. This can only be done with short, thick hair. It gives the look of the old French roll. The roll should be placed a little to one side of the center of the head and extend from the crown to the nape of the neck. Of course, the hair should be waved at front and sides and softened some around the face, or the effect will be freakish rather than charming.

Well, I hope I haven't made you all feel

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Colorinse truly glorifies woman's crowning glory -- her hair. This natural-color rinse magically reveals the hidden beauty of your hair and gives it sparkling brilliancy. It is neither a dye nor a bleach -- but a harmless coloring. Colorinse does not interfere with your natural curl or permanent wave. 12 different shades; see the Nestle Color Chart at all counters.

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Dissolve the contents of a package of Colorinse in warm water and pour the rinse over your head with a cup.

Dry hair thoroughly, brush it, and you will see a sparkle and brilliance in your hair that will astonish and delight you.

10c for package of 2 rinses, at 10c stores; 25c for 5 rinses at drug and dept. stores.

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Send for this true story of a freckled face girl's life. Learn how her skin freckled easily — how her homely freckles made her self-conscious and miserable at fourteen — how she gave up hope of ever being popular socially, until one day she saw a Stillman's ad.

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Stillman's
FRECKLE CREAM

by this article that you have one foot in the grave or something.

There's only time left to offer this month's present. An individual package of handy little squares of tissue to carry in your purse. Dandy for removing lipstick from the paws when you repair the face in public. Very handy, too, to fix that bad line of the mouth when the paint job doesn't go on so well. Address the coupon to Mary Marshall, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y., for this little gift.

Mary Marshall, Modern Screen,
149 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Please send the Lipstick Tissue samples, at no cost to me.

Name..............................
Street..............................
City......................State.......

Between You 'n' Me

(Continued from page 16)

$1.00 Prize Letter
Can You Think Up Some, Too?

Wouldn't it be funny if it were:
Gary Fenser instead of Cooper?
Tom Black instead of Brown?
Fredric Halt instead of March?
Toby Head instead of Wing?
Robert Hemstitcher instead of Taylor?
Chuck Bones instead of Buck Jones?
Grace Less instead of Moore?
Paula Rock instead of Stone?
Buster Happy instead of Crabbe?
Norma Clipper instead of Shearer?
Bob Sizzles instead of Burns?
Loretta Old instead of Young?
Mae North instead of West?
Johnny Ups instead of Downs?—Katherine Pasco, Fresno, Calif.

$1.00 Prize Letter
"Only" a Western

I would like to say a word in behalf of Western pictures and Western players. It's true, they win no Academy Awards, but there are a-plenty worse pictures made.

Most of us, I am sure, harbor a false vanity toward them. We like to call them "blood and thunders," and scoff, in general, but if the truth were known, the majority of us still warm up to such lines as "Meet me at the hideout," and "Head him off at Devil's Gulch." And, what's more, we still like to see the hero save the homestead and get the girl. The trouble is, we won't admit it—not even to ourselves.

Many of us underestimate the acting in Westerns, too. We are prone to think that any actor, who specializes in horses, lariats and six-shooters, is sure to be a punk second-rater. But this is far from true. —Albert C. Keller, DeSoto, Mo.

The battle is still raging, and the question, "Who is King of Feminine Hearts—Bob Taylor or Tyrone Power?", hasn't been settled yet. Here are excerpts from just a handful of your letters. At this stage, Bob is far ahead of Ty. Remember, your votes will decide who will be King.—The Editor.

From the Taylor-ites

Boy, is my dander up, but I guess I might as well cool down and continue to worship Nebraska's own gift to womankind from

"NO MORE FLEAS"

• "Here are two sure ways to rid me of fleas! Powerful SKIP-FLEA POWDER positively kills fleas. Doesn't just *stun* them. They *stay* dead! Big sifter-top tin costs only 25¢! One application lasts for days. Famous SKIP-FLEA SOAP gives rich, creamy lather. Makes my coat supple, keeps my coat beautiful, destroys dog odor, KILLS EVERY FLEA! 25¢ for big cake."

Your dog deserves the best. SKIP-FLEA SOAP and POWDER are two of the complete line of famous Sergeant's Dog Medicines. Standard since 1879. Made of the finest ingredients. Guaranteed. Sold by drug and pet stores. ...FREE ADVICE. Our Veterinarian will answer questions about your dog's health. Write fully. **Free Dog Book.** Ask your dealer or write for your free copy of Sergeant's famous book on the care of dogs. New edition now ready. It may save your dog's life.

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This way brings even color

FADED streaks — dull strands — grayness —all vanish at the touch of this famous clear, water-like liquid. Just comb it on and color comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Hair stays soft—easy to curl or wave. Entirely SAFE. Millions know this time-tested way. Get bottle from your druggist or department store on money-back guarantee.

Test it **FREE** ~ Will you try Mary T. Goldman's on single lock snipped from hair? No risk this way. We send complete Free Test. ...Mail coupon.

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Street..............................
City......................State..........
Color of your hair?..............................

afar, ignoring the mud pies being thrown at my hero's head, for such must be the price of fame.—*Opal Kostenbader, Sciota Mills, Ill.* At present I have 151 pictures and 76 articles of my handsome hero, so there's no doubt my vote goes to him.—*Jean Myers, Naperville, Ill.* If Taylor would get a haircut, he wouldn't have to worry about handing over his crown to Ty. Otherwise he's tops with me.—*Louise Brooks, Northampton, Mass.* Let them turn against Bob for all the Tyrones in the world, but I'm going to stick by him.—*Daisy Bess Brown, Grandfield, Okla.* Bob has a clean-cut, masculine-looking profile, while Tyrone's is feminine.—*Movie Fan.* Ty Power may have a little more assurance in his acting, but he is a well-known type (like Buddy Rogers), while there's an "American-home-and-fireside" quality about Bob that is entirely his.—*Vera Sheldon, Brooklyn, N. Y.* Power is too much in love with life, himself, and getting ahead, ever to hold a firm place in American hearts. He won't last in pictures. Taylor will go far.—*Janet Colvin, Huntington Beach, Calif.* Power has the dumbest looking pan I ever saw.—*Cecelia Schwarz, New York, N. Y.* Bob's a grand fellow. Don't break him down by any petty remarks.—*Ruth Watanabe, Dinuba, Calif.* Power is a playboy. He goes with three girls while Taylor only goes with one. Power's legs look like those of a crane, and his face looks like the inside of a lemon pie. I'd be satisfied if I never saw that guy in another picture.—*J. T. Taylor, Tex.*

From the Power-ites

Tyrone Power is tall, dark and handsome, while Bob Taylor is merely tall and dark.—*Dorothy Saunders, No. Platte, Neb.* Ty gives me an awfully nice feeling when he looks at the heroine in that attractive manner of his. I just won't miss one of his pictures.—*Thelma L. Smith.* The crown that Valentino wore is not slipping, it has just been polished up and is being worn again after lying useless for a decade. Once again we are investing in scrapbooks, jars of paste and shears; again we are sending our hard-earned quarters for a precious, signed photograph. Power is King.—*Mrs. H. Tallman, Omaha, Neb.* I saw "Camille" against my better judgment and got stung. To me it was a series of stills—Garbo, Taylor, Garbo, Taylor. I think Power has it all over Taylor.—*Helen Berry, Ephrata, Wash.* Please make him a College Romeo and put him in a college picture.—*Helen Cook, Rensselaer, N. Y.* I never want to see Taylor again as long as I live! His face, mainly, gets on my nerves.—*E. Lea, Wynnwood, Pa.*

From the Neutral-ites

Personally, I wouldn't crown either one of them King, but I should like to crown the one who started all this commotion. Seriously, I enjoy seeing both of them on the screen and would even suggest both playing together in a picture, if I didn't think it would start some more of this catty chatter. I have pictures of each one in my room. (Bob's frame is a little bigger than Tyrone's!)—*Blossom Browd, New York City.* I don't think either one ever will be King, for another person is already there and has been for years—none other than Clark Gable.—*Marion Guskey, San Jose, Calif.* Phooey! I'll take Mickey Rooney first. Pretty boys with beautiful teeth and lovely smiles make nice extra men at parties, but as a steady boy friend, I'll have Gary Cooper.—*Miriam Maskes, Chicago, Ill.* It's too much trouble to decide which one I like best, because the more nice boy friends that come along, the more nice boy friends I like. It's the same way with actors. I still like Clark Gable, by the way, and I have a secret yen for Don Ameche.—*Esther Skaggs, Indiana.*

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"LOOK! A blemish! Tonight, of all times, when I'm going out with Tom!"
"EDITH, why not try Woodbury's Germ-free Cold Cream? It keeps my skin wonderfully smooth."
A FEW WEEKS AFTER: "EDITH, you're one girl I can always count on to look lovely. Your skin's so soft, I'm tempted to kiss you here and now!"

This Germ-free Cold Cream Helps Guard from Blemish, Dryness . . . now contains Vitamin D to Aid Skin Breathing

YOU'LL know that Woodbury's Germ-free Cold Cream is best for your complexion by the flattering results. You'll see your skin become smoother, freer from blemishes . . . more radiantly alive.

The special ingredient that keeps this cream germ-free, destroys germs on your skin . . . the cause of many blemishes.

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Use this lovely cold cream at night to soften your skin. During the day use Woodbury's Germ-free Facial Cream to hold make-up smoothly. Each cream $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ in jars; 25¢, 10¢ in tubes.

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Reviews

(*Continued from page 13*)

★★★★ Wee Willie Winkie

Shirley Temple is growing up and so are her pictures. For the transition period in the young lady's career—not to mention her physical development—her studio has wisely chosen a vehicle so good that its star is subordinated to the story. Never once—as has happened so often in the past—does "Wee Willie Winkie" reach a point where Shirley is forced to tap dance. In fact, she even sings only once—a brief and effective rendition of "Auld Lang Syne" at the deathbed of Victor McLaglen.

John Ford has directed the picture with noteworthy restraint, and never once gives in to the over-sentimental type of thing which some moviegoers have come to dread in Shirley Temple pictures. Altogether, "Wee Willie Winkie" is a fine, moving and exciting motion picture. It offers excellent entertainment for discriminating audiences who like only the best in films, and it will win little Miss Temple many new admirers among skeptics who have avoided her efforts in the past.

There are splendid performances by the entire cast, particularly that of Victor McLaglen. His "Sergeant MacDuff" is the best thing he's done since "The Informer." Others outstanding are C. Aubrey Smith, Cesar Romero, Michael Whalen, June Lang, Douglas Scott and Clyde Cook. *—20th Century-Fox.*

★★★ New Faces of 1937

This turns out to be vaudeville de luxe and well worth anyone's price of admission, if it's vaudeville entertainment you're after for the evening. Though the names alone could be counted on for bits of real entertainment, the plot has been so cleverly constructed that the whole picture can come under that heading. Joe Penner, Milton Berle, Parkyakarkus, Jerome Cowan, Harriet Hilliard, Lorraine Krueger, Patricia Wilder, Thelma Leeds, Tommy Mack and William Brady are just a few of the galaxy of stars here presented and each offers a bit of his or her own specialty—and in top form.

All this diversity of talent is tied together by a producer who is out to put on shows—preferably "flops" so he can coin a little money by underhanded methods. He inveigles enthusiastic talent into working for him, promising untold fame and money if they'll stick by him. Justice, of course, wins out, as it has a way of doing in celluloid, so the producer goes to his ruin and the cast to fame on their own when they take over the show. Romantic interest is kept at high pitch by Harriet Hilliard and handsome William Brady. Dancing numbers which deserve special mention are those of the Three Chocolateers, the Loria Brothers and attractive Ann Miller. Songs you'll hum on the way home are "New Faces" and "Love is Never Out of Season." Noteworthy also, are the elaborate sets which contribute to the effectiveness of the goings-on. You are no doubt familiar with the copyrighted antics of most of the cast, so we'll only add that they and the picture come up to expectations. *—RKO.*

★★ Parnell

Covering a little-known period in the history of Ireland, "Parnell," in the hands of Director Stahl, is a painstaking and carefully made picture aided and abetted by the names of Clark Gable and Myrna Loy and the performances of Miss Loy and several members of the supporting cast. As Charles Stewart Parnell, "the uncrowned king of Ireland," Clark Gable is too placid to convince audiences that he's the fiery patriot who came so close to winning home rule for Ireland. Myrna Loy, on the other hand, is charming and capable as the lovely Katie O'Shea, for whose love Parnell sacrifices his political career. Particular attention is paid to detail, and the production itself can only be described as handsome.

Most touching moment is a love scene played by Gable and Loy against a background of London fog. Among the numerous excellent performances by the supporting cast, the outstanding ones are contributed by Edna Mae Oliver, Billie Burke, Alan Marshall, Donald Crisp, George Zucco, Montagu Love and Berton Churchill, and a brief speech by Brandon Tynan, as an old Irish patriot, drew cheers from a preview audience. But "Parnell" is still a dull picture. Directed by John M. Stahl.*—M-G-M.*

★ The Great Gambini

If you're addicted to murder-mysteries, you really shouldn't pass up this particular picture. For you will find enough "mystery" to keep you guessing right through the last reel and part of the way home. You will swear that at least six characters in the story committed the murder and will be pleasantly surprised to find yourself all wrong when Paramount lets you in on the secret. The story has some novel twists which add to the entertainment. For instance, after it has been shown that each character in the play could logically have

ARE YOU ASHAMED OF YOUR SKINNY BODY? —READ THIS
JUST THINK, HELEN, ONLY A FEW WEEKS MORE AND WE'LL BE OFF ON OUR BERMUDA CRUISE! AREN'T YOU THRILLED THAT DICK'S COMING ALONG, TOO?
OH, ANN! I'M SORRY I'M GOING—DICK'S NEVER SEEN ME IN A BATHING SUIT AND I'M SO SKINNY!
NOW DON'T YOU WORRY, HELEN—JUST START TAKING IRONIZED YEAST RIGHT AWAY—IT BUILT ME UP IN NO TIME

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Now, by a new process, the vitamins from the special rich yeast used in making English ale, world-renowned for its medicinal properties, are concentrated to *7 times* their strength in ordinary yeast. This 7-power concentrate is combined with 3 kinds of iron (organic, inorganic and hemoglobin iron). Pasteurized English ale yeast and other valuable tonic ingredients are added. Finally, for your protection and benefit, every batch of Ironized Yeast is tested and retested biologically, to insure full vitamin strength.

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committed the crime, a new note in murder films is handed the audience by interrupting the picture before the denouement, and giving the audience a minute in which to solve the murder—with the time clocked off on the screen.

Akim Tamiroff is a magician and mind reader who warns the parties interested of the impending murder, and then mysteriously appears to help solve it, thereby putting William Demarest, the not-so-smart detective and his stooge, Edward Brophy, to shame. Tamiroff easily dominates the picture with his excellent performance, while other roles are well handled by Reginald Denny, Genevieve Tobin, Marian Marsh and John Trent. Directed by Charles Vidor.—*Paramount.*

★★ Mountain Music

Bob Burns and Martha Raye pep up that part of Arkansas which is this picture's locale. Burns, somewhat pixilated by a fall on his head in his youth, is subject to a dual personality which comes upon him whenever he gets a blow on the head, and out of which he emerges only when drenched with water. When the story opens, Bob is to marry Terry Walker, to end the feud between their two families, but she loves his brother, John Howard. Burns gets a rap on the head and leaves the bride at the altar. Running away, he appropriates a swanky car and meets Martha Raye. Being still semi-conscious, he falls madly in love with her. Their love affair is hectic and hilarious, with Martha able to hold his love only by bumping him on the head occasionally.

Burns and his inimitable Arkan-saws are excellent, as is "Moutha" Raye. The supporting cast includes Fuzzy Knight, John Howard, Terry Walker, Olin Howland, Jan Duggan, and Charles Timblin, who aid and abet the two comedians with good effect. Though the script is pretty sketchy in spots, the crazy antics of Burns and Martha Raye make up for its deficiencies. Directed by Robert Florey.—*Paramount.*

★ Sweetheart of the Navy

Down along the waterfront Cecilia Parker runs a joint which isn't doing so well because most of the sailor lads prefer visiting to spending. Cecilia's partner, a rat of the first water, runs out on her with all the dough, leaving our heroine in what can only be described as a fix. But the Navy always comes through, and this time they plan a boxing match between the bullying fleet champ and Eric Linden, a gob with Annapolis ambitions. The fleet commandant calls off the fight, but Eric, who has fallen in love with Miss Parker, goes through with things anyway, wins the fight and saves the day, if not the picture, for his loved one.

This is a minor item on the month's entertainment calendar—one of the reasons why dual bills were born. Miss Parker is too demure for her role, but she puts over an agreeable song called, "I Want You to Want Me." Eric Linden tries hard to be convincing as the sailor boy, and Roger Imhoff turns in a workmanlike performance as the fleet commandant. Best performance in the picture is that of Bernadene Hays, who plays a tough cafe hostess. Directed by Duncan Mansfield.—*Grand National.*

★ Talent Scout

An unpretentious but ingratiating little comedy drama with a Hollywood background, this offers average entertainment which should please most audiences. In the title role, Donald Woods is a press-agent and talent digger-upper who is sent by his producer bosses on a cross-country

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jaunt to publicize a bevy of screen cuties and round up new talent. He is so phenomenally unsuccessful, his bosses fire him, but he runs across Jeanne Madden on an amateur program and brings her back to Hollywood. Balance of the picture is concerned with his efforts, first to get the girl a career, and then to get her a husband, preferably himself.

Don Woods is personable and competent in the lead, and Miss Madden does well as the singer who becomes a picture star. Best in the supporting cast are Rosalind Marquis, as the menace, Fred Lawrence as a movie star, and Joseph Crehan and Charles Halton, as producers. Directed by William Clemens.—*Warner Bros.*

★ Wild Money

For the first few reels you'll be wondering what connection the title can possibly have with this picture. For never were pennies squeezed within an inch of their lives as they are here by Edward Everett Horton. We find him as the parsimonious auditor of a newspaper, and the role gives him a grand chance to exploit all the old tricks and some new ones besides. When our hero goes on a resort vacation the money breaks loose. Being on the groundfloor when a millionaire's kidnapping takes place, Horton "scoops" his own smart-aleck reporters, and spares no expense in keeping the story exclusive until he can "break" the complete event. How he manages to outwit rival reporters as well as his own at every turn, provides plenty of hilarity. One reporter he can't outwit, however, is attractive Louise Campbell, femme news-sleuth, who has designs on the fluttery Horton heart.

Others in the cast are Lynne Overman, Esther Dale, Lucien Littlefield, and Benny Baker. They do competent work, while the rest of the cast is satisfactory in every respect. But "Wild Money" is still a Horton picture from first to last. Directed by Louis King.—*Paramount.*

★ You Can't Beat Love

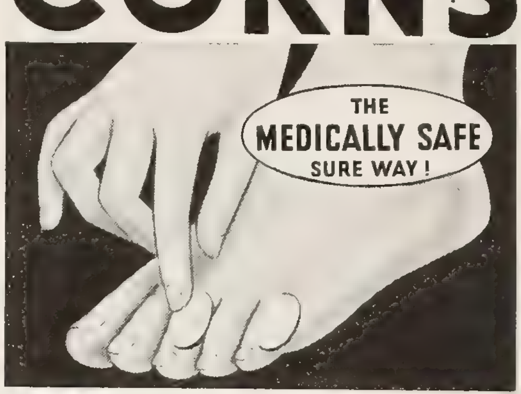
You won't lose sleep over this picture, but you probably won't fall asleep during it, either. In short, it's pretty fair entertainment considering that nothing sensational was expected of it. Preston Foster's performance outshines the rest. Here he has a new type of role—that of a playboy who can't resist a dare. This trait gets him and his faithful valet, Herbert Mundin, into no end of troubles, from ditch-digging to running for mayor. Trying to get the mayoralty presents more difficulties than running into corrupt city politics, for Foster finds that it's Joan Fontaine's father whom he is aiming to defeat. It's a little tough to try to win the daughter while beating the father, but this situation provides an amusing plot on which to hang the story. The conflict between Foster and the crooked chief of police, Berton Churchill, and Paul Hurst, as Butch Mehaffey, who would like to do a little police-chiefing himself, provides the really hilarious moments.

Joan Fontaine in her second film proves that she is really a good movie bet, though right now stronger on the looks than the histrionics. An outstandingly good characterization is given by Barbara Pepper as the voluptuous moll of Harold Huber, one of the city's first racketeers, and also by Paul Guilfoyle, as Louie the Weasel, Huber's right-hand man. William Brisbane and Alan Bruce are acceptable in smaller roles. Directed by Christy Cabanne.—*RKO-Radio.*

★ Armored Car

This is strictly a cops-and-robbers pic-

CORNS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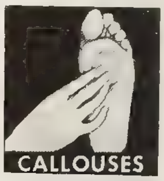

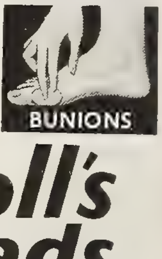

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ture, with no variation on the original theme. This time the robbers ply their trade by dynamiting armored payroll cars, but they get their just dues in the final reel, after the inevitable chase scene. Robert Wilcox is a young employe of the armored car concern who is fired because he has had a prison record. He joins up with the gangsters, and they're the only ones who don't know he's really spying on them. Everything in the plot unfolds just as you expect it will, and the whole thing adds up to minor melodrama for the less fastidious audiences.

The best performance in the piece is that of Irving Pichel as a philosophical but cold-blooded chief of the mobsters. Novelty of his role is that he's the only member of the mob who doesn't talk in the accepted gangster vernacular. Cesar Romero is competent as Pichel's aide, and Robert Wilcox and Judith Barrett handle the romantic leads effectively. Best in the supporting cast are Bill Lundigan, David Oliver and Tom Kennedy. Directed by Lewis Foster.—*Universal.*

★★ Ever Since Eve

An ugly duckling by day—a glamorous beauty by night. Before you say "Where have I heard that plot before?" let us inform you that it's the theme of the new Marion Davies picture—a theme which Marion has employed more than once before, but not with such success.

This time she's a stenographer who continually loses her job because of her sex appeal. Determined to work in spite of her breathless beauty, she dons a wig and horn-rimmed glasses and gets herself a position with Robert Montgomery, a young author whose hobby is anything but work. You know the rest of the story, of course, but the script writers have inserted several good gags and situations, and there is an amusing broad comedy thread supplied by Patsy Kelly and Allan Jenkins. Bob Montgomery makes his author completely believable, and there are capable performances by Louise Fazenda, as a publisher and Frank McHugh, as a writer of The Motorcycle Girls series. Miss Davies is more at home in her wig and glasses than she is in her more glamorous moments. Directed by Lloyd Bacon.—*Warner Bros.*

★ Midnight Madonna

The main purpose of this slightly over-sentimental melodrama is to introduce Kitty Clancy, a personable young lady of four who looks much like the early Shirley Temple. News of a new child actress on the film horizon is not always glad tidings, but in this case it must be reported that Miss Clancy is cute without being precocious, and she doesn't seem to have the bag of tricks which makes you want to lay hands on the usual kiddie star.

The plot of the picture has to do with the parents' fight over the custody of their daughter. The husband, a meanie, convinces a judge the child should be his, even though his real reason is to come into his daughter's inheritance. But he reckons without Warren William, an honest gambler who falls in love with the child's mother, kidnaps the judge and makes a few changes in the situation.

Mr. William ably portrays his sympathetic role, and there are good performances by Robert Baldwin and Mady Correl, as the child's parents. In the supporting cast, Edward Ellis, as the judge, is outstanding. Directed by James Flood.—*Paramount.*

★ The Emperor's Candlesticks

"The Emperor's Candlesticks" ranks as one of the season's major disappointments. With a cast headed by William Powell, Luise Rainer and Robert Young, audiences have a right to expect big—or at least fairly entertaining—things of this film. Unfortunately, the big moment never arrives, and the whole thing somehow fails to come off. Most of the blame belongs to the director, who never once achieves the light touch so necessary to a plot saturated with intrigue and the slick doings of international spies. The production is handsomely mounted, indicating that a good deal of money has been spent on it. It must be admitted that when M-G-M makes a flop, it makes a brilliant one.

The story revolves about a Polish spy (William Powell), a Russian spy (Luise Rainer) and a pair of silver candlesticks. Each of the principals has hidden an important message in one of the candlesticks, and most of the picture concerns their efforts to retrieve them. William Powell gives his usual smooth performance in spite of the fact that he objected to his role throughout the picture's shooting. Robert Young does what he can with a rather negative role, and Frank Morgan tries to be amusing with no engaging dialogue to aid him. Maureen O'Sullivan is adequate. Biggest disappointment is the work of Luise Rainer, last year's winner of the Academy's gold statuette. Miss Rainer, whose previous performances have all been brilliant, gives her role an overtone of heavy tragedy which is exactly what it doesn't need. We imagine there was a knock on her door the morning after the preview, and a voice said, "Miss Rainer, I'm the man for the statuette." Directed by George Fitzmaurice. —*M-G-M.*

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Tricks of the Trade

(*Continued from page 10*)

I had to do it."

The reaction was invariably the same. Everyone said, "Wasn't Lionel Barrymore wonderful?" True enough he is and the very things that endear him to us are these tricks we have come to know so well.

EDWARD ARNOLD seldom goes the limit on scene-stealing unless as a last resort. One of the better known heavies, he too has his little ways of preventing colleagues from taking a scene. It is frequently said, "Edward Arnold walked away with the picture. Gee, he's clever!"

There are probably more speculations about Arnold than all the young Lotharios that keep ladies' hearts fluttering each season. One among the many is just how he manages such a hearty laugh, at such odd moments during his pictures. This, probably, more than any other thing, has accounted for a large part of his humanness as a picture personality.

Again it is the old story. Those witnessing the film naturally turn their eyes to him when they hear this deep guffaw. The person playing in the scene with him is momentarily lost. As a result, Arnold holds his audience more during the time he is before the camera than the people who play scenes with him.

An amusing incident of Mr. Arnold's never being at a loss for retaliation happened during a recent picture. It seems one of the better known stage actresses played opposite him and, in one scene, continually edged Arnold around until he was back to the camera—an old stage trick. Arnold let her finish, then facing away from the lens, he calmly began scratching his rear extremity. Needless to say the lady's scene was lost, all eyes were on Mr. Arnold and the portion of his anatomy that itched.

Victor Moore is another old timer who has captured a nation and holds the interest of all who see him. For many years one of the leading professionals in the theatre, he has now become an outstanding personality on the screen.

Needless to say, he is among the cleverest comedians ever to stride across a sound stage. When he outsmarts his co-workers and walks off with the honors, it's something of interest to every movie fan.

Victor Moore has attuned his acting to his facial expressions and with the finesse of a diplomat makes a strong bid for sympathy in everything he does. Life equipped him with a pathetic appearance and, with this to start on, Moore has trained his voice to match his looks. To all this, he has added a natural sense of comedy timing when reading lines.

In one of his pictures he played the part of Moon Face, the killer. Naturally, when he told people he was a desperado they laughed, and when he turned his pathetic face to the audience, with a shrug, he threw them into fits of laughter. He cleverly portrays the type person who tries and tries, but gets little, yet is never disheartened.

In "Make Way for Tomorrow," he portrayed a Grandfather who, married for fifty years, was separated from his wife in their old age. It was a pathetic part and the invincible Moore played it to the hilt, with the result that he walked away with top billing.

Everyone to his own taste, of course. My taste would be to see these pastmasters in this movie art all together, each with his bag of tricks. This in the vernacular of Hollywood would be gigantic!

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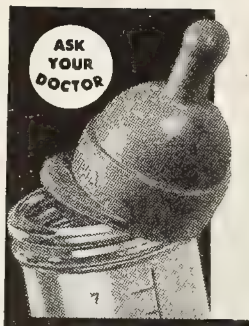

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Adolphe Menjou, who's way up there now, the happy result of his work in a number of hit pictures, is really a thoughtful guy. Why, only the other day, before a group of his co-workers, he declared: "We must help the little fellows, the people who used to be our friends."

■ ■ ■

Her studio had no sooner wished Simone Simon Bon Voyage and a grand time in her native Paree, than they cabled her to take the next boat back to play Walter Winchell's leadin' lady in "Love and Kisses."

Information Desk

(*Continued from page 8*)

Unsettled, medicine forgotten, Clark moved restlessly from job to job. A lean, lanky, disillusioned fellow, purposeless, yet with a strong hunger for life that drove him on and on. Acting, when he got his first part, was just another job to him—no different from driving a truck or sawing a log. Through his association with a cheap little barnstorming company, he met Franz Doerfler, the girl whose love was to change the contours of his life. She was strangely attracted to this sullen, reckless chap. She sensed his great unhappiness. She wanted to help him. For three years they were inseparable. Their romance is a tale of mutual sacrifices, of willing sharing of the few worldly possessions they owned. It is the most beautiful thing in Clark Gable's life. Several times he proposed marriage and was refused. To Franz, Clark was her baby. Marriage would have spoiled that relationship.

And so they drifted apart, Clark to sudden fame, Franz to obscurity. In 1924, when he was 23, Gable married Josephine Dillon, elocution teacher, and several years his senior. Their marriage didn't last, but, somehow, having been married did things to Clark's character, gave him the feeling that he had come of age, that his life was of some worth. Through Lionel Barrymore, under whose direction he had played a Broadway role, he was given a screen test at M-G-M. Neither his studio nor Barrymore has ever had cause to regret this generosity. Ever since his success in "A Free Soul," with Norma Shearer, he has been the world's Number One screen actor. On the upswing of his career, Clark married Rhea Langham. At present the couple is separated, though they have never been divorced.

LORETTA YOUNG (Last printed October 1936. Total number of requests since then, 389.) The bright sun of California ripened Loretta Young early. Into the brief span of her twenty-four years, she has packed more real life than many a woman twice her years. At fourteen she played opposite Lon Chaney in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh." At seventeen she became the bride of Grant Withers in one of Hollywood's most glamorous elopements. A year later, saddened, matured, she divorced her dream man when she found that you can't live on dreams alone. Thus, at eighteen, Loretta Young was a divorcee, a woman whose bitter experience had given her the poise and wisdom which would not permit her ever again to marry unwisely.

At eighteen she could point with justifiable pride to a career—a career that had been first foreshadowed when she was four, and Mae Murray had been so captivated with the charm of little Gretchen Young (the name with which she was christened) that she had pleaded with Gretchen's mother to let her adopt the child, and ultimately compromised by making Mrs. Young accept tuition for Gretchen's dancing lessons. A career that was imperiled by the beauty of Loretta's two older sisters, Polly Ann and Sally, and by the fact that Mrs. Young had very rigid ideas of how little Gretchen should be brought up and immured her precious baby in a convent, instead of having her make the rounds of the producers as so many other movie mothers would have done.

But the luck which has always turned against Loretta Young in love was with her when it came to carving a career for herself. Her sisters had gone shopping with Mrs. Young when a call came from the studio for Polly Ann. Because money was money, and Loretta knew the family finances couldn't afford passing up any opportunity, she answered the call herself, giving her name as Polly Ann, and proudly bringing home her first pay check.

Later, cast opposite the great Chaney—solely because of her beautiful face, Loretta got her first taste of gall. Her director was a tough Irishman. He knew the kid couldn't act. But he thought he knew how to make her act. His method was cruel but effective. He insulted Loretta, made her life a hell on earth, so that the strong emotions she gave way to on the set were real. He taught her what it feels like to act. To him, more than to anyone else, she owes her career.

But, just as surely as you envy Loretta that career, she envies you the love that has made your life happy. She has known only the love that saddens. She was in love with George Brent. He married Ruth Chatterton. She was devoted to a handsome young business man. He died of an operation. She was swept blindly into a romance with an actor whom she knew she could never marry, and only when she realized how much she loved him did she renounce him—a renunciation followed by a critical illness and nervous breakdown. Despite persistent personal troubles, she has gone right on making pictures, and you see her next in "Wife, Doctor, and Nurse," with Warner Baxter.

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Claudette Colbert
The Rise and Fall of the Bath De Luxe on the screen —see page 32

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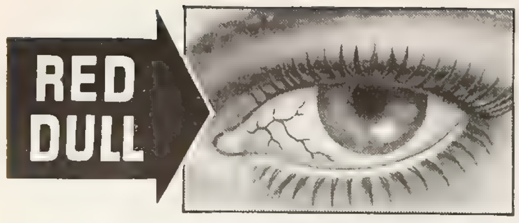

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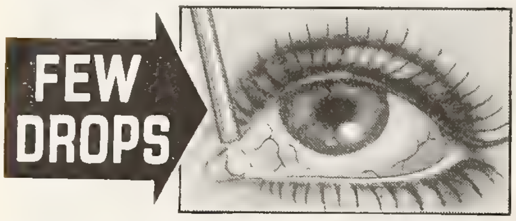

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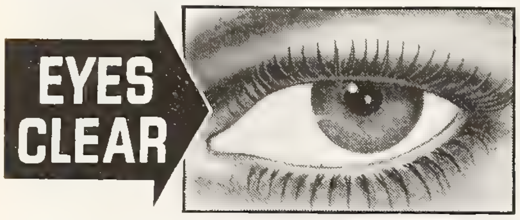

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AMERICA! Let me thank all those fan clubs who have sent in their addresses so far to Modern Screen's Information Desk. It has been real swell of you to be so prompt, and I can assure you that your promptness will pay big dividends in the form of new members for your club and new popularity for the star to whom your club is devoted.

To those club members who didn't happen to see the notice in the August issue, let me explain why it is that the Information Desk is so anxious to have the address of your club. We are preparing a Fan Club Directory (which will contain the names and addresses of all clubs) to assist those fans who would like to join some club in honor of their favorite, but don't know whether one exists or where to find it. We want to make this Directory as complete as possible, and to do so need the coöperation of every club in the United States and Canada. So let's be hearing from you real soon!

SHIRLEY TEMPLE (Last printed November 1936. Total number of requests since then 378.) First little lady of the land is Shirley Temple, and she cashes a fatter pay check than the President of the United States. At the age of six, she signed a seven-year contract involving almost half a million dollars, and that was right after she had performed for her bosses in only one little picture. The funny thing was that the only one gambling in the deal was Shirley. The kid should have stalled for more dough.

A question everyone wants answered is, "Who's the genius behind Shirley Temple?" In these days of ghost writers and ghost everything else, no one can take a celebrity at face value. It's sophisticated to believe in ghosts, and we all want to know who does the ghosting for Shirley. And, as a matter of fact, twenty-five per cent of Shirley's laurels could in all fairness be shifted to other brows. With a less aggressive and intelligent mother, it is hard to say what might have become of her. It was her mother who sent the three-year-old baby to dancing school; her mother again who brought the tot's fancy steps and dimples to the attention of Educational Pictures' scouts.

And though tiny Shirley managed to negotiate the rest of the uphill road to fame in high, Mother Temple's services have never become superfluous. It's Mother Temple that keeps the child unspoiled, keeps her, above all, a real child.

While we're at this business of enumerating the geniuses in Shirley's young life, it mightn't be a bad idea to mention Dame Fortune, the kind old gal who arranged for Shirley an unexpected and unconventional rendezvous with a very important Fox songwriter. Dressed impeccably in her finest gingham, Shirley was attending the preview of one of her Baby Burlesques. The little tike wanted a real lowdown on the critics. Instead, all her attention gravitated to a nice man who flirted with her out of the corner of his eye while he arranged a date with her ma at the Fox Studios. And that was the heavy date that won Shirley the role in "Stand Up and Cheer" with Jimmy Dunn that skyrocketed her to immediate stardom.

They say that birds of a feather flock together, and it's no wonder that people with brains and talent flock around little Shirley. There is no genius **behind** Shirley Temple. But there are plenty around her. Not the least of the clever things they've done for Shirley is to put Johanna Speyri's beautiful story, "Heidi," into scenario form for her, and the picture's now in production.

RACHEL GILMAN, Newark, New Jersey: Lily Pons' pet hobby is the collection of little nick-nacks that are of no earthly use, but usually of great antiquity or sentimental value. Her collection includes a jewel box that once belonged to Queen Marie Antoinette (the poor gal that lost her head in the French revolution); a snuff box that Lord Nelson used for an occasional hearty sneeze; and a tiny music box, made of tortoise shell, that plays a cute little Austrian folk song.

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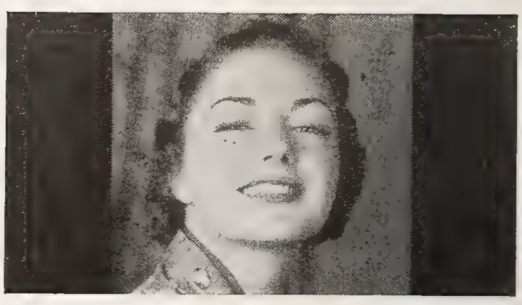

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Grand National Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Washington Blvd., Culver City, Calif.
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif.
Republic Studios, 4024 Radford Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.
RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Samuel Goldwyn Studios, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
20th Century-Fox Studios, Box 900, Beverly Hills, Calif.
United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.
Warner Bros.-First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

ABEL, WALTER: RKO-Radio.
ACUFF, EDDIE: Warner Bros.
AHERNE, BRIAN: United Artists.
ALBERNI, LUIS: Grand National
ALBERTSON, FRANK: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
ALBRIGHT, WALLY: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
ALEXANDER, KATHERINE: Free lance. Write her at Paramount.
ALLAN, ELIZABETH: M-G-M.
ALLEN, FRED: 20th Century-Fox.
ALLEN, GRACIE: Paramount.
ALLEN, JIMMIE: Paramount.
ALLEN, JUDITH: Republic.
ALLEN, ROBERT: Columbia.
ALLWYN, ASTRID: Free lance. Write her at Columbia.
AMECHE, DON: 20th Century-Fox.
AMES, ADRIENNE: Free lance. Write her at Paramount.
ANDRE, LONA: Free lance. Write her at M-G-M.
ANGEL, HEATHER: RKO-Radio.
ANNABELLA: 20th Century-Fox.
ARLEDGE, JOHN: RKO-Radio.
ARLEN, RICHARD: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
ARLISS, GEORGE: Gaumont-British.
ARMETTA, HENRY: Universal.
ARMSTRONG, ROBERT: Grand National.
ARNOLD, EDWARD: Paramount.
ARTHUR, JEAN: Columbia.
ASTAIRE, FRED: RKO-Radio.
ASTOR, MARY: Columbia.
ATWILL, LIONEL: M-G-M.
AUER, MISCHA: Universal.
AUTRY, GENE: Republic.
AYRES, LEW: Paramount.
BAINTER, FAY: RKO-Radio.
BAKER, BENNY: Paramount.
BALL, LUCILLE: RKO-Radio.
BALLEW, SMITH: RKO-Radio.
BANCROFT, GEORGE: Columbia.
BARBIER, GEORGE: Paramount.
BARKER, PHILLIP: United Artists.
BARNES, BINNIE: Universal.
BARNETT, VINCE: Universal.
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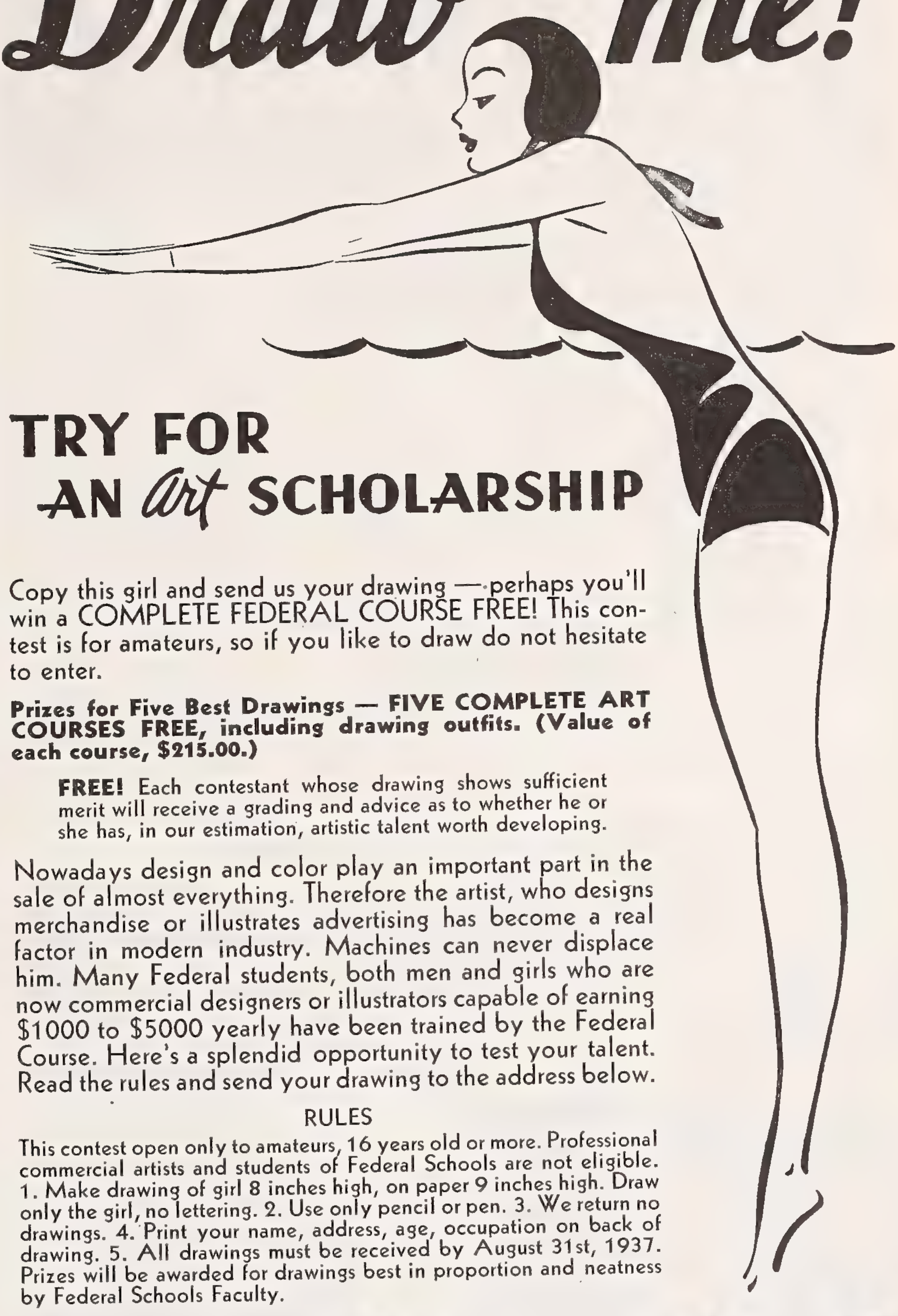
BARRIE, MONA: Paramount.
BARRIE, WENDY: Universal.
BARRYMORE, DOLORES COSTELLO: Paramount.
BARRYMORE, JOHN: M-G-M.
BARRYMORE, LIONEL: M-G-M.
BARTHELMESS, RICHARD: Warner Bros.
BARTHOLOMEW, FREDDIE: M-G-M.
BARTLETT, MICHAEL: Republic.
BAXTER, ALAN: United Artists.
BAXTER, WARNER: 20th Century-Fox.
BEAL, JOHN: M-G-M.
BECK, THOMAS: 20th Century-Fox.
BEECHER, JANET: M-G-M.
BEERY, NOAH, JR.: Universal.
BEERY, WALLACE: M-G-M.
BELLAMY, MADGE: 20th Century-Fox.
BELLAMY, RALPH: Columbia.
BENCHLEY, ROBERT: M-G-M.
BENEDICT, WILLIAM: 20th Century-Fox.
BENNETT, CONSTANCE: Hal Roach.
BENNETT, JOAN: United Artists.
BENNY, JACK: Paramount.
BERGNER, ELIZABETH: United Artists.
BERNIE, BEN: 20th Century-Fox.
BEST, WILLIE: RKO-Radio.
BICKFORD, CHARLES: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
BING, HERMAN: Columbia.
BIRELL, TALA: Universal.
BLACKMER, SIDNEY: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
BLAKELEY, JAMES: Columbia.
BLANE, SALLY: 20th Century-Fox.
BLONDELL, JOAN: Warner Bros.
BLORE, ERIC: RKO-Radio.
BLUE, BEN: Paramount.
BOGART, HUMPHREY: Warner Bros.
BOLAND, MARY: Free lance. Write her at Warner Brothers.
BOLES, GLEN: Warner Bros.
BOLES, JOHN: RKO-Radio.
BOND, WARD: Columbia.

Draw me!



TRY FOR AN *Art* SCHOLARSHIP

Copy this girl and send us your drawing — perhaps you'll win a COMPLETE FEDERAL COURSE FREE! This contest is for amateurs, so if you like to draw do not hesitate to enter.

Prizes for Five Best Drawings — FIVE COMPLETE ART COURSES FREE, including drawing outfits. (Value of each course, $215.00.)

FREE! Each contestant whose drawing shows sufficient merit will receive a grading and advice as to whether he or she has, in our estimation, artistic talent worth developing.

Nowadays design and color play an important part in the sale of almost everything. Therefore the artist, who designs merchandise or illustrates advertising has become a real factor in modern industry. Machines can never displace him. Many Federal students, both men and girls who are now commercial designers or illustrators capable of earning $1000 to $5000 yearly have been trained by the Federal Course. Here's a splendid opportunity to test your talent. Read the rules and send your drawing to the address below.

RULES

This contest open only to amateurs, 16 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and students of Federal Schools are not eligible. 1. Make drawing of girl 8 inches high, on paper 9 inches high. Draw only the girl, no lettering. 2. Use only pencil or pen. 3. We return no drawings. 4. Print your name, address, age, occupation on back of drawing. 5. All drawings must be received by August 31st, 1937. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Federal Schools Faculty.

FEDERAL SCHOOLS INC

Dept. 9997, Federal Schools Building, Minneapolis, Minnesota

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Say Satisfied Users of

Tested and Approved 4871 Good Housekeeping Bureau Good Housekeeping Magazine

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POWDER
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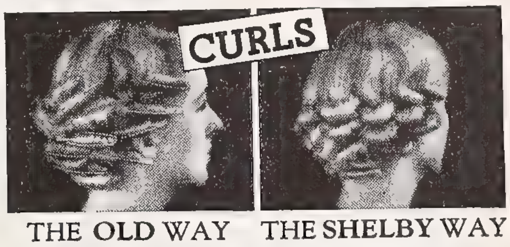
FOR FREE SAMPLE NAC POWDER

Rachelle ☐ Natural ☐ *Write Today to—*

NAC, Dept. 39 Winnetka, Illinois



THE OLD WAY THE SHELBY WAY

New, truly invisible curlers — worn anytime, any place; comfortable to sleep in. Curl either wet or dry hair, with or with out a permanent.

4 *for* 10c

AT 10c STORES

Directions on card

Lady Shelby INVISIBLE END CURLERS

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look!
whitens whiter
won't rub off
for all white shoes
GRIFFIN ALLWITE
DOLL BY LENCI
BOTTLE or TUBE ..... 10¢
LARGER SIZES FOR ECONOMY

ELIMINATE LOOSE WIRES WITH
EASY TO INSTALL
JUSTRITE PUSH-CLIPS
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Happy Relief From Painful Backache

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

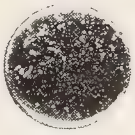
Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Little Tommy Kelly, the Bronx Tom Sawyer, hasn't had much time to get his bearings in Hollywood, for he's been rushed right into "Adventures of T. S."

BOYD, WILLIAM: Paramount:
BOYER, CHARLES: United Artists.
BRADLEY, GRACE: Paramount.
BRADNA, OLYMPE: Paramount.
BRADY, ALICE: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
BREAKSTON, GEORGE: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
BREEN, BOBBY: RKO-Radio.
BRENDEL, EL: 20th Century-Fox.
BRENT, GEORGE: Warner Bros.
BREWSTER, JUNE: RKO-Radio.
BRIAN, MARY: Free lance. Write her at Grand National.
BRISSON, CARL: Paramount.
BRODERICK, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
BROMBERG, J. EDWARD: 20th Century-Fox.
BROOK, CLIVE: Gaumont-British.
BROWN, JOE E.: RKO-Radio.
BROWN, JOHN MACK: Republic.
BROWN, TOM: Paramount.
BRUCE, NIGEL: 20th Century-Fox.
BRUCE, VIRGINIA: M-G-M.
BUCK, FRANK: RKO-Radio.
BURGESS, DOROTHY: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
BURKE, BILLIE: M-G-M.
BURKE, KATHLEEN: Paramount.
BURNS, GEORGE: Paramount.
BURNS, BOB: Paramount.
BURRUD, BILLY: Universal.
BUTLER, JIMMY: Paramount.
BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES: Paramount.
BYINGTON, SPRING: 20th Century-Fox.
CABOT, BRUCE: M-G-M.
CAGNEY, BILL: Republic.
CAGNEY, JAMES: Grand National.
CALLAHAN, MARGARET: RKO-Radio.
CALLEIA, JOSEPH: M-G-M.
CANSINO, RITA: 20th Century-Fox.
CANTOR, EDDIE: 20th Century-Fox.
CAREY, HARRY: RKO-Radio.
CARLISLE, MARY: Paramount.
CARMINATI, TULLIO: RKO-Radio.
CARRADINE, JOHN: 20th Century-Fox.
CARRILLO, LEO: Columbia.
CARROLL, MADELEINE: United Artists.
CAVANAGH, PAUL: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
CHANDLER, CHICK: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
CHANEY, LON JR.: 20th Century-Fox.
CHAPLIN, CHARLES: United Artists.
CHASE, CHARLES: Hal Roach-M-G-M.
CHATTERTON, RUTH: United Artists.
CHEVALIER, MAURICE: M-G-M.
CHURCHILL, MARGUERITE: Columbia.
CLARKE, MAE: Columbia.
COBB, IRVIN S.: 20th Century-Fox.
COLBERT, CLAUDETTE: Paramount.
COLBY, ANITA: RKO-Radio.
COLLIER, CONSTANCE: 20th Century-Fox.
COLLINS, CORA SUE: M-G-M.
COLMAN, RONALD: United Artists.
CONNOLLY, WALTER: Columbiia.
COOK, DONALD: Republic.
COOPER, GARY: Paramount.
COOPER, JACKIE: M-G-M.
CORRIGAN, RAY: Republic.
CORTEZ, RICARDO: Warner Bros.
COURTNEY, INEZ: 6615 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
COWAN, JEROME: RKO-Radio.
CRABBE, LARRY: Paramount.
CRAWFORD, JOAN: M-G-M.
CROMWELL, RICHARD: Universal.
CROSBY, BING: Paramount.
CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE: Gaumont-British.
CUMMINGS, ROBERT: Paramount.
DANTE, JEAN: Universal.
DA PRON, LOUIS: Paramount.
DARRO, FRANKIE: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
DARWELL, JANE: 20th Century-Fox.
DAVIES, MARION: Warner Bros.
DAVIS, BETTE: Warner Bros.
DAVIS, JOAN: 20th Century-Fox.
DAVIS, OWEN, JR.: RKO-Radio.
DEANE, SHIRLEY: 20th Century-Fox.
DEE, FRANCES: Paramount.
DE HAVILLAND, OLIVIA: Warner Bros.
DEL RIO, DOLORES: Columbia.
DE MILLE, KATHERINE: 20th Century-Fox.
DENNY, REGINALD: Columbia.
DEVINE, ANDY: Universal.
DIETRICH, MARLENE: Paramount.
DINEHART, ALAN: 20th Century-Fox.
DIX, RICHARD: Columbia.
DIXON, JEAN: Paramount.
DIXON, LEE: Warner Bros.
DODD, CLAIRE: Warner Bros.
DONAT, ROBERT: United Artists.
DONLEVY, BRIAN: 20th Century-Fox.
DONNELLY, RUTH: Warner Bros.
DOUGLAS, MELVYN: Paramount.
DOWNS, JOHNNY: Paramount.
DOYLE, MAXINE: Warner Bros.
DRAKE, FRANCES: 20th Century-Fox.
DRAPER, PAUL: Warner Bros.
DUMBRILLE, DOUGLAS: Columbia.
DUNA, STEFFI: RKO-Radio.
DUNBAR, DIXIE: 20th Century-Fox.
DUNN, JAMES: Universal.
DUNNE, IRENE: Universal.
DURANT, JACK: 20th Century-Fox.
DURANTE, JIMMY: M-G-M.
DURBIN, DEANNA: Universal.
DVORAK, ANN: Warner Bros.
EBSEN, BUDDY: M-G-M.
EDDY, NELSON: M-G-M.
EILERS, SALLY: Universal.
ELDREDGE, JOHN: Warner Bros.
ELLIS, MARY: Paramount.
ELLIS, PATRICIA: Warner Bros.
ELLISON, JAMES: Paramount.
ERIKSON, LEIF: Paramount.
ERNEST, GEORGE: 20th Century-Fox.
ERROL, LEON: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
ERWIN, STUART: Grand National.
EVANS, MADGE: M-G-M.
EVANS, MURIEL: Republic.
FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.: United Artists.
FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR.: United Artists.
FARMER, FRANCES: Paramount.
FARRELL, CHARLES: Republic.
FARRELL, GLENDA: Warner Bros.
FAYE, ALICE: 20th Century-Fox.
FAZENDA, LOUISE: Warner Bros.
FELLOWS, EDITH: Columbia.
FETCHIT, STEPIN: 20th Century-Fox.
FIELDS, GRACIE: 20th Century-Fox.
FIELDS, W. C.: Paramount.
FLYNN, ERROL: Warner Bros.
FONDA, HENRY: United Artists.
FONTAINE, JOAN: RKO-Radio.
FORAN, DICK: Warner Bros.
FORBES, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.

FORD, WALLACE: Free lance. Write him at Gaumont-British.
FOSTER, NORMAN: Paramount.
FOSTER, PRESTON: RKO-Radio.
FRANCIS, KAY: Warner Bros.
FRAWLEY, WILLIAM: Paramount.
FROMAN, JANE: Warner Bros.
FURNESS, BETTY: M-G-M.
GABLE, CLARK: M-G-M.
GAHAGAN, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
GALLAGHER, SKEETS: Grand National.
GALLIAN, KETTI: RKO-Radio.
GARBO, GRETA: M-G-M.
GARGAN, WILLIAM: Universal.
GARLAND, JUDY: M-G-M.
GAYNOR, JANET: United Artists.
GEORGE, GLADYS: M-G-M.
GIBSON, HOOT: RKO-Radio.
GIBSON, WYNNE: Free lance. Write at Columbia
GLEASON, JAMES: RKO-Radio.
GODDARD, PAULETTE: United Artists.
GOMBELL, MINNA: Free lance. Write her at 20th Century-Fox.
GORDON, C. HENRY: M-G-M.
GORDON, GAVIN: Republic.
GORIN, IGOR: M-G-M.
GRABLE, BETTY: RKO-Radio.
GRAHAME, MARGOT: RKO-Radio.
GRANT, CARY: Columbia.
GRANVILLE, BONITA: Warner Bros.
GRAVET, FERNAND: Warner Bros.
GREY, NAN: Universal.
GWENN, EDMUND: M-G-M.
HADEN, SARA: 20th Century-Fox.
HAINES, WILLIAM: Republic.
HALE, ALAN: RKO-Radio.
HALEY, JACK: 20th Century-Fox.
HALL, WILLIAM: Universal.
HALLIDAY, JOHN: Paramount.
HAMILTON, NEIL: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
HARDIE, RUSSELL: M-G-M.
HARDING, ANN: RKO-Radio.
HARDY, OLIVER: Hal Roach.
HARGRAVE, ROY: United Artists
HAYDON, JULIE: M-G-M.
HAYES, HELEN: M-G-M.
HAYWARD, LOUIS: Universal.
HEALY, TED: M-G-M.
HENIE, SONJA: 20th Century-Fox.
HENRY, CHARLOTTE: Republic.
HENRY, WILLIAM: M-G-M.
HEPBURN, KATHARINE: RKO-Radio.
HERBERT, HUGH: Warner Bros.
HERSHOLT, JEAN: 20th Century-Fox.
HERVEY, IRENE: M-G-M.
HILLIARD, HARRIET, RKO-Radio.
HOBSON, VALERIE: 20th Century-Fox.
HOLDEN, GLORIA: Universal.
HOLLOWAY, STERLING: 20th Century-Fox.
HOLMES, PHILLIPS: Free lance. Write him at Republic.
HOLT, DAVID: Paramount.
HOLT, BETTY: Paramount.
HOLT, JACK: Columbia.
HOMOLKA, OSCAR: Paramount.
HOPKINS, MIRIAM: Samuel Goldwyn.
HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT: Paramount
HOUSTON, GEORGE: Grand National.
HOWARD, JOHN: Paramount.
HOWARD, LESLIE, Warner Bros.
HUDSON, ROCHELLE: 20th Century-Fox.
HUGHES, CAROL: Warner Bros.
HULL, WARREN: Warner Bros.
HUME, BENITA: M-G-M.
HUNT, MARSHA: Paramount.
HUNTER, IAN: Warner Bros.
HUNTLEY, G. P., JR.: Universal.
HUSTON, PHILIP: RKO-Radio.
HUSTON, WALTER: Free lance. Write him at United Artists.
HUTCHINSON, JOSEPHINE: M-G-M.
HYAMS, LEILA: RKO-Radio.
INESCORT, FRIEDA: Warner Bros.
JANNEY, WILLIAM: Republic.
JARRATT, JANICE: Universal.
JASON, SYBIL: Warner Bros.
JENKINS, ALLEN: Warner Bros.
JENNINGS, MAXINE: RKO-Radio.
JEPSON, HELEN: Samuel Goldwyn.
JEWELL, ISABEL: Columbia.
JOHNSON, KAY: RKO-Radio.
JOLSON, AL: Warner Bros.
JONES, ALLAN: M-G-M.
JONES, BUCK: Universal.
JONES, GORDON: RKO-Radio.
JORY, VICTOR: Columbia.
KARLOFF, BORIS: Universal.
KARNS, ROSCOE: Paramount.
KEATING, FRED: Columbia.
KEELER, RUBY: Warner Bros.
KEENE, TOM: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
KEITH, IAN: RKO-Radio.
KEITH, ROSALIND: Columbia.
KELLY, PATSY: Hal Roach-M-G-M.
KELLY, PAUL: Columbia.
KELLY, WALTER C.: Republic.
KELTON, PERT: M-G-M.
KENNEDY, EDGAR: Universal.
KENT, ROBERT: 20th Century-Fox.
KIBBEE, GUY: Republic.
KIEPURA, JAN: Paramount.
KING, JOHN: Universal.
KNAPP, EVALYN: Republic.
KNIGHT, JUNE: M-G-M.
KNOWLES, PATRIC: Warner Bros.
KRUGER, OTTO: Universal.
LAHR, BERT: Universal.
LAMONT, MOLLY: RKO-Radio.
LAMOUR, DOROTHY: Paramount.
LANDI, ELISSA: M-G-M.
LANE, ALLEN: 20th Century-Fox.
LANE, LOLA: Free lance. Write her at Warner Bros.
LANG, JUNE: 20th Century-Fox.
LANGDON, HARRY: Columbia.
LANGFORD, FRANCES: United Artists.
LA RUE, JACK: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
LATIMER, LOUISE: RKO-Radio.
LAUGHTON, CHARLES: United Artists.
LAUREL, STAN: Hal Roach.
LAWRENCE, ROSINA: Hal Roach.
LAWTON, FRANK: Universal.
LAYE, EVELYN: M-G-M.
LEDERER, FRANCIS: RKO-Radio.
LEE, BILLY: Paramount.
LEE, DIXIE: 20th Century-Fox.
LEE, DOROTHY: RKO-Radio
LEYTON, DRUE: 20th Century-Fox.
LIGHT, ROBERT: Warner Bros.
LINAKER, KAY: Warner Bros.
LINDEN, ERIC: Grand National.
LINDSAY, MARGARET: Warner Bros.
LIVINGSTON, ROBERT: Republic.
LLOYD, HAROLD: Paramount.
LODGE, JOHN: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
LOMBARD, CAROLE: Paramount.

Coor. 1937
F. W. Fitch Co.



GOODBYE DANDRUFF!

The Truth About Soap Shampoos

1. Bacteria and dandruff scattered but not removed by ordinary soap shampoo.

Soap Shampoo

2. All bacteria, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.

Fitch Shampoo

Tested and Approved 4580 Good Housekeeping Bureau

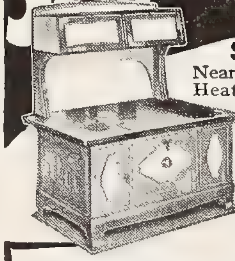
There is a simple, easy way to rid yourself of dandruff with the very first application. All that is necessary is to use a shampoo that completely *dissolves dandruff* and then washes it away.

Repeated laboratory, as well as practical, tests show that *ordinary* shampoos will not dissolve dandruff. Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo dissolves every speck of dandruff instantly—under a money-back guarantee—and then washes it away. It rinses clean in hard or soft water. Equally as good for blondes as brunettes. *Try it today!* Sold at drug counters. Professional applications at beauty and barber shops.

After and between Fitch Shampoos Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic is the ideal preparation to stimulate the hair roots and give new life, luster and beauty to your hair

Fitch's TRADE MARK Dandruff Remover Shampoo

THE F. W. FITCH CO., DES MOINES, IOWA . . . TORONTO, CAN.



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SALE CATALOG—FREE

Nearly 200 Styles and Sizes of Heaters, Ranges, Furnaces at FACTORY PRICES. Easy Terms—aslittle as *12c a day.* Write today for this FREE CATALOG. New styles, new features, new colors. 30 days free trial—24-hour shipments. The Kalamazoo Stove & Furnace Company, 405 Rochester Avenue, Kalamazoo, Michigan,

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Write for FREE Catalog

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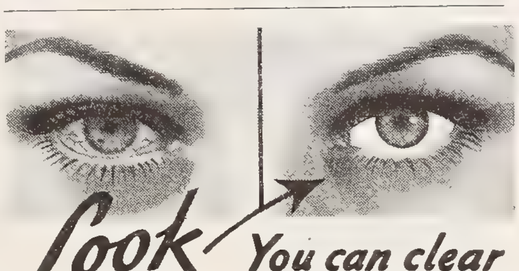
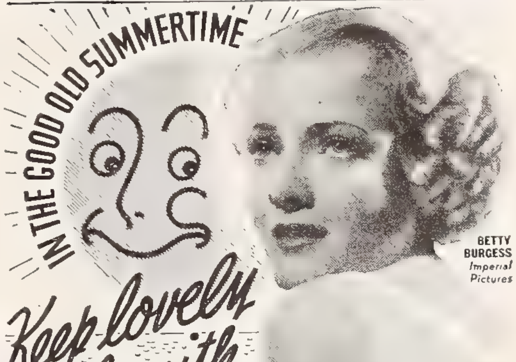


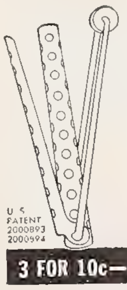
Look You can clear eyes in a few seconds

Simply put a drop or two of this amazing new Eye-Dew in each eye. Tired, heavy, smarting eyes feel gloriously refreshed almost instantly. In a few seconds, whites start to clear up and prominent red veins fade away. Eye-Dew makes eyes look larger—sparkling—more alluring. Whenever your eyes feel tired, or look dull and red-veined, as the result of late hours, excessive smoking or exposure, use Eye-Dew. Its action is quick and safe. Tested and approved by famous clinical laboratory and Good Housekeeping Bureau. Eye-Dew comes with handy eye-dropper bottle top. Get Eye-Dew today at drug and department store counters.

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

Get the lowdown on Gene Autry in October Modern Screen





Keep lovely curls with HOLLYWOOD Rapid Dry CURLERS

Whatever you do in the long, shining days of summer . . . keep your hair always neat and flattering. How? Take a tip from Hollywood's smartest stars...use Hollywood Rapid Dry Curlers. Keep an emergency supply. Roll your hair for a little while on them . . . and frame your face in new loveliness. Then you'll know why "the Curlers used by the Stars" are so popular, not only in Hollywood, where they are made, but throughout America and 52 foreign countries.

Insist on Hollywood Curlers!

3 FOR 10c—AT 5c AND 10c STORES—NOTION COUNTERS

Lady Lillian

Introduces

NEW BEAUTY

With the new smart creme polish in her introductory kit for only 10 cents. Revel in the glamour of the fashion-right shades of Rose, Rust and Tawny Red. Kit contains a bottle of nail polish, polish remover, nail white, manicure stick and cotton—all for 10 cents. Lady Lillian's Introductory Kit is on sale at 5 and 10 cent stores. Approved by Good Housekeeping.

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NAIL WHITE
Lady Lillian
NATURAL
nail
POLISH
Lady Lillian
OILY
POLISH
REMOVER

In case your store cannot supply you, send this advertisement and 10 cents in stamps to Lady Lillian, Dept. M-4, 1140 Washington St., Boston, Mass. State the shade you prefer.

Look Lovely

USE MERCOLIZED WAX

This simple, all-in-one cleansing, softening, lubricating cream sloughs off the discolored, blemished surface skin in tiny, invisible particles. Your underskin is then revealed clear, smooth and beautiful. Bring out the hidden beauty of YOUR skin with Mercolized Wax.

Try Saxolite Astringent

A DELIGHTFULLY refreshing astringent lotion. Tingling, antiseptic, helpful. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel. Use this lotion daily.

Choose Phelactine Depilatory

For removing superfluous hair quickly. Easy to use.

At drug and department stores everywhere.

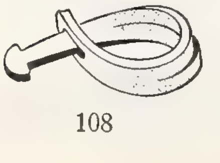
COLOR YOUR HAIR **THE NEW FRENCH WAY**

Shampoo and color your hair at the same time, any shade. SHAMPO-KOLOR won't rub off. Colors roots; leaves hair soft, natural; permits perm. wave. Free Book. Valligny Prod. Inc. Dpt. 39-A, 254 W. 31 St. N.Y.

VASSAR WAVERS

for Glamorous Curls!

I can be gay and carefree at beach-party or dinner-date with VASSAR MIDGETS in my hair! They fit snugly under my bathing-cap and being all-rubber they can't rust or tear or hurt! And the B. F. *adores* my silky VASSAR curls! At notion counters or postpaid. 6 for 10c.



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Philadelphia, Pa.

LORD, PAULINE: Columbia.
LORING, ANN: M-G-M.
LORING, MICHAEL: Universal.
LORRE, PETER: 20th Century-Fox.
LOSCH, TILLIE: United Artists.
LOUISE, ANITA: Warner Bros.
LOWE, EDMUND: M-G-M.
LOY, MYRNA: M-G-M.
LUGOSI, BELA: Universal.
LUKAS, PAUL: 20th Century-Fox.
LUKE, KEYE: 20th Century-Fox.
LUPINO, IDA: Paramount.
LYON, BEN: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
MacDONALD, JEANETTE: M-G-M.
MACK, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
MacLANE, BARTON: Warner Bros.
MacMAHON, ALINE: M-G-M.
MacMURRAY, FRED: Paramount.
MADDEN, JEANNE: Warner Bros.
MALA: M-G-M.
MANNERS, DAVID: Free lance. Write him at Republic.
MANNORS, SHEILA: Columbia.
MARCH, FREDRIC: United Artists.
MARGO: Columbia.
MARICLE, LEONA: Columbia.
MARSH, JOAN, 20th Century-Fox.
MARSH, MARIAN: Columbia.
MARSHALL, HERBERT: RKO-Radio.
MARTIN, TONY: 20th Century-Fox.
MARTINI, NINO: United Artists.
MARX BROTHERS: M-G-M.
MATTHEWS, JESSIE: Gaumont-British.
MAUCH, BILLY and BOBBY: Warner Bros.
MAYNARD, KEN: Columbia.
McCOY, COL. TIM: Columbia.
McCREA, JOEL: Samuel Goldwyn.
McFARLAND, SPANKY: M-G-M.
McGUIRE, JOHN: 20th Century-Fox.
McHUGH, FRANK: Warner Bros.
McKINNEY, FLORINE: Republic.
McLAGLEN, VICTOR, 20th Century-Fox.
McNULTY, DOROTHY: M-G-M.
MELTON, FRANK: 20th Century-Fox.
MELTON, JAMES: Warner Bros.
MENJOU, ADOLPHE: United Artists.
MERCER, BERYL: Free lance. Write her at Warners.
MEREDITH, BURGESS: RKO-Radio.
MERKEL, UNA: M-G-M.
MERMAN, ETHEL: Samuel Goldwyn.
MICHAEL, GERTRUDE: RKO-Radio.
MILJAN, JOHN: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
MILLAND, RAY: Universal.
MINNEVITCH, BORRAH: 20th Century-Fox.
MITCHELL, GENEVA: Columbia.
MONTENEGRO, CONCHITA: 20th Century-Fox.
MONTGOMERY, DOUGLASS: Gaumont-British.
MONTGOMERY, ROBERT: M-G-M.
MOORE, DICKIE: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
MOORE, GRACE: Columbia.
MOORE, VICTOR: RKO-Radio.
MORAN, JACKIE: Paramount.
MORAN, POLLY: Republic.
MORENO, ANTONIO, 20th Century-Fox.
MORGAN, FRANK: M-G-M.
MORGAN, HELEN: Universal.
MORGAN, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
MORLEY, KAREN: Paramount.
MORRIS, CHESTER: Columbia.
MORRIS, WAYNE: Warner Bros.
MORRISON, JOE: Paramount.
MOWBRAY, ALAN: Free lance. Write him at Hal Roach.
MUIR, JEAN: Warner Bros.
MULHALL, JACK: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
MUNDIN, HERBERT: 20th Century-Fox.
MUNI, PAUL: Warner Bros.
MURPHY, GEORGE: Universal.
MURPHY, MAURICE: 20th Century-Fox.
NAGEL, CONRAD: Free lance. Write him at Grand National.
NAGEL, ANNE: Warner Bros.
NIESEN, GERTRUDE: Universal.
NIVEN, DAVID: United Artists.
NIXON, MARIAN: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
NOLAN, DORIS: Universal.
NOLAN, LLOYD: Paramount.
NORTON, BARRY: M-G-M.
NUGENT, EDWARD: Free lance. Write him at Republic.
OAKIE, JACK: RKO-Radio.
OBERON, MERLE: Samuel Goldwyn.
O'BRIEN, GEORGE: RKO-Radio.
O'BRIEN-MOORE, ERIN: Free lance. Write her at Warners.
O'BRIEN, PAT: Warner Bros.
OLAND, WARNER: 20th Century-Fox.
OLIVER, EDNA MAY: M-G-M.
OLSEN, MORONI: RKO-Radio.
O'NEILL, HENRY: Warner Bros.
O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN: M-G-M.
OVERMAN, LYNNE: Paramount.
OWEN, REGINALD: M-G-M.
PALLETTE, EUGENE: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
PARKER, CECILIA: M-G-M.
PARKER, JEAN: M-G-M.
PARRISH, GIGI: Republic.
PATERSON, PAT: United Artists.
PATRICK, GAIL, Paramount.
PENDLETON, NAT: M-G-M.
PENNER, JOE: RKO-Radio.
PEPPER, BARBARA: RKO-Radio.
PERRY, JOAN: Columbia.
PICKFORD, MARY: United Artists.
PIDGEON, WALTER: Universal.
PILBEAM, NOVA: Gaumont-British.
PITTS, ZASU: Paramount.
PONS, LILY: RKO-Radio.
POWELL, DICK: Warner Bros.
POWELL, ELEANOR: M-G-M.
POWELL, WILLIAM: M-G-M.
POWER, TYRONE: 20th Century-Fox.
PRESTON, ANN: RKO-Radio.
PRYOR, ROGER: Republic.
QUALEN, JOHN: 20th Century-Fox.
QUIGLEY, JUANITA: M-G-M.
QUILLAN, EDDIE: Republic.
RAFT, GEORGE: Paramount.
RAINER, LUISE: M-G-M.
RAINS, CLAUDE: Warner Bros.
RALPH, JESSIE: M-G-M.
RALSTON, ESTHER: Paramount.
RATHBONE, BASIL: Warner Bros.
RATOFF, GREGORY: 20th Century-Fox.
RAY, LEAH: 20th Century-Fox.
RAYE, MARTHA: Paramount.
RAYMOND, GENE: RKO-Radio.
REED, PHILIP: United Artists.
REGAN, PHIL: Republic.
REYNOLDS, CRAIG: Warner Bros.
RHODES, ERIK: RKO-Radio.

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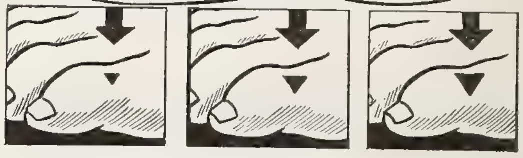

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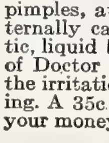

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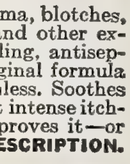

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RICHMAN, HARRY: Columbia.
RITZ BROTHERS, THE: 20th Century-Fox.
RITTER, TEX: Grand National.
ROBERTI, LYDIA: M-G-M.
ROBERTS, BEVERLY: Warner Bros.
ROBERTSON, GUY: Republic.
ROBINSON, BILL: 20th Century-Fox.
ROBINSON, EDWARD G.: Warner Bros.
ROBSON, MAY: M-G-M..
ROGERS, CHARLES: Columbia.
ROGERS, GINGER: RKO-Radio.
ROGERS, JEAN: Universal.
ROLAND, GILBERT: 20th Century-Fox.
ROMERO, CESAR: Universal.
ROONEY, MICKEY, M-G-M.
ROSS, SHIRLEY: Paramount.
ROWLES, POLLY; Universal.
RUGGLES, CHARLES: Paramount.
RUSSELL, ROSALIND: M-G-M.
RUTHERFORD, TOM: United Artists.
RUTHERFORD, ANN: Republic.
SCHILDKRAUT, JOSEPH: 20th Century-Fox.
SCHUBERT, MARINA: Paramount.
SCOTT, DOUGLAS: 20th Century-Fox.
SCOTT, RANDOLPH: Paramount.
SEARL, JACKIE: 20th Century-Fox.
SELLON, CHARLES: 20th Century-Fox.
SELWYN, RUTH: M-G-M.
SEWARD, BILLIE: Columbia.
SHANNAN, PEGGY: Universal.
SHAW, WINIFRED: Warner Bros.
SHEA, GLORIA: Columbia.
SHEARER, NORMA: M-G-M.
SHERIDAN, ANN: Warner Bros.
SHIRLEY, ANNE: RKO-Radio.
SIDNEY, SYLVIA: United Artists.
SILVERS, SID: M-G-M.
SIMON, SIMONE: 20th Century-Fox.
SKIPWORTH, ALISON: Republic.
SLEEPER, MARTHA: Universal.
SMART, JACK: Universal.
SMITH, C. AUBREY: United Artists.
SMITH, QUEENIE: Universal.
SOTHERN, ANN: RKO-Radio.
SPARKS, NED: Warner Bros.
STANDER, LIONEL: Columbia.
STANWYCK, BARBARA: RKO-Radio.
STARRETT, CHARLES: Columbia.
STEELE, BOB: Republic.
STELLING, WILLIAM: 20th Century-Fox.
STEPHENS, HARVEY: Paramount.
STEPHENSON, HENRY: M-G-M.
STEVENS, ONSLOW: RKO-Radio.
STEWART, JAMES: M-G-M.
STONE, FRED: RKO-Radio.
STONE, GEORGE E.: Warner Bros.
STONE, LEWIS: M-G-M.
STONE, PAULA: Warner Bros.
STUART, GLORIA: 20th Century-Fox.
SULLAVAN, MARGARET: Universal.
SUMMERVILLE, SLIM: 20th Century-Fox.
SWANSON, GLORIA: M-G-M.
SWARTHOUT, GLADYS: Paramount.
TALBOT, LYLE: Columbia.
TALLEY, MARION: Republic.
TAMIROFF, AKIM: Paramount.
TAYLOR, KENT: Universal.
TAYLOR, ROBERT: M-G-M.
TEASDALE, VERREE: Paramount.
TEMPLE, SHIRLEY: 20th Century-Fox.
THOMAS, FRANK M.: RKO-Radio.
THOMAS,. JAMESON: Republic.
TIBBETT, LAWRENCE: 20th Century-Fox.
TIBBETTS, MARTHA: Columbia.
TONE, FRANCHOT: M-G-M.
TRACY, LEE: Universal.
TRACY, SPENCER: M-G-M.
TRAVIS, JUNE: Warner Bros.
TREACHER, ARTHUR: 20th Century-Fox.
TREE, DOROTHY: Warner Bros.
TREEN, MARY: Warner Bros.
TREVOR, CLAIRE: 20th Century-Fox.
TWELVETREES, HELEN: 20th Century-Fox.
TYLER, TOM: Republic.
VALLEE, RUDY: Warner Bros.
VELEZ, LUPE: M-G-M.
VENABLE, EVELYN: Columbia.
VINSON, HELEN: United Artists.
WADSWORTH, HENRY: M-G-M.
WALBROOK, ANTON: RKO-Radio.
WALBURN, RAYMOND: Columbia.
WALKER, JUNE: 20th Century-Fox.
WALKER, RAY: Free lance. Write him at 20th Cenury-Fox.
WALTON, DOUGLAS: RKO-Radio.
WARE, IRENE: 20th Century-Fox.
WAYNE, JOHN: Universal.
WEIDLER, VIRGINIA: Paramount.
WEISSMULLER, JOHNNY: Free lancé. Write him at M-G-M.
WEST, MAE: Paramount.
WESTLEY, HELEN: 20th Century-Fox.
WHALEN, MICHAEL. 20th Century-Fox.
WHEELER, BERT: RKO-Radio.
WHITNEY, ELEANORE: Paramount.
WILCOXON, HENRY: United Artists.
WILLIAM, WARREN: M-G-M.
WILLIAMS, CLARK: Universal.
WILLIAMS, HUGH: 20th Century-Fox.
WILSON, DOROTHY: Columbia.
WILSON, LOIS: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
WILSON, MARIE: Warner Bros.
WINCHELL, WALTER: 20th Century-Fox.
WING, PAT: Paramount.
WING, TOBY: M-G-M.
WINNINGER, CHARLES: Universal.
WITHERS, GRANT: Paramount.
WITHERS, JANE: 20th Century-Fox.
WOOD, HELEN: 20th Century-Fox.
WOODS, DONALD: Warner Bros.
WOOLSEY, BOB: RKO-Radio.
WORTH, CONSTANCE: RKO-Radio.
WRAY, FAY: Columbia.
WYATT, CHARLENE: Paramount.
WYATT, JANE: Universal.
WYMAN, JANE: Warner Mros.
YOUNG, LORETTA: 20th Century-Fox.
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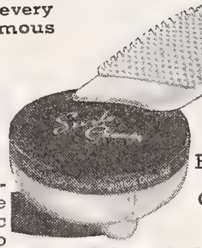
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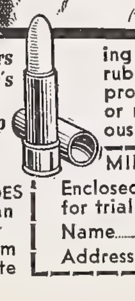
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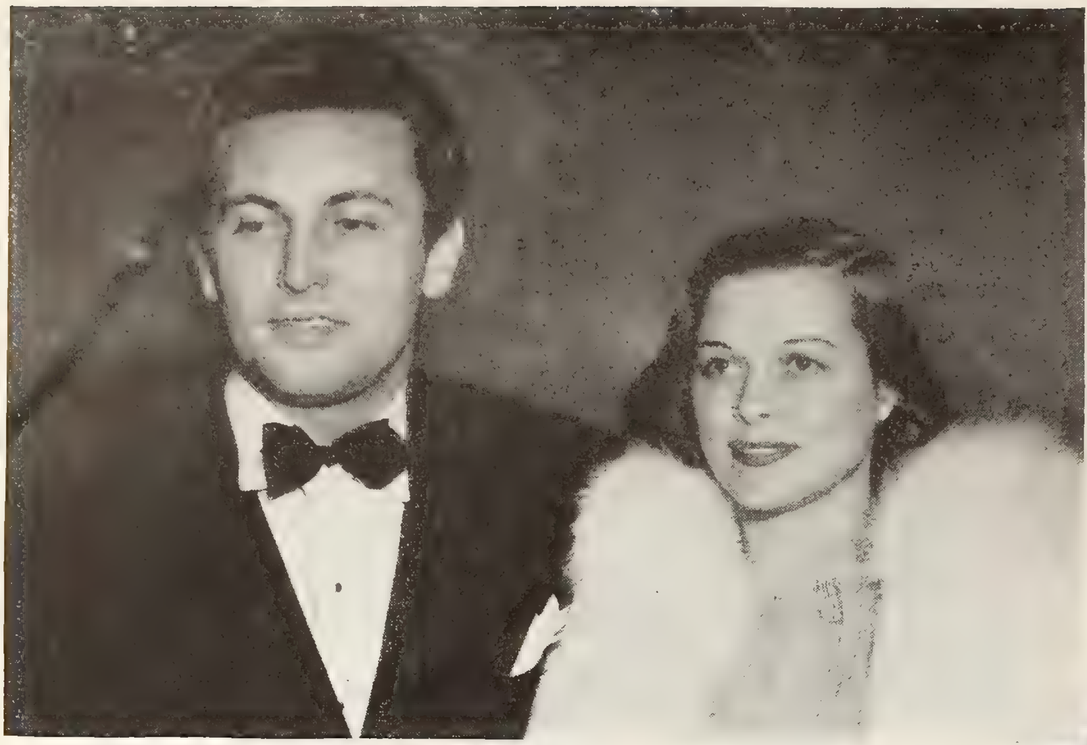

Allan and Irene Hervey Jones attend the premiere of "Idiot's Delight."

(*Continued from page 70*)

with a quart of her own pickles. Exotic, eh wot?

* * *

Gregory Ratoff, since becoming director on "Life of a Lancer Spy," seems to have quite forgotten that he was once the crankiest actor on the lot about quitting on the dot of five. The first day's shooting, six o'clock came, and still no sign from the director. At seven, he pleaded with Dolores Del Rio to stay for "just one more scene of your beYOUtiful acting," and at nine, he conceded that the company might eat a sandwich, but just one apiece. At one, Ratoff agreed that it was getting late, and at 1:30, the company left for home with Ratoff's generous wish that they sleep well. To do just that, all the principals slept for the greater part of the next day, and Director Ratoff was deeply grieved at their tardiness on the set.

* * *

And who was the glamorous beauty at a recent cocktail party who left her teeth in a sandwich? Those pearly teeth, you know, on many of the cinema beauties, are put there by a Hollywood dentist. They're porcelain caps over the original teeth, and woe be to anyone who gets hungry enough to forget that she's a glamor girl.

* * *

A mere $1,500,000, which includes a beard for Tyrone Power, has been allotted for the "Stanley and Livingstone" opus—and most of that has been put in the well-manicured hands of Osa Johnson, who will conduct the location trip through darkest Africa. At a press luncheon given by the studio recently, Osa surprised everyone by turning out to be the ultra-feminine type. It was impossible to imagine her staring a lion in the face, or setting off to shoot an elephant before breakfast. Feminine to the last detail, she even arrived at the luncheon in her honor an hour late.

* * *

The good citizens of Culver City, where the sun sometimes softens the Chamber of Commerce, have circulated a petition to change the name of their abode to Hollywood. Culver City, they have suddenly realized, is the home of some of the biggest studios. People all over the world see their product and believe, in Culver City's opinion, that it comes from Hollywood. And that's why the Chamber of Commerce wants the change in title. And Hollywood, after seeing some of the pictures, will probably change its name to Culver City.

* * *

Swimming pools are as common as berets in this part of the country, but leave it to Sam Goldwyn to fix up the most colossal, stupendous and also the wettest of the lot—981,250 gallons of it, to be exact. The pool covers an acre out on the Goldwyn holdings, and you'll be seeing it in "Hurricane," if the cast hasn't swallowed it up. For C. Aubrey Smith and Raymond Massey constructed a diving board on the edge of this supposed South Sea isthmus, and Dorothy Lamour and Mary Astor are taking advantage of the situation by taking diving lessons every morning while the picture is in production.

* * *

Out on the "Exclusive" set, Charlie Ruggles ran head on to a camera in his rush to get out for lunch. By the time he returned to the set, one eye was a livid purple. Director Al Hall greeted him joyfully, "Say, that was swell of you, Charlie! We'll shoot that scene right where Fred MacMurray gives you the shiner." Charlie was so flabbergasted that the scene with Fred was shot before he had a chance to say anything. When Hall said cheerfully, "Okay, Charlie, wipe it off now, and we'll go on to another scene," Ruggles said wearily, "Okay, but I'll need a good beefsteak to wipe it off on."

Charles Boyer and his little lady, Pat Paterson, take in the "Parnell" preview.

Playwright Odets treats Wife Luise Rainer to a polo match and a good laugh.

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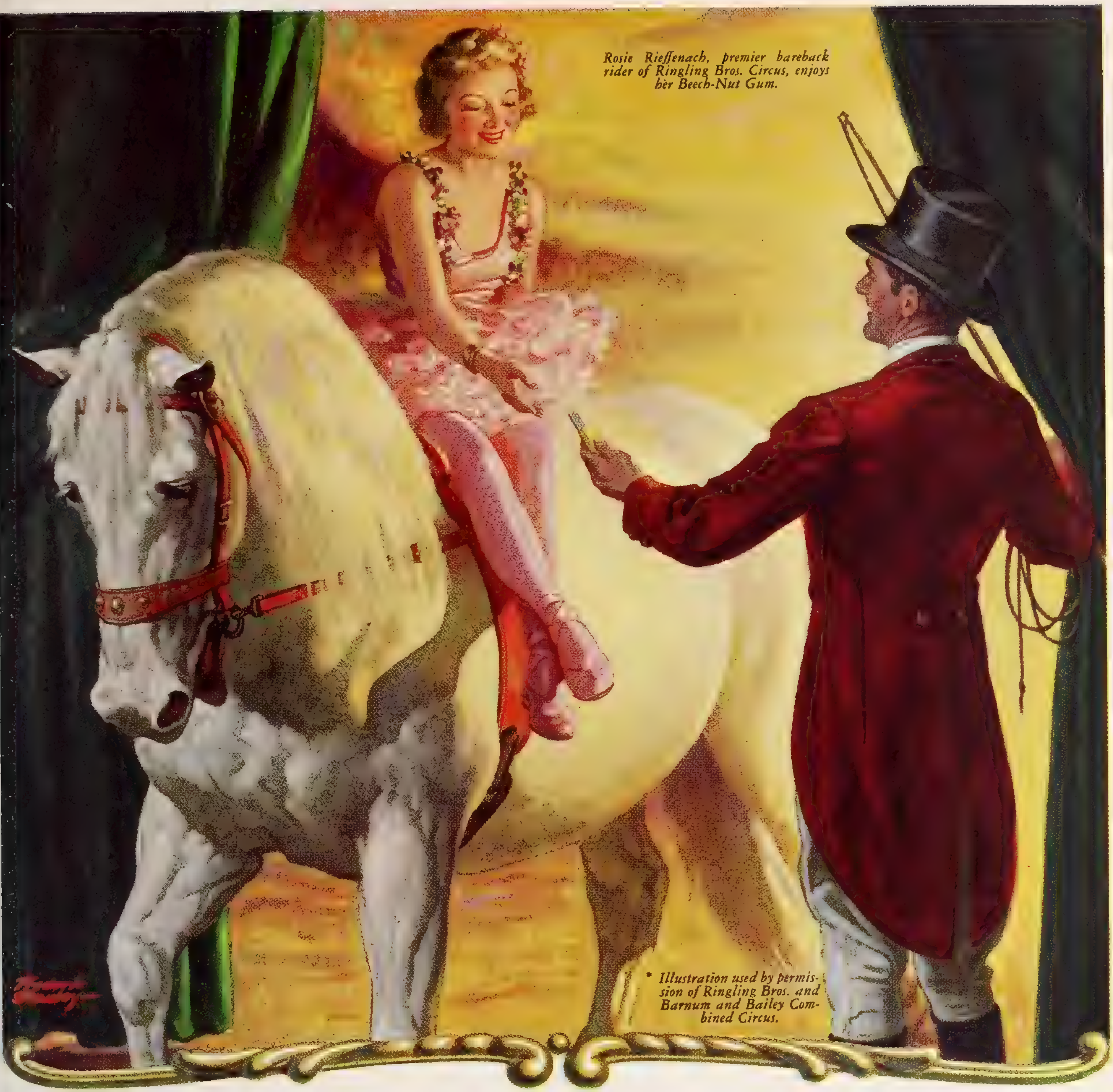
Rosie Rieffenach, premier bareback rider of Ringling Bros. Circus, enjoys her Beech-Nut Gum.

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TENNIS—Mrs. Warburton plays a man's game of tennis—hard-driving, strategic. Her appearance draws a gallery, whether she is playing at Palm Beach or in Southampton. As for smoking, "All I want to smoke," says Mrs. Warburton, "is Camels. Camels are so mild, they never get on my nerves!"

WHAT TO WEAR—Mrs. Warburton *(foreground above)* looks charmingly cool in white sharkskin, after a hard game of tennis. The pleated shorts, knee-top length—the new longer type—are preferred by this unerring stylist. "It's like a woman to enjoy costlier things. So, naturally, I smoke costlier tobaccos," says Mrs. Warburton. "Smoking Camels perks up my energy... gives me the grandest lift!"

TEA—Mrs. Barclay Warburton, Jr. entertains frequently at "Sandblown," her Southampton place, and at "Saracen Farm," the family estate near Philadelphia. "An appetizing dish," she remarks, "has a fuller flavor when a Camel keeps it company. There's no denying—smoking Camels at mealtime helps digestion!" As you smoke Camels, the flow of digestive fluids is increased. *Alkaline* digestive fluids that mean so much to mealtime enjoyment!

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Modern Screen

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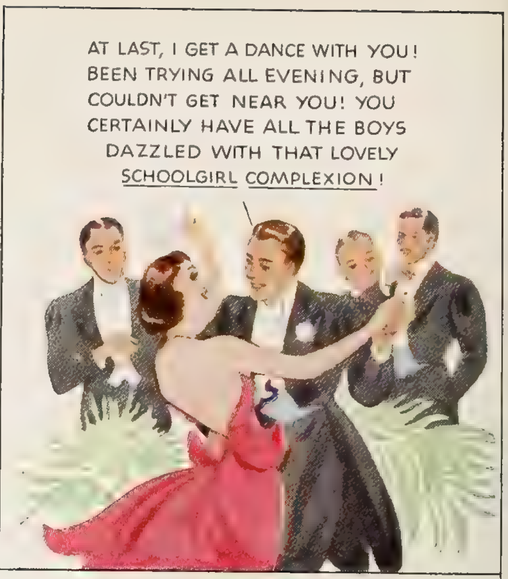
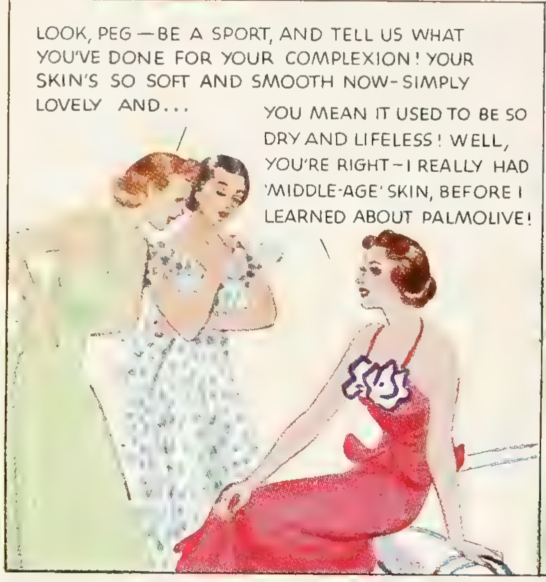
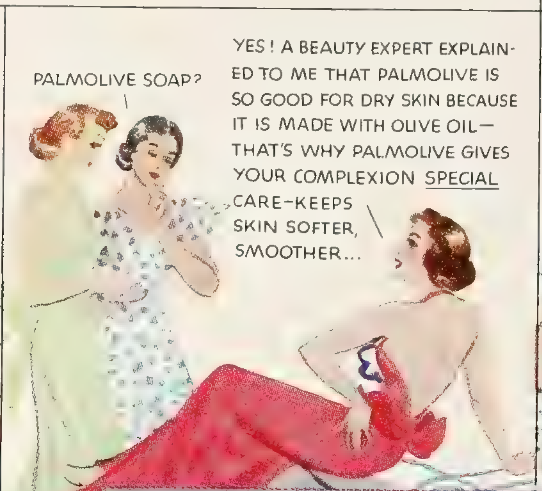
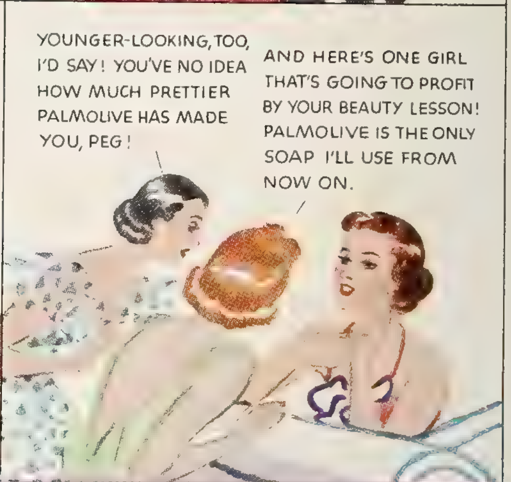
ABOUT DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

Every girl should read Peg's story!


AT LAST, I GET A DANCE WITH YOU! BEEN TRYING ALL EVENING, BUT COULDN'T GET NEAR YOU! YOU CERTAINLY HAVE ALL THE BOYS DAZZLED WITH THAT LOVELY SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION!


LOOK, PEG — BE A SPORT, AND TELL US WHAT YOU'VE DONE FOR YOUR COMPLEXION! YOUR SKIN'S SO SOFT AND SMOOTH NOW - SIMPLY LOVELY AND...
YOU MEAN IT USED TO BE SO DRY AND LIFELESS! WELL, YOU'RE RIGHT - I REALLY HAD 'MIDDLE-AGE' SKIN, BEFORE I LEARNED ABOUT PALMOLIVE!


PALMOLIVE SOAP?
YES! A BEAUTY EXPERT EXPLAINED TO ME THAT PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR DRY SKIN BECAUSE IT IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL — THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE GIVES YOUR COMPLEXION SPECIAL CARE - KEEPS SKIN SOFTER, SMOOTHER...


YOUNGER-LOOKING, TOO, I'D SAY! YOU'VE NO IDEA HOW MUCH PRETTIER PALMOLIVE HAS MADE YOU, PEG!
AND HERE'S ONE GIRL THAT'S GOING TO PROFIT BY YOUR BEAUTY LESSON! PALMOLIVE IS THE ONLY SOAP I'LL USE FROM NOW ON.

WHY PALMOLIVE, MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, GIVES COMPLEXIONS A SPECIAL CARE ... KEEPS SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!

Palmolive is made from a special blend of Olive and Palm Oils—nature's finest beauty oils. Naturally, a soap made with these beauty oils has a different and very *special* lather. Palmolive's lather is so soothing, so kind to your skin. It cleanses gently, yet with a thoroughness that removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics. Keeps your skin soft, smooth and fresh . . . alive with beauty!

KEEP THAT "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION" . . . GUARD AGAINST "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN

Fortune's Favorite

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]

She evades close-ups...Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm . . . She ignored the warning of "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"SURELY," you say, "surely the world's at this girl's feet!" Blessed with beauty and dowered with grace—life seems to have given her its best.

But there is a thief that robs her loveliness, that steals away her charm. That thief is *her dull, dingy* and *unattractive smile.* Tragic? Yes, but that's the price she pays for neglect—*a penalty she could have avoided.*

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

Play safe—don't risk an attractive smile—don't pay the penalties of tender gums and dull and dingy teeth! When you see that telltale warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist immediately*—let him advise you.

While there may be nothing seriously wrong, don't take chances—let your dentist decide. Often, however, he will explain your condition as a "simple case of sensitive gums—gums that are the victims of our modern menus—gums robbed of work by today's soft and creamy foods." And his advice will probably be "more work and resistance for lazy gums" and, often, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help the gums as well as keep teeth clean and sparkling. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums. Gums become firmer—your teeth brighter, more lustrous.

Millions of people already have adopted the Ipana Tooth Paste and massage dental health routine. It's one simple, easy way of helping to prevent dental disorders—and with your gums more vigorous and healthy, your teeth sparkling and bright—you never need be ashamed of your smile!

• • •

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IPANA plus massage is your dentist's able assistant in the home care of teeth and gums

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to get
MORE LIGHT
AT NO EXTRA COST

I use the New, Brighter
G-E MAZDA LAMPS

This young lady has found a grand way to get extra value, for the new G-E MAZDA lamps not only give her more light for her money, but they help protect her eyes from strain, and her face from beauty-marring wrinkles.

Light up your home with new G-E MAZDA lamps. Thanks to General Electric research, they are now brighter than ever, yet they use no more electric current, and cost no more to buy. You'll be sure to get bulbs that STAY BRIGHTER LONGER, if you'll look for the G-E trademark when you buy.

15¢
60-WATTS AND SMALLER
75 and 100-watt sizes . . . 20c

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

MODERN SCREEN

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Regina Cannon.................Editor
Leo Townsend........Hollywood Editor
Abril Lamarque............Art Editor

NOW SHOWING

THEY'RE GOIN' PLACES 10 MACK HUGHES
SO YOU WON'T DANCE! 32 IDA ZEITLIN
HE'S LEARNED FROM LADIES 34 CAROLINE S. HOYT
SHE KNEW WHAT SHE WANTED 36 MURIEL BABCOCK
MANUEL, THE LOVABLE 38 IDA ZEITLIN
JEAN ARTHUR WHEN— 40 DORA ALBERT
PUBLIC COWBOY NO. 1 42 FRANC DILLON
BEAUTY GETS THE JOB 44 MARY MARSHALL
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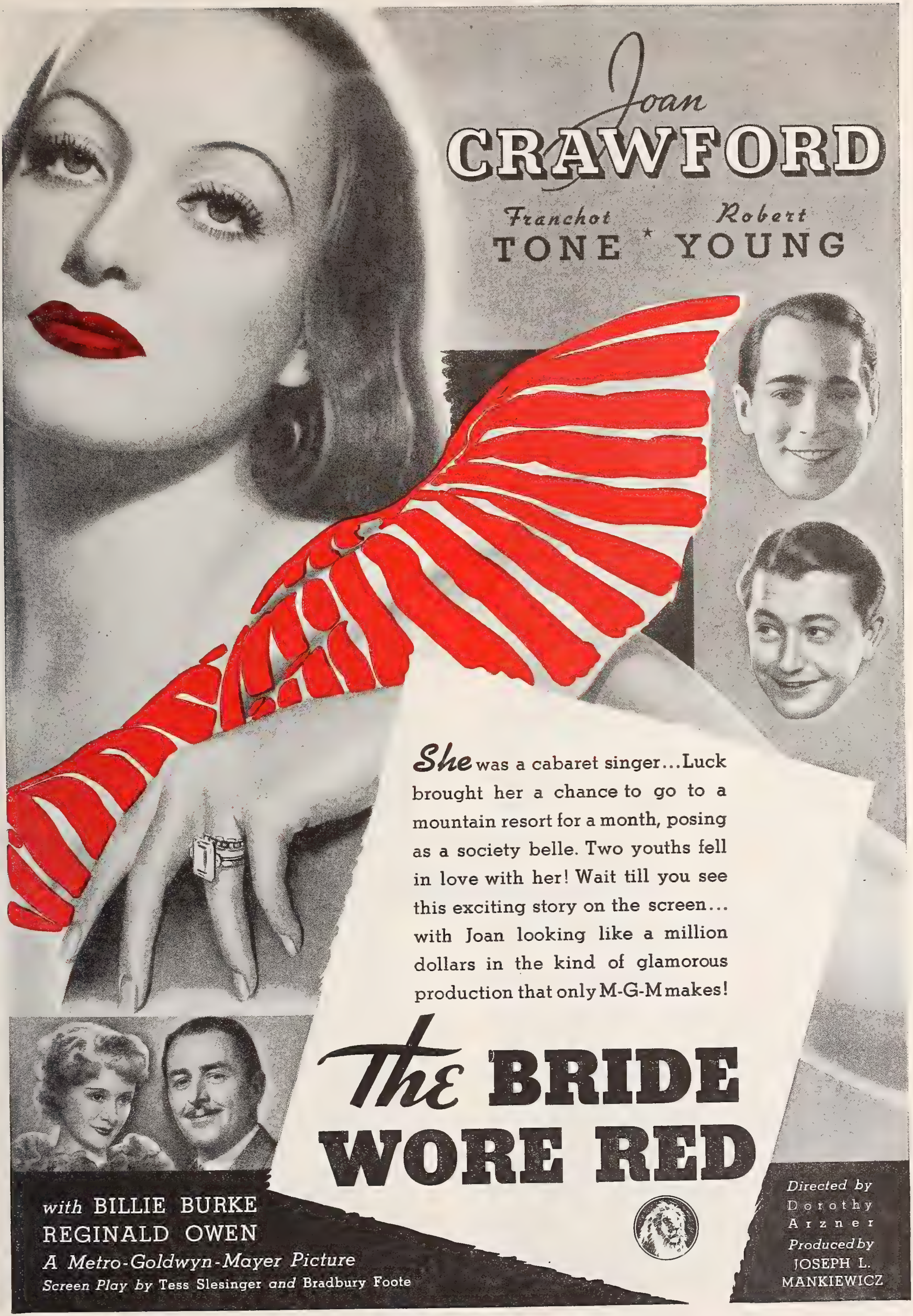


Joan
CRAWFORD

Franchot
TONE ★ Robert
YOUNG

She was a cabaret singer... Luck brought her a chance to go to a mountain resort for a month, posing as a society belle. Two youths fell in love with her! Wait till you see this exciting story on the screen... with Joan looking like a million dollars in the kind of glamorous production that only M-G-M makes!

The BRIDE WORE RED

with BILLIE BURKE
REGINALD OWEN
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Screen Play by Tess Slesinger *and* Bradbury Foote

Directed by
Dorothy Arzner
Produced by
JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ

REVIEWS · A TOUR

★★★★ The Life of Emile Zola

A fine and beautifully made picture, "Zola" offers Paul Muni the best chance to display his virtuosity since "The Story of Louis Pasteur," which won him the Academy Award for 1936. The Academy may as well hand Mr. Muni a permanent award, for his portrayal of the crusading French novelist is even more poignant and finely wrought than his characterization of Pasteur.

Muni takes Zola through his early struggles, through his success with Nana, through the period of his smug satisfaction with wealth and position, and on to his fiery crusade against injustice, inspired by the cruel espionage case which sent Captain Alfred Dreyfus to Devil's Island. Muni rises to his greatest heights in a court scene. Usually this type of thing is an actor's holiday, but Muni, handling it with quiet and reserve, makes it an inspired piece of acting.

A large supporting cast contributes excellent performances. Joseph Schildkraut and Gale Sondergaard, as Alfred and Lucie Dreyfus; Gloria Holden, as Zola's wife; Erin O'Brien-Moore, as Nana, and Morris Carnovsky, as Anatole France, are all outstanding. Directed by William Dieterle.—*Warner Bros.*

★★★ The Firefly

An operetta written by Otto Harbach and Rudolf Friml twenty-five years ago, "The Firefly" comes to the screen as a delightful and captivating musical which will more than please lovers of this type of entertainment. In case you weren't around a quarter of a century ago, "The Firefly" is a love story against a background of war between France and Spain during the time of Napoleon. That's all you need to know, since the story and the romance is at all times overshadowed by the music, which is the real star of the picture. Friml's music includes such beautiful melodies as "Giannina Mia," "A Woman's Kiss" and the lovely "Sympathy."

The picture shows Jeanette MacDonald definitely improving as an actress. Besides her unusual excellent vocal work, it offers her a chance to exhibit her dancing talent. In the male lead, Allan Jones is a surprise hit. He is in fine voice, and his pleasant personality makes him certain star material. Because Jones is so outstanding, the Nelson Eddy fans won't be too disappointed at the absence of Nelson as Jeanette's singing partner.

Outstanding in the supporting cast are Warren William, Douglas Dumbrille and a young Mexican boy named Robert Spindola, who looks and acts like Harpo Marx. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. —*M-G-M.*

★★★ It's Love I'm After

Here is high comedy stirred up to its frothiest state, and dished out by a pair of champion disher-outers—Leslie Howard and Bette Davis, with the able assistance of Olivia de Havilland, Eric Blore and a fine supporting cast.

The story is completely nonsensical, and the players follow through in the same vein. Mr. H. and Miss D. are a pair of Shakespearean performers, and they're actors both on-stage and off. They're as much in love with each other as they are fond of a good rough-and-tumble fight, all of which means that when they aren't in each other's arms they're at each other's throats. The plot starts rolling when Miss de Havilland, an over-eager Howard fan, tries to make love to him. Her fiance (Patric Knowles) and Howard cook up a plan which will make the actor obnoxious to her. Unfortunately, her love for him increases with his every new villainy. When he threatens her with "a fate worse than death" she shouts "Goody!" It's that kind of a picture. However, Bette Davis joins the battle and proceeds to alter the situation in a hurry.

"It's Love I'm After" maintains a whirlwind pace that had a preview audience gasping for breath. Davis and Howard are gloriously funny, and they barely manage to steal the picture out of the competent hands of Olivia de Havilland and Eric Blore. Directed by Archie Mayo.—*Warner Bros.*

Movie Scoreboard on Page 70

BY LEO TOWNSEND

OF TODAY'S TALKIES

★★★★ Stella Dallas

As honest and forthright as it is dramatic and exciting, "Stella Dallas" ranks as one of the best pictures of the year. Well-deserved acclaim goes to Producer Sam Goldwyn, whose idiosyncrasies of speech are in such strange contrast to the splendid quality of his films. To make a talking picture superior to one of the most memorable films of the silent days is an achievement very few picture-making gentlemen have attained.

Perhaps the lion's share of the credit belongs to Director King Vidor, for he gets a brace of superb performances out of players whose efforts heretofore have never been particularly outstanding. Barbara Stanwyck, who has always been an actress of definite limitations, performs so skillfully in the title role that she is bound to receive serious consideration for this year's Academy Award.

Anne Shirley, as the daughter, is almost as good as Miss Stanwyck, and Allan Hale, as a drunken friend of the family, turns in a grand comedy portrayal. John Boles, as Miss Stanwyck's husband, is excellent, and Barbara O'Neill, as a society matron, is both attractive and capable. In addition, there is a splendid bit by Margaret Main, in the role of Miss Stanwyck's mother.

"Stella Dallas" has everything a fine picture should have. See it, by all means.—*Samuel Goldwyn.*

★★★ The Toast of New York

Delving into the battles and crises of the Wall Street financial wizards of the past century, RKO-Radio has emerged with an hour and a half of lusty, well-knit screen entertainment. How faithful the screen story is to history we don't know, nor does it matter. The picture, for the most part, combines good fun and exciting drama, which is often more than you can say for history.

Story deals with the rise and fall of Jim Fisk, who battled Cornelius Vanderbilt and Daniel Drew for Wall Street's financial throne. Edward Arnold makes Fisk a vital and interesting character, although it must be admitted that his portrayal is an exact duplicate of his "Diamond Jim Brady" of a few years ago. Mr. A. probably feels that as long as he can build a better Diamond Jim than his neighbor, the world will beat a path to the box office.

Best acting in the picture is furnished by Cary Grant, as Fisk's companion, and Frances Farmer, as Josie Mansfield, the gal whom Jim Fisk made New York's favorite actress. Grant adds to his acting stature with each new performance, and Miss Farmer, the most un-Hollywoodish looking girl in town, makes her role outstanding. Jack Oakie supplies ingratiating comedy, and there are fine portrayals of Drew and Vanderbilt by Donald Meek and Clarence Kolb. Directed by Rowland Lee.—*RKO-Radio.*

★★★ Topper

"Topper" is tops for laughs, and Roland Young is responsible for most of them. In fact, he steals the show—though this is the widely heralded "come-back" picture of Constance Bennett. Constance proves that she deserves another chance, however, by giving an excellent performance and looking pretty beautiful besides.

The film is one of the most original and cleverly presented that we've seen for some time. It's about a fun-loving couple—Constance Bennett and Cary Grant—who are killed in an automobile accident, and from then on the real fun starts. For they turn into two of the gayest and giddiest spooks ever to haunt the screen. Their one and only worry about being dead is that they may not be able to enter the Pearly Gates, neither having done any good deeds that he can remember. So they pick "Topper," Roland Young, as the object on whom they will perform their good deed. For Topper is the hen-pecked husband of Billie Burke, who's been taking all the fun out of his life for the past twenty years. But after the two ghosts, who can make themselves visible or invisible at will, get to work on the old boy, all is changed.

Photographic effects are outstanding—and each one of the occasions when Constance Bennett and Cary Grant fade into thin air is more uproarious than the last. In fact, this is a picture which you don't want to miss. Directed by Norman McCleod.—*Hal Roach.*

More Reviews on Page 107

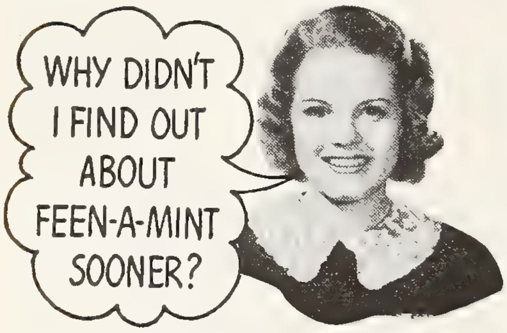
Movie shoppers will find real treats in store for them here

CONSTIPATED? STOMACH UPSET?

REMEMBER BOTH when you choose a laxative

EVER notice how often constipation is accompanied by an upset stomach? It's doubly important then, to choose your laxative as you would your food. Avoid heavy, greasy indigestibles. Take FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious chewing gum laxative. It's not a heavy, bulky dose. Has nothing to further burden an already overtaxed digestion. On the contrary, the very act of chewing increases the flow of mouth juices that aid digestion.

Moreover, FEEN-A-MINT's tasteless, laxative ingredient does *not* act in the stomach. Acts only in the *intestine*, which is where constipation exists—where you want the right results. No griping, nausea, discomfort, or lost sleep.


WHY DIDN'T I FIND OUT ABOUT FEEN-A-MINT SOONER?

Do you feel dull, headachy, out of sorts, due to constipation? Let FEEN-A-MINT help put the sunshine back in life. You will like its delicious flavor, and you'll find that no other type of laxative *can* do exactly what FEEN-A-MINT does. Discover for yourself why more than 16 million people have *already* switched to FEEN-A-MINT! At all druggists, or write for generous FREE trial package. Dept. 107-H, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.

NO OTHER TYPE OF LAXATIVE CAN DO EXACTLY WHAT FEEN-A-MINT DOES

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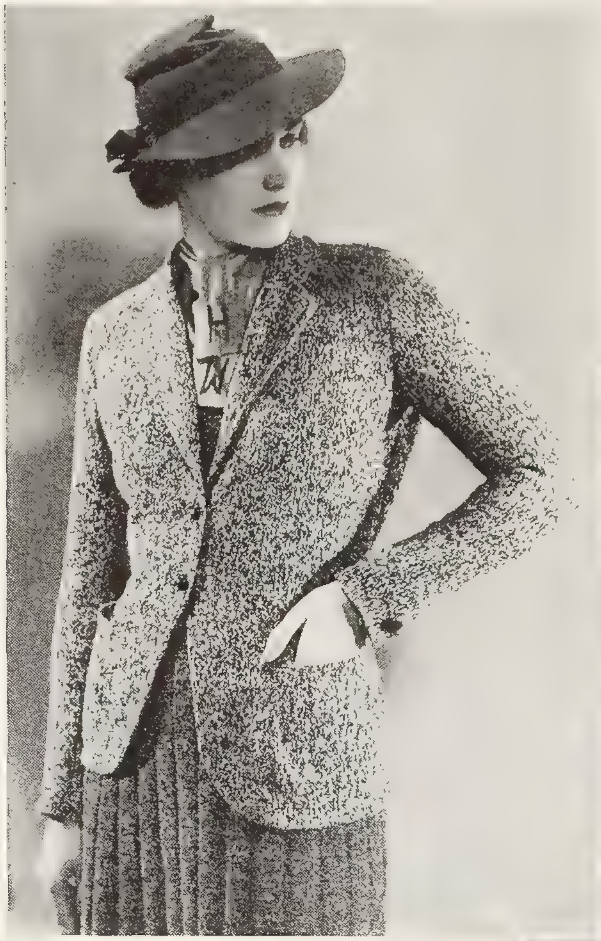
FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN
THE CHEWING GUM LAXATIVE
NO TASTE BUT THE MINT
Feen-a-mint
A MEDICINE NOT A CONFECTION

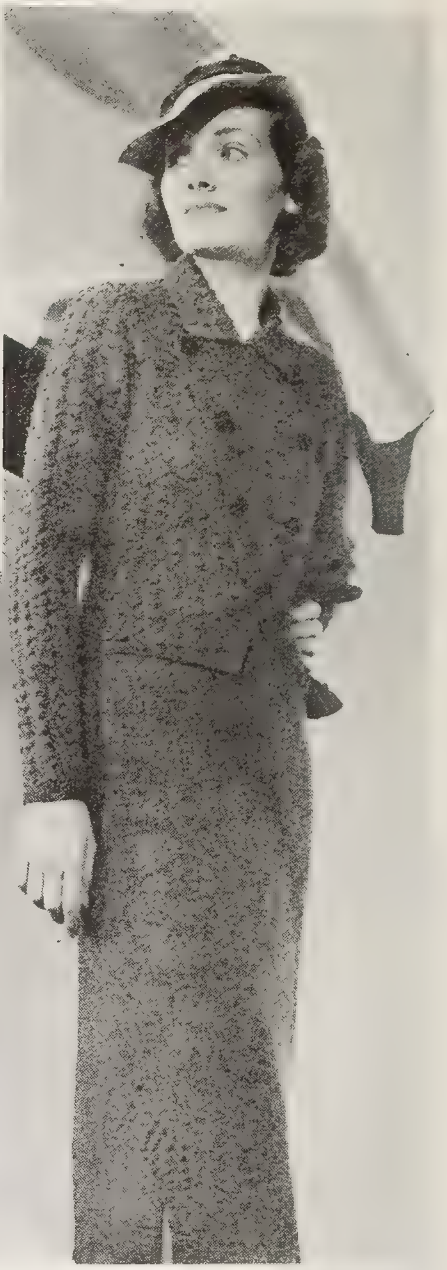
TEND TO YOUR KNITTING!

Smart Fall Fashions Right at Your Fingertips



6026—The simple stockinette stitch makes a chic tailored jacket.

6034—The newest version of the ever-popular two-piece dress achieves a nubby surface with the popcorn stitch, below.



THEY LOOK so smart and sleek and expertly tailored, anyone might assume that these new knit fashions are hard to make, but they aren't. They are so absurdly simple that a beginner can tackle them without qualms.

The two-piece dress flaunts four important new fashion details. Made of chiffon zephyr yarn it is soft as silk. Nubby surface, little girl collar, and the triangular bodice all proclaim that it came right from the Paris showings.

The hand-knit tailored jacket is going places this year over all wool frocks. Slightly widened shoulders, unbelted waistline, and elongated bodice give it an air of fine tailoring. Glenmoor tweed is the yarn. Send for your knitting instructions today. They're absolutely free.

ANN WILLS, MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

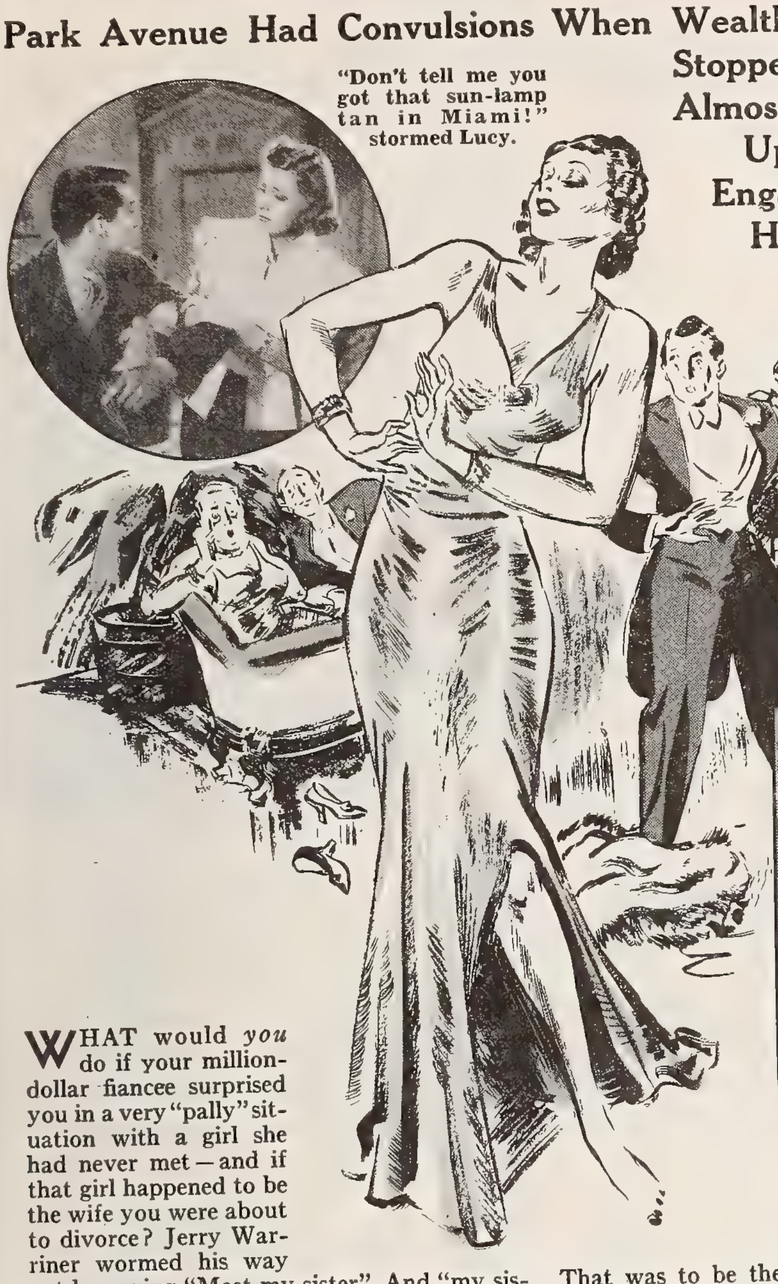
Kindly send, at no cost to me, knitting directions for 6026 . . . . . .
knitting directions for 6034 . . . .

I am enclosing a stamped, addressed (large) envelope.

Name . . . .
Street . . . .
City . . . . State . . . .
(Check one or both designs and please print name and address)

How a Society Bride's Sensational Dance Stopped a Divorce

Park Avenue Had Convulsions When Wealthy Lucy Warriner Stopped At Nothing (Well, Almost Nothing) To Break Up Her Husband's Engagement Party for His Next "Wife"



"Don't tell me you got that sun-lamp tan in Miami!" stormed Lucy.

Who'd have dreamt that lovely Lucy Warriner would ever shock society—even to save her marriage.

Still happy socialites—til debutantes and divorces interfered.

Lucy and her singing teacher tried desperately to explain their night out.

Why did his wife have to hide Jerry in the bedroom when her best friend visited her?

WHAT would *you* do if your million-dollar fiancee surprised you in a very "pally" situation with a girl she had never met—and if that girl happened to be the wife you were about to divorce? Jerry Warriner wormed his way out by saying "Meet my sister". And "my sister" proceeded to put on a hair-raising act that scandalized society, and brought Jerry's house of cards tumbling round his handsome head.

Let's turn back the calendar and see how it all started. One fine winter afternoon, home comes Jerry with a vivid sun-lamp tan. From what should have been a Florida vacation! But was it? No, indeed! Jerry, the benighted soul, finally tried to explain that he had whiled away a week or two in a gin and poker marathon with his one-time pals!

Now that in itself might have been enough to besmirch the fairest picture of domestic bliss. But Lucy was a lady. She was determined to play dumb and not utter even one tiny little word of reproach. She was prepared to welcome her wandering boy with sweetness and light. Only Fate barged in, as Fate will do, and upset Lucy's neat little apple-cart.

"Yoo-hoo, Lucy! Surprise! I'm home", shouted Jerry. But only the dog barked. A glance at the table revealed the morning paper still untouched, and Lucy's letters unopened. When lovely Lucy finally did arrive, it was in last night's evening clothes, and with her tall, dark and handsome singing teacher in tow. Jerry, still smarting from Lucy's accusations about his "Florida" siesta, refused to listen to explanations, and the happy home life of the Warriners was shattered with a resounding crash.

Nothing would assuage Jerry's wounded sensibilities but a divorce, which he promptly proceeded to procure.

Time flitted by. Another 24 hours and the Warriner divorce decree was to become final. That was to be the cue for Jerry to announce his engagement to the madcap heiress—Barbara Vance. But Lucy stamped her pretty foot and shouted "No". She wasn't going to allow any such thing. She wasn't giving up her one true love to "the girl with millions of dollars and no sense", just because her husband refused to recognize facts. But oh, what to do? How to make Jerry see the light?

Then an idea struck Lucy as lightning strikes a tree. That night the wealthy Vances were throwing a hotcha party for Jerry and their Barbara. Society's darlings would be there en masse—and that, Lucy decided, was the time to strut her stuff.

How she posed as poor Jerry's sister, how she threw the party into an uproar with a dance that made the assembled dowagers' eyes pop, makes one of the most hilarious sequences ever thrown on the screen.

But what happens after that to Lucy and Jerry's romance is the really big surprise you'll find in Columbia's new picture, "THE AWFUL TRUTH"—the fastest, gayest, most exhilarating comedy in years. Irene Dunne plays the wife, Lucy Warriner, and if you saw "Theodora Goes Wild", you have some idea of her comedy capabilities. In one scene, Lucy is stopped on the road by two motorcycle cops because her radio is going full blast. She's lost the control knob and can't turn it down. The policeman tries to fix it. "We don't have to do this", he says. "It's only a favor to you".

"It's no favor", says Lucy. "We enjoy the music".

COP: "Have you people been drinking"?

LUCY: "No. Have you people"?

COP: "What's your license number"?

LUCY: "I don't know. They change it every year. What's the license number on your motorcycle? No fair looking now"!

And so it goes merrily on. Cary Grant is Jerry Warriner—handsome, debonair, and with a charming wit that gets him out of the tightest places. You'll be quoting and requoting his clever lines.

Don't miss "The Awful Truth". It's a grand screen play, the work of Dwight Taylor and Vina Delmar, author of "Bad Girl", remember? And none other than Leo McCarey, of "Ruggles of Red Gap" fame, directed. When is it coming to your theatre? You'll see it in the papers. Keep your eyes peeled for the announcement.

Coming To Your Theatre Soon!

IRENE DUNNE
CARY GRANT
THE
AWFUL TRUTH
With Ralph Bellamy, Alexander D'Arcy, Joyce Compton
DIRECTED BY LEO McCAREY
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

(*Adv't.*)

THEY'RE GOIN' PLACES.!

Profiles, pluck and perseverance are making them stars of tomorrow

BY MACK HUGHES

Here's Robert Allen, making good on second trial.

Robert Kent's had five leading ladies—the Dionne Quints.

Robert Baldwin's stepping along cinematically and headed for success.

DID YOU ever think of capitalizing on your appearance? You know, there's no reason why you shouldn't, if you're lucky enough to be one of those fortunate "born good-looking" people. If you had a voice you'd train it and go on the stage, even prepare for opera if it was that good, wouldn't you? So why not do the same with a set of features that you were graced with at birth?

Everyone likes to look at anything attractive—a beautiful girl, a handsome man or even a magnificent horse. And so, it follows that the logical thing to do is to sell your profile, if it's of the salable variety. This is just what a few of the newcomers to pictures have done.

Maybe you've been wondering who this attractive young man or that beautiful girl you've seen in the movies recently, is. Well, keep them in mind, for you're going to see more of them in bigger and better parts within the next year. For many of the boys and girls you've seen so often on the magazine pages are now in Hollywood being groomed for movies. Among them are several young men fortunate enough to be six feet tall and handsome enough to arrest the attention of movie scouts.

First on the list is Douglas Blackley, better known to fans as Robert Kent. For years Bob was one of the leading models in New York. This in itself is no mean stunt where only a hundred out of 5000 people in the profession manage to make a living. However, Bob was what is known as a godsend to photographers. He was camera proof. This means that he could be "shot" from any angle and still look good to the client—the man who selects the copy. Naturally there is one goal this leads to—motion pictures.

Doug was full of hope and determination, which makes a sound base for ambition and, as a result he began studying with movies in mind. He soon became the pet of the artists, for he could express moods for them. But, he was still as far away from Hollywood as when he began and the harder he tried to crash the gates, the colder were his receptions at the picture offices.

Now if you think that a few disappointments could discourage young Kent, you're wrong. They only served to prod him on. After all, his life as a model had not been easy to get started. He was used to self-discipline. For, if he was to face a camera there was to be no night life for him. Regular hours and little play had been his lot.

He finally landed a job in stock for the summer and, with this training, he invaded the sanctums of moviedom again. One scout said that he would cover Kent's performance and that if he could really act, he'd have a chance at pictures. Luck was against Bob for, no sooner was he in Maine than his appendix acted up and he had to return to New York. Much to his surprise the scout had missed the show and called him in to do a test from a scene in it. Needless to say, he made the grade and left for Hollywood. Since being there he has steadily worked and among his more recent pictures was "Reunion," with those loveable little girls, the Dionne Quints.

Another handsome gent who got a chance at talkies was Ted Bauer, now christened Robert Allen. His was a far different story and quite as interesting, even though the results are a little astonishing.

Allen was for many years the highest paid model in New York. He worked more often than others. One day he posed for a soap ad—a nice, homey scene in a bath tub, and once it was published he was immediately called into consultation by the movie moguls. Soon after this conference, Bob went to the Coast and his company had big plans for their "Soap Boy."

However, being young and im-

(*Continued on page 82*)

IT'S GAY! IT'S SWEET! IT'S HOT! IT'S SWELL! AND WHAT A STORY!

Let 52nd Street tell you of romance, of music, of pathos, of drama...from the time that it was *the* center of fashionable New York — until it became the after-dark capital of the world... Around a grand romantic story by Grover Jones, who gave you "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and "Trail of the Lonesome Pine"—there is exciting entertainment with the stars who came out at night on Jam Canyon . . . They sing! They swing!—They dance!

52ND STREET

with

IAN HUNTER • LEO CARRILLO
PAT PATERSON • ELLA LOGAN
SID SILVERS • DOROTHY PETERSON
MARLA SHELTON • ZASU PITTS
AL SHEAN • COLLETTE LYONS
and KENNY BAKER

Swell Songs

"I Still Love to Kiss You Goodnight"
"I'd Like to See Samoa of Samoa"
"Don't Save Your Love for a Rainy Day"
"Sing and Let Your Hair Down"
"Nothing Can Stop Me Now"

Plus many entertainers who made 52nd Street famous

Jack WHITE
ROCCO and SAULTER
Georgie TAPPS
COOK and BROWN

A WALTER WANGER Production

Directed by
HAROLD YOUNG

RELEASED THRU
UNITED ARTISTS

FAMILY FAVORITES

BY
MARJORIE DEEN

"If you're looking for a sure-fire family hit in the food line, then make it with apples," advises Billie Burke. And she has oodles of knockout suggestions and recipes to tempt you. These home-kitchen-tested, accurate recipes appear in handy form on Page 74.

Courtesy New York & New England Apple Institute

TASTES vary. That statement is as true of foods as it is of film folks, and it explains why there are so many stars and so many recipes. Yes, one fan's darling is another person's pet peeve, just as surely as 'one man's dish is another man's poison.' But everyone will be in complete agreement when it comes to Billie Burke and the special dishes she recommends. They're swell.

"If you're looking for a real family favorite in the food line, then make it with apples," advised Miss Burke, who is pretty much of an all-round family favorite herself, due to her ability to please the women in the audience, amuse the children and make the masculine contingent feel strong and protective.

WHEREAS, with very many foods, you'll find that some people will like them prepared in one way, some in another, just about everyone likes apples in any form," Billie continued with an air of conviction that permitted no contradiction on my part. But who was I to argue, since I agreed with her so completely? Besides, I fully appreciated the timeliness of her suggestions and would have tried to lead the conversation around to just these very fruits had Miss Burke failed to mention them herself.

These coming months find apples engaging the attention of every good housewife. Shining red eating apples, polished and piled high in a bowl on the dining-room table or buffet . . . firm, juicy green ones stored in a cool spot to be made into pies and puddings . . . golden ones for salads . . . apple dishes too numerous to keep track of, but delicious, every one!

Certainly the collection of made-with-apples dishes that I have for you should be welcome right now. Some are Miss Burke's, some derive from other sources, but all are worth your attention. So be sure to turn to Page 74 where you will find a number of them. Look them over and save those that have special appeal, for future reference, if not for immediate trial. If you don't, you'll surely regret your oversight when your green grocer says to you one of these fine mornings, "Some apples today, Madame? They're particularly fine and the price is 'way down."

But let's not go shopping or recipe hunting just yet. Instead let's return to Miss Burke, busily at work in as charming a kitchen as you could well imagine, preparing a special apple concoction for her daughter, Patricia Ziegfeld. This lovely gal is a softie for her man's home cooking.

When her amazingly young-looking mother is working at the studio, Patricia accepts with good humor the fine meals prepared by the real cook of the household, I learned. But when the picture is completed (she had just finished making "Topper" when I saw her), and before the next one starts (she'll be doing "The Bride Wore Red"), then young Miss Ziegfeld insistently

Apples get star billing any day in Billie Burke's kitchen, and there's a good reason

requests her mother to make a "personal appearance" in the culinary department to fix up one or two of the special dishes for which she is famous. It's an occasion that is all too rare, according to Patricia, but she vows that it's a real treat. So Miss Burke, always the devoted parent, proudly complies.

Of course, Miss Burke mentioned Apple Pie first. You will find her recipe for this particular treat on Page 74, as I told you before, but as I repeat again for fear you will overlook this fact and fail to notice that we are now giving you at least four home-kitchen-tested, detailed and accurate recipes in each and every issue of MODERN SCREEN.

The filling suggested for Miss Burke's favorite Apple Pie can be used either for the two-crust variety or the single-crust, deep-dish type. It has an excellent flavor—spices and lemon and almonds assure that—and is especially delicious served hot. Try brushing the top with unbeaten egg white before baking, as suggested, for this procedure produces a browner crust. The second time you make it (you see, I take it for granted that in this case one good turn certainly deserves another), follow the egg yolk suggestion noted at the end of the recipe.

And see if you don't like this pie with the Fluffy Lemon Sauce poured over each spicy slice. The sauce happens to be one that goes with the Apple Tapioca recipe, you'll notice, but I tried it out on the pie with such success that I hasten to pass on the suggestion to you.

That particular Tapicoa recipe I just mentioned is certainly pretty special when this same sauce accompanies it, especially if the pudding is made with "pink" Apple Sauce and is garnished with thin apple slices with the skin left on to add another note of color. Both these dishes—the pie and the pudding—are pictured for you on the opposite page, together with a few of the other apple treats that I'm going to tell you *(Continued on page 75)*

DON'T LOOK NOW, PETE–BUT THAT MRS. ROYCE IS EYEING THE TABLECLOTH AGAIN!
I TOLD YOU SHE'D NOTICE!.. THAT LAZY SOAP OUR LADY USES DOESN'T WASH CLEAN. I WISH SHE'D CHANGE TO FELS-NAPTHA SOAP AND GET RID OF TATTLE-TALE GRAY

Bird alive, how people's eyebrows do go up—if there's the faintest hint of tattle-tale gray in your linens and things.

But why risk it? Why put up with half-clean-clothes—when Fels-Naptha Soap makes it so easy to hurry out ALL the dirt.

That's because Fels-Naptha brings you *two* peppy cleaners instead of one. Its richer *golden* soap and *lots of naptha* loosen the grimiest, deep-down dirt. When the wash is over, your clothes are so sweet and white it's a thrill to iron them.

You'll love the gentle way Fels-Naptha treats your hands, too. There's soothing glycerine in every *golden* bar.

Ask your grocer for Fels-Naptha today and try it! You'll have easier washes! Lovelier washes! And none of that pesky tattle-tale gray! COPR. FELS & CO., 1937

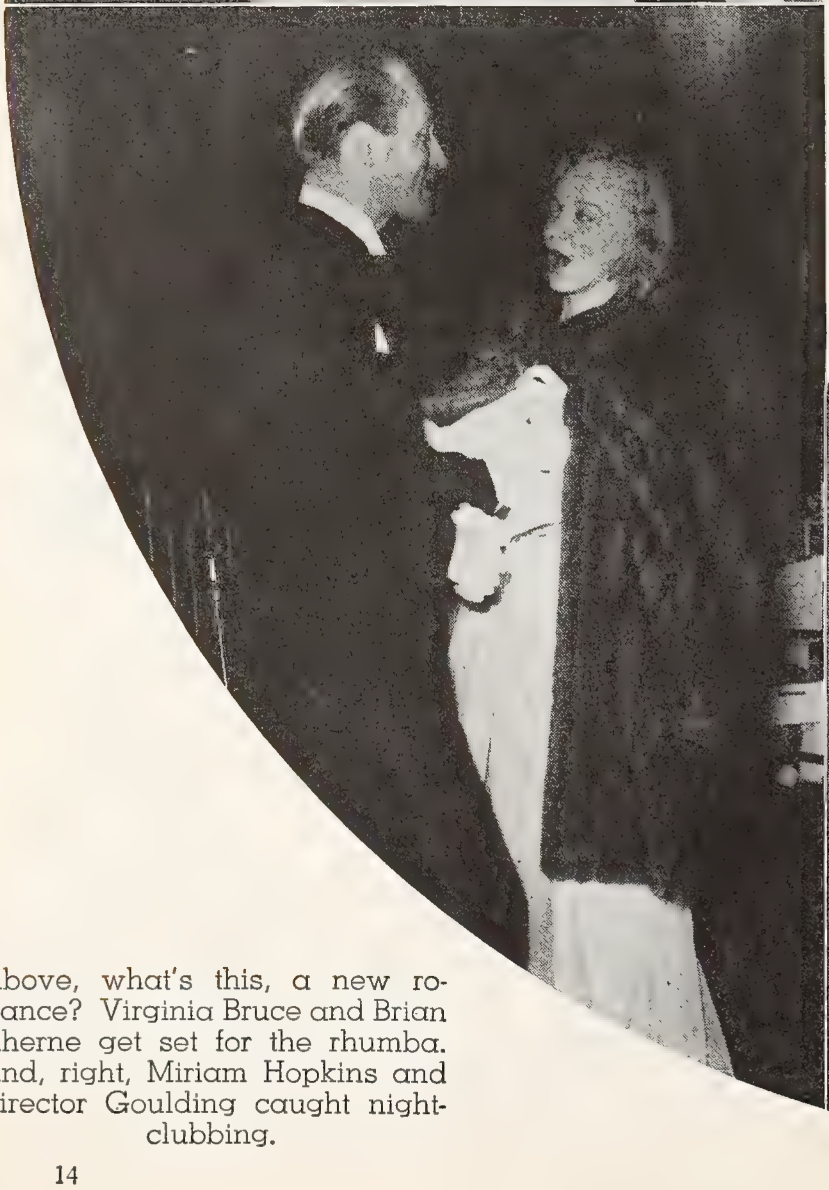
BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

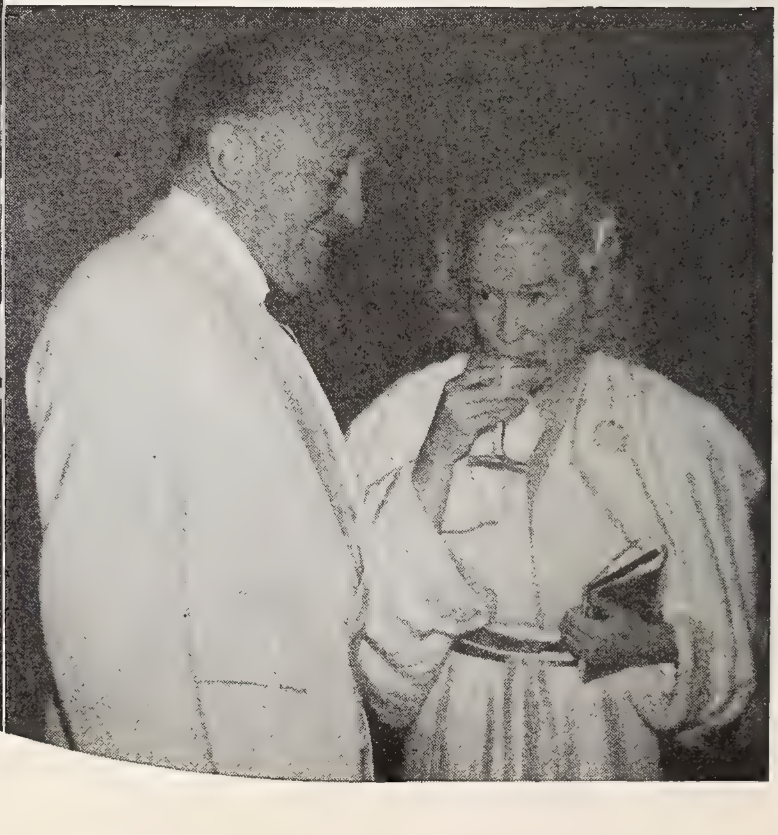
You can't say that Shirley isn't a full-fledged star. Yes, she attended her own premiere escorted by—her mother. 'Twas her very first first-night.

GOOD NEWS

BY LEO TOWNSEND

Photos by Frank Muto





Above, what's this, a new romance? Virginia Bruce and Brian Aherne get set for the rhumba. And, right, Miriam Hopkins and Director Goulding caught nightclubbing.

When Madeleine Carroll and Hubby Captain Philip Astley left Hollywood for a short vacation in the mountains, Madeleine asked her neighbor to look after her thoroughbred Dalmation. The hound, said Madeleine proudly, was a marvelous watch dog—and now her friend is the last to doubt her word. For when he arrived that night, his charge met him at the front gate with bared fangs. When the master of the house attempted to open the gate, the conscientious guardian lunged at him. So he spent the night at a hotel, while the dog proudly guarded his home and fireside.

■ ■ ■

Tyrone Power's girl the other evening was his grandmother, Mrs. Adelaide Reaume. He took her to a popular cocktail hang-out which features swing music. When Tyrone introduced his grandmother to the band leader, she informed that gent that she played a bit of popular music herself. The delighted band leader invited her to sit down at the piano and go to it. So Grandmother sat down and startled the customers by swinging out with "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life" and "The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise." Those in on swing terminology say that Grandma was really in the groove and took those numbers right to town!

■ ■ ■

As days and nights grow spicier, so does our gossip . . . all 'bout who's rushing who and who's rushing where in Cinemalan

The Stanwyck-Taylor duo still keeps Hollywood intrigued. Barbara looks sorta nautical, and Bob has that off-to-sea look, too.

Overheard conversation between Freddie Bartholomew and his director on the set.

Director: "Okay, Freddie, just go in and try this scene. It's new, so I won't be too critical."

Freddie: "Just what do you mean by critical?"

Director: "Well, it's like picking things apart—criticizing."

Freddie: "Oh, I see. I had an idea the word criticism meant evaluation."

■ ■ ■

At the preview of her picture, "Topper," Connie Bennett arrived looking very attractive in a polka dot suit, black skull cap and a string of sables. With her came Lady Ashley, now Mrs. Doug Fairbanks, Sr., also looking very attractive in a polka dot suit, black skull cap and a string of you-know-whats. No hair pulled. The gals are close friends, and they had planned their twin showing beforehand.

■ ■ ■

Jack Haley's small son came back from the Beverly Hills playground where some of the movie children play and reported a conversation he overheard. One little boy, it seems, was bragging about what a swell new Dad he had. A little girl in the group piped up; "Yes, he really is nice. Brother and I liked him a lot last year when *we* had him." All the Haleys are willing to swear on a stack of scenarios.

■ ■ ■

Now that Gene Markey and Joan Bennett are divorced, Gene has gone back to his former lady fair, Gloria Swanson. Six years ago, before Gene married Joan, he was Gloria's constant companion. Herbert Marshall, who used to go with Gloria, is still seen about with Lee Russell. And Joan has been dividing her time between several gentlemen. It's all rather complicated.

Eddie Cantor is the proudest man on his lot. During the production of "Ali Baba Goes to Town," he is occupying the late Will Rogers' bungalow, the first person to use it since Rogers' death. Because of the long-standing friendship between her husband and Eddie, Mrs. Rogers asked him to use the quarters when she heard he was making a picture at her late husband's studio.

■ ■ ■

We may be all wrong, but at the moment this is written Alice Faye has temporarily shelved Tony Martin for Wayne Morris. "Kid Galahad" introduced himself to Alice at a night spot and asked for a date, and she gave him several. It was all as simple as that. But we don't recommend the practice. Your first date sometimes turns out to be with the bouncer.

■ ■ ■

At the premiere of "Wee Willie Winkie," with Eddie Cantor at the microphone introducing the glitterous and the glamorous as they came in, Shirley Temple pronounced the occasion a joyous one. Said Shirley to the radio listeners, "This is the happiest day of my life. This morning I was promoted to Grade Four-A in school, and this is my first world premiere!" That's a lot to happen to one little girl in a single day, even when it's a little girl who has more money in the bank than any other little fourth-grade lady in the land, and probably more than some of the old-timers 'way up in the sixth and seventh grades.

■ ■ ■

Most fun of the evening, for the crowds outsid

was the arrival attired in kilts and whiskbrooms and clutched the microphone recite a poem which went like this:

Oh, dear little Shirley,
Please be a good girlie
And you can see "Wee Willie Winkie,"
But never go out with Mortimer Stinky.

■ ■ ■

During the "Broadway Melody" retakes, Bob Taylor spent almost as much time with a jeweler as he did before the cameras. Finally he selected a lovely diamond bracelet, and someone asked him the inevitable question, "Is it for Barbara Stanwyck?" "No," said Mr. T., "it's for a cousin in Chicago." Note to Miss Stanwyck: Has your gentleman friend any relatives in Chicago?

■ ■ ■

Most amusing yarn of the month is the tale concerning a prominent screen and radio comedian. During a joyous tour of the late spots recently, he spied a hot dog stand which took his fancy. He stopped in merely to purchase a hamburger, but by the time he parked his car he forgot his original intention and wound up by buying the hot dog stand and presenting it to a total stranger.

■ ■ ■

Saw Shirley Ross in the Derby whipping out a sack of tobacco and brown cigarette papers. Rolling her own—but only for Art's sake. She has to roll 'em for her role in "Blossoms on Broadway."

On - again, off - again, on - again still describes the Ty Power-Sonja Henie romance. But, right, Tony Martin and Alice Faye are still very much *that* way.

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y Arthur
ekman.

You've probably heard that before "Broadway Melody" was released it went through a long period of retakes. Numerous reasons for the refurbishing have been floating about, but the most authentic is that when the picture was first completed the producers discovered that George Murphy had stolen the male acting honors from the romantic lead, Bob Taylor. So "Broadway Melody" went back to the sound stages for a slight operation on Mr. Murphy's role.

■ ■ ■

Coiffure Note (Men's Dept.): The fluffy hair worn by George Raft in "Souls at Sea" was a weighty problem for his studio, as well as for its wearer. Mr. R., who has always played slick-haired guys, suddenly found himself confronted with an order from the front office to refrain from oiling his locks during the shooting of the picture. George, who likes to wear his hair slicked down on his social engagements, felt that the studio was trying to

ol his extra-curricular
ities. However, he
nitted, but he spent an
ppy two months hop-
his friends weren't
ecting him of going

■ ■ ■

Went out to look over the Stanwyck and Taylor ranches the other day out in Reseda, in San Fernando Valley. Barbara's rural retreat, now in process of construction, will be a more or less sumptuous affair. Two houses are already being completed, and more barns than you can shake a horse at. Down the road a piece, as we ranchers put it, is the forthcoming Taylor menage. It is much smaller than Barbara's, but Bob calls it home. Its main advantage is that it's only five minutes from the Stanwyck estate.

■ ■ ■

Trouble in Culver City: Freddie Bartholomew's Aunt Cissy—his legal guardian—is said to be conferring with lawyers regarding the financial status of her young charge. Aunt Cissy, they say, complains that Freddie's salary is much lower than the $1300. weekly which he's supposed to be getting, and she feels that an immediate adjustment is in order. Otherwise, she says, she'll pack up Freddie and put him back in school in England.

You really should have been out at Jimmy Stewart's on Moving Day. It seems Jimmy's mother and sister came to Hollywood for a visit of several months, so Mr. S. rented a new home to accommodate the family. The day they arrived he was in the middle of packing. Mother S. took one horrified look at her son's efforts and banished him from the house, while she emptied all his trunks and put things back in a more organized manner. All of which leads Jimmy to believe that a boy's best friend, after all, is his mother.

■ ■ ■

"Life of a Lancer Spy," which is full of British accents and the clicking of British heels, is now finished. What we wanted you to know is that one of the extras, portraying a soldier, took his orders seriously. When they told him to click his heels, he clicked them so hard he wrenched his back.

■ ■ ■

One of the bigger social events of the past month was the opening of the Beverly Hills Tennis Club. Owned by Fred Perry and Ellsworth Vines, most of its members are from the movie colony. Some of the highlights on opening night were: Gloria Stuart buying champagne cocktails for the photographers, Groucho Marx executing his own version of the rhumba with Eleanore Whitney, and Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, arriving in light flannel slacks and yachting regalia.

■ ■ ■

Day after the opening of the Tennis Club, Groucho Marx and Ellsworth Vines engaged Charlie Chaplin and Fred Perry in the battle of the century. Groucho arrived on the court first and promptly zipped himself into a sleeping bag, for a nap, while waiting for his opponents. Most of the actual tennis was played by Perry and Vines, who volleyed ferociously at each other, while Groucho and Charlie engaged in amiable conversation over their section of the net. P. S. Groucho's team lost.

■ ■ ■

Questions without Answers: What Blonde star, at a recent party, wrote out a check for $1,000. to cover her gentleman friend's losses at poker?

Warner Bros.

take pride in presenting

Mr. Paul MUNI

this year's Academy Award Winner in one of the few great pictures of all time

THE LIFE OF

EMILE ZOLA

He picked a faded rose from the streets of Paris and made her the immortal NANA!

WITH A CAST OF THOUSANDS INCLUDING: Gale Sondergaard . . . Joseph Schildkraut
Gloria Holden • Donald Crisp • Erin O'Brien-Moore • Henry O'Neill • Louis Calhern
Morris Carnovsky • Directed by William Dieterle Screen play by Norman Reilly Raine, Haines Harold and Geza Herczeg

*

International Premiere Engagement

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Seats Selling Eight Weeks In Advance ~ All Seats Reserved

Evenings and Holiday matinees: 2.00, 1.50, 1.00, .77 plus tax

Matinees ~ Monday to Friday: 1.00, .77 plus tax • Matinees ~ Saturday and Sunday and 6 P.M. Performance Sunday: 1.50, 1.00, .77 plus tax. • Mail orders accepted.

*

Coming, in early fall, to leading theatres throughout the world.

Jessie MATTHEWS

Dancing divinely . . . singing sentimentally . . . laughing, loving, and luring new admirers in her greatest picture. . . .

with Nat Pendleton and Noel Madison, Hollywood's goofiest gagsters.

"GANGWAY"

Featuring Barry Mackay. Original musical score by Lerner, Goodhart and Hoffman. A GB Production

Johnny Downs and Eleanore Whitney must have "called the calling off, off," for they're going places together again!

Someone showed us some statistics—and it must have been true because it was in print—which proved that Warner Baxter had earned more money in pictures in 1936 than any other male star in Hollywood. If you think this sounds a bit on the fantastic side, remember that Warner has been under contract to one studio for a good many years, and that his salary has been increased every time option time came around.

* * *

Travel Note: Mr. and Mrs. Gene Raymond (she was the former Jeanette MacDonald, said to be in pictures) returned from their Hawaiian honeymoon with two beautiful sets of tan and twenty extra pounds of unwanted flesh. The extra poundage was equally divided—ten apiece—and it is our duty to report that their first week in Hollywood banished it in a hurry. The Raymonds are now completely moved into the new home Gene bought before the wedding. The only other item about them is this: if Gene ever finds himself out of work, he can be consoled by the fact that the little wife, starting October 1st, will be pulling in $5,000. weekly on a radio program.

* * *

The opening of Bing Crosby's Delmar race-track was really a one-man show. President Crosby greeted early customers at the gate. Later, Bing acted as master of ceremonies for a radio broadcast from the track. Official starter was Bing Crosby. Now guess whose horse won the first race. You're right.

* * *

Everyone's still wondering who won that baseball game between the Comedians and the Leading Men. An annual affair, with the profits going to charity, this year's contest drew 20,000 breathless fans, most of whom came for a glimpse of Robert Taylor, who captained the Leading Men's team. When the loudspeaker announced: "Robert Taylor is now approaching home plate," the spectators gasped. Mr T. approached home plate, smiled for the assemblage, and disappeared for the afternoon. It seems he doesn't play baseball. There was a rumor that the Comedians had won!

* * *

Shirley Temple sadly disappointed some visitors on the set of "Heidi" the other day. When she learned there was company on the set she thought it would be a fine idea to entertain them, just as any other little girl would, with her repertoire of two piano selections. So Shirley pounded away on the piano, and the visitors gave up all hope of seeing what they came for—a sample of little Miss T.'s million-dollar histrionics.

* * *

The romance between Loretta Young and Producer Joe Mankiewicz marches on, with both principals showing a lot of interest in each other. On a recent week-end in Santa Barbara, Loretta was wearing a diamond engagement ring and a platinum wedding band. She claims they were props, however—wore them in "Wife, Doctor and Nurse," and simply forgot to take them off. Maybe!

* * *

The Rosalind Russell-Bob Montgomery feud must be over. At least, they've taken to kidding each other again. It seems, in this case, that Rosalind owed Bob ten dollars on a bet. Next morning, on the set of "Live, Love and Learn," Mr. M. received a luscious-looking salad bowl, in the center of which was a whole pineapple. And when our hero reached for the pineapple, the top half came off and out rolled hundreds of pennies. He hasn't had time to count them, but he suspects when he does they'll add up to ten dollars.

(*Continued on page 72*)

Once again he sings Pagan love songs as he woos and wins a lovely daughter of luxury.
Ramon NOVARRO
in
The SHEIK STEPS OUT
with LOLA LANE · GENE LOCKHART · KATHLEEN BURKE · STANLEY FIELDS and BILLY BEVAN
directed by Irving Pichel · original story and screen play by Adele Buffington · Associate Producer Herman Schlom
A Republic PICTURE

Don't "Big-Boy" me I won't use this towel!

Good News! the

KLEENEX* HABIT

saves towels from make-up stains

● There's really no excuse for staining towels with make-up. The habit of using Kleenex Disposable Tissues saves towels, arguments, money!

Here's a safer, better way to remove face creams and cosmetics. Kleenex Tissues are so very soothing and non-irritating. And they absorb grease and dirt from deep down in the pores. Also remember the Kleenex Habit to blend rouge, to shape and blot lipstick, to wipe away excess nail polish.

Keep Kleenex Tissues in Every Room And in the Car, too.

For handkerchief use during colds . . . To apply powder, rouge . . . To dust and polish . . . For the baby . . . *And in the car*—to wipe hands, windshield and greasy spots.

No waste! No mess! Pull a tissue — the next one pops up ready for use!

***KLEENEX DISPOSABLE TISSUES**

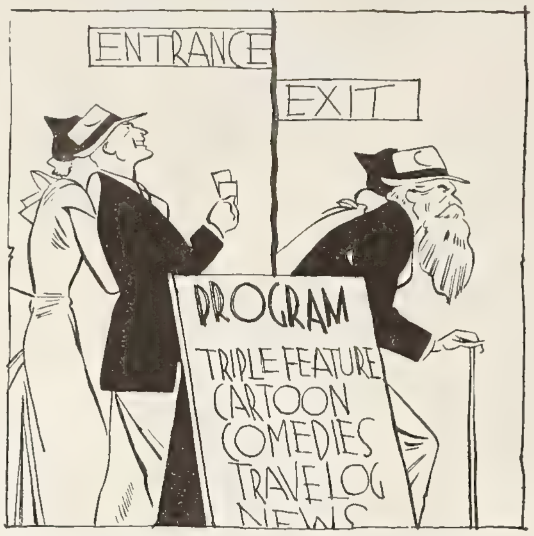
(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office)

BETWEEN YOU

Our readers' candid opinions on stars and movies. Have you sent in your prize letter?

Write a Letter—Win a Prize

Have you sent in your rave or complaint about players and pictures yet? If you haven't, get on the bandwagon. Write to us and maybe you will be one of the lucky prize winners. This is your open forum in which you can state your opinions as frankly as you please. It is important to stars, producers, and us that we know what you think about movie personalities and movies. We welcome your contributions. There are no rules; no deadlines. Send in your letters or poems today—as many as you like. Prizes: 1st prize, $5; 2 second prizes of $2 each; 6 prizes of $1 each. Address: Between You and Me, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.



Before and after scenes at a double-feature movie, according to one reader's nightmares.

$5.00 Prize Letter

Too Much Is Too Much

I love a good movie. Give me one good movie, a newsreel and a comedy, and I have had a swell afternoon or evening's entertainment. But multiply that menu by two, and I've had too much. The theatres seem to be vying with each other in seeing which can give the public the most for their money. It seems to me, however, they are merely cutting their own throats, because I know we often choose some other form of entertainment rather than spend such a long period in one spot. And I'm not alone in this sentiment, believe me. Many others have told me they feel the same way.

We often go just for one feature on the bill, but what happens? We have to sit through the second whether we like it or not in order to see our choice. I have to leave my baby at home with a girl who's paid by the hour, and with such endless programs, the price of the show is doubled for me. There are hundreds of mothers in this same fix. What's more, double features cause so much eyestrain that I invariably go home with a headache and that doped feeling.

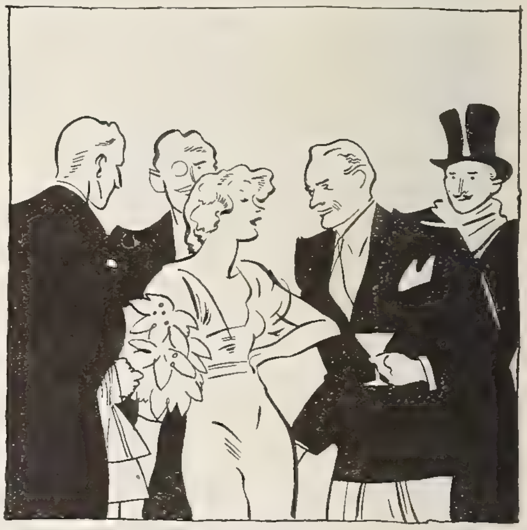
I'd much rather get my money's worth on one good feature that I could dream about rather than get a nightmare from trying to think about half a dozen heroes and heroines The brain can absorb just so much at one time.

How soon will theatre managers realize that they aren't nourishing us, but are overfeeding us, and as a result, we're getting a bad case of movie gout?—Mrs. W. R. Giedt, Chicago, Ill.

$2.00 Prize Letter

Dating the Stars

I'm a middle-aged housewife. Not hard to look at but certainly not fascinating. Yet I have a different date every day. My husband, modern to his fingertips in that respect, doesn't object in the least. In fact, he encourages these dates. He says they keep me in a happy, pleasant frame of mind, and keep our own romance alive.



What more could a girl ask than to have her pick of "star dates"? It's all in knowin' how, m' deahs!

Here's an exclusive peek at my date book:

Monday: Skiing with Melvyn Douglas. He's fascinating, don't you think?

Tuesday: Saw Errol Flynn for two hours today. He makes love divinely.

'N' ME

Wednesday: Kidded along delightfully by Bob Montgomery and enjoyed it immensely.

Thursday: Nelson Eddy sang to me today. Has a marvelous voice, so rich and vibrant.

Friday: Going places with Bob Taylor

One reader thinks the Astaire-Rogers team is swell 'cause slushy necking scenes are absent from their pix.

and are the women jealous! Terribly. They, too, adore him.

Saturday: Night-clubbing with Ben Bernie. Dark clouds are forgotten; there's only the silver lining when I'm with the Old Maestro.

Sunday: Ending a perfect week with Bill Powell. Such a man-of-the-world! So sophisticated and magnetic. One of the most enjoyable dates so far.—Virginia Lee Hall, Ronceverte, W. Va.

$2.00 Prize Letter

More Taylor Talk

Clark Gable was compared with Rudolph Valentino because Valentino was good. Robert Taylor is compared with Gable because Gable is good. And now Tyrone Power is being compared with Taylor because Taylor is good! Of course, Tyrone is handsome and charming, but is that any reason to say that Bob isn't? In reel life, Taylor takes the roles that are given to him and portrays them to the best of his ability. In real life, he is a modest, unassuming bachelor, who lives a good, clean life. Take it from me, Bob Taylor is a one hundred per cent American and one of whom we can be very proud.—Jim Hart, Charlotte, N. C.

$1.00 Prize Letter

A Robert Kent Rave

At last, we have what America really wants, that lovable, and what's more important, *real* young actor, Robert Kent. The most surprising thing about him is that you can actually believe he's true. He's not so handsome that you get him confused with the scenery, but he's plenty handsome enough to give your heart the flip-flops. And lovable. Ahhhhh! There's where he really scores.

There's much talk about Miss America, the typical American girl. What about the typical American man, Robert Kent? Show me a more sincere actor, if you can. Show me one who could have been more appealing as Bill Smith in "That I May Live," or as Nick Mare in "Angel's Holiday."

You can take your matinée idols, girls. I'll take Robert Kent, the genuine, any old day in the week.—Rochelle Collins, Jackson, Miss.

$1.00 Prize Letter

It's the Little Things That Get You Down

Maybe it isn't right to criticize pictures that you enjoy, but when you feel you know a character in a book through and through, you expect that character to be the same in pictures. I'm referring to Bill Boyd as Hopalong Cassidy and Jimmy Ellison as Johnny Nelson.

I wonder if producers know that Nelson always wore two guns, and that neither he nor Hoppy would have been caught dead with anything but wooden-handled guns. They considered pearl handles fit only for dudes or show-offs, not for men who depended upon their guns to keep themselves alive. And Bill Cassidy got the nickname "Hopalong" because of his limp. But where, oh where, is that limp when you see him on the screen?

These are small things but they are important. I've heard more than one person say he's disappointed in the movie version of books because of these discrepancies.—Mona Cummings, Kansas City, Mo.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Slushy Necking Taboo

The utmost credit should go to the person who prevents slushy necking scenes from

(Continued on page 98)

Glare-Proof! *for smart young vagabonds*

Pond's 3 "Sunlight" Shades flatter your face in strong open daylight

Glaring sun throws a hard light on your face
Pond's "Sunlight" Shades catch only the softer rays of the sun—soften your face
POND'S
POND'S FACE POWDER

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company

Bright light . . . Black shadows . . . Now there are "Sunlight" shades to soften that glare on your face. Specially blended to catch only the softer rays of the sun . . . Flattering! Away from the old sun-tan shades.

Try them at our expense. Or buy a box, and if you do not find it more flattering than ordinary sun-tan shades, send us back the box, and we will refund purchase price plus postage. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

Summer Brunette Sunlight (LIGHT) Sunlight (DARK)

Test them FREE! in glaring Sunlight

Pond's, Dept. 9MS-PK, Clinton, Conn. Please rush me, free, Pond's 3 new "Sunlight" Shades, enough of each for a 5-day test. (This offer expires Dec. 1, 1937)

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"WINDSOR ROSE is magically flattering to almost every skin"

says **MAGGY ROUFF**, fashion designer of Paris

"ARE you a golden blonde, *ma chérie*, or a dusky brunette? Whichever is your coloring, your face will derive new glamour from Woodbury's Windsor Rose. It is the living tints of the skin that make this powder shade so full of flattery."

Like all Woodbury's Facial Powder, the new Windsor Rose is germ-free* . . . helps guard against blemish-causing germs. See what lovely things this powder can do for you! Seven glorious shades to choose from. $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

*Tested with 19 other leading brands, Woodbury's Facial Powder, alone, was germ-free both before and after use.

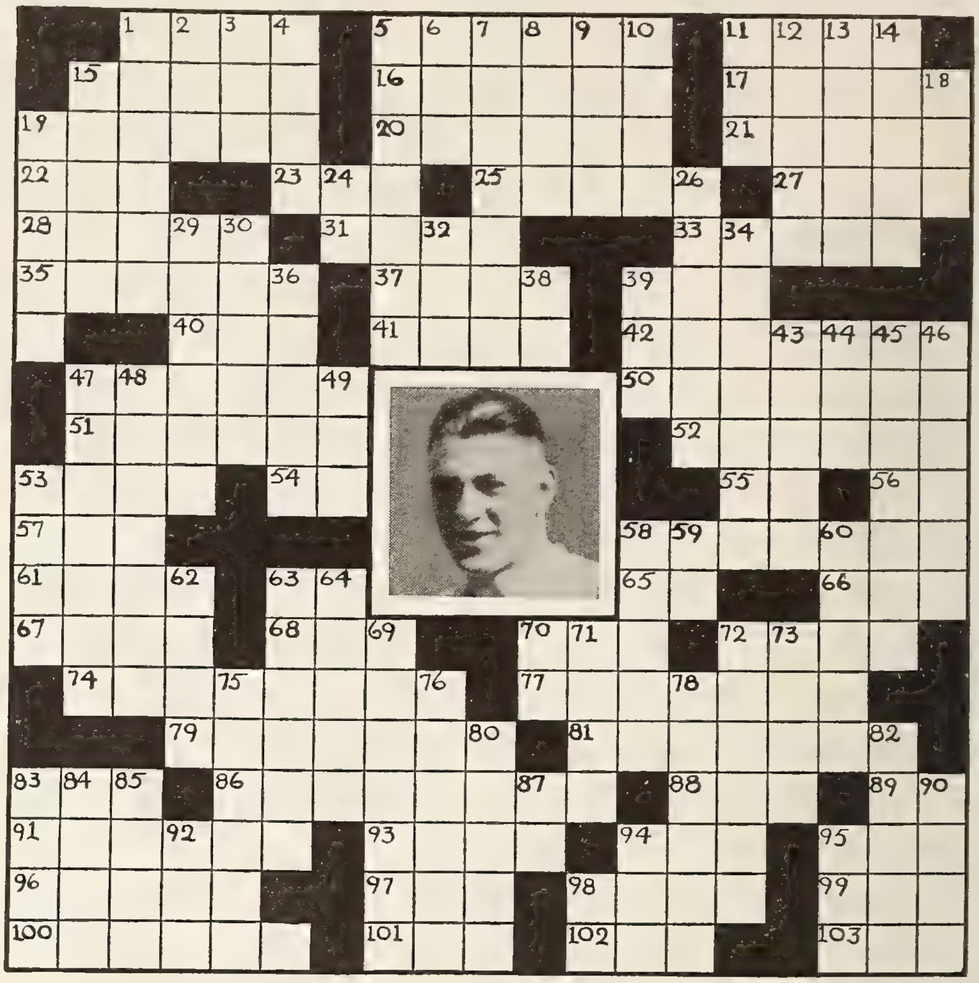
MAIL FOR 10-PIECE LOVELINESS KIT!

For generous samples of Woodbury's Scientific Aids to Loveliness, enclose 10c and mail to John H. Woodbury, Inc., 9182 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O. In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.

*Name*____________________

*Address*__________

OUR PUZZLE



• ACROSS

Puzzle solution appears on Page 112

1. & 5. The hombre featured in the puzzle
11. First name of a comic in "Way Out West"
15. She skates on "Thin Ice."
16. Mexican dancer in "Border Cafe"
17. Stage and screen star of "What Every Woman Knows"
19. First name of star of "A Family Affair"
20. She's in "The Emperor's Candlesticks"
21. Former Ziegfeld comedian, born in Australia
22. Make a mistake
23. Good tennis score
25. Belief
27. Refuse to admit
28. Singer in "The Hit Parade"
31. He was in the thick of "Trouble in Morocco"
33. Deep chasm
35. State, north of California
37. Movie theatre magnate
39. Kind of beer
40. In the style of
41. Patsy's fun-making pal in "Nobody's Baby," first name
42. What you take when you go on a long trip
47. Foolish old age
50. To hide
51. More level
52. He's from Oklahoma; you saw him in "Woman Chases Man"
53. She has two ex-hubbies, one is Derwood Truax
54. Note of the scale
55. First part of first name of screen hero often co-starred with McLaglen
56. Providence is in this state: abbr.
57. The title of the late Guy Standing
58. White expanses for showing movies
61. Eugene O'Neill wrote "Desire Under the - - - -"
63. Initials of Warners' new dancing star
65. River in Italy
66. Louise - - -imer
67. First name of actor married to Mozelle Brittone
68. Weapon
70. Eddie Cantor is in "- - - Baba Goes to Town"
72. She did a comic dance in "That Girl From Paris"
74. Huge
77. Singing star of "Music for Madame"
79. Bert Wheeler's goofy crony
81. This gal inherits riches
83. Mineral spring
86. Mule driver
88. Cry like a cat
89. In that direction
91. The Spring-struck father in "Call It a Day"
93. This state has the great salt lake
94. First half of Mexican actress' last name
95. She put IT on the map
96. What you don't have to be if you're handsome in pictures
97. This kind of maid takes to the sea
98. He's in "Paradise Isle."
99. Francis Lederer farced in "- - - Rainy Afternoon"
100. Dick Powell's charmer in "The Singing Marine"
101. Japanese coin
102. "- - - thing Goes"
103. First name of Bebe Daniel's spouse

PAGE

• DOWN

1. The girl in "They Gave Him a Gun"
2. First name of blond actress who put up a battle for her child
3. Wendy Bar - - -
4. Howl or bark
5. Glamor girl in "Lloyd's of London"
6. Maureen O'Sullivan played the part of D- - - in "David Copperfield"
7. Left out
8. Virginia - - - - is George Raft's heart trouble
9. This is paradise
10. Unusual
11. Helen Gahagan and Randolph Scott played in "- - -"
12. Late
13. He's still Ginger Rogers' husband
14. Tubular glass lights for display advertising
15. The guy who gives the jobs
18. Crafty
19. This baby had a feud with W. C. Fields
24. Cry of pleasure
26. Of greater height
29. Colored marbles
30. The fans made a hero out of this villain of "The Texas Rangers"
32. Katie O'Shea in "Parnell"
34. Character actress in "The Thirteenth Chair"
36. His golden voice ornamented first talkie trailers
38. "- -ikiki Wedding"
43. Wear out by friction
44. Man is a bi - - -
45. Everlasting
46. Withstand
47. This epic-maker created "The Plainsman"
49. Period or epoch
53. Out on the deep
58. Church steeple
59. Company: abbr.
60. Policeman in "The Man in Blue"
62. Disney's first full-length will be "- - - - white"
63. Siren in "Swing High, Swing Low"
64. Comic
69. Resting places for relics
70. Exit
71. He's sc-r-eamingly funny to some
72. She hails from Vienna, and was the other woman in "As Good As Married"
73. Afresh
75. Dark, handsome actor in "Armored Car"
76. Sofa
78. This is what newsreels are
80. Long for
82. Detective in "The Thirteenth Chair"
83. Screen name of wife of gent in puzzle
84. Brownish-purple
85. Uninvited guests at the picnic
87. Whazzat?
90. Unwanted man in "Personal Property"
92. Shirley Temple is queen of the - - - stars
94. She sings and her name's - - - ne
95. First name of yokel in "Mountain Music"
98. Laugh

WORLD'S MOST POPULAR LAXATIVE

SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED!

EX-LAX NOW BETTER THAN EVER!

TASTES BETTER THAN EVER
ACTS BETTER THAN EVER
MORE GENTLE THAN EVER
... and you'll FEEL BETTER after taking it

FOR OVER 30 years, millions of people have been proclaiming Ex-Lax "the ideal laxative" . . . "Ex-Lax is *everything* a good laxative should be!" they told us.

But, in the world of science, there are no such words as "good enough." Skilled chemists are constantly at work, seeking new means of making good products *better!* And in the Ex-Lax laboratories the "impossible" has been accomplished!

After a long period of patient effort, a way has been found actually to *improve* Ex-Lax . . . to make it *even better* than ever before. A more satisfactory and efficient laxative in every way!

- **TASTES BETTER THAN EVER!** No matter how much you may have liked Ex-Lax before, it tastes even better now! Its delicious all-chocolate flavor is smoother and richer than ever!
- **ACTS BETTER THAN EVER!** Always dependable in action, Ex-Lax is now even *more effective!* It empties the bowels more thoroughly—more smoothly—in less time than before.
- **MORE GENTLE THAN EVER!** Ever famous for its mildness, Ex-Lax is today so remarkably gentle that, except for the relief you get, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative. No shock—no violence!

Ex-Lax works by the "Gentle Nudge" system. It simply gives your intestines a *gentle nudge* at the point where constipation exists, emptying the bowels thoroughly but *easily* and *comfortably!*

Ex-Lax won't upset your system or disturb your digestion. It won't cause stomach pains, nausea or weakness. Ex-Lax affords as near a natural bowel movement as any laxative can give.

If you are suffering from headaches, biliousness, or that dull "blue" feeling so often caused by constipation—you'll *feel better* after taking Ex-Lax! And you'll be grateful for the absence of "forcing" and strain that make the action of a harsh cathartic such an unpleasant experience.

Your druggist now has the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes! *The box is the same as always—but the contents are better than ever!* Get a box today!

FREE! If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. MM107, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Now Improved—Better than Ever

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Withered!

Don't let Skin-Thirst do this to you!

Like the fragile rose, your own skin, when starved for life-giving moisture, becomes dry and ugly. As early as 16, dreaded "Skin-Thirst" begins. Guard this vital skin moisture with Outdoor Girl, the face powder blended with Olive Oil for your protection.

OLIVE OIL is the guardian of skin beauty

The protecting touch of Olive Oil in each fine flake of Outdoor Girl Face Powder keeps it from "sponging up" the natural moisture so essential to a youthful complexion. Keep your beauty fresh and lovely—protected against "Skin-Thirst"!

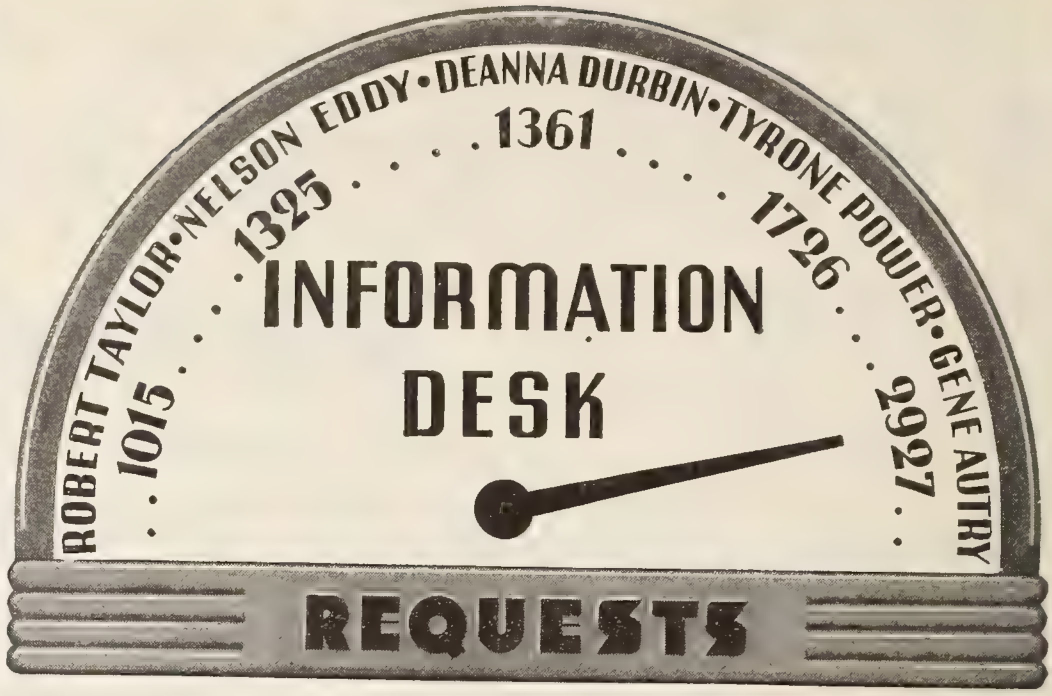
Six luscious shades at drug and department stores 50c

For perfect color harmony of make-up, use Outdoor Girl Lipstick and Rouge.

Generous purse sizes at all 10c stores.

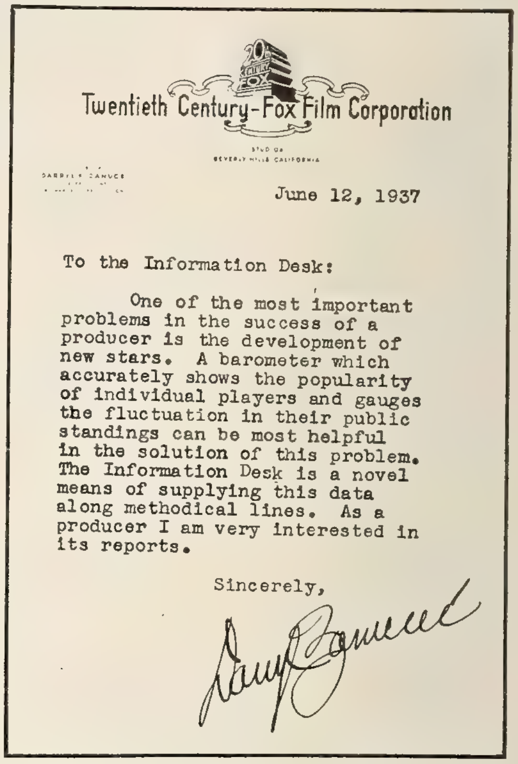
OUTDOOR GIRL

The face powder blended with OLIVE OIL



Darryl Zanuck looks at our Barometer to gauge the box office value of his players

At the right, we are printing a letter sent us recently by the Vice-President of 20th Century-Fox, Darryl Zanuck, which should be of great interest to all our readers. He, like so many prominent producers, is coming to depend more and more on our trusty Barometer, for he is a man with keen business sense and realizes that you, who write to the Information Desk, are the public who must be pleased in the theatres. He knows that it is a fair, impartial survey which tells accurately, from day to day and from month to month, which stars are most popular with You. Help complete the tale the needle tells, the tale producers must read and recognize, by sending in your own requests—as many as you please.



Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation

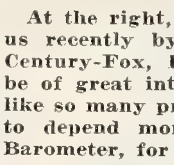
June 12, 1937

To the Information Desk:

One of the most important problems in the success of a producer is the development of new stars. A barometer which accurately shows the popularity of individual players and gauges the fluctuation in their public standings can be most helpful in the solution of this problem. The Information Desk is a novel means of supplying this data along methodical lines. As a producer I am very interested in its reports.

Sincerely,

> If you'd like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, and, incidentally, help boost his or her standing in our Barometer, fill in and send us the coupon on this page, or just write. Try to save yourself 2c by using postcards whenever possible. We answer general questions, too, either here or by mail. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.



DEANNA DURBIN (First printing. Total number of requests 1573.) Canada now has the Dionne quintuplets and Deanna Durbin. Of course, you heard that voice in "Three Smart Girls." It's got the country ga-ga. Deanna was born with the prosaic name of Edna Mae Durbin in Winnipeg, Canada, Dec. 4, 1922, but she didn't stay home very long. At the ripe age of one or so, she and her family packed up and left for Hollywood, not however, for the reason you're thinking. No, the Durbin family didn't give a hoot about breaking into the movies, either singly or in a group. They merely wanted to duck those storm-bitten Canadian winters.

It didn't take the Durbins long to find out that they had a voice on their hands. When Deanna was a tiny tot, she began singing children's songs, not with the usual piping parlor tones of the usual infant, but with rare richness and clarity. By the time she was ten, her sister, Edith, a nationally known fencer, and a teacher in a Los Angeles high school, was so positive Deanna had the spark that mattered that she took her savings and led the child by the hand—quite willingly—to the nearest voice teacher. "As early as I can remember anything," Deanna says of those days, "I've always known I was going to sing." Sing she did.

Two years later, she was making public appearances at clubs, benefits and church entertainments. There she was spotted by an actor's agent and hustled off to see Andres de Segurola, former Metropolitan Opera star, whose pupils include such toppers as Marion Talley and Mary McCormic. The Señor raved about the Durbin throat, and from him, the girl was speeded to M-G-M, to be tested for the part of Mme. Schumann-Heink as a child, in "Gran." But the picture was never made, for the opera singer took ill. Deanna was placed, instead, in a nondescript short called "Every Sunday." Her three-months' contract expired and, believe it or not, the powers-that-be let her go, not realizing the bargain girl they had on their lot. But Deanna sallied forth and soon won a long-term contract from Universal. Meanwhile, Cantor put her on his Sunday broadcasts at one thousand per. Nice goings for a fourteen-year-old.

You know the happy ending of this story, all about the stir she created in "Three Smart Girls." From that she was hurried into "100 Men and a Girl," and her studio bosses are hatching all kinds of wondrous plans for her future. But there's a dark shadow across the little girl's path of happiness. She's a normal kid, and she'd like to have real pals, even as you and you. But fame, and lots of charted hours, make it kind of tough to chum around with girls and boys the way she did when she was going to Manchester Avenue School and the Brete Harte Junior High School in Los Angeles. Recently, a girl she used to know, who's moved out of town, came back just to visit Deanna. And was Deanna happy!

Singing and roller skating are her chief delights just now. She says she wants to be an opera singer, that movie acting's just child's play to her. She hates spinach and algebra. She goes to school four hours a day, and besides, takes singing and dancing lessons. She has brown hair and blue eyes, weighs 105 pounds, and is five feet two. But, by the time this appears, she may have grown an inch, for she's at the shooting-up stage. Wherever she goes her pet cocker spaniel, Tippy, is sure to follow. Yes, and she's got a sports sedan, which, however, she can only ride around the studio lot, until she grows up.

JANICE ROTHCHILD, Watertown, N. Y.: You want to know when you will get your chart with weights, heights, ages, birthplaces, and marriages of all the important stars. Well, if it hasn't already arrived, you will get it as soon as we can mail it out to you. Your deluge of requests has simply overwhelmed us, but we're doing the best we can to give you what you want.

ERROL FLYNN (Last printed May 1937. Total number of requests since then 647.) You've heard so much about the great big adventure man, Errol Flynn, who thinks nothing of skipping out on his studio to get in on a Spanish war or visit his native Ireland or go in search of gold or go to pick up a new Chinese dialect, and then come back to write books about his jaunts and so on, that you, like us, must be pretty fed up on that part of him. Did you know that Errol and David Niven are charming hosts at cocktail house-warming parties out Hollywood way? Flynn, the Irishman, and Niven, the Englishman, get along famously in the bachelor quarters they keep together whenever Lili Damita is away. And they don't believe in letting the guests scramble for themselves, either. They entertain them in regal fashion. Hence, their home is a gathering place for the few old-fashioned souls left in town who don't want to be alone, but enjoy a good rousing shindig with plenty of capering, highballs and shop talk. Perhaps Flynn's flair for hosting dates back to his boyhood wish to be a bartender, who knows?

Like most Irishmen, this one believes firmly in luck. Says he has no superstitions, but he won't go under ladders, won't start pictures on the thirteenth, always

(*Continued on page* 105)

INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please print, free of charge, a brief life story of

.... in your department

Name....................................

Street....................................

City .... State........

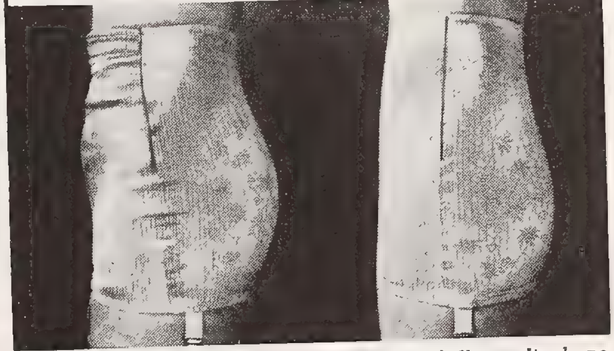
If you would like our chart with heights, ages, birthplaces and marriages of all the important stars, enclose five cents in stamps or coin with your coupon.

LOVELY FASHION MODEL REVEALS FIGURE-SECRET

My girdles always hold in my figure because I wash them often with Ivory Flakes. It prevents "girdle-bulge"

118 lbs. of allure! Divinely slim yet divinely rounded. Nature didn't do it all! Like all smart models, this girl finds that clothes simply will not fit unless she wears a girdle. "My girdles fit perfectly for months!" says Alicia Quigley, famous model, "because I restore the shape by washing my girdle often with pure Ivory Flakes."

"GIRDLE-BULGE" CURED OVERNIGHT



This "sloppy girdle" with unsightly bulges is the result of too few washings.

The same girdle . . . its shape restored overnight when washed with Ivory Flakes.

WHAT A FIGURE!

IVORY FLAKES
99 44/100% pure

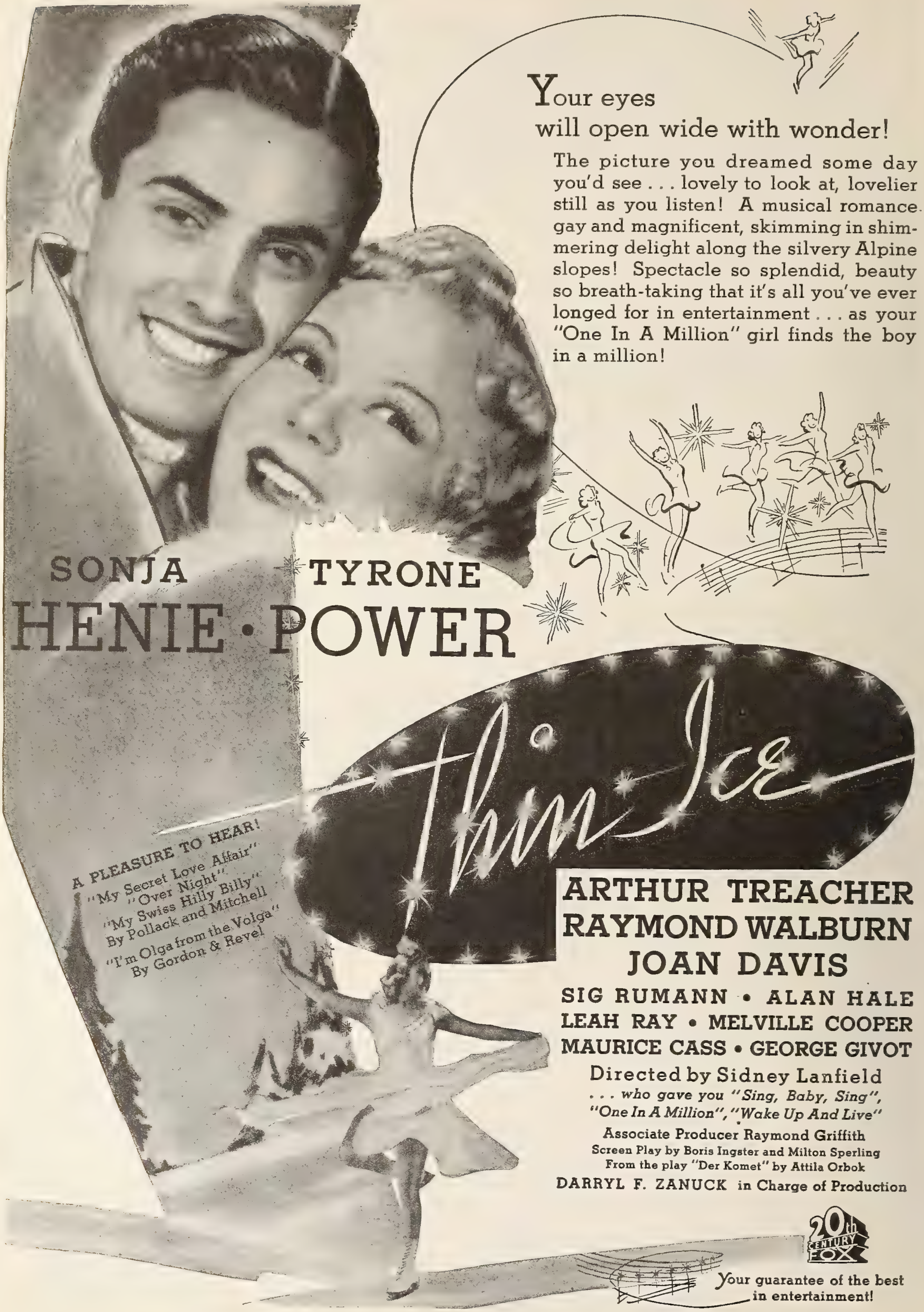
"Use flakes of pure soap" stores tell me

"When I ask salesgirls in fine stores what they mean by pure soap, they always say 'Ivory Flakes'," explains Miss Quigley. "They say Ivory Flakes are the only soap flakes made of pure Ivory Soap that's safe even for a baby's skin. Ivory revives elastic and other fine materials."

Alicia gives you washing hints: "Wash girdle in lukewarm Ivory Flakes suds, using soft brush. After rinsing, roll in towel to remove water. Shake and hang up *at once!* Girdle will be dry by morning—as snug-fitting as if new!"

IVORY FLAKES

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. • MADE BY PROCTER & GAMBLE



Your eyes
will open wide with wonder!

The picture you dreamed some day you'd see . . . lovely to look at, lovelier still as you listen! A musical romance gay and magnificent, skimming in shimmering delight along the silvery Alpine slopes! Spectacle so splendid, beauty so breath-taking that it's all you've ever longed for in entertainment . . . as your "One In A Million" girl finds the boy in a million!

SONJA HENIE · TYRONE POWER

Thin Ice

A PLEASURE TO HEAR!
"My Secret Love Affair"
"Over Night"
"My Swiss Hilly Billy"
By Pollack and Mitchell
"I'm Olga from the Volga"
By Gordon & Revel

ARTHUR TREACHER
RAYMOND WALBURN
JOAN DAVIS

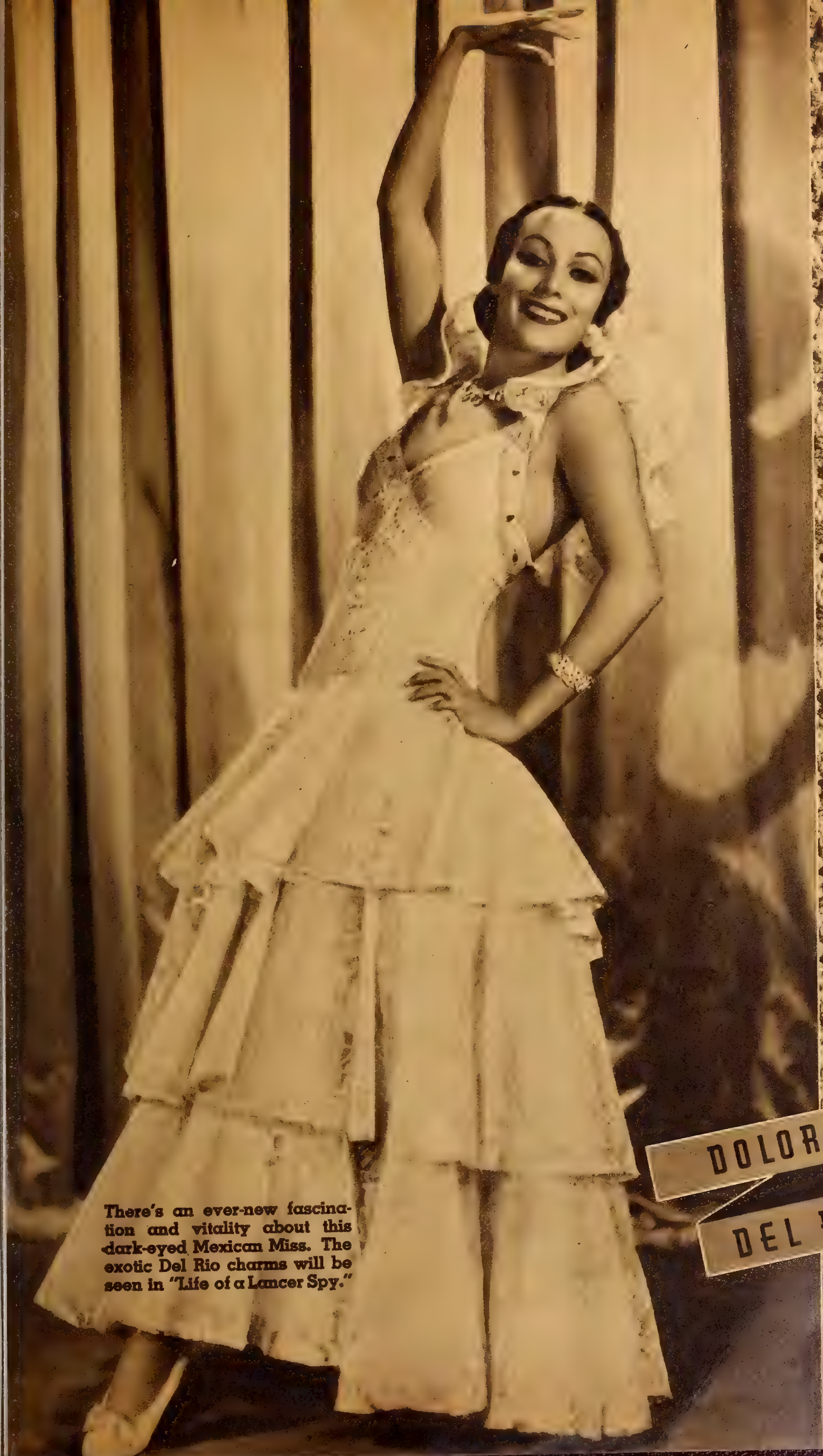
SIG RUMANN • ALAN HALE
LEAH RAY • MELVILLE COOPER
MAURICE CASS • GEORGE GIVOT

Directed by Sidney Lanfield
. . . who gave you "Sing, Baby, Sing", "One In A Million", "Wake Up And Live"

Associate Producer Raymond Griffith
Screen Play by Boris Ingster and Milton Sperling
From the play "Der Komet" by Attila Orbok
DARRYL F. ZANUCK in Charge of Production

20th CENTURY FOX

Your guarantee of the best in entertainment!



DOLORES DEL RIO

There's an ever-new fascination and vitality about this dark-eyed Mexican Miss. The exotic Del Rio charms will be seen in "Life of a Lancer Spy."

GARY COOPER

Vacations are unheard of where Gary's concerned, for he's the producers' and leadin' ladies' favorite. "Souls at Sea" and "Adventures of Marco Polo" are his latest.

She's "The Toast of New York"—and the whole U. S. A., for that matter. So, when Fran's in the cast, the other players must watch their lines and business.

FRANCES
FARMER

HENRY FONDA

Hank's just like that nice young man next door. That's why he's tops with all of us. You'll be seeing him next in "I Met My Love Again" with Joan Bennett.

WENDY BARRIE

The Irish-English Wendy was born in Hongkong—which makes her what? Spanish? No! Just a good actress. And that's enuff! She's made fourteen pictures.

SO

BY IDA ZEITLIN

What's the idea, Ginger, of

Left, as you like to see Ginger—light and gay and dancing on air in one of those grand musicals that she and Astaire have made famous.

And, right, as Ginger wants you to like her, emoting along with the Helen Hayeses and the Hepburns. Yes, she made a screen test for "Mary of Scotland" and was so good she fooled people. Next, with Katie Hepburn in "Stage Door."

YOU WON'T DANCE!

WE WANT Astaire and Rogers! We want Astaire and Rogers! We want Astaire and Rogers!"

The cry went up the moment they were introduced as an incidental comedy duo in "Flying Down to Rio" and danced off with the show. It grew and swelled and lifted them together into third place among movie moneymakers, topped only by Shirley Temple and Clark Gable. According to the box-office barometer, you still want Astaire and Rogers as a dancing team. You're going to get them. Box-office won't be denied, but neither will progress and change be denied. And you're not going to get them exclusively as a team.

Astaire's contract calls for two pictures a year, one with Ginger. Ginger's contract calls for four pictures a year, two of them musicals, one of the two with Fred. By the laws of arithmetic, that gives you Ginger in two pictures, and possibly three, minus the partner with whom she climbed—floated, rather—to the top. And those two nonmusicals give Ginger her chance to prove herself in another field.

It's a chance she has long set her heart on. But Ginger's is a tranquil heart. She is not the kind to grit her teeth and claw and kick and storm for what she wants. Gayety is her essence on the screen. Offscreen, it's an inward serenity, which comes from an acceptance of things as they are. She is ambitious, but she's also reasonable. She takes what comes, and what came was dancing.

Now it looks as if something else were coming—a chance to act in a variety of parts. And Ginger's like a girl going to meet a long awaited friend. She's done nothing to force his coming, but now that he's here, her eyes are warm with pleasure and her arms wide open in welcome.

By which I don't mean to imply that she didn't—and doesn't—like to dance. "But you can't go on dancing forever. Even if you could, you wouldn't want to. You get tired of doing the same thing over and over, people get tired of seeing you. And, then, there's the whole world of the screen closed to you except for one type of thing."

Her quiet voice held no hint of impatience. Indeed, she gives you the feeling that impatience has no part in her make-up. If you detect anything below the surface, it's a note of soft laughter, as though, however firmly she holds her views, she has that gift of perspective which saves her from being ponderous about them.

"Look," she said, a little smile in the blue eyes that met mine squarely, "I don't think I'm another Duse. Would you make that clear? I'm like a producer who puts an untried actress under contract. He's not sure whether the little dear has talent or not. He just hopes and keeps his fingers crossed. That's me. Some day I'm going to act. Even if I have to wait till I'm old and grayhaired, even if I have to do it in my own little theatre, in my own little backyard, with the chickens and ducks for an audience, I don't care. I think it'll be fun."

Ginger was ten when it was first borne upon her that acting was her metier. "I played the lead in a little thing my mother wrote, and my own death scene had me in tears. We were in this fort—my husband, who must have been all of twelve, and I—surrounded by Indians. Crash comes an arrow through the window, and stabs him in the back. He falls over the table

(*Continued on page 76*)

wanting to park your dancing shoes for the highfalutin' drama?

Fred's marriage to Lillian Lamont has convinced him that a man alone is a man lonesome.

Fred talks about his mother first—simply because he knew her first. Good reason?

When he made his first film with Colbert, look who she was—and who he wasn't!

HE'S LEARNED FROM

THOUGH THERE was no sunlight in sunny California that day, Fred MacMurray wore dark glasses. "They're for protection just the same," he insisted.

"Against me?"

"Against the interview. Make me feel less conspicuous. I can hide out behind 'em and pretend I'm in a dark corner, kind of talking to myself."

He wasn't kidding either. Leaning back in his chair, one long leg crossed over the other in an attitude of relaxation, he looked anything but at ease. There was a hunted air about him, and once or twice when the door opened, he started up like a man condemned and hoping that this might be a reprieve.

I've met players before who were made uncomfortable by the necessity of talking about themselves. MacMurray tops them all. So acute is his embarrassment that your first impulse is to put him out of his misery and say, "Forget it." Having conquered that noble but impractical idea, you cast about for some way of easing the situation. In this case he had provided the cue himself.

"Well, why don't you pretend you're talking to yourself? I'll turn my back if you like."

He guffawed briefly because of his ever-present consciousness of the ordeal still ahead. "Am I that bad?"

"Besides, you won't really be talking about yourself. It's the women in your life."

"Out of the frying pan into the fire. O. K. Let's make a stab at it." His eyes sought the ceiling for inspiration. "Well, I guess the most important thing I've learned from women is that they're nice people to have around." He began to look more cheerful. "How's that for a starter? Not that I'm saying it just to get started, you know. I really mean it." Because of the glasses, I couldn't be sure whether he was ribbing me or not. But he went on gravely enough.

"And, look, I'm not talking about women generally. Maybe they're all nice to have around. I wouldn't know. I'm not the kind of guy that loses sleep trying to figure them out and add them up. I suppose they're as different from each other as men or horses or books or restaurants. I only know about the ones I've had around me, and they're the ones I'm talking about.

"Take my mother first, because I knew her first." His grin flashed out. "Well, I learned from her that mothers like their kids." It was characteristic of MacMurray, shying away as he does from any hint of emotional display to use "like" for "love." "And whatever two-by-four thing the kid manages to do, his mother thinks it's pretty nifty. And I learned that grandmothers and aunts are almost as bad. I spent the summers with mine. Mothers worry more about discipline. Aunts and grandmothers think you're too cute for words and let you get away with murder. Sure I took advantage of them. What brat wouldn't?

"Don't expect me to say I was a nice little, good little boy, and my mother made me that way. Because if I did, I'd only be proving what an awful liar I grew into. I was about as good as most boys. We'll let it go at that."

Fred MacMurray gives the very fair sex plenty of credit for

BY CAROLINE S. HOYT

"You have to suffer to be good-looking," Carole Lombard told Fred. And she was right!

THE LADIES

He hesitated, pushed his fingers through his crisp hair, looked for a moment like a little boy lost. "This is going to be tough." Then he set his lips and pushed on. "A kid's a kid, and doesn't think much about things. Whatever happens, he takes it pretty much for granted. My mother had to work to support us both. That's the way things were. I'd never know 'em any different, so that's the way I thought it had to be. It wasn't till I got old enough to have some sense that I began thinking about it. And then I realized what women'll do for their kids, that the kids come first, and they come second or fourth or not at all.

"I had scarlet fever once. We lived in a rooming house in Madison, and I had to go to the contagious hospital. My mother worked all day, and I remember her coming way out there every night just to look at me through the window. They wouldn't let her in. She must have been pretty doggone tired too, but she never missed a day. Of course I watched for her, and I suppose I'd have thought it was pretty funny at the time if she hadn't come. But I can't help thinking of it now, when I sometimes hear people gabbing about selfish women. Say," he brought himself up short, "I don't sound like a preacher or something, do I?"

He took a fresh grip on himself. "Then there was the time she fell and broke her hip. I was trying to break into the studios as a prop-boy or juicer or offstage tootle, anything I could get. I couldn't get to first base. I couldn't even peek through a *(Continued on page 93)*

making him what he is today

Shyness is the chief MacMurray characteristic, but the women in his life are helping Fred to overcome this great handicap.

Ten years ago, "Seventh Heaven" made Janet Gaynor a star overnight.

SHE KNEW WHAT SHE WANTED

BY MURIEL BABCOCK

THERE IS a lot of stuff being written these days about "A Star Is (Re)Born" in the person of red-headed Janet Gaynor. People in Hollywood are saying, "Oh, isn't it wonderful, Janet Gaynor is in again! She has staged the most marvelous comeback!"

Tish, tosh, as Mr. Wodehouse might say. Janet, whose astute mental processes have safely steered her through a precarious predatory Hollywood and a career fraught with dangerous shoals, has simply given added proof of her good head work.

For, little Gaynor, for whom everybody was recently so sorry because they thought she wasn't getting the breaks, always has been a potent load of dynamite as a Career Girl. "A Star Is Born" is only another milestone along the pathway she marked out for herself some years back. She deserves lots of credit.

In the same breath with being impressed by her comeback, Hollywood is remarking a trifle disparagingly that the leading role in "A Star Is Born," first of the pictures to show a Gaynor different from the sweet, sugary ingenue of the past, was actress proof, that any one of a half dozen competent stars could have played it to perfection, that she had the benefit of marvelous color photography, the expert guidance of David Selznick, who produced a "David Copperfield," a fine director and skillful, handsome leading man, Fredric March.

ALL TRUE, perhaps, but as in any success story which reveals its protagonist had the lucky breaks, it is worth while pointing out that the lucky person knew where to find and what to do with those breaks. That he, or she, calculated carefully what was best to do and—did it.

The Gaynor's finest piece of head work in the more than ten years since "Seventh Heaven" had its premiere (May 6, 1927) was when she landed firmly on her two little feet in "A Star Is Born." Here's the story:

When Winfield Sheehan, Janet's friend and mentor, departed from Fox, Janet had two pictures left to make under her contract. She was getting older, her cycle as an ingenue was about completed, the new studio boss was a man who concentrated on realistic, hard-hitting stories with masculine drive and punch. Even though he might have admired her accomplishments, he was not attuned as a producer to her special qualifications.

Janet sensed this. She realized her future lay elsewhere. But where? Through skillful manœuvering, the first of her two last films was handled on a loan-out basis. She went to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, greatest woman star studio in the film industry, to appear with Robert Taylor in "Small Town Girl." This studio, so lucky with other feminine stars, failed with Janet. The picture was not the success they thought it would be.

THEN Darryl Zanuck decided to make "Ladies in Love." Like the gambler he is, he tossed Janet into a picture with three other big woman names—Constance Bennett, Loretta Young, and the new ingenue threat, Simone Simon, whom the gossips said was being groomed to supplant Gaynor. If this Zanuck *coup d'état* had been successful, it would have been hailed as a daring stroke of genius. It flopped, and so it was just a very bad idea. And that was that.

Janet's box-office draw seemed to be slipping, but she was still in demand. Script after script came to her. She talked with this producer and that. But she bided her time. She came to the conclusion that David Selznick, young and brilliant, was the man she wanted to guide her future. When "A Star Is Born" script was proffered, she knew she had what she wanted. She had the producer she sought; she had a modern story, with a role that was meaty and gave her the opportunity to be both youthful and yet show maturity; she had a chance to appear in a color film that would reveal her beauty as black and white photography had never done. She found what she had been looking for, and she took it.

So what is all (*Continued on page 80*)

Today, another picture is credited with Janet's "comeback."

Janet Gaynor, a star reborn? Tch! She's merely marked another milestone along the path she planned for herself years ago

Janet Gaynor and Fredric March in a love scene from the most talked about film of the year, "A Star Is Born."

MANUEL, THE LOVABLE

When you read this story, you'll know why a Metro executive said, "If Spence doesn't play Manuel, nobody else will!"

John and Susy, the Tracy youngsters, with charming Mrs. T. They're pretty proud of their favorite actor.

BY IDA ZEITLIN

AN AUDIENCE came streaming out of a theatre. The women were dabbing wet handkerchiefs at their tear-swollen faces. The men, of course, were dry-eyed, smiling down at their companions with the superior control of their sex, though it must be remarked that their smiles held a special gentleness. One of them pulled out a large white square and offered it to his lady. "Have a dry one," he said. She used it, then turned to stuff it back into his breast pocket, but paused halfway. "I suppose those are dewdrops," she sniffled, and wiped two tears from the corners of his eyes.

If you should witness a similar scene, you needn't bother looking at the name on the theatre marquee. It will be "Captains Courageous." For of all the stories recently told on the screen, only this one of the Portuguese fisherman and the boy he saved from more than one kind of death has so shaken its beholders. Maybe next day the carpers will begin to pick flaws, shake their wise heads and complain that this should have been left out and that put in. But while they're watching it, even the most supercilious are drawn under its spell of tenderness and truth. If, as one writer put it, God is "a sense of warmth about the heart, a rush of tears to the eyes," then as surely as through any human experience, God reveals himself through the heart of Manuel.

Tall words maybe, but I offer no apologies. To me it was a new experience in picture-going and calls for new language. Producers, writers, directors, actors joined to make it a new experience, and where the responsibility of one begins and the other ends, it's impossible to say. Yet to the onlooker, it is Manuel's spirit which dominates the story—Manuel's spirit, as given substance by Spencer Tracy, long recognized as a fine actor, but now lifted to a high place of his own.

Tracy struggled against playing the part. He pleaded with Bud Lighton, the producer, and Victor Fleming, the

Simple, honest, with a core of sweetness—spells Manuel on the

"It's Freddie Bartholomew's picture," modestly asserts Spencer Tracy, speaking of "Captains Courageous."

director, to be let off. "Ill be leaping all over the Continent with my dialect," he protested. They assured him that the exact dialect didn't matter. Manuel had lived for years among Gloucester fishermen. He might have acquired any one of a dozen mongrel dialects.

Then he found another argument. "I've always played rough-and-tumble parts. This story's religion or something. Those scenes where he talks about his father—suppose I don't bring 'em off, they'll be horrible—sitting there in the boat, talking about fishermen's heaven, a guy thirty-seven years old—you'll have your audiences reaching for bigger and wider hats."

They prevailed upon him to take the script home and read it to Mrs. Tracy, whose judgment he trusts. She urged him to give it a trial.

"Suppose they don't believe in me," he said. "It's got to be on the level. Otherwise they'll laugh."

Then *she* laughed. "At the idea," she explained later, "that he could ever be anything *but* on the level. I was in the stock company where he got his first part. He had no tricks, no technique, he didn't know how to make up and he looked awful. What carried him through was the great sincerity and naturalness which he had from the start. If Spencer has any fault in acting, it's that he doesn't let himself go. He's always afraid of being hammy, so rather than overplay he underacts. Whatever he's done, I always felt he had more to give, and in this part he'd have to let himself go and give it."

He made some tests, and, when they were run off, he groaned. All he could see was the curly hair. "They'll think it's Harpo Marx," he growled. "Do me a favor, Vic. Test a couple of other guys. The part calls for something—I don't know—something good, fine sweet—"

"That's why, Spence," they grinned.

"Yah!" said Spence.

It was Sam Katz, Metro (*Continued on page 101*)

screen—and aptly characterizes courageous Spencer Tracy off

JEAN ARTHUR—*when*

Those who knew her before she

BY DORA ALBERT

ON THE stage a group of actors were rehearsing. If you had known much about Broadway personalities, you would have been able to recognize several of them as veterans of the theatre. Dorothy Gish, for instance, and the sophisticated, dapper-looking Osgood Perkins.

There was one girl, though, whom you would not have recognized, for she had never appeared on Broadway before. A beautiful girl with blue eyes and shimmering hair.

As the rehearsal ended, the director said, "We'll have the dress rehearsal tomorrow."

The girl with the bright blue eyes clenched her hands at her side. Fear, panic, discouragement flashed in her eyes.

"Mr. Perkins," she said in a frightened, throaty voice, "please may I ask you something?"

He turned around, amazed at the panic he heard in that voice.

"Please don't think me silly," the girl said, "but I'm scared. All of you are experienced actors, and I don't know the first thing about the stage. Why, I don't even know about stage make-up. How am I going to find out what kind of make-up I'll need for the dress rehearsal tomorrow? Could you help me?"

"Well, err-r—ahem," said Mr. Perkins, "naturally I know nothing about make-up for women, but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll send you to a friend of mine who can help you. She's quite expert."

HE SENT her to a New York actress. She listened very humbly to everything the woman had to say and followed her directions implicitly.

The timorous, frightened girl was Jean Arthur, star of "Easy Living," whose name, today, is a synonym for temperament in Hollywood. Hardly a month passes that you do not hear stories about her outbursts, her quarrels with directors, with her studio, with the members of her cast. You hear of her breaking three appointments in a row with some harassed writer, of her offering to pay

Did you know that Jean Arthur once served as leading lady to three monkeys? Yep, it's a fact.

met Fame reveal some intimate facts about this unpredictable star

another writer *not* to write the story of her life.

When I talked to people who knew Jean before she was a success in pictures, I discovered that the Jean Arthur they knew was very different from the girl Hollywood knows today. Everyone—writers, directors, actors and producers—agreed with absolute unanimity that the girl they knew was anything but temperamental.

Recently, when Jean was appearing in a picture and didn't like the wig the director gave her to wear, she tore it off, threw it on the floor and jumped on it. And when the director remonstrated with her, she said, "I don't like this dress either," and started to wreck it.

A somewhat similar situation arose when Jean Arthur appeared in her first play, "Foreign Affairs," but she behaved very differently about it. She confessed to a member of the cast that she didn't like her costume, which she was afraid was drab and uninteresting. But she wore it just the same. Today, Jean Arthur fights tooth and nail for her rights.

WHEN HER first play failed and the cast was paid only a portion of the final week's salary, she did not go into a tantrum, but was very meek and did nothing.

The Broadway producers to whom I spoke—Chamberlain Brown, Herman Shumlin and L. Lawrence Weber—all agreed that Jean Arthur had been grand to work with before her success in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" and other potent box-office pictures.

"The first day she appeared for rehearsals of 'Lysistrata," Mr. Brown told me, "she knew all her lines by heart."

"And is that unusual?"

"Very. Miss Arthur is an exceptionally painstaking worker. All the members of the cast liked her, and so did I. Some time later I tried to get her for a revival of 'The Trial of Mary Dugan,' but she was leaving for the Coast."

"She was a conscientious trouper," Sam Jaffe, who appeared with her in "The Bride of Torozko," told me. "Nothing was too much work for her, and she was never satisfied with her performance. She used to hang on every word Mr. Shumlin, the producer, said."

WHEN JEAN was appearing in "The Curtain Rises," her most successful play on Broadway, she was ill and run-down but never murmured a word of complaint. No one would have guessed that she was ill, save for the fact that the moment a scene was over, she would have the maid spread something on the floor, and she would lie down and rest, so that she might save the little strength she had for her work.

"When rehearsals were called," Benjamin M. Kaye, the author of "The Curtain Rises," told me, "she didn't mind how many hours she had to work over a piece of business. Once when I asked Jean and her husband to come to my house to go over the script, she told me apologetically that they had a theatre engagement and asked if I would mind if they came when the show was over. Of course, I said it would be all right, and as soon as the play was over, Jean rushed right up.

"She was thinking about the script all the time, and occasionally she would make suggestions about it. They were always suggestions that would improve the play, and it apparently never occurred to her, as it does to so many actresses, to ask for revisions that would build up her own role."

Before success struck Jean Arthur, she was very naïve. She had a childish, unsophisticated quality that charmed everyone.

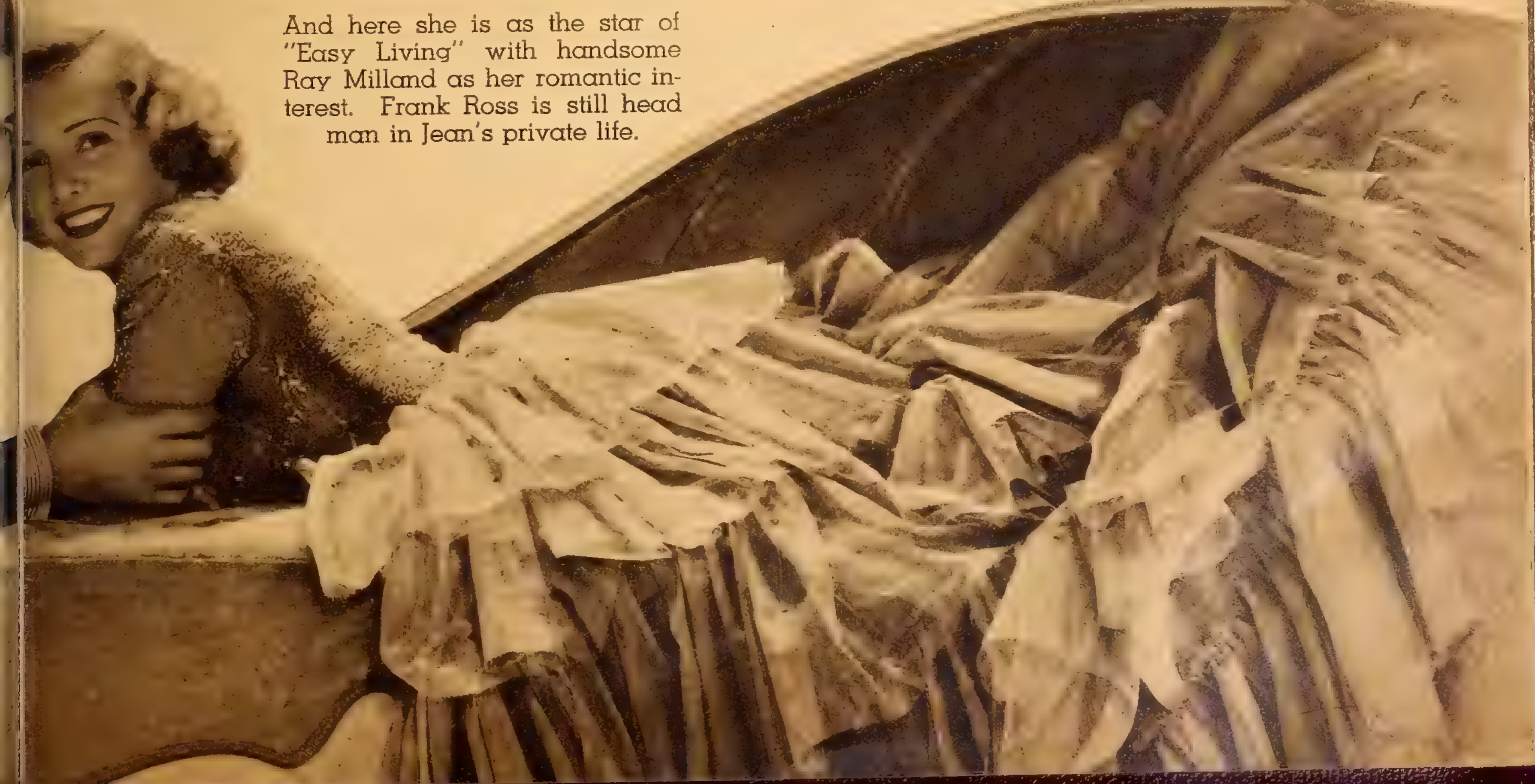
"One day I complimented her on a tea gown she wore in 'The Curtain Rises,'" Mr. Kaye continued. "A look of pleasure flashed over her face, and she said happily, 'I'm so glad you like it. It cost only six dollars.'

"Once she came to my house with her husband to discuss a certain act of the play. In the act it was necessary for one of the characters to recite some blank verse, so I looked over a number of books to find a suitable bit, but finding nothing appropriate, I made some up.

"When Jean came over, I read it and asked her how she liked it.

"'Why, it's perfect,' she enthused. 'How did you ever find a quotation that fitted so well into the act? Who wrote it?'

"When I told her I did, she looked at me slightly baffled and said, 'You didn't (*Continued on page 78*)



And here she is as the star of "Easy Living" with handsome Ray Milland as her romantic interest. Frank Ross is still head man in Jean's private life.

Gene Autry's 3 R's were ridin', ropin' and rhythm. He's such an ardent cowboy that he doesn't own a citizen's suit of clothes.

This star of the plains was not discovered by a movie talent scout! Your patronage made him famous as the singing cowboy.

PUBLIC COWBOY

BY FRANC DILLON

HE'S THE most popular cowboy star on the screen, but Hollywood never heard of him until recently! Box-office check-ups and magazine contests in the past several months prove that he's among the first ten box-office attractions, but ask anyone on Hollywood Boulevard who Gene Autry is, and you're more likely than not to get a dead pan.

While New York has its Empire State Building and San Francisco its bridge—in Tioga, Texas, they have a little log cabin to which the citizenry point with pride when visitors hit the town. It's the log cabin where Gene Autry was born; the only star, too, to be born in a log cabin. Right now, Tioga is considering changing its name to Autry Springs in honor of its foremost citizen.

It seems fantastic that a star so popular could be unknown in Hollywood, but it is easily explained. Hollywood looks down its nose at the cowboys. A Western picture hasn't much drawing power in the film colony except at a children's matinee.

But do the cowboys feel slighted? Don't be silly. With all the rest of the country at their feet, they probably don't even know that they have been overlooked. They live in a world of their own and wouldn't exchange places with any of the top dramatic stars if they could.

Boys born in log cabins are supposed to become presidents, but Gene is probably a bigger influence on American youth than he would be if he were sitting in the executive chair in Washington, D.C. Ask any small boy of your acquaintance about Gene, and you will probably find him better informed about the cowboy than he is about Abe Lincoln.

Gene maintains a business office, as few stars do, on account of the thousands of fan letters that come to him. It was no different from any other office, when I stopped in one morning, until Gene made his appearance. Whereupon it took on all the color of the Western scene.

He drove up the alley behind the building, jumped out of his car as though he were dismounting from a galloping horse and ran up the fire escape four steps at a time.

"Hello!" he said from the doorway, glancing about and including everyone in the room. He threw his white, ten-gallon hat on a desk and sat down behind it. His shirt was green checkered and a silk handkerchief, neatly tied, served for a necktie. He wore tan jodhpurs, boots and a white jacket, which had been well tailored from a gay Navajo rug on which was a design in red and black.

He has blue eyes, light brown hair, a calm, pleasant expression and is as mild as a glass of milk. It is hard to realize that, really, he is a tough guy. He wouldn't be caught dead trying to balance a cup of tea on his knee, but

A horse was Gene Autry's only companion on the road to stardom,

That white, ten-gallon hat goes right along with Gene whether he's pedalling a bike or strumming his latest composition on a guitar.

no.1

give him a horse, a rope, a gun and his guitar, and he'll stir up a Western picture in no time.

He is like a breath of the plains. And when he sings his cowboy songs, he sings them as they should be sung—to the cattle on the range. He isn't unmindful of his audience—oh, never! He is too good a showman for that. But the plains are in his heart, and he sings as he was taught by his father. His first three R's weren't reading, writing and 'rithmetic, but riding, roping and rhythm.

"I can't remember the first time I rode a horse," he told me in his Texas drawl, which his years on the stage haven't rubbed out.

"Some actors are ashamed to act in Westerns," he said with an amused smile, "but to my mind there's nothing to be ashamed of. I have more fun, I'm sure, than I would making any other kind of picture. I like to be outdoors, to ride and to sing. I'm no Caruso," he added slyly. "I'd never charm audiences at the Met. I understand they don't care for yodelling.

"Another advantage in making Westerns is that a Western star has a better chance to stay in pictures a long time," he continued. "Five years is pretty long for a dramatic star to stay on top, but most of *(Continued on page 83)*

Gene never appears in a picture nor on the stage without Champion. See them soon in "Yodelin' Kid from Pine Ridge."

for Hollywood's usual ballyhoo was decidedly absent

Don't try to change your type to suit some silly fad, warns Ann Sothern, who learned that lesson early in her career.

When a good break comes along, be ready to live up to it. Alice Faye proved she could, as the box-office ticker indicates.

BEAUTY GETS

SLIPCOVERS are coming off. Fall millinery is going on. Last year's coats are being taken to that little furrier downtown who can do wonders, my dear—and so reasonably! And thousands upon thousands of young people all over the land are sitting down to portable typewriters and writing, "I am making application for . . ."

Heaven help us, it isn't going to be much easier for all those youngsters this year than it was last. Harder, maybe. However, though this fact isn't proven by statistics, I definitely have the feeling that it's easier for a girl to get a job than for a man to get a job. A girl can almost always find something, so cheer up, ladies. The aim of dis yere article is to give a few pointers in job-getting, in job-holding and in job-advancement.

I don't want to fall into the trite, easy trap of saying, "Preserve a neat, well-groomed appearance" and other self-evident bromides. Sakes alive! Any fool knows that a neat, well-groomed appearance is desirable, whether you're trying to get a job or a man. There's more to it than that, though I shall not, of course, neglect neatness and good grooming in this article any more than I expect you to neglect them in your own lives.

It occurs to me at this point that the finest type of college girl has come to be regarded as the likeliest type of employee. There are a number of organizations who wish to employ college girls only. And what is it the college girl has which so strongly recommends her? Not the A.B. degree, dears, that isn't it at all. It's a combination of wholesomeness, youthful dignity, that clean, scrubbed look—as well as brains. It's compounded of suitable, sensible clothes—though never so sensible that they're dreary; make-up, yes, but make-up sparingly used on a clear, healthy skin. It's compounded also of good teeth, well-kept hands, a nice speaking voice and manners. The college girl doesn't dye her hair, wear pointed brassieres, nor go without a girdle if she needs one. She doesn't wear great gobs of mascara nor ill-matched lipstick and rouge. She looks like a lady—a modern, frank, able-to-take-care-of-herself lady, but nevertheless a lady. Certainly, one doesn't have to go to college to look like a lady. I'm telling you what recommends the college girl.

Some weeks ago, R. H. Cochrane, President of Universal Pictures introduced me to young Jean Rogers,

GIRL WANTED

It takes more than neatness and good grooming to land that job—

All beauty contest winners don't rate film contracts, but there's a reason why Jean Rogers' case was different.

If you would be trim-looking, wear your hair as Kay Francis does. A long bob is too partyfied for the office.

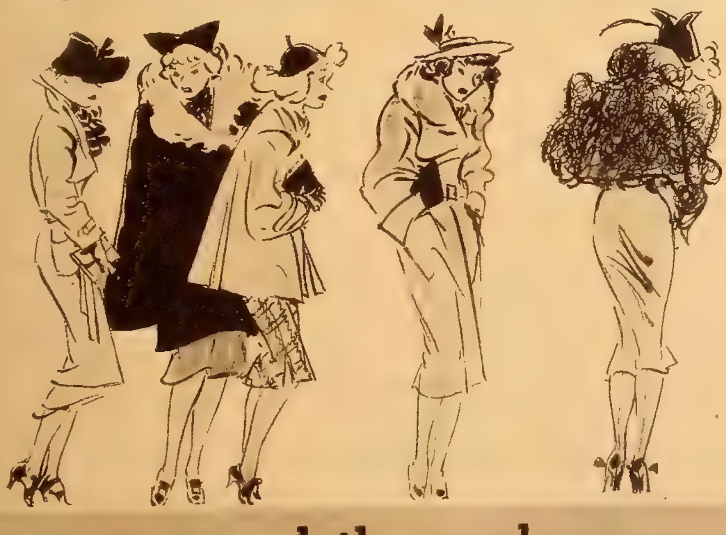
THE JOB

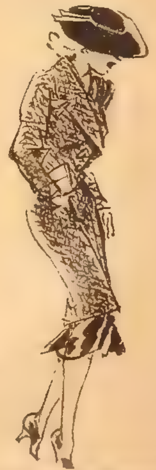
BY MARY MARSHALL

newly put under contract to the studio, and with practically no experience to her name. Telling me why he had chosen Miss Rogers out of the legions who seek his office, Mr. Cochrane said in effect that he had chosen her, for one reason, because she looked and spoke like a lady. If you think I'm overstressing this, it's simply because we've all grown careless in these modern days. We have come to think that it's rather chic to be slapdash and overcasual in speech and manners and rather chic to be a bit garish about make-up and dress.

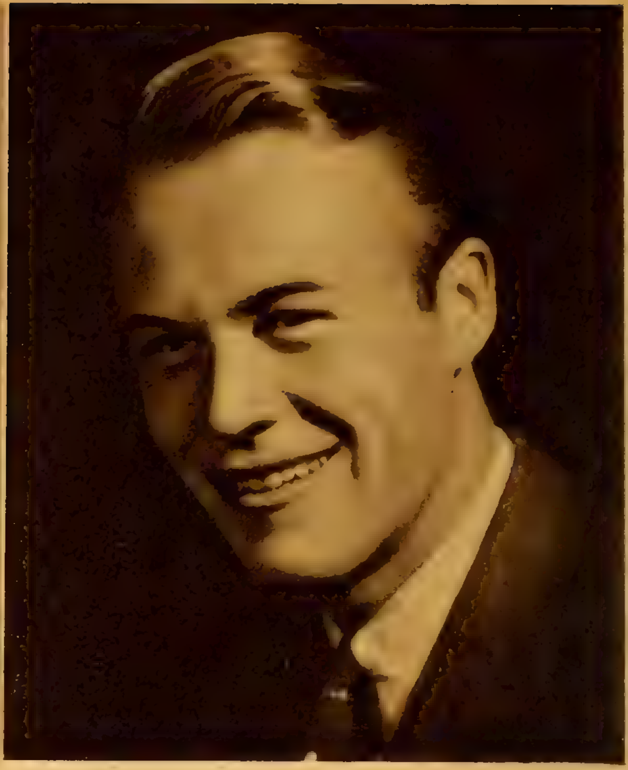
When you inexperienced girls go job-seeking, make your appearance set as high a standard for you as you can. Another trite, easy dogma of the beauty and fashion writing tribe is to emphasize the tailored suit. A good suit is simply swell, but if you can't afford a good one, don't compromise on a cheap one. Far better a nice-looking, if inexpensive, black or navy blue dress, with slight touches of white, palest pink or red, according to which does the most for you. Or a quiet print frock, with a plain jacket matching the background of the print. Remember that you'll have considerable walking (and sitting) to do, so give a thought to comfort. We still have some warm days ahead and you don't want to go applying for a job all hot and mussed up. Carry a purse-size bottle of skin freshener with you and take time out on the weary trek to fix your face and hair. By all means wear gloves. They'll keep your hands clean and add to this neat, well-groomed appearance. Give thought to your shoes. They should be comfortable, so that your face won't show the pain you're suffering from those too-tight pumps. But they should be good-looking, too, and not too all-fired sensible. A walking oxford, with a built-up leather heel; a one-strap affair with built-up heel—the strap wide enough to hold your foot firmly on the long walks. Not high, slender heels, but straight, medium heels with a broad base.

I'd suggest that a long, fluffy bob be shortened or curled up to look shorter. You want to look trim and efficient and there definitely is something partyfied about a long bob. (*Continued on page 91*)





or man—and these glamorous movie stars tell you exactly why



ACCIDENT MAN

That's what Wayne Morris calls himself

Mr. Morris, don'tcha know it's not perlite to squirt a lemon in Bette Davis' eye, even though it's in a scene from "Kid Galahad"? And right, a portrait of Wayne, the new heart throb.

BY MARTHA KERR

I'M THE big accident man around here," Wayne Morris told me over the lunch table in the Green Room at his studio. He sat in his shirt sleeves, almost two hundred pounds of good nature. His blue eyes have little laugh wrinkles around them and his light-brown hair is the kind that won't stay put. Six feet two, he's slim as a reed, and his shoulders are so wide you think you are looking at two people. And what a smile! It seems always to be on the verge of popping out.

He doesn't know the why or wherefore of his popularity and is sure it's accidental, but will tell you enthusiastically that he "sure likes accidents."

Wayne wasn't discovered in the boxing ring, as you might suppose after seeing the way he took care of himself in "Kid Galahad." Neither did he arrive in films by the New York stage. It all happened in this simple fashion: his family moved to Pasadena, and he had no friends there. He was nineteen, in good health, enthusiastic, with lots of time on his hands. Anything could have happened. He had tried several things.

Two years of college proved to him that he was never cut out for a student. He'd spent one summer vacation as a forest ranger. He'd earnestly tried the printing business in order to follow in his father's footsteps. He'd shipped as a sailor on a tramp steamer bound for Australia and learned that the life of a seaman was a bit too salty for him. But never, in all his life, thus far, had he considered acting. He wasn't even a movie fan and not particularly interested in the theatre either. He was, however, lonesome, and it was because he was a stranger in Pasadena that he upped and joined the Community Players. Figured he wouldn't have to work too hard, might have some fun and at least would make some friends.

When he got dressed up in a luxuriant crop of whiskers for his first bit on the stage, he knew he didn't rate as an actor. "But I was someone to carry the beard around," he laughed.

He stayed with the Community Players for three years, appeared in forty-three roles, in forty-two of which he played an old man.

IT was a happy break that when he played his forty-third role, a boy his own age in "Yellow Jacket," a film scout saw him and immediately offered him a contract to work in pictures. Believe it or not, Wayne refused the contract because he had five more months to go before graduation.

"So you see," he said soberly, "it really is an accident that I'm here. They could easily have forgotten me, but when I graduated, the contract was still waiting, so I signed."

The preview of "Kid Galahad" a year later did things for Wayne. His role was one of the plums of the season, and he had proved that he was able to handle it. The critics were delighted with him, and what a kick jaded Hollywood got when in marched the "Kid," literally surrounded by the proud Morris family. There were his mother, father, grandmother, brother and his brother's girl, to say nothing of several cousins.

"In case I turned out to be a flop in the picture, I had my own claque," said Wayne. "And I was nervous, I'll tell you," he added modestly.

They say that after the pre-

(*Continued on page 86*)

MAYBE IT'S LUCK

but whatever it is, Dorothy Lamour's crashing movies is fantastic

DOROTHY LAMOUR looked like a little girl trying to appear grown up when she came into the studio one afternoon recently, fifteen minutes early for her appointment. Her quiet entrance and shy manner seemed as out of place in the busy publicity offices as did her dainty costume. She was wearing an afternoon suit consisting of a black crepe skirt and powder blue linen jacket, hand-stitched with heavy black thread; a little bonnet-like hat that added to the illusion of extreme youth, and a string of silver fox furs that reached from her shoulders to the floor.

"They're building me up as a Glamor Girl," she laughed, as though apologizing for the furs on a warm day. But when did silver foxes ever need excusing? And certainly there is no indication that Dorothy needs to be "built up" as a glamor girl, for she came that way.

They are saying around Hollywood that Dorothy is a lucky girl. Being chosen to play the only important feminine role in "Hurricane," a big spectacle of the South Seas, was one big break, and signing a very lucrative contract to sing on the Chase and Sanborn radio hour every Sunday afternoon was another. Both these commitments are extra-curricular work, supplementing her long-term movie contract.

DOROTHY is the first to admit she has a lot to be thankful for. She has what it takes, but for years she couldn't get closer to Hollywood than Chicago. Privately, she must pucker those full, red lips in a wry little smile when she remembers the long, hard struggle she had to get within shouting distance of a motion picture studio.

Born in New Orleans of French parents, Dorothy has the happy combination of the warm, rich coloring of her race, the charm and grace of a Southern-bred girl, plus a natural ability to act. Her retiring manner and lovable disposition, her eagerness to coöperate and please in her work, have endeared her to everyone she meets.

"Carole Lombard is my best friend," she declared. "I never could tell you how she helped me when I worked with her in 'Swing High, Swing Low.' Morning after morning she came to the studio an hour earlier than she had to, just to make sure that my make-up and clothes were right. Everything was new to me, but she took me in hand and told me what to do. She talked to the director and had my part built up; she talked to the cameramen and saw that I was properly lighted. I don't know what I would have done without her."

Later, when she was told it was bad publicity for a glamor girl to have a husband, she said, "I can't stop talking about my husband. Why, he taught me all I know about singing, and I want him to have the credit."

Dorothy was destined for success, for she has a spirit to win which first demonstrated itself when, at the age of three, she stood on a busy street corner in Birmingham, Alabama, singing a war-time

(Continued on page 88)

BY

MARY PARKES

It makes Dorothy shudder when she thinks how many times she was tempted to bob her hair. Her thirty-inch tresses played an important part in her cinema break.

For gala nights Mary's chiffon embroidered in crystal beads is a glittering success.

Phyllis Brooks wears this wool ensemble of navy blue and luggage tan.

Mary Carlisle's box coat of stiff velvet serves for both daytime and informal wear.

FASHION IS the major study of every pretty girl going away to college, even though the grim halls of higher learning don't give her credit for it. Her high school does not recognize the necessity of training her in the whys and wherefores of what to wear, either, but help is right at hand. A motion picture theatre will give a bright girl enough knowledge of figure-molding economics, trends in modern dress history, and the science of grabbing the spotlight at campus social events to win highest honors from her fellow students.

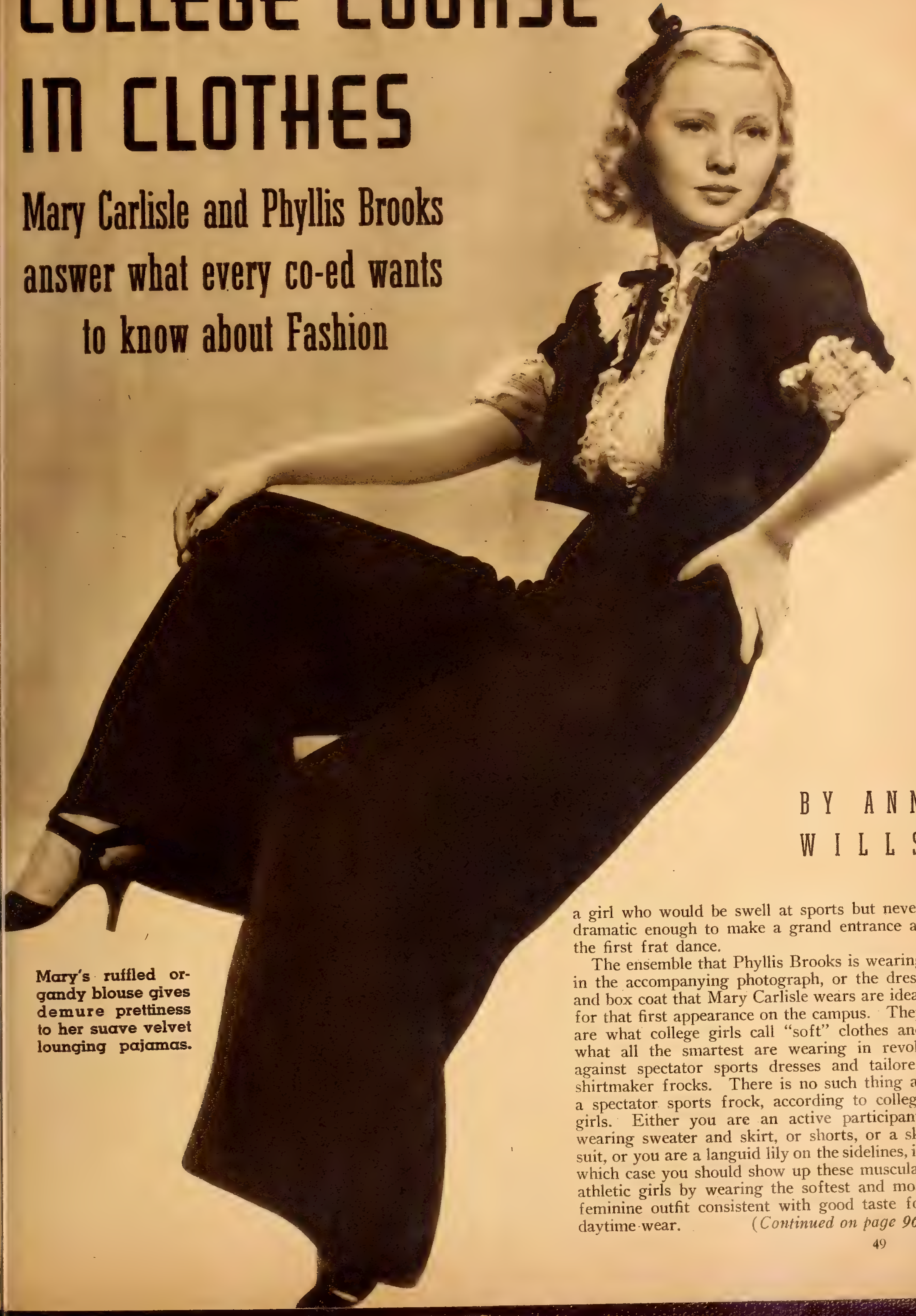
The new picture that gives the best tips on the sort of young and dashing clothes that are best for campus wear is "Double or Nothing." Bing Crosby is the star, but if you are looking for fashions, you won't have eyes for anyone but Mary Carlisle. Designer Edith Head has a special gift for designing young clothes that are both well-bred and giddy, demure yet dramatic, and the clothes she has made for Mary Carlisle are every girl's dream of what a campus wardrobe should be. A girl can get fashion tips, too, from some of the clothes that blonde Phyllis Brooks wears in "In Old Chicago."

Now, you girls who are just going into a job this Fall or staying at home can profitably join us in our motion picture theatre classroom, of course, but the lessons to be learned here are really more vital to the girl who is going away to be seen in a brand-new setting. The moment she sets foot on the campus, the big examination will take place. Is she a knockout or a dud? Dressing effectively is going to play a big part in the verdict on her.

An essential of dressing effectively where you are making a first impression is—don't be obvious. Don't be so demure and cute, so casual and sportsy, or so slinky and sleek that you can be summed up at first glance and pigeon-holed as a type. It's better to select a costume that is extreme in only one way, one that is extremely becoming. You may be the best athlete from your prep school, but at college you want to look like the all-around type that is set to go places—football games, formal dances, long hikes, or dinner for two at the college inn, so don't spoil your prospects by giving a first impression of

COLLEGE COURSE IN CLOTHES

Mary Carlisle and Phyllis Brooks answer what every co-ed wants to know about Fashion



Mary's ruffled organdy blouse gives demure prettiness to her suave velvet lounging pajamas.

BY ANN WILLS

a girl who would be swell at sports but never dramatic enough to make a grand entrance at the first frat dance.

The ensemble that Phyllis Brooks is wearing in the accompanying photograph, or the dress and box coat that Mary Carlisle wears are ideal for that first appearance on the campus. They are what college girls call "soft" clothes and what all the smartest are wearing in revolt against spectator sports dresses and tailored shirtmaker frocks. There is no such thing as a spectator sports frock, according to college girls. Either you are an active participant, wearing sweater and skirt, or shorts, or a ski suit, or you are a languid lily on the sidelines, in which case you should show up these muscular athletic girls by wearing the softest and most feminine outfit consistent with good taste for daytime wear.

(Continued on page 96)

Randolph Scott sorta busted loose while making "So Red the Rose" recently.

Katharine Hepburn's cried "Wolf" too often to suit newspaper photographers

BY ROBERT H. McILWAINE

If players act their ages, they're called colorless, so

THEY CAN'T BE NATURAL

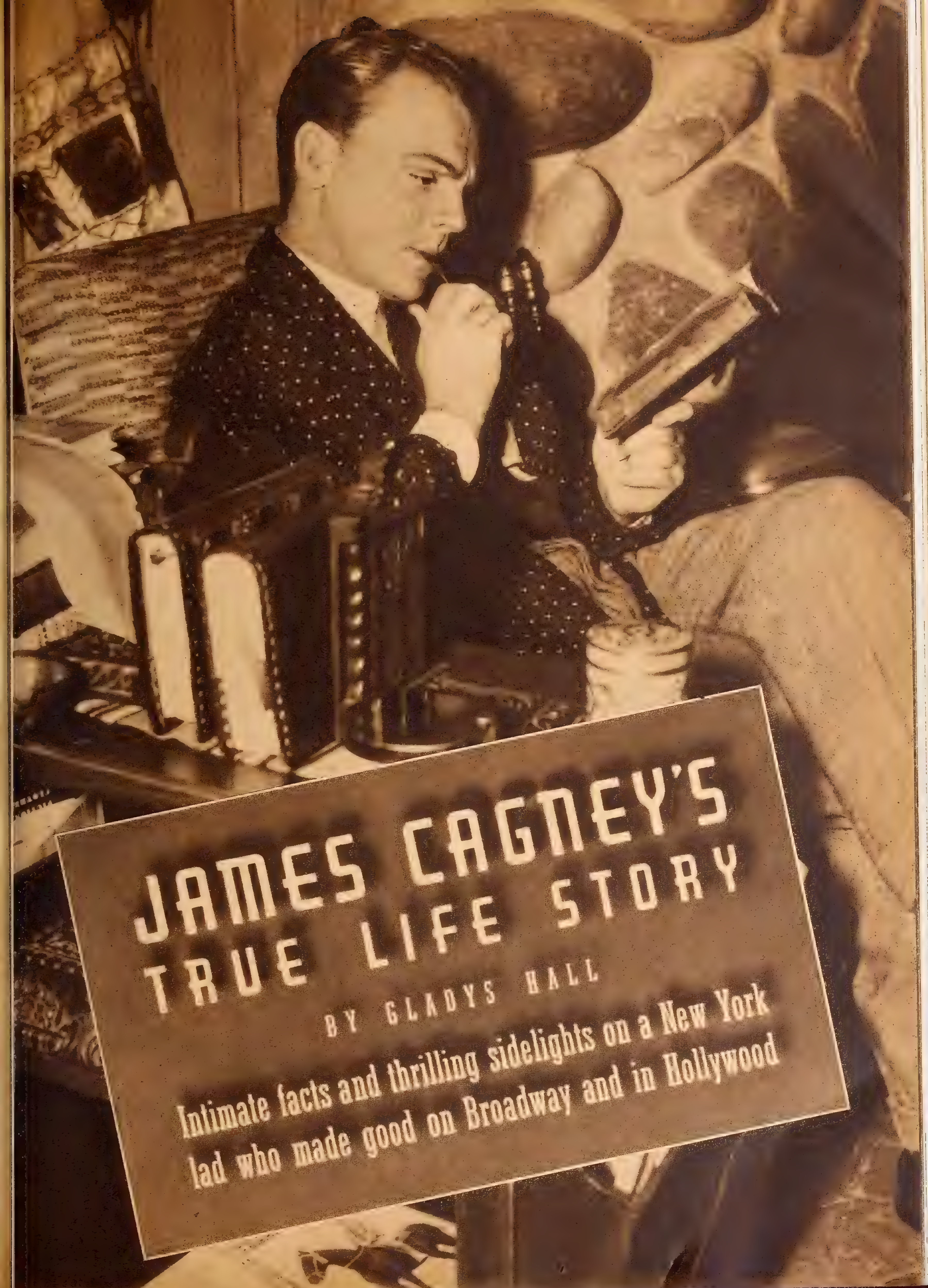
SOME FOLKS claim that nobody loves a fat man, while others say the same of a show-off. However, everyone loves a glamorous movie star, although there is hardly one among the stellar ranks who is not a show-off—in fact, equal even unto any village cut-up—when it comes to being the self-appointed center of attraction.

In all the village of Hollywood, there isn't much that could be termed completely natural. Just why, in all probability, is due to the influence of what is known as "the industry." Even the gentry surrounding the city of make-believe seem, to an outsider, to be exhibitionists. Perhaps for this reason we have come to think of Katharine Hepburn, Carole Lombard, Margaret Sullavan, and even a few of our handsome Lotharios, as being somewhat on the smart-alecky side. Consequently, when the opportunity presents itself to see them, in the flesh, you're occasionally surprised to find they would like to be human, but are not very often permitted to take advantage of this luxury.

Publicized as Hollywood's foremost show-off, Katharine Hepburn wears the crown with nonchalance. Born in New Haven, she could easily be publicized as the Connecticut Cut-up! However, there is a more human side to Katie and at the risk of playing Pollyanna, I'm going to take her side and tell a few of the things she put up with before she started "dishing it out." Yes, she has taken it in the past—and usually on the chin.

During the lean days when a burning desire to act sent Katie on the rounds of theatrical offices, she led a dog's life. Literally fired from many companies and ritzed by the thespians fortunate enough to be set, Hepburn didn't get a chance to show temperament. One look at her chin will prove that she was determined to get to the top and show them that she was good.

She wasted no time in doing this, once she was in Hollywood. With her first picture, she became an overnight sensation. No sooner was the country resounding with cheers (*Continued on page* 99)



JAMES CAGNEY'S TRUE LIFE STORY

BY GLADYS HALL

Intimate facts and thrilling sidelights on a New York lad who made good on Broadway and in Hollywood

IN A CORNER saloon on Eighth Street and Avenue D, in New York, some thirty odd years ago, the genial Irish proprietor was treating his genial Irish cronies to beers, to fat black cigars and pipe tobacco, to chunks of boisterous pride, back-slappings and begorras. For, on that day of July 17th, a second son had been born to the Cagneys of Avenue D. And, shure, the proprietor was none other than James Cagney himself, now, by the Blessed Saints above, James Cagney, Senior. Black Irish was the elder Cagney, but with the free hand, the heart of gold that passed out many a free beer to those who were down on their luck.

Many a burden was lifted from the heart that bore it by the father of the son who, also, would lift the burdens of the oppressed, fight the fight of the downtrodden. "Father was a star in his own right," said the grown Jim Cagney. "His world was his public, too. His home-comings were always events to us kids. I can remember him, swaggering in, hat a little cocked over one eye, especially if he had a beer or so in him, fending us off as we hurled ourselves against him, saying gruffly, 'If I thought you meant it, I'd let you have it,' giving us a light upper cut to the chin with one fist, then swallowing us up in bear hugs and kisses as tender as our mother's." He died when Jimmy was eighteen. That was in 1918.

BUT ON that hot July day on Avenue D in a darkened bedroom of the flat which the Cagneys—mother, father, Harry and now the baby, James—called home, a woman with lines of pride, erasing the lines of pain, looked down on the fuzz of red hair, the dark eyes, the steady pointing fingers of the mite who was the just-born James Francis Cagney, Second.

Said his mother, "He will make his mark in the world, this one."

This was surely a prophetic remark. At the age of five, the small boy was spending hours upon his small, flat stomach, tongue thrust in cheek, breath coming a little short, drawing, copying. He made copies of advertising sketches in the few magazines which found their way, second-hand, into the Cagney home. He put the things he saw and some of the things neither he nor any man ever saw, but only dreamed, on paper.

He seemed to care as much for drawing as he did for the teeming, multifold activities of the crowded streets on which he lived his childhood. He always spoke softly, scarcely above a whisper, so that you had to bend close to hear what he was saying. "Whispering Jim Cagney" they call him here in Hollywood. "Speak up, will ya," was what they shouted at him on the sidewalks of New York.

"I always talked softly," says Jimmy, "and I can explain it. I didn't want to attract attention to myself. I thought that, by speaking softly, I would pass unnoticed. It seems contradictory, I know, because of the theory that actors are actors inasmuch as, primarily, they are exhibitionists. I believe that to be so. Yet, it is true that my whole life has been spent in an effort to avoid being noticed. On the stage or screen, it is different, because—I am not myself when I am acting."

In due course of time the elder Cagney dispersed other free beers and delighted begorras—at the births of Edward, William, and, lastly, Jeanne, the last baby, and the only girl.

All the children went to the public schools in the districts in which they lived. There was nothing at all remarkable, Jimmy says, about his school days, except, perhaps, that in a neighborhood where good boys were lean pickin's he was a good boy. He was quiet and well-behaved. He seemed to be born with gentle manners. He learned his lessons well and earned good marks. He never played hookey nor "sassed" the teacher. He was never told to "see the Principal." He was never a problem child.

NOT THAT he didn't join heartily in the life on the streets. He did—on Eighth Street, later on 79th (in Yorkville), and still later on 96th Street—the extent of the city migrations of the Cagneys.

He was an ardent member of his gang, the Up-The-Blocks. There were, also, the Down-The-Blocks and the Middle-Of-The-Blocks. Furious and often bloody was the rivalry between these gangs. Jimmy held his own, but always quietly and, when possible, bloodlessly.

Baby carriages have come a long way since 1901 and so has little Jimmy Cagney, who celebrated his first birthday in all this finery. Pretty elegant?

He trained with some of the kids in the cellar clubs, kids who were "training" to be fighters. "I never liked punchers," he told me. "I liked boxers. If a kid could box, I didn't care whether he could break an egg with his punches or not." He was known as "Cellar-door Cagney" because of his prowess in doing tap dances on the slanting cellar doors, where so much of the life of the neighboorhood kids was lived. He played marbles, shot crap, swapped junk and boasted with the best of them.

He had, also, the care and responsibility of his young brother, Bill. He became very adept at ways and means of getting rid of Bill, who tagged him patiently, perpetually, with the small boy's hero-worship of an elder brother. Now, with beautiful irony, young Bill is his brother's manager in Hollywood. "And he still tags me," laughed Jimmy.

Jimmy's first pal was a lad named Moishie Weisslitz. They were seatmates in school and gangmates in the Up-The-Blocks. Then Moishie moved away.

"We didn't meet again for nearly twenty years," said Jimmy. "Then, one day, my wife and I were on a Long Beach, Long Island, train. I said to Frances, 'There's a fellow sitting ahead of us whom I haven't seen for twenty years. He won't remember me, but I'm going to speak to him.' I'd only seen the back of his neck and his ears. I went over, tapped him on the shoulder and said, 'Hello, Moishie.' And without so much as looking up, he came right back with 'Hello, Jim.'

"That's friendship. Most of my best friends," said Jimmy, "have been Jews."

From the very beginning, there was something innately fastidious and gentle and sensitive about the boy who was to become known as a tough guy on the screen. There is

At fourteen, a tried and true member of the gang known as "The Up-The-Blocks," Jim took time out from his many activities for this informal shot.

Baseball, boxing—the clean sports—appealed to Jimmy then. They appeal to him now, too. He neither smokes nor drinks, for he saw too much of it.

something fine and exceptional about a man who, as a boy, went through so crude a childhood and emerged with only pity for the bitter bread he saw broken all around him.

When Jimmy was six or seven the family moved to 79th Street, and later to 96th Street. Living on the last-named block made an indelible mark on Jimmy. "There was a pall of tragedy over that street—96th between Third and Lexington Avenue," says Jimmy today. "I used to sit on my mother's lap, in the early gray mornings," he continued, "watching for my father to come home. I'd see a little chap, like a skinny gray shadow coming out of the crevices of the walls, foraging in the garbage cans for his breakfast. He was snagging food for his sagging little belly. He was a boy who sat next to me at school. And he was the chap who, later, went to the chair for murder. He first got twenty years to life for a stick-up, was sent to Dannemora and there carved up another prisoner—and burned for it.

POVERTY," said Jimmy, "was the exact cause of that old schoolmate of mine going to the chair. He was one of seven kids. His father was a bricklayer. Bricklayers work only in certain seasons. His mother was too busy to take care of the kids.

"It's a funny thing, but the elder brothers in such families—the boys who have to take care and do take care of the younger ones—always turn out okay. This fellow was a younger brother, and he got the chair. He was at Sing Sing when I went up there with a semi-professional team to play the Sing Sing team. I saw him. He and I had played ball, under different conditions, on the sidewalks of New York. Yet, were the conditions so different for him? I think not. I think they were shaping him, inexorably, beyond his volition, for the end he was to meet. I don't believe it was his fault. He was weak-bodied, on the verge of tuberculosis, mentally deficient, and poverty did the rest.

"There was another chap, too, a still younger brother in the same family. He did a stick-up, too. An Italian club. They caught him. Shots were fired, and a cop was killed. He was badly wounded. While he was bleeding to death, dying, they kicked him down five flights of stairs and out into the street. When he asked for water they said, 'It's water you want, is it?'—and with that they flung swill in his face. When he asked for a blanket because he was cold, they said, 'Cold, are you?'—and gave him for a coverlet—the corpse of the policeman he had shot. He was tubercular, too. After that kicking and mauling, he was paralyzed from the waist down. He went to Sing Sing, too. You see, these fellows never had a chance. They strike, blindly and bestially, at the blind and bestial forces which have, first, struck bludgeoning blows at them.

"Yep, there was something sinister about that street. There were always crêpes on the doors on 96th Street. A miasma hung over the place. One side of the block was lined with wretched tenements. On the other side, where we lived, the houses and flats were fairly substantial. That is New York. On the 'bad side,' there were always ambulances backed up to doorways to pick up the broken bodies of kids who had fallen off the roofs, or who had been bashed up in family rows. There was always a hearse picking up some little body which hadn't been able to stand the gaff. There were always 'contagion' signs, placarding the doors. The air was constantly made hideous by the shrieks and screams of the kids and the sobs and moans of the mothers. And in those gray mornings, there were the pale shadows of the thin-bellied little chaps ferreting out food from the garbage pails.

"We escaped contamination, if that is what it is," said Jimmy, "thanks to our mother. Thanks to the fact that she made a twenty-four-hour job of being a mother. She was, and is, a very definite and forceful character. Irish and courageous. Her mother was an Irish girl. Her father,

"Penny Arcade's" Broadway audiences didn't realize it then, but the gent simply known as James Cagney and the gal called Joan Blondell were potential pitcher stars.

A talent scout caught up with Jimmy and Joan with a movie contract in each hand. Here's Mr. C. in "Sinners' Holiday," the screen version of "Penny Arcade."

born in Oslo, was a sailor and machinist. A grand old man, fierce and vigorous. He lived with us when I was a kid, and I was scared to death of him. Our worst punishment was to be told, 'You'll have to sleep with Grandpa tonight.' For old Henry Nelson slept 'with one eye open,' and if I so much as twitched a muscle, he was thundering at me.

"My father's people were Irish and had been in the paint and varnish business in New York. They were hard-working, respectable, God-fearing and, at one time, well-to-do.

OUR MOTHER'S chief ambition in life was to 'get the kids an education.' She had terrific drive, and she drove, consistently and without detours, in that one direction. When a relative left her a modest legacy, she wouldn't touch it.

"She put it by as an educational fund for us. She took a great, intelligent interest in medicine. She was the direct cause of Harry and Edward becoming doctors. And splendid doctors they are, too, the one in Woodside, the other in Jackson Heights, Long Island. When she was ill she would describe and make notes of her own symptoms so that she could discuss them, intelligently, with the boys.

"She used herself as a case history. When she was in the hospital for an operation she did the same thing. She kept a chart of her own condition, the causes contributing to it, the medical and surgical care, the results, good and bad. When, later, she suffered from a heart condition, she took the same detached and scientific interest in that. Never strong in body, she more than compensated for that by the strength of her mind and character.

"And she was a mother twenty-four hours of the day. That was her job, and she did it, full time, over time. She pitted herself firmly against the forces of our environment—the streets, the schools, the boys we met, the things we were bound to hear, the influences we couldn't wholly escape.

"She talked with us, not at us. She told us that what you give in this life you also get back in kind. She taught us that what you do is done, again, to you. She showed us, clearly, that ugliness, crime and vulgarity pay their own dividends in ugliness, crime and vulgarity.

"She decorated our lives," said her son, "as pleasantly as circumstances permitted. We always had jolly Christmases, stockings hung up on the gas jets, candies and toys, a turkey dinner. We only had one or two Christmas trees, because, in those days, Christmas trees were lit with candles. One Christmas ours caught on fire and old Grandpop Nelson had to snatch it, a burning brand, from the front room and heave it into the street. After that we never had another. Walk-up flats in congested areas of New York are too serious as fire hazards.

"She did a fair share of 'entertaining,' too. I can remember 'company' coming in for tea, and how I was always sent to the corner bakery for lady fingers. Lady fingers were my passion. My mother often says that lady fingers were my only lapse. For I'd be sent on an errand to bring home a dozen, and when I got home, there were seldom more than three or four left! I often think, looking back, that those 'company afternoons' were held to give us kids a chance to show 'good manners.' We had to bow, speak politely, and exercise the gifts of hospitality."

YES. A mother twenty-four hours of the day was Carolyn Cagney. And as witness thereof her children speak for her—her two sons who are doctors; Jimmy, whose success is self-evident; Bill who is his brother's manager.

It was Bill, incidentally, who gave up a career of his own in the movies because of his strong resemblance to his brother. It wasn't fair to Jimmy, Bill decided for himself.

"If I had been rotten and some of the fans had mistaken me for Jim, it wouldn't have done him any good. Even if I had been successful the resemblance was still too strong to make it jake." And so, he gave it up.

Oddly, so Jimmy told me, his brothers and sister all resemble him, but not one of them resemble each other. The Cagneys have been, always, "all for one and one for all." "Our motto," Jimmy continued, "was 'united we stand, divided we fall.' I can't remember a time when, if any one of us had three bucks, he didn't throw it immediately into the kitty. We never thought of doing anything else. Boys who worked for their own 'pocket money' were beyond our understanding. I'm glad of it. It's good for a fellow to work. It's better for a fellow to work in order to live. It teaches him that there's more to life than just having fun.

"And doing things together, as Mother drummed into our heads, sharing everything, working for a common end, instead of each going off in separate directions, gave us the feeling we were strong. The trouble with most poor families is that they don't have that community feeling, and alone they're helpless in a tough world."

Yes, Mrs. Cagney's job is well done. Successful, every one of her children. (Young Jeanne is now at Hunter College.) They are not only successful in their professions, but successful as human beings, too. This is the real tribute they pay Carolyn Cagney, who had all of the harsh, inimical forces of the New York streets and their pitfalls to battle and conquer. Jimmy, by the way, neither smokes nor drinks. He saw enough of that when he was a lad.

It's all very amusing to Jimmy now, but his first appearance on any stage was as a Chinese pantomimest at a neighborhood Settlement House. He insists that there were no complaints from the cash customers.

Another scene from his first legitimate stage offering, which also boasted the late Ross Alexander and Paul Guilfoyle. Though it took a little time, all of them eventually found spots for themselves under the Klieg lights.

Jimmy's first "girl" was one named simply Annie. He never knew her last name. His chief recollection of her is that she wore pigtails and was shiningly clean. Their first encounter came about like this: Annie passed him on 79th Street one day and knelt down and tied up his shoe laces for him. "I untied them," said Jimmy, shamelessly, "just before she came along." Jimmy and Annie "kept company" until one or the other moved away. He carried her books to school, helped her with her homework, stood up for her when other boys teased her, made offerings of sticky, all-day suckers, wads of gum and, once, a scarlet ribbon for her pig-tails.

From Bill I learned that Jimmy was "a one" with the girls and that his method was, consistently, the same as his method with Annie. He first brought them, by subtle suggestion, never by force, to their knees before him. And then, once the domination of the male was established, he asked no more service, but gallantly and humbly served.

When Jimmy was ten the family moved to Ridgewood, Long Island. Jimmy will never lose that feeling of rapturous release. There are many city-bred lads, he told me, who are so used to the crowded sidewalks of New York that they are lonely in the country. Not Harry, Edward, Jimmy and Bill. They took to the fields like young field animals.

They climbed trees and loved the feeling of dirt roads and meadow grass under their bare feet. They acquired a mongrel dog and he was, undoubtedly, the forerunner of the Chow dogs Jimmy owns, loves, raises and personally cares for in Beverly Hills, today. The little frame house in Ridgewood is the forerunner, too, no doubt, of the seventy-acre farm Jimmy has just bought at Martha's Vineyard. The love of the country, the sea, the fields and the woods is a powerful, absorbing love with Jimmy today.

But that happy life in Ridgewood didn't last very long. It was too far for the elder Cagney to commute. He was already ailing.

So, with dismal shrieks and protests and more than a little silent suffering in the wrenched heart of young James, the Cagney family moved back to New York, to that 96th Street which was to become stigmata to him.

JIMMY began to grow up. He passed his grammar grades successfully. He went to Stuyvesant High School and continued there with the drawing he had never given up. While in high school he helped pay attendant expenses by working, part time, at the neighborhood Settlement House. He worked "on the door." He saw to it that the boys used the pool and the gym. At the Settlement House, he met Mr. and Mrs. Burton James, who were to take the first really constructive interest in his drawing, in the potentialities in that compact, soft-spoken, somehow sound, young personality. Mr. and Mrs. James too, echoed that first prophetic remark of Jimmy's mother, the prophecies of Eighth Street and 79th Street and 96th Street.

It was Mr. and Mrs. James who arranged for Jimmy to meet people who could look at his drawings with eyes of discernment. That he had ability seemed to be beyond doubt. An architect, perhaps? A designer of theatrical scenery? A cartoonist? Why not? Such suggestions pleased and interested Jimmy, little more. For Jimmy never thought beyond the present. Jimmy had neither time nor opportunity for dreams of future aspirations or possibilities. Life was too much a matter of expediency with the Cagneys. It was a matter of "How many dimes and quarters for the kitty today?", not "How many mythical millions ten years later?" Millions in the future wouldn't put bread and Irish stew on the Cagney table then. No, Jimmy couldn't reckon in futures, no matter how glittering.

Mr. and Mrs. James and Cagney became fast friends, however. They formed a Dramatic Club, there at the Settlement House. They put on plays for and with the neighborhood boys and girls. Jimmy designed and painted scenery for them. On one occasion Mr. and Mrs. James asked Harry Cagney to play the lead in the Chinese pantomime they were producing. But Harry, already deep in pre-medical work, couldn't take the time. And so Mr. James asked Jimmy to substitute for his brother. Jimmy did. That was his very first appearance on any stage—as a Chinese pantomimist. "And no bells rang out, wild or otherwise," grinned Jimmy reminiscently, "in my belfry or in anybody else's. I was all right, I guess. There were no complaints."

Between work in high school, his drawing and his work after school, Jimmy had little time for other interests. He played a couple of parts in other amateur theatricals, in "Lost Silk Hat," "The Rising of the Moon," and other plays. He read omnivorously, and he learned the joy and satisfaction of discussing the books he had read and what he got out of them; he learned the joy of discussing life and theories and abstract ideas with his friends, Mr. and Mrs. James. He remembers, especially, a long evening spent in arguing the special merits and demerits of Shaw's "Man and Superman."

But when, after a protracted illness, the elder Cagney died, with two brothers in medical school, with his mother also ailing and a baby sister (not to mention young Bill, who was already contributing his quota of dimes and quarters to the Cagney kitty), with all of these many and pressing responsibilities, Jimmy knew only one law—the law of getting a job, the law of being constantly on the alert for another job, for other jobs, with more pay to 'em. It didn't matter, in Jimmy's scheme of things, whether you liked a job or not. It only mattered how much dough it paid.

During summer vacations Jimmy held down two jobs, one by day, one by night. He wrapped bundles at Wanamaker's by day and jerked sodas by night. During school sessions he served as a bell-hop at the Friars Club by day, hours 5 p. m. to 3:30 a. m.; then school at 8:30 a. m. and bundle wrapping or soda jerking again in the scant interims. He also worked after school at the New York Public Library. Jimmy learned, there, to love the very smell and sight and feel of books. He felt kinship with them.

"It was all good for me," Jimmy said. "No, I don't feel sorry for myself. On the contrary, it made me realize that there was something beyond just having fun in life. There is."

After graduating from high school, Jimmy got a job as a junior architect. He did tracing and lettering which his long years of apprenticeship with a pencil had qualified him to do. While working in the architect's office, he still held his job at the Settlement House, nights.

Then came the War. Jimmy enlisted in the Officers

The grapefruit Cagney pushed into Mae Clarke's face in "Public Enemy" made history, and the picture made Jim. So you can't blame him if he likes to call this his favorite fil-lum.

Jimmy, the Missus and Joan Blondell took the same train for Hollywood the day they signed on the dotted line. "Smart Money" was the second film to co-star Jim and the pretty Joan.

'Way back in 1932, Loretta Young was Cagney's heart interest in "Taxi."

Training School. With his $30. a month from this source, he entered Columbia University and there took a general course, majoring in Art. He did not do pre-medical school work, as has been said. The Armistice signed, Jimmy obtained his discharge from the Army and took the first job that presented itself—bundle-wrapping again and again at Wanamaker's.

NOW, IT was becoming more and more imperative that the Cagney "kitty," as they always called it, be fed something heartier than dimes and quarters. There were the two brothers in medical school, working their way through. They had Carolyn Cagney's legacy, to be sure, to make it possible, but they needed an occasional lift, even so, what with expensive text books and laboratory fees. There was young Bill coming along and there was, unwavering, the mother's determination that "the kids" have their educations.

While bundle-wrapping, Jimmy confided in one of the clerks that he wanted a job "with more dough." Had to have it, in fact. The young clerk advised him that he could give him a steer "if you could only sing and dance." Jimmy said, "I couldn't do either, of course. But I said I could—also, of course. The 'steer' this chap gave me landed me on a trapeze where I hung by my neck for the sum of $25. a week, which was just $9. more per week than I had been getting. And, as a consequence, was a little bit all right with me. I would have hung by my nose from the moon for nine dollars more a week.

"Then, for about eight weeks, I was one of six boys doing female impersonations. It was a knockabout act, purely burlesque. We had a lot of fun, and it never occurred to any one of us to be ashamed of it. It might seem strange and unbelievable, taking into account my habitual desire to go unnoticed. But again, this illustrates what I mean when I say that I am not shy or self-conscious when I am on the stage or screen. For there I am not myself. I am not that fellow, Jim Cagney, at all. I certainly lost all consciousness of him when I put on skirts, wig, paint, powder, feathers and spangles! Besides, that was the time, right after the War, when service acts were still fresh in the mind, when female impersonators were the vogue."

Jimmy's family, however, thought that he was wasting his time. The young medical students, his brothers, and the mother who had wanted professions for her sons, could hardly be expected to look with favor upon a relative of theirs dangling about in pink tulle. So Jimmy, with a shrug, departed from the stage and became a runner in Wall Street. From runner he was promoted to "window man"—one of the invisible brethren who sit aloft, behind apertures, and make signs to the Bulls and Bears down in the dust of the arena.

It was when he was eighteen that Jimmy's first serious romance touched and colored his hard-working life. There isn't much time for romance to wedge its thin, tenuous, thrilly way into a life compounded of three and four jobs a day—school, study, burdens and responsibilities that put blinders on young eyes, a grappling iron on a young heart. Romance, to find a niche in such a life, must touch it with extraordinarily poignant finger tips, insinuate itself with an extraordinarily penetrating passion. In other words, it had to be pretty real to quicken the pulse of young Jim Cagney.

This young love of Jimmy's was a college student. She must be nameless, for she is, now, happily married and the mother of two children. At first, all their talk was of books, art, music, of the things they both loved. They took long bus rides under Autumnal moons. They went to the movies and held hands. They walked up and down Riverside Drive. While Jimmy was working at the Friars he got a pair of free passes, occasionally, and then he took his girl to the show. Their only spats arose because Jimmy wouldn't take her to dance halls. Dancing was "sissified,' he said, and 'only cake-eaters dance.'

JOE GREER WIN
AUTO CLASSIC

"The Crowd Roars," with Eric Linden, was another smash-bang Cagney thriller.

They were sort of engaged, says Jimmy. They talked of what they would do with their lives together when Jimmy made good. They would have a little house in the country, kids, fields, flowers and books, painting their joined lives with gentle glory. Then Jimmy left Wall Street and, again, went on the stage. Jimmy's girl did not approve of young men who went on the stage. She saw no future in that kind of thing. No future, at any rate, that she wanted to share. So she said goodbye to Jimmy under the shadow of Grant's Tomb. And she took up, in time, with a tall, slim young man who went to dance parlors with her and didn't think dancing was sissified. Jimmy felt as if all the skyscrapers in New York had dislodged their brick and mortar upon his bruised spirit. "I thought my heart was broken," he says. "It wasn't, but I thought it was. And thinking is as painful as being. It wasn't broken at all. But I didn't know that then."

IT WAS shortly after Jimmy was promoted to "window man" on Wall Street that he quit, very suddenly, to answer a call for boys for a musical show. "How I was picked," laughs Jimmy softly, "I'll never know. Must have been a scarcity of boys, amounting to a famine. There were no mail-order dancing schools in those days, y'know."

The show, which was the first legitimate one to present James Cagney to the world (though more or less anonymously since his name was only one of the group of chorus boys) was "Pitter Patter," with Helen Bolton and Ernest Truex in leading roles.

And there, in that show, Jimmy Cagney met the girl

He was a chorus boy and she a chorus girl when Frances and Jimmy said their "I do's" to the preacher in little ole New York.

Hot clinches never appealed to Jimmy—a surefire punch was much more to his liking—but here he is in a romantic pose with Virginia Bruce from "Winner Take All."

However, a typical Cagney special like "Mayor of Hell," which was long on action and short on love, was right up his alley. Here he is with lovely Madge Evans.

who was to become his wife.

"In the chorus of 'Pitter Patter,'" said Jimmy, "I, a chorus boy, met Frances Willard Vernon, a chorus girl. Yep, 'twas love at first sight, practically. Frances was fresh from an Iowa farm. She had made a short stop-over at a girls' school in Chicago. And then, stage-struck, which I had never been, she came to New York and got a job in the chorus.

"She was so shy, so obviously frightened to death of New York, life in the Big City, the theatre and theatrical people, that I was attracted to her out of the desire to protect the kid. It was much the same feeling as that of taking a little child into the dark and proving that there is no bogieman concealed there.

"She was the country I loved, the fields and the streams. She gave me that sense of rapturous release I had had when, as a kid, we moved to Ridgewood. I was the City she feared. I didn't want her to know the things I knew. It was up to me to see that she didn't. It was a job I loved—and then I knew that she was the girl I loved.

"Our marriage was all very quiet and, to the world, uneventful. An obscure chorus boy and girl getting married in New York isn't news. We weren't news at all, except to one another. But we were very much in love, and that is always headline stuff to the parties concerned.

"After we were married, we did a vaudeville act together. We toured a lot of the tank towns, under the name of 'Cagneys' Circuit'. We also did a few musical shows. I taught Frances to tap, and she became one of the best women taps dancers in the business. The pupil was better than the teacher. I kept hoping that the day would come when she could retire, be billed only as 'Mrs. James Cagney.' I kept hoping, too, for the day when we would have kids of our own to struggle for, plan for, as my mother had for us."

Perhaps the only real tragedy in the life of Frances and Jim Cagney is that they have never been blessed with "kids to fight for." They have wanted them and hoped for them and still want them so very much.

They lived in Greenwich Village after they were married. But Jimmy did not pick up any of his so-called "radical ideas" in the Village. For that was 1926 and the Village, per se, was no more. The avid young intellectuals, the poets, the long-haired men and short-haired women, the eager young soap-box addicts who burned to redress the wrongs of the world were gone.

"Our friends," said Jimmy, "were, principally, newspaper men and their wives. Some of them were chaps I had known in the old days in New York. Robert Sill, then New York correspondent for the *Boston Herald*, was one of them. Sill and I had been kids together on 79th Street. He had, for a time, shared the job at the Settlement House with me. Arthur Klein and I had been friends since we were in our early teens. Charlie Leonard, now chief of advertising for United Artists, was a bell-hop at the Friars, when I was 'hopping' there. Then there was Morris Gilbert of the *New York Times;* Jim Fair of the *Pittsburgh Gazette Times;* Ik Shuman of the *New York Times;* Bryan Field, Jimmy Kiernan and Si Fishkind, also of the *Times*.

We worked very hard and talked a lot and had a lot in common. And we also had more than our share

Like the rest of the male contingent, Jimmy tried the spinach on the upper lip. Whatever the rest of us thought, Joan approved, for "He Was Her Man" for seven reels.

Because he excelled as a hoofer, Mr. C. could do a mean fox-trot when the occasion demanded, as was the case in "Devil Dogs of the Air," with Margaret Lindsay.

Bet you never knew what a "G-Man" was 'til that Cagney man put those government sleuths on the movie map. That's Mag Lindsay with him.

Talented as a thespian, our Jimmy can wield a pencil and turn out an artistic piece of work, too. Above, "The Irish in Us" with June Trotter.

of fun. Frances and I laid the groundwork then, I suppose, for the kind of life we have always led and still lead. We seldom go to parties, either in New York or in Hollywood. Our social activities, now as then, consist in having a few good friends at our home in Beverly Hills when we are there, or on our boat, sitting up all night and chewing the furious fat. Frank McHugh, Pat and Eloise O'Brien, the Chester Morrises, Albert Hackett, Frances Goodrich and a few others, are good friends of ours. And always Bill, of course. In the summer my mother and Jeanne are with us. We've tried to persuade my mother to live with us, but she's more content where she is, near New York and my brothers who, being doctors, can care for her when she needs it."

It was shortly after Jimmy's marriage that he left the gaslight circuit and came, so to speak, to Broadway. But before Broadway came an adventure, seldom told, little suspected, in Jimmy's career. For, some five years before Jimmy came to Hollywood to stay, he made a trip to Hollywood and did not stay. He didn't remain because he couldn't get work; because he would have starved if he had remained. He came, with his wife, to visit his wife's mother and sisters, and, perhaps vaguely at the back of his mind, with the idea of breaking into pictures. He tried vaudeville. He and Harry Gribbon, then one of the screen's funny men, got up a vaudeville act together. They tried it out at San Diego. It ran for one night, and it folded.

He put an ad in the local papers. The ad read "Dancing Instructor" or words to that effect. He sat for days behind his tiny shingle waiting for the pupils who did not come. Finally, one did. A tall, burly Scot, with a newspaper-wrapped package under his arm. The package revealed a pair of clogs. Then and there the Scotchman did such an elaborate routine that Jimmy, honest, though on the thin edge of hunger, said, "I can't teach you anything."

And said the single "pupil," "I know you can't. That's why I came. I make a practice of answering all ads for dancing lessons just to show the 'teachers' up!"

So, after some four or five months, after casting offices would have none of him, after he realized that he could not get a job, even as an extra, Jimmy and the Missus pooled their last dollars, eked out enough for a pair of tickets to New York—and hit, humbly at first, the vaudeville circuit again. Few people know that Jimmy ever made that first ill-fated pilgrimage to the movie Mecca.

There came a chance for an audition for the role of a roughneck in Maxwell Anderson's play, "Outside Looking In." Jimmy made the audition and played the roughneck. Which was, presumably, the forerunner of the "tough guys" he has played, so consistently, ever since—so contrary to his true nature. For Jimmy Cagney is the very antithesis of a tough guy. His soft, whispering voice, his mild and gentle manner proceed from a warm and tender heart, from instincts more silken than burly and rough.

The man who founded the Humanitarian Party speaks for himself. Jimmy says that his activities in the much publicized humane directions have been fulsomely exaggerated. But Jimmy, as your true "tough guy" never is, is modest. Exaggerated or not, the idea of the Humanitarian Party did originate with Jimmy. Whenever there are strikes, labor troubles, floods, or disasters of any sort—either Acts of God or acts of men—Jimmy always steps generously to the fore and gives, unstintingly, of time and thought and more tangible commodities.

He is, now, an officer in the Screen Actors Guild here in Hollywood. The Guild was designed, he said, "to improve the lot of the 'little fellows' in pictures." A project which would, naturally, press close to his remembering heart. Remembering the little gray shadows, scavenging from garbage pails. Remembering all the sordid sights of his poverty-stricken youth.

Next, Jimmy scored in the hit play, "Women Go on Forever" with Mary Boland. While he was working on Broadway, he gave lessons in tap "on the side," for the purpose of augmenting the family in-

Maybe we're wrong, but remember all the fussing and feuding that went on over that picture contract? You wouldn't say that this get-up for "Frisco Kid" had anything to do with it, would ya?

come, so that the Cagney "kitty" in his own home and in his mother's home would not be lean of dimes and quarters.

The next season came, and he staged the "Grand Street Follies," playing a prominent role in them. They ran for two seasons.

The year, 1929, brought Jimmy his big chance, a role in George Kelly's memorable play, "Maggie, the Magnificent." And Jimmy played opposite a blond girl by the then unknown name of Joan Blondell. They both scored hits, and both were signed for "Penny Arcade" for the next season. In the meantime, Warner Brothers bought the play and Joan and Jimmy and Mrs. Cagney came to Hollywood. The picture version of the play went into production and emerged as "Sinners' Holiday," and was the beginning of screen fame for Joan Blondell and Jimmy Cagney.

EVEN THEN," Jimmy says now, "I had no fixed idea of what I wanted to do or to be. Vaudeville, plays on Broadway, picture work in Hollywood were all 'just jobs' to me. Never has there been a moment when I have paused and said, 'Now I am an actor. This is my profession. Here I am, all set.' I would, all along the

"Ceiling Zero" was the last picture that Jimmy made for Warners. June Travis is the gal.

Every man, be he movie star or your very best beau, dreams of having a den all his own.

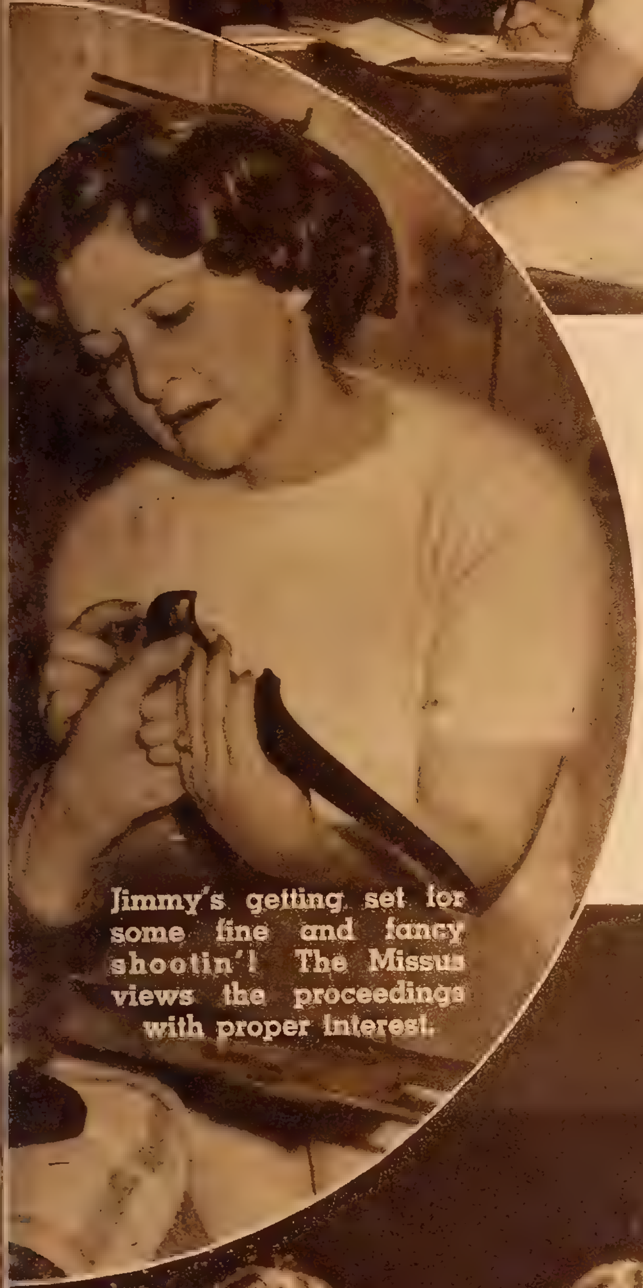
Happy days are here for the Cagneys. They're not stepper-outers, but life isn't dull, either.

Jim never knows what to expect when the phone rings. It might be the Humanitarian Society or a pal asking for advice—or the Warner Brothers!

Like many Hollywood stars, Jimmy turns to his wife when weighty decisions must be made on his screen stories, casts and directors.

Wifey plays secr'try, friend and companion to Jim, who often chooses the rocky road.

Frances Cagney can whip up a right tasty meal, too, when it's maid's night out.



Jimmy's getting set for some fine and fancy shootin'! The Missus views the proceedings with proper interest.

Vacationtime for the Cagneys means a trek to their farm at Martha's Vineyard, where Jimmy can relax.

Yep, a piano-tinkler, too. When you go a-visitin' with the Cagneys, there's no tellin' what Jim will be up to.

Above, Mom Cagney and l. to r., Cousins O'Connor, Jim's wife, Frances, Boots and Bill Cagney, Jim and Sister Jeanne.

line, have taken any job that turned up, whenever it came, whatever it was; whether in the theatre, in a canned soup factory, in pictures, in the circus.

"I might easily have become a knockabout comedian. I may end up yet with the red nose and the baggy pants.

"Not that I don't take my work seriously. I do—very. But the point is, I'd take any work seriously, raised, as I was, to know darned well that work is serious. I took my bundle-wrapping seriously. I took my job at the Settlement House seriously. I bell-hopped with complete concentration. I was a female impersonator for all I was worth, with everything in me—and glad to get it to do.

"I can't say that I haven't gotten a certain satisfaction from some of the pictures I have made. Those which pleased me more than others have been 'Public Enemy,' 'Winner Take All,' 'Jimmy, the Gent' and 'Ceiling Zero.'

"I am not the characters I play. I believe that, in order to do anything well, you must have perspective, a certain amount of objectivity, of detachment. This is necessary in order to give a clear portrait of a character. If I were a 'tough guy,' I couldn't play one even as well as I hope I do. It has been more valuable to me to stand on the sidelines and, with a certain degree of impersonality, register the reactions I have noted. The idea of playing oneself is essentially fallacious. The fact that I am supposed to be a tough guy in real life doesn't bother me in the least. It's amusing. It doesn't matter."

Jim learned early the necessity of keeping the Cagney "kitty" filled and doesn't mind admitting that when he signs a new contract, money is an important factor.

What does matter to Jimmy is the right or the wrong of something that does matter. Soft-spoken, mild-mannered as he is, he will fight to his own victory or his own destruction, if need be, for that in which he honestly and truthfully believes.

The present situation bears testimony to the above. And the present situation, according to my understanding, is that Jimmy is free of his contract at Warner Brothers, having won his case when it first came to court several months ago. In the Fall, so it stands at this writing, Warner Brothers' appeal to the decision handed down by the Superior Court of Los Angeles County will come before the Supreme Court of California. If the high court upholds the original verdict, Jimmy will have no further question thrown upon his right to continue to work for whomever he pleases. If their appeal is sustained, the effect will be to reinstate the contract under which Jimmy was working for them. In that case, if he continues to work in motion pictures, he will have to do so as an employee of Warner Brothers for two more years, which is the length of time that the annulled contract had to run. He is not at all certain, however, at this writing, that he will care to continue on the screen, if he has to work again under the contract which he fought so strenuously to have abrogated.

Yes, a fighter is Jimmy, bearing the memory, never a healed scar, of broken minds and broken bodies spattering themselves to bloody bits against forces which trod them under the heels of so-called righteousness they could never hope to elude. Might is not right to Jimmy. And he will fight, but only for what he feels, deeply and with conviction, to be right. And then he will fight so long as there is breath in his body, heat in his heart and memory in his mind.

Jimmy made "Great Guy" for Grand National. He will soon complete a musical, in which he does considerable dancing, titled, "Something to Sing About." He has signed for two more Grand National pictures, the first of which probably will be a story called "Dynamite," a dramatic tale of illegal oil traffic in Texas.

Either before making "Dynamite" (if they work out the right story for the title), or immediately following it, Jimmy will go to his new farm at Martha's Vineyard for at least two or three months' vacation.

"I want to spend most of the year, every year, at the Vineyard," Jimmy said, "and come to Hollywood only to work—in pictures, I mean. For I shall work on the farm, too, of course. I'll hoe and sow and plant and reap and care for the animals and do the chores. I won't be idle. Couldn't be. No need to be. I'll still take my vocal lessons, as I do now, three days a week. I'll keep up my study of musical theory and harmony. I'll have my four guitars, violins, two pianos.

"I play them all—and all very badly. I still draw occasionally, though my drawing is, now, more instinctive than consciously planned and executed. I have sublimated the old yen for drawing into drawing characters for the screen, I guess. It amounts to much the same thing. Such drawing as I do nowadays, I usually do on a tablecloth while I am lunching or dining—little, intimate quick sketches of my table companions.

"We'll have friends to stay with us and the family, of course—my mother, my brothers, Bill, my little sister, Jeanne, on her vacations from Hunter.

"I have a lot of reading I want to do. I've just read 'Inside Europe,' 'Way of a Transgressor,' 'Away from It All,' Webb Miller's 'I Found No Peace' and W. E. Woodward's 'New American History.' I'll have time to do more reading up there.

"I want to keep on making pictures, of course, under the right conditions. Two a year, if possible. If you want to do your best, that's plenty.

"I'll work wherever I am, whatever the work may be," smiled Jimmy, that slight, almost silken smile of his which seems to brush lightly across the gravity of his face. 'That habit can't be broken at this late date. I'll never forget the Cagney 'kitty'—never."

A little of the Cagney technique goes a long, long way, as his poor victims can testify. He demonstrates it for a scene in "Great Guy."

This whirl of pep danced day and night to perfect those dance routines for "Something to Sing About" with Evelyn Daw.

When it comes to sports, Jimmy doesn't have to take off his new Fall millinery to anyone! He can run up a ping-pong game (above left), do a little hedge-hurdling, skip rope and tear off a tennis game that would interest even the expert Fred Perry!

Beginner's Luck-1937

SPECIAL CHILD CLINICS . . . SPECIAL DAILY CARE . . .
EVEN A SPECIAL LAXATIVE
NO WONDER TODAY'S CHILDREN GET A BETTER START!

WHAT a lucky start in life the youngster of 1937 gets!

No leave-it-to-chance care for him.

Special clinics guard him in every step of his growth and development. Special foods—special soaps—special toys—in fact, from his first day on, everything he gets is made especially for him.

Doesn't it stand to reason he should have a special laxative, too? A child's little system is not like yours. It is much too frail for the ruthless effects of an "adult" laxative.

For that reason, many doctors suggest Fletcher's Castoria. It is, as you know, purely a child's laxative—made especially *and only* for children.

It contains no harsh, "adult" drugs—nothing that could cause cramping pains. Nothing, in fact, that could possibly harm a child's delicate system.

Fletcher's Castoria works chiefly on the lower bowel, gently urging the muscular movement. It is safe—sure—yet thorough.

A famous baby specialist has said he couldn't write a better prescription than Fletcher's Castoria.

And Fletcher's Castoria has a pleasant taste. Children don't balk at taking it. That's important! For, as you know, you can easily upset a child's entire nervous system by forcing him to take a bad-tasting medicine.

More than 5,000,000 mothers have learned to rely on Fletcher's Castoria. Why not get the economical Family-Size bottle from your druggist today? The signature, Chas. H. Fletcher, appears on every bottle.

Chas H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

The Laxative Made *Especially* for Babies and Growing Children

HOW WE
TESTED
IT IN
BEAUTY
CREAMS

LABORATORY TESTS on rats were conducted for over three years . . .

1 We fed rats a diet completely lacking in "skin-vitamin." Their skin grew harsh, dry, scaly—old looking. Under the microscope, the oil glands were dried up, the tissues of the skin were shrunken.

2 Then we applied Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Creams daily for three weeks. The rats were still on a diet completely lacking in "skin-vitamin"—yet, with just this application of the cream their skin improved. It became smooth again, clear, healthy.

Now—*this new Cream brings to Women the active* "Skin-Vitamin"

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company

3 Under the microscope, the oil glands were seen to be healthy again. The dried-up, flattened skin cells were rounded out. The shrunken tissues were normal again!

FINALLY we gave Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Creams to women to try. For four weeks they used the new creams faithfully—women who had been using other creams before. Three out of every four of them asked for more. And these are the things they said: "My skin is so much smoother." "My pores are finer!" "My skin has a livelier look now." "Lines are disappearing". . .

Exposure is constantly drying the necessary "skin-vitamin" out of the skin. Now, Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cream helps to bring it back! If your skin shows signs of deficiency in "skin-vitamin," try Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cream—today.

FOUR YEARS AGO, scientists first learned that a certain known vitamin heals wounds, burns, infections—quicker and better.

They found that certain harsh, dry conditions of the skin are due to insufficient supply of this vitamin in diet. This was not the "sunshine vitamin." Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not "irradiated." But the "skin-vitamin."

This vitamin helps your body to rebuild skin tissue. Aids in keeping skin beautiful.

Of great importance to women

Pond's requested biologists of high standing to study what would be the effects of this "skin-vitamin" when put in Pond's Creams.

For over three years they worked. Their story is told you above. Also the story of the women who used the new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams!

Today—we offer you the new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams!

In the same Pond's Creams

The new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams are the same creams you have always known—with the active "skin-vitamin" added. They are in the same jars, with the same labels—at the same price. You use them the same way you did the old. Now this new ingredient gives added value to the millions of jars of Pond's Creams used by women every year.

Try Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cream for yourself—today. On sale everywhere.

* * *

POND'S COLD CREAM—Cleanses, clears, softens, smooths for powder. Pat it in briskly to invigorate the skin; fight off blackheads, blemishes; smooth out lines; make pores less noticeable. *Now contains the active "skin-vitamin."*

POND'S VANISHING CREAM—Removes roughnesses; smooths skin instantly; powder base. Also use overnight after cleansing. *Now contains the active "skin-vitamin."*

POND'S LIQUEFYING CREAM—Quicker melting. Use for same purposes as Pond's Cold Cream. *Now contains the active "skin-vitamin."*

POND'S
COLD CREAM
FOR
Cleansing

NOW IN POND'S CREAMS
the active "Skin-Vitamin"

Ruby Keeler
TESTS 2 TALCUMS
X
Y

RUBY KEELER, popular dancing screen star

Names "Y" Her Favorite

Ruby Keeler tries both powders in plain white boxes. She likes both, but prefers "Y"—the new MAVIS, *mildly scented.* Other lovely stars choose "X"—the original MAVIS, *fully scented.*

MAVIS flatters your skin like a glamorous face powder. Spreads evenly—clings for hours—leaves a bewitching fragrance that *lasts!* MAVIS safeguards summer daintiness and makes clothes slip on much more easily.

NEW! MILDLY SCENTED MAVIS

Created for the woman who prefers a subtly perfumed talcum. 33-hole needle-spray top showers body with light film of powder more effectively than old-fashioned powder puffs.

PURITY TEST: In a test with ten well known face powders, MAVIS talcum was found to be finer in texture and smoother on the skin, than seven out of ten face powders. Get your MAVIS today at your favorite store.

#1
Original MAVIS
MAVIS
FOR BODY
PROTECTION
MAVIS TALCUM
MAVIS TALCUM
Mildly Scented
#2
New MAVIS Mildly Scented

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Angel's Holiday (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Another Dawn (Warners)	2½★
Any Man's Wife (Republic)	2★
*Armored Car (Universal)	1★
As Good As Married (Universal)	2★
A Star is Born (United Artists)	4★
Bank Alarm (Grand National)	2½★
Behind the Headlines (RKO)	2★
The Beloved Vagabond (Columbia)	1½★
Beware of Ladies (Republic)	1½★
Big Business (20th Century-Fox)	2★
*The Big Shot (RKO)	1★
Border Cafe (RKO)	1★
Borderland (Paramount)	2★
Breezing Home (Universal)	1★
Bulldog Drummond Escapes (Paramount)	2★
Cafe Metropole (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Call It a Day (Warners)	3½★
Captains Courageous (M-G-M)	4★
Charlie Chan at the Olympics (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
China Passage (RKO)	2★
Clarence (Paramount)	1★
*Confession (Warners)	2★
The Crime Nobody Saw (Paramount)	1★
Damaged Lives (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Dance, Charlie, Dance (Warners)	2★
A Day at the Races (M-G-M)	3½★
The Great Hospital Mystery (20th Century-Fox)	1★
The Devil Is Driving (Columbia)	2½★
Dangerous Holiday (Republic)	1½★
The Devil's Playground (Columbia)	2★
Don't Tell the Wife (RKO)	2½★
Dreaming Lips (United Artists)	2½★
Easy Living (Paramount)	2½★
Elephant Boy (United Artists)	3★
The Emperor's Candlesticks (M-G-M)	3★
Espionage (M-G-M)	2★
Exclusive (Paramount)	2½★
Ever Since Eve (Warners)	1★
Fair Warning (20th Century-Fox)	1★
A Family Affair (M-G-M)	2½★
A Fight to the Finish (Columbia)	1★
*The Firefly (M-G-M)	3★
Fly-Away Baby (Warners)	2½★
Fifty Roads to Town (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Girl from Scotland Yard (Paramount)	2★
The Girl on the Front Page (Universal)	1★
Girl Overboard (Universal)	2★
The Girl Said No (Grand National)	2★
Git Along Little Dogies (Republic)	2★
The Go-Getter (Warners)	2★
The Good Earth (M-G-M)	4★
Good Old Soak (M-G-M)	2½★
The Great Gambini (Paramount)	1★
Green Light (First Nat'l)	2½★
Head Over Heels in Love (GB)	2★
Heart's Desire (GB)	2½★
Her Husband Lies (Paramount)	2★
Her Husband's Secretary (First Nat'l)	2★
High, Wide and Handsome (Paramount)	3½★
The Hit Parade (Republic)	2★
Hollywood Cowboy (RKO)	2★
Hotel Haywire (Paramount)	2★
*Hot Water (20th Century-Fox)	1★
House of Secrets (Chesterfield)	1½★
I Met Him in Paris (Paramount)	3½★
Internes Can't Take Money (Paramount)	2½★
I Promise to Pay (Columbia)	2★
*It Could Happen to You (Republic)	1★
*It's Love I'm After (Warners)	3★
Jim Hanvey, Detective (Republic)	1★
John Meade's Woman (Paramount)	2½★
Kid Galahad (Warners)	3½★
Kidnapped in Shanghai (Republic)	2★
The King and the Chorus Girl (Warners)	3★
King of Gamblers (Paramount)	2★
King Solomon's Mines (GB)	2★
Knight without Armor (United Artists)	3½★
The Last of Mrs. Cheyney (M-G-M)	3★
The Last Train from Madrid (Paramount)	2½★
The League of Frightened Men (Columbia)	2★
Let Them Live (Universal)	2★
*The Life of Emile Zola (Warners)	4★
*London by Night (M-G-M)	1★
Lost Horizon (Columbia)	4★
Love from a Stranger (United Artists)	2½★
Love in a Bungalow (Universal)	2★
Love Is News (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Make Way for Tomorrow (Paramount)	3½★
A Man Betrayed (Republic)	2★
Man of Affairs (GB)	2½★
The Man in Blue (Universal)	2★
Man of the People (M-G-M)	2★
The Man Who Could Work Miracles (United Artists)	3★
Marked Woman (Warners)	3★
Married Before Breakfast (M-G-M)	2½★
Maytime (M-G-M)	4★
Meet the Missus (RKO)	2★
Michael O'Halloran (Republic)	1★
Midnight Court (Warners)	1★
Midnight Madonna (Paramount)	1★
Midnight Taxi (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Mountain Justice (Warners)	2★
Mountain Music (Paramount)	2★
Murder Goes to College (Paramount)	1★
Mysterious Crossing (Universal)	1½★
Nancy Steele is Missing (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Navy Spy (Grand National)	2★
New Faces of 1937 (RKO)	3★
Night Key (Universal)	2½★
Night Must Fall (M-G-M)	2★
Night of Mystery (Paramount)	1★
Nobody's Baby (Hal Roach)	1★
Off to the Races (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Oh, Doctor! (Universal)	1½★
*On Again—Off Again (RKO)	1★
On the Avenue (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
One in a Million (20th Century-Fox)	3★
*One Mile from Heaven (20th Century-Fox)	1★
The Outcast (Paramount)	2★
Outcasts of Poker Flat (RKO)	2½★
Parnell (M-G-M)	2★
Parole Racket (Columbia)	1★
Personal Property (M-G-M)	2½★
Pick a Star (Hal Roach)	2★
The Plainsman (Paramount)	4★
The Prince and the Pauper (Warners)	3½★
Public Wedding (Warners)	1★
Quality Street (RKO)	3★
Racketeers in Exile (Columbia)	2½★
Ready, Willing and Able (Warners)	2★
Riding on Air	2½★
The Road Back (Universal)	3★
Romance and Riches (Grand National)	2★
Romeo and Juliet (M-G-M)	4★
Saratoga (M-G-M)	3★
Sea Devils (RKO)	2★
Seventh Heaven (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Shall We Dance (RKO)	3★
*She's No Lady (Paramount)	1★
Silent Barriers (GB)	3★
Sing and Be Happy (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Sing, Baby, Sing (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
The Singing Marine (Warners)	3★
Sing Me a Love Song (First National)	3★
Slave Ship (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Slim (Warners)	3★
The Soldier and the Lady (RKO)	2½★
Song of the City (M-G-M)	1★
Stella Dallas (Sam Goldwyn)	4★
Super Sleuth (RKO)	1★
Strangers on a Honeymoon (GB)	2★
Sweetheart of the Navy (Grand National)	1★
Swing High, Swing Low (Paramount)	3★
*Talent Scout (Warners)	1★
That I May Live (20th Century-Fox)	1★
That Man's Here Again (Warners)	1★
There Goes My Girl (RKO)	2★
They Gave Him a Gun (M-G-M)	3★
*Think Fast, Mr. Moto (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Thirteenth Chair (M-G-M)	2★
They Won't Forget (Warners)	3★
This Is My Affair (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Thunder in the City (Columbia)	2½★
Time Out for Romance (20th Century-Fox)	1★
The Toast of New York (RKO)	3★
Top of the Town (Universal)	2½★
*Topper (Hal Roach)	3★
Trouble in Morocco (Columbia)	2★
Turn Off the Moon (Paramount)	1★
23½ Hours Leave (Grand National)	2★
Two Who Dared (GB)	2★
Two Wise Maids (Republic)	2★
Under the Red Robe (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
The Unguarded Hour (M-G-M)	3★
Waikiki Wedding (Paramount)	3★
Wake Up and Live (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Walking on Air (RKO)	2★
Way Out West (Hal Roach)	2½★
Wee Willie Winkie (20th Century-Fox)	4★
We Have Our Moments (Universal)	2★
When Love Is Young (Universal)	3★
When Thief Meets Thief (United Artists)	2★
When's Your Birthday? (RKO)	2★
When You're in Love (Columbia)	3½★
*Wild and Woolly (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Wildcatter (Universal)	2★
*Wild Money (Paramount)	1★
Wings of the Morning (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Wings Over Honolulu (Universal)	2½★
Woman Chases Man (Sam Goldwyn)	3★
The Woman I Love (RKO)	2½★
Women of Glamour (Columbia)	2★
You Can't Beat Love (RKO)	1★
*You Can't Have Everything (20th Century-Fox)	3★
You're in the Army Now (GB)	2½★

Turn to our Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. It's a valuable guide in choosing entertainment. Instead of giving the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under General Rating, beside each picture. 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. Asterisk denotes that only Modern Screen ratings are given on films not reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

OLIVIA de HAVILLAND
in "IT'S LOVE I'M AFTER"
A WARNER BROS. PRODUCTION

Hollywood's New Kind of *Make-Up* NOW READY FOR YOU

HERE'S Hollywood's way to almost instantly gain alluring beauty... originated by filmland's make-up genius, Max Factor. It's color harmony make-up ...powder, rouge and lipstick in the most beautiful shades you might ever imagine, harmonized in color to bring a new entrancing beauty to your face, individualizing the color appeal of your type, whether blonde or brunette, brownette, or redhead. Your first make-up with Max Factor's powder, rouge and lipstick in your color harmony will amaze you...you will realize then why famous Hollywood stars depend upon Max Factor for Make-Up.

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Here is a face powder so perfectly created in color harmony shades that it enlivens the beauty of your skin without appearing obvious... soft and fine in texture, it imparts a clinging satin-smooth make-up that will give you confidence to face any close-up test . . . Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar.

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The right color in rouge...it's so important to natural-looking make-up. That is why Max Factor created lifelike colors to harmonize with each type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead. You will be amazed how lovely your color harmony shade will look... Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents.

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COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light . . . ☐	Blue . . . . . ☐	BLONDE Light . ☐ Dark . ☐
Fair . . . . ☐	Gray . . . . . ☐	BROWNETTE Light . ☐ Dark . ☐
Creamy . . . . . ☐	Green . . . . ☐	BRUNETTE Light . ☐ Dark . ☐
Medium . . . . ☐	Hazel . . . . ☐	REDHEAD Light . ☐ Dark . ☐
Ruddy . . . . . ☐	Brown . . . ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Sallow . . . . . ☐	Black . . . . ☐	
Freckled . . . . ☐	LASHES (*Color*) Light . . . . ☐ Dark . . . . . ☐	
Olive . . . . . . ☐		
SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

Carole Lombard and Clark Gable as interested as the day they met!

Ronald Colman's behind those glasses and Benita Hume's beside 'em!

Twin sisters? No. Constance Bennett, Mrs. Doug Fairbanks and polka dots out together.

Hollywood Art Note: The theatre trek snapped off some of the town's best-ies for awhile, at least, recently. Among those who took run-out powders from movies and bright shekels to get in some stage experience on B'way were Henry Fonda, Sylvia Sidney, Elissa Landi, Doris Nolan, Constance Cummings and Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March. Freddie has been threatening to go Arty on us for some time and took the summer lull on the Gold Coast as the occasion to do so. Meanwhile, Frances Farmer played stock in Mt. Kisco, N. Y., and Westport, Conn., while Mary Astor got in her heavy training closer home. Traveled a mere hundred miles per day to Santa Barbara—all to appear on a little theatre stage.

* * *

More About Trouble and Freddie Bartholomew: The studio's cancelled Freddie's role in the picture "Thoroughbreds Don't Cry," and plans to cast him in Kipling's "Kim" were also suspended recently. Aunt Cissy holds out for $2,500. or did at this writing. Reason? Out of his present salary for forty weeks a year, which as we said before, amounts to about $1,300., $1,000. a month goes for income taxes; ten per cent for agents' fees; $400. a month for his parents, and $800. a month for his maintenance.

* * *

Freddie isn't the first starlet to be nicked when splitting-up-time came 'round. It's an old Hollywood custom. Former child players like Mary Astor still smart over the fact that when they were too young to understand finances, their salaries were divided up too generously between others, while they were left holding empty pocketbooks. Only last year Shirley Temple's father was sued by an agent who claimed that back in 1932 a contract was drawn up whereby Shirley was to be trained by him and receive all of fifty dollars a week—when working! Although the contract has since been bought back by Shirley's father, he demanded all of her earnings over fifty per from that time forth.

* * *

After retirement, what then? is the newest guessing game being played by Hollywood stars. What with going in for babies and ranches, the town's not the spendthrift happy-go-lucky community of yore. Players nowadays are doing some heavy thinking about their futures after they're through with movies or the movies are through with them. All of them, of course, are buying annuities for old age. Some, like Clark Gable, expect to go in for farming in a big way... Lew Ayres wants to branch out as a director, Irene Dunne to become an honest-to-goodness housewife. And Groucho Marx, believe it or not, yearns for a career as an author!

* * *

Most Embarrassing Moment Note: Barbara Stanwyck was emerging from the preview of her latest picture, "Stella Dallas," disguised in an old hat pulled way down over her eyes. Officer Glenn Abney, mistaking her for an autograph hound, eyed her suspiciously, gripped her arm and started to bounce her from the lobby. Bob Taylor rushed to tearful Barbara's rescue, gripped the arm of the law and started to bounce him from the lobby. Other arms of the law rushed over and started to bounce each other from the lobby. When the fun was over, Robert, in high fury, wanted to sue Policeman Abney.

"Nothing doing," said his girl, Stanwyck. "I don't blame the officer, but I certainly wish something could be done for the autograph fans who get in the same predicament that I did."

Sam Goldwyn, who'd hired Abney and nine others to protect Barbara, commented tersely, "Well, he did what he was paid to do, anyhow."

* * *

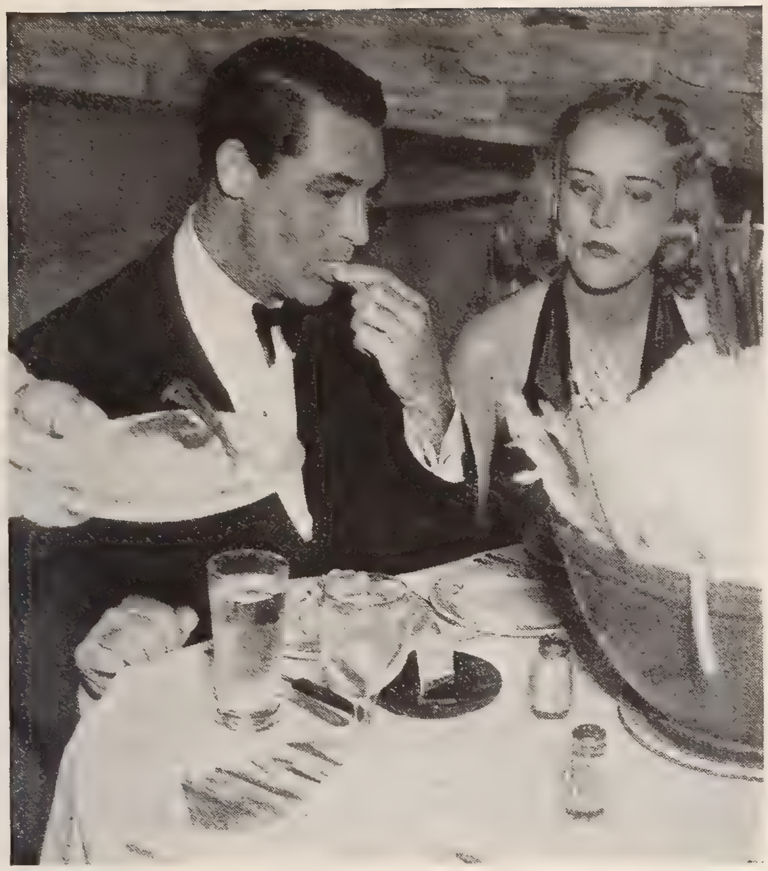
Cinderella Story: Gloria Dickson, age twenty, came out of a tent show in the West, where she'd been collecting about one dollar and a quarter per week. She graduated to a part in "The Devil Passes," a WPA Federal Theatre project in Los Angeles. A talent scout from a studio saw her, and shortly afterwards, she graduated to a big role in the flicker, "They Won't Forget." Now WPA players are full of high hopes, not without reason. For Gloria's the first of their number to be singled out for moom pitchers. And we all know how Hollywood producers love to play follow the leader!

* * *

Flash: Janet Gaynor returned from a vacation in the Canadian Rockies bearing a wildcat skin. But the real news of the item is this: Miss G. positively admits that she didn't shoot the thing herself. She bought it with hard-earned cash.

* * *

At the "Firefly" preview, Irene Hervey must have been reminded of the days when Bob Taylor was her escort, for the fans descended en masse on Allan Jones. It was really a swell tribute to a grand performance, for Mr. J. really killed the people in a role that will undoubtedly mean stardom for him. It was the sort of break an actor prays for.



If three dates a week means a romance, Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks are certainly sentimental. Here they are at the Cafe La Maze.

The handsome lad with Anne Shirley is John Payne, hubby-to-be. They're previewing "It's Love I'm After." Why? They have it!

Taste...*as keen when the day is done*
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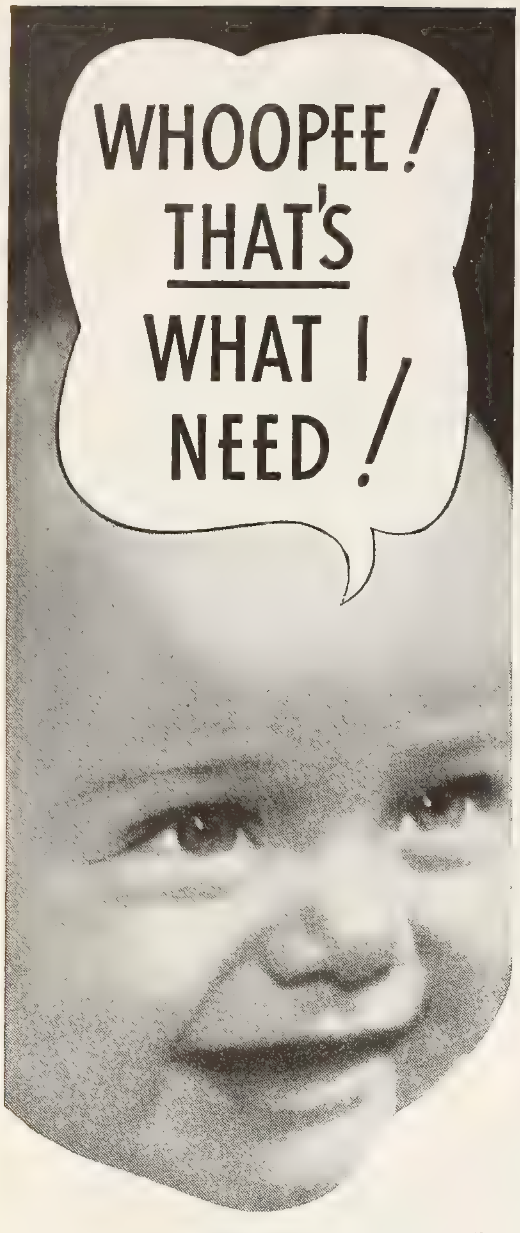

WHOOPEE! THAT'S WHAT I NEED!

Good-bye Germs! —here comes Mennen Antiseptic Powder

"Boy, it tickles me when I see mummy comin' with my Mennen Antiseptic Powder. It chases germs away — because it's antiseptic. My doctor says it helps to keep my skin safe from infection—and he must be right, 'cause I've got the smoothest, healthiest skin you ever saw. Gee — I'm sorry for kids who just get *ordinary* baby powder. I wish I could tell *every* mother that the *antiseptic* kind of powder — the Mennen kind—keeps a baby's skin comfy, free from chafing, and that it fights off *germs*. Gosh, there ought to be a law!"

More doctors recommend Mennen Antiseptic Powder than all other baby powders combined—that's what a recent survey shows. Is any other powder good enough for your baby?

MENNEN
BORATED
POWDER
-ANTISEPTIC-

THE BABY POWDER THAT HELPS PREVENT INFECTION

Favorite Recipes of the Stars

BILLIE BURKE APPLE PIE

- 6 greenings
- 2 teaspoons lemon juice
- 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
- ¾ cup sugar
- ¾ teaspoon cinnamon
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 3 tablespoons boiling water
- ¼ cup chopped, blanched almonds
- ½ cup seedless raisins
- rich pastry for 1- or 2-crust pie

Peel and core apples. Slice thin into a bowl. Add lemon juice, grated rind and the sugar mixed with cinnamon. Melt butter in the boiling water and add to apple mixture. Add chopped almonds and raisins. Mix together thoroughly. Turn mixture into pie plate lined with uncooked pastry. Moisten edge of pastry with a little cold water, adjust top crust. Press firmly around edge with floured fingers to form a fluting, or press down with floured tines of fork. Cut slit in top crust to allow steam to escape. Bake in hot oven (450°F.) 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate (350°F.) and continue baking 25 to 30 minutes longer or until apples are tender.

FURTHER SUGGESTIONS: This may be made into a Deep Dish Pie by turning mixture into a deep baking dish, omitting the under crust, filling dish solidly with the apple mixture and adjusting top crust over the fruit. This will probably require an additional 10 minutes baking. By using a glass baking dish you can keep track of the baking more easily.

Brush top crust with unbeaten egg white before baking. After brushing crust with egg white, sprinkle with ¼ cup finely chopped blanched almonds, if desired. Or beat an egg yolk with 1 tablespoon cold water and brush entire top surface of pie with this mixture.

APPLE CORNFLAKES PUDDING

- 3 tart apples
- ½ cup granulated sugar
- ½ teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- ¼ cup flour
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ½ cup brown sugar
- ¼ cup melted butter
- 1½ cups corn flakes

Pare and core apples. Cut in halves. Place in greased baking dish, cut side down. Combine granulated sugar and cinnamon, sprinkle over apples. Add lemon juice, cover tightly and bake in hot oven (425° F.) 15 minutes. Meanwhile combine flour, salt and brown sugar. Add melted butter. When thoroughly blended, work in cornflakes evenly. Sprinkle this mixture around and over cooked apples in baking dish. Return to oven and bake, uncovered, 20 minutes longer at moderate heat (375°F.). Serve hot or cold. The Lemon Sauce is also good with this, or it may be accompanied by slightly sweetened whipped cream.

MOLDED WALDORF SALAD

- 1 package lemon-flavored gelatin
- 1 pint hot water
- 1 tablespoon cider vinegar
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¾ cup peeled and diced, tart apples
- ½ cup diced celery
- ¼ cup walnut halves
- 1 dozen pitted, pasteurized dates
- lettuce
- mayonnaise

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add vinegar and salt. Chill until slightly thickened. Fold in apples and celery. Turn into individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Garnish with walnut halves and dates. (Stuffing the dates with softened cream cheese is a grand idea.) Garnish with mayonnaise or pass it separately.

APPLE TAPIOCA PUDDING

- 1 cup boiling water
- ½ cup sugar
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- ¼ cup quick-cooking tapioca
- 2 egg yolks, slightly beaten
- 1 teaspoon butter
- 1 egg white, stiffly beaten
- 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
- 1½ cups strained, unsweetened "pink" apple sauce
- 1 cup orange juice

Bring water to a brisk boil in the top part of a double boiler, over direct heat. Add sugar, salt and tapioca. Bring to a brisk boil again over direct heat, stirring constantly. Place immediately over rapidly boiling water and cook 5 minutes, stirring frequently. Add a small amount of tapioca mixture to egg yolk, combine slowly with mixture in double boiler, stirring vigorously. Cook 3 or 4 minutes longer, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, add butter. Fold a small amount of mixture into stiffly beaten egg white. Combine with remaining tapioca mixture. Cool slightly. Add grated rind, apple sauce and orange juice. Blend thoroughly. Chill. Serve with the following Lemon Sauce.

LEMON SAUCE

- 1 tablespoon cornstarch
- ½ cup sugar
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1½ tablespoons lemon juice
- 1 egg white, stiffly beaten

Combine cornstarch and sugar. Add boiling water very slowly, stirring constantly. Cook 15 minutes in top of double boiler, stirring constantly until smooth and thickened and then occasionally. Remove from heat. Add butter and lemon juice. Stir until blended. Add cornstarch mixture slowly to stiffly beaten egg white. Serve cold over Apple Tapioca. Serve hot with hot Apple Pie.

(Continued from page 13)

more about later. Just now I want to give you Miss Burke's suggestions for making "pink" Apple Sauce. According to her no other method of preparation can compare with it, for flavor as well as appearance

FIRST, you take large, firm apples, the kind with bright red skins. McIntoshes are splendid for this purpose, so ask for them by name. Scrub them well and remove both the stem and blossom ends, but do not bother coring or peeling. That's welcome news, isn't it? Now cut the apples into thin slices, skin and all. Place in saucepan and add just enough water to prevent burning. Not too much, mind you, probably a couple of tablespoons to begin with, because you can always add more water after you see how dry or juicy the apples really are. Add a slice of lemon or a little grated lemon rind for flavor and cook the apples gently until soft Now, after cooling them slightly, force through a sieve, which removes the cores, peels and seeds, but of course, not the pinkish color.

A regular purée sieve may be used or better still one of those easily operated "food mills" which do such a lot of work with so little effort. But let me urge you not to use a mesh strainer. It takes too long and there is always the danger of breaking some of the wires into the sauce.

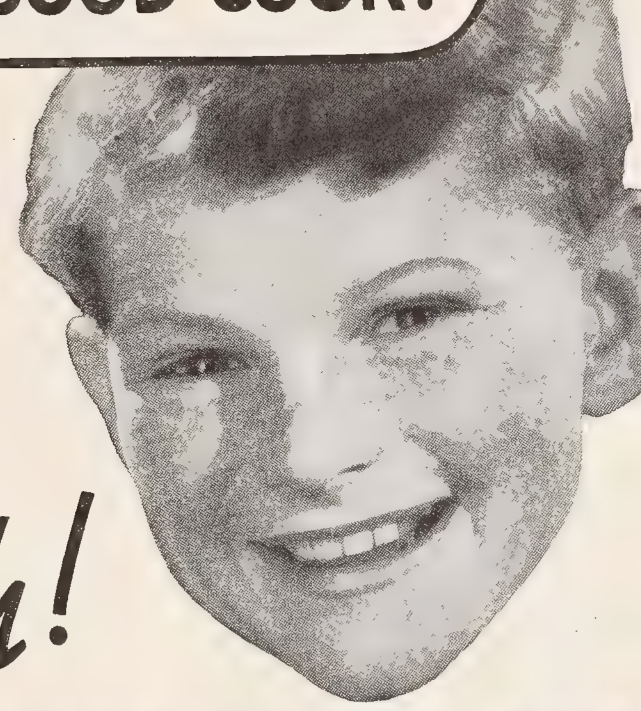
Now add sugar and a dash of cinnamon or nutmeg. I can't tell you just how much sugar will be needed. Miss Burke refused to specify because apples vary so greatly in tartness, but I'll go so far as to suggest approximately one cup to one quart of raw apples. Stir until sugar has dissolved and, of course, chill until icy cold before serving, or before using for the Apple Tapioca recipe.

A crisp and crunchy Apple Cornflakes Pudding supplies a third dessert dish for you to try out. That, too, is both pictured and printed here in recipe form. Originally given to me by Edna May Oliver, this recipe should not be omitted from any collection of sweets, featuring Autumn's most popular fruit.

IN discussing apples, as we have been doing, it would be wrong to give the impression that they are strictly a dessert fruit. That, of course, is not the case. Slices of apples, for instance, with the core removed but the skin left on, can be sprinkled with sugar and fried in butter to make a marvelous meat dish accompaniment. Apples are also about the most inexpensive of all fruits for a fruit cup. Combined with canned grapefruit segments, sliced bananas, and white, seedless grapes, they make a splendid, quickly prepared first course that will look dressy without taxing the budget.

Let us not forget the salads which feature apples, notably the Waldorf Salad, which combines celery with the apples and is usually served with a garnish of pitted dates and walnut halves. I'm giving you a somewhat novel version of this perennial favorite, by the way, a Molded Waldorf Salad. This is quickly made and just the sort of thing to appeal to the girls of your bridge club or sewing circle.

I can't say that the foregoing covers the subject thoroughly, for, after all, apple ideas are too numerous to mention, and the story of apples goes far back into the very dim days of unrecorded history. Certainly, this fruit was one of the first known to man, appearing symbolically in the story of the Garden of Eden and pictorially on the walls of Egyptian and Assyrian tombs. But we'll have to content ourselves with enjoying the Hollywood-inspired apple dishes of today.


GEE, MOM, YOU'RE GETTING TO BE AN AWFUL GOOD COOK!

Flash!

MOTHER MAKES GOOD WITH SEVEREST CRITIC

WELL, mother, you deserve his praise. You picked Franco-American because children and grown-ups too, love its delicious flavor. That zestful tomato purée sauce, smoothly blended with golden mellow cheddar cheese, makes a dish entirely different from ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. Families that have once tasted Franco-American are never satisfied with anything else. And no wonder!

Franco-American Spaghetti is just *packed* with nourishment. It saves you hours of work, too—because it is all ready to heat and eat. And at its usual price of ten cents a can it costs less than 3¢ a portion. No wonder women buy more Franco-American every day.

Here's a delicious healthful luncheon your children will love. It's quick, easy, and economical:

POACHED EGGS IN SPAGHETTI NESTS

Dice and parboil one green pepper. Mix with 2 cans Franco-American Spaghetti and heat in saucepan. Poach four eggs. On each hot luncheon plate make a nest with a quarter of the spaghetti. Place egg in center, sprinkle with salt and pepper and garnish with parsley. Serves 4—costs 38¢. Good for Sunday night supper, too. Serve with mixed fresh vegetable salad; fresh berries or preserved fruit and cookies for dessert. But be sure it's

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

The kind with the extra good sauce—Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups

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SPAGHETTI
À LA MILANAISE

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New Cream Releases
Precious Ingredients That
Act Like Youthful Skin Oils
To Combat Dry, Rough
Skin—Shiny Nose

Dissolves Dry Scaliness
First Application.
Cleanses, Lubricates,
Smooths, Softens.
Powder Stays On

THE SAME GIRL

See how old and unattractive dry, rough skin makes you look

See how pretty and appealing smooth, soft skin makes you look

Both a Cleansing and Night Cream

Here is the amazing beauty cream that's bringing new skin beauty to thousands. At last a way has been found to aid nature combat dryness, roughness, blackheads, premature lines and help re-supply vital lubricating oils like the oils of youth do to help smooth and soften your skin. Thousands praise it! Beauty editors are writing about it! The very first application of this new beautifier, TAYTON'S CREAM, which is both a cleansing and a night cream, releases precious ingredients triple whipped, that quickly cleanses and dissolves dry, scaly cells that cause roughness and your powder to flake off. It lubricates dryness. Stimulates underskin. Rouses oil glands. Helps bring out new, live, fresh skin. Powder stays on. Make-up goes on smoothly. You look younger, more attractive—vastly more appealing and romantic.

MAKE THIS GUARANTEED TEST

Give your skin these thrilling new beauty benefits! Get a jar of TAYTON'S CREAM. Cleanse with it and also use it as a night cream. If your skin is not smoother, softer and does not look fresher and more youthful the first day your money will be refunded.

Ask for TAYTON'S CREAM at drug, department and 10c stores. If your dealer can not as yet supply you, insist he order for you from his wholesaler or headquarters.

NEW GLAMOUR MAKE-UP

Latest rage. New ravishing colors in matched tones give you that glamorous appeal. See TAYTON color chart in 10c stores. Ask for TAYTON'S POWDER, LIPSTICK, ROUGE, EYE SHADOW.

At Drug, Dept. and 10c Stores

TAYTON
"An Old English Name"

So You Won't Dance!

(*Continued from page 33*)

and, as he dies, gasps out his last orders to me. But me, I'm a heroine. I refuse to live without my husband. The Indians would have got me anyway, but I was too busy being noble to think of that. I creep 'round the table, fish for the knife in his back pocket, hold it over my chest for a minute like Juliet, then stick it through, and I'm dead. I was so terribly sorry for myself that when the curtain fell, I couldn't get up. They came in and picked me off the floor, sobbing. Someone who should have known better said, 'She's a real little actress.' That must have been when the poison took effect.

"But the funny part of it was that I took it all for granted. I never got excited over the idea of acting. I just knew that some day, when I was grown up, I'd probably be an actress. I didn't go 'round moaning about the theatre and wanting to emote, as a lot of youngsters do. I was more interested in playing. I still am," she announced serenely. "I haven't changed a bit. Then it was baseball and blindman's buff and hide-and-seek. Now," she pulled a solemn face, "it's tiddledewinks."

ANOTHER funny thing about Ginger's screen career is this. She was the toast of Broadway in the musical, "Girl Crazy." She was asked to make a test. While she was making it, Monte Bell, then a director, walked in and watched. They were using the same kind of material which had made her and her show the season's smash hit. Yet the test was not successful.

But Monte Bell saw something in her that hadn't registered on the screen. He asked her, "Have you read Katherine Brush's book, 'Young Man of Manhattan'?"

Ginger hadn't. "Well, there's a part in that I'd like to test you for. I still think you've got a screen personality."

Those who saw the picture will remember Ginger's finished performance of the flip little charmer, highlighted by her "Cigarette me, big boy," a phrase the current collegians picked up and made their own. The musical test was a flop, the dramatic test was a wow. Which proves nothing, except that you never can tell.

But when she came out to Hollywood on a three-picture contract, no one asked her to dance. Except for a step or two in one of the "Golddiggers" series, she played straight comedy roles. You've probably taken it for granted that she was cast in "Flying Down to Rio" because her reputation as a dancer had gone before her. But you're wrong.

"How would you feel about dancing in a picture with Astaire?" they inquired.

She'd known Astaire in New York well enough to have discussed with him the possibility of their doing a show together some day.

"I'd love it," she answered promptly. Then, as they still seemed dubious, she informed them gently, "I *have* danced on Broadway, you know."

Their faces brightened. "In what?"

"Well, pardon me," Ginger apologized, "but I was in a Gershwin show."

They were distinctly relieved. "And I was a little hurt, I must confess, that they didn't know about it. Now," she chuckled, "I get hurt because they know too much about it."

Only once did she take any active step toward realizing her dramatic ambitions. And that was done more in a spirit of banter than anything else. Pan Berman, casting "Mary of Scotland," was at his wits' end to find an Elizabeth. Ginger bumped into him on the lot one day.

"How about testing me?" she asked. "Because there's only me and Shirley Temple left. And you can't use Shirley."

Berman smiled, patted her shoulder like an uncle and went his way.

"I wasn't working," said Ginger, "I had nothing to do, and I thought I'd play. I'd gone to a costume party as Queen Elizabeth and had my picture taken, so as a joke I sent a copy over to his house, with a name I'd made up on the back."

A friend was having dinner with the Bermans and saw the picture.

"That's Ginger," he said.

"What are you talking about?" said Berman. "Ginger who?"

"Ginger Rogers. I took her to a party when she had that outfit on."

"Aha," said Berman, "I smell a mouse."

Mrs. Berman was in on the gag. They waited for the producer to make some sign, but Berman was having fun in his own way. "He knows it's you," his wife wailed to Ginger over the phone, "and he won't even tell me he knows it. He won't open his mouth."

Ginger went to John Ford, the director. "I want to play this joke on Pan. Do you think you could test me for Elizabeth?"

He considered her for a moment. "Seriously, do *you* think you could play the part?"

"Why not?" she said, and they put their heads together.

Next day, in a state of some excitement, Ford approached Berman. "Lady Ansley's here."

"Who's Lady Ansley?"

Ford looked pained. "Mean to tell me you don't know the great English actress, Lady Ansley?"

"Never heard of her."

"That's hard to believe, Pan. She's one of the best."

"Know her well?"

"I visit at her home whenever I'm in London."

"Well, I don't know how I missed hearing about her, but if you say it's so, it's so. What about her?"

"She's just passing through on her way to China to join her husband, stopping with Mary Pickford. You know, she played Elizabeth on the stage in London."

Berman bit. "Why didn't you get in touch with her, and ask her to make a test?"

"That's what I wanted you to say, Pan. I've always thought an Englishwoman should play the part."

"Let me know when you make the appointment, and I'll be there."

But Ford dissuaded him. The lady might be flustered by his presence. Besides, he'd be able to get the effect better if he waited to see the test run off.

TWO DAYS later a brown-haired woman walked onto Stage 8, where the tests were being made, and was introduced as Lady Ansley. There were present a number of people who knew Ginger Rogers well. Not one recognized her. Yet she had used no startling make-up—a brown wig, some shadowing of the eyes, a thin mouth line. One man stared and whispered to his neighbor, "She reminds me of someone. I can't think who." That was all.

Katharine Hepburn, who was in on the hoax and enjoying it to the hilt, helped matters along by her breezy chat with the stranger, pitched loud enough for all to hear. "Oh, Lady Ansley, I understand your husband's been shooting lions and tigers in Asia. I've heard such nice things about you from my friends in England, Lady Ansley."

She played a scene with Hepburn. A writer, who has spoken with Ginger a hundred times, was on the set. He's the cool and critical kind, repressing enthusiasm as a matter of principle. But when the scene was finished, he hurried over to the director in a glow of enthusiasm. "There's your Elizabeth—she has everything, poise, style, queenliness—and a fine actress." A girl who has been an intimate of Ginger's for years squealed in admiration. "I've never known it to fail. It takes a Britisher every time to play a Britisher."

"When she learned the awful truth," said Ginger with a guilty look, "she wouldn't speak to me for weeks."

Next day they ran the test off for Mr. Berman. Ginger, of course, was not in evidence. "I don't know yet how I kept away from the audience. I was in agony. It was like playing Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Berman was impressed. He told Ford to follow through with a more extensive test. The first had been made without sound.

Ford shook his head. "I don't know. The lady's pretty cagey. I've had a talk with her. She wants $3000. a week if she does the part, a four-week guarantee and equal billing with Hepburn."

"How about a couple of studios thrown in? Can't you talk turkey to her?"

"I've done all I could. Maybe you could do something with her agent."

Berman phoned the agent—Ginger's agent who'd been primed in advance. He was very sorry. Those were the terms Lady Ansley insisted on. She wasn't too anxious to stay in Hollywood, you know. She wanted to join her husband in China.

The terms were left in abeyance, pending another test. In a stolen meeting with Ginger, Ford told her what had happened. The second test was set for Monday.

HOW the secret leaked out, nobody knows to this day. Hollywood seethes with snoopers, Ginger is news, and one of the few who were in on it must have whispered. On Friday some Hollywood Winchell broke the story. "Why is Ginger Rogers being so coy? She wants to play Queen Elizabeth, and is posing as a member of the British aristocracy to fool her producer."

Ginger could have wept. Not so much because the fat was in the fire, as because a good rib had been spoiled. "That story made the whole thing sound so sick, dull, unfunny and altogether stupid on my part. It was supposed to be comely, and they turned it into heavy drama. I went straight to Pan who had seen it, of course, and the way he took it made me feel better.

"He was grinning all over his nice face. When he saw mine, he started comforting me. 'What do you care?' he said. 'You set out to fool me, and you fooled me better than I've ever been fooled before.' Which was fun," admitted Ginger, "and that was all I ever intended it to be."

The question may arise in your mind, as it did in mine: fun or no fun, she did fool not only Berman but a score of others.

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As Lady Ansley, an unknown, her performance of an exacting scene stirred the enthusiasm of a hardheaded group of people, whose business is the movies. Why then wasn't she seriously considered for the role? Granted she had the ability, what kept Ginger Rogers from playing Queen Elizabeth?

The answer lies with you, her movie audiences. What would you have said? Would you have said, "Go to it, Ginger, and more power to you." Or would you have frowned? "What's our Ginger got to do with Elizabeth? We want Rogers and Astaire." There was no way of finding out save by going through with it. And the change would have been too drastic, the gamble too great.

So they're experimenting more gradually. They've put her into "Stage Door" with Katharine Hepburn, where she plays what she calls "a bouncing, crazy girl—the kind of girl I played in '42nd Street,' but with a little more heart interest." Then comes "Vivacious Lady," the picture interrupted by Jimmy Stewart's illness, and here she will have a different type of role—a straight lead with some comedy and, for the first time, a chance at emotional acting.

That's what Ginger wants to do. Will you let her do it? You've taken her to your hearts as a lighthearted, lightfooted dancer. Will you have the vision to see in that blithe figure what others saw in Lady Ansley? Or will she have to do her acting in her own backyard with the chickens and ducks for audience? It's up to you. Ginger can only cross her fingers and hope.

Jean Arthur When—

(*Continued from page 41*)

really write it!'

"She acted as if it were the most extraordinary thing in the world for anyone to be able to write to order."

SHE WAS always surprised and pleased over things that most actresses would take as a matter of course—her first outfit from Hattie Carnegie, the view from her room in a hotel, the fact that someone actually recognized her. Until autograph fans taught her differently, Jean had an idea that when she appeared in person, she was in the deepest disguise.

She was always surprised when someone told her that he had liked some picture or play in which she had appeared. When a friend wrote that a picture she had made after her return to Hollywood was going to be shown in Radio City Music Hall, the largest theatre in New York, Jean made a gesture of disbelief. She couldn't get it into her head that after all these years, she was really a success.

One day Jean, and Mr. and Mrs. Jaffe attended a preview of a film in which she was appearing. Jean sat there looking as solemn as an owl, while Mr. and Mrs. Jaffe roared with laughter. Finally, she looked at them in surprise. "Why, the picture must be funny," she said, "from the way you two are laughing."

It seems almost incredible that this is the same Jean Arthur who has antagonized grips, electricians, office boys and studio executives alike; that this is the same person who is reported to be eternally complaining about her roles in pictures.

Why should New York remember such a different side of Jean Arthur? Is it because sudden fame turned her head? Or is it because she distrusts and dislikes Hollywood?

Before you pass judgment, it is only fair to look at the records. When she went to Hollywood in 1923, Jean was a gentle, trusting, hyper-sensitive young person. She was sent to the Coast, not because she could act, but because she was one of the prettiest models in New York.

In spite of her prettiness, she was a rather negative personality. Many people met her one day and forgot her the next. Few of the photographers for whom she posed remembered her at all, and when I finally found one who did, Alfred Cheney Johnston, he recalled her only vaguely as a sweet, good-looking girl. "That's all I know about her," he told me. "Now if you were to ask me about Norma Shearer, who also posed for me, that would be different. There was an outstanding personality. I could tell you a great deal about her."

Instead of training Jean Arthur gradually for pictures, her studio cast her at once in the lead of an important dramatic film, "The Temple of Venus." Because she was inexperienced, Jean was elated, and did not realize what a responsibility had been placed upon her until the company started making scenes on Santa Cruz Island.

Conscientiously, Jean had studied her lines, and it pleased her to think how delighted the director would be when he found her letter-perfect.

But he was anything but delighted. Though she knew every line, Jean didn't know how to put those lines across.

The director gave Jean her instructions again and again. Repeatedly, she tried to follow them. But because she had nothing of her own to give to the role, because she knew nothing of the art of acting and was only trying to follow instructions slavishly, the things she said sounded hollow.

Finally, the director lost patience. "It's no use," he told her. "You're not ready yet. We'll have to get somebody else. I'll send for Mary Philbin, and you can go back to the studio tomorrow."

BUT JEAN couldn't bear the thought of meeting the actress who was to have her part. All she knew was that she wanted to leave the island, to put her ugly failure far behind her. When she learned that the only boat on which she could leave that day was a fishing smack, piled high with fish, she didn't hesitate, but left on board.

Because they had lost faith in her potential abilities, the studio shoved her into ridiculous roles, as leading lady to slapstick comedians, to cowboys in Westerns, and once, for a whole year, she played opposite three monkeys who made pictures for Fox.

At the expiration of her contract, Jean started to free-lance, making pictures on Poverty Row. For a time it looked as if her career might end there, until Paramount, believing she had talent, signed her up. There the same story of frustration and failure was repeated. Again and again, she was cast in unimportant roles.

It was during this period of her career

that she met Julian Ancker. Depressed, discouraged about the turn her career was taking, she was in no fit state of mind to distinguish between real and counterfeit love. She and Julian were married in 1927, and the marriage was dissolved two years later.

Newspapers said she had given him up because her contract forbade marriage. She branded the stories ridiculous. "The studio had nothing to do with the annulment," she told a reporter. "I'd marry a man I loved this second, and count my career well lost. But I made a mistake and realized it. I thought it best to correct it before it muddied my mind with bitterness."

In Hollywood the breaks continued to go against Jean Arthur. The magnificent roles she was promised never materialized. One day she said bitterly to an interviewer, "Oh, I'm hard-boiled now. I don't expect anything. It took me a long time to get over hoping and believing people's promises. Everyone is such a good promiser in this business."

Jean stuck it out for eight years. But it wasn't until she went back to New York and made a success on the stage that Hollywood accepted her as a star.

When Hollywood did an about-face and began to treat her with kid gloves, it was too late. The girl who returned and made a sensational success wasn't the same girl who had come there originally. Some of the bitterness and humiliation Hollywood had thrust upon her remains in her heart to this day.

Jean once said, during those early days when she was trying to get a break, "Anybody who sticks it out in Hollywood for four years or more is bound to change in self-defense."

However, there are many ways in which Jean hasn't changed at all. There is one trait that endears her to those who know her well. When Jean is with friends, it is always tacitly understood that the conversation will be about her friends.

When people try to ask questions, she gets red and changes the subject. She is more uncommunicative than Garbo, and this is not something new that has grown upon her with success, but something that has been true of her all her life.

An agent, who appeared in what he believes was Jean Arthur's first picture, an independent film made in Syracuse, New York, told me, "She was a very unassuming person. She never spoke much and weighed everything she said. She never confided in any of the other members of the company. I always had the idea she came from a small town, because there seemed to be a sort of small-town wholesomeness about her." Actually she was born in New York.

WHEN she and Frank Ross, Jr., decided to marry, she was appearing in "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head." They told no one of their plans, and the producer of the play, L. Lawrence Weber, knew nothing of it till the day he read about it in the newspapers.

Hollywood, today, marvels at the shrewdness with which Jean Arthur handles her affairs and is skeptical as to whether she is the real power behind the throne or whether it's really her husband who decides everything. Though she turns constantly to her husband for advice, she makes the final decisions. This has always been so.

In "The Curtain Rises" Jean Arthur played a dowdy spinster, who fell in love with an actor and hired him to teach her how to act. As in most Cinderella stories, before the play ended, the spinster was transformed into a beautiful woman.

One day everyone in the cast was going out to be photographed for publicity pictures. Jean said, "I'll be glad to take any photographs you want me to, except in the costume I wear in the first act. Whatever happens, I will not allow myself to be photographed in that make-up."

"Why?" Mr. Kaye asked.

Jean's eyes flashed. "I intend to go back to movies some day," she said. "How do you think I'd feel if someone were to publish that as a photograph of me? Some producer might say to himself, 'So that's what Jean Arthur really looks like. I had no idea she was such a frump.' I don't want any pictures of me floating around that would have to be explained."

Jean is always afraid of meeting people, and if there are three new people in a room, she will find someone she knows and dash into a corner with her. She dislikes parties, goes to them rarely, and leaves as early as possible. That is not new with Jean either. When she was appearing in "The Bride of Torozko," the play was tried out in Westport, Connecticut, and several parties were given for the cast. Almost invariably, Jean sent her regrets. On the occasions she did attend, she stayed just about ten minutes.

"The only time," Mr. Jaffe told me, "Jean ever stays up late is when someone is having a musical evening. She is crazy about good music. She has a whole collection of the 'Porgy and Bess' records and will play them over for hours."

Perhaps some day Jean Arthur will get over the childish resentment she cherishes against Hollywood. And when that day comes the conflict in the girl's character will be resolved, and she'll be the Jean Arthur New York knew and loved.

I HEAR SHE AIN'T DOING SO WELL IN THE CITY
I JUST KNOW THAT'S WHAT THOSE GOSSIPS ARE SAYING —AND I WON'T GO BACK HOME WITH YOU AND LET THEM SNEER AT ME!
NONSENSE, AMY!
SUE, WE CAME TO NEW YORK TOGETHER. YOU'VE HAD THREE RAISES, BUT HERE I AM OUT OF A JOB AGAIN! WHY?
SOMETIMES IT'S BAD BREATH THAT HOLDS PEOPLE BACK, AMY. WHY DON'T YOU TALK TO DR. BROWN?
YOU SEE, TESTS PROVE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO PROVE THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...
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She Knew What She Wanted

(*Continued from page 37*)

the shouting about? A star reborn, tish, tosh. Janet just used that shrewd little brain of hers again.

Nearly two years before Frank Borzage saw in her the perfect Diane for "Seventh Heaven," she had told a reporter, and it had been printed, that some day she wanted to play "a worried little slavey, tormented and harassed, dirty, disheveled and downright ugly." Maybe she didn't know then about "Seventh Heaven," or maybe she did, but anyway she was shooting at the mark. When she hit it, she was overnight turned into a star of first magnitude. Now that's figuring things out in advance.

It is interesting to remark in this connection that when signed for the role of Diane, Janet was an unknown actress. She was a little middlewestern girl, totally different in ancestry, looks, background from the French waif of the Austin Strong drama. Yet, she did a whale of a job as that waif. The highly touted French flash, Simone Simon, who recently did the 1937 version of "Seventh Heaven," is of Gallic origin and should have been a perfect choice. Yet, compare the two performances!

TO go on with Janet's career. Although Frank Borzage had chosen her personally and taken a chance that she could come through with a performance, although he had poured all the directorial genius he could muster into making her do a fine job, it wasn't long before she decided to change directors. She heard people saying that, without Borzage, Gaynor would be nothing. So she went to Sheehan and told him she wished to make no more Borzage pictures. The studio was shocked. Borzage was hurt. But Janet set her foot down and won her point.

Later, she disagreed with Fox about her stories. This was in the days before sit-down strikes, but Janet staged her own run-away-to-Honolulu strike. She stayed away too, until she won. When she came home, the studio was so pleased, they gave a party for her.

Always this little girl with the large brown eyes and appealing ways has known exactly what she wanted. Talk to her a few minutes, and you'll see what I mean. I did.

Interviews always vary in color and shading according to the personality. A Pola Negri may stamp her Russian boots and alternate between bursts of temper and extravagant politeness; Bette Davis will toss wisecracks about the Brothers Warner over the studio commissary table; Norma Shearer will receive you with gracious dignity in her Santa Monica drawing-room; Hepburn flatly bars you from the set; but Janet—ah, now . . .

I went to see her at her house, not far down the hill from the Trocadero. There wasn't a sign of life as I drove into the grounds. I rang the doorbell. No answer. Then suddenly from an upstairs window came a clear, high treble, "Hoo, hoo, is that you? I'll be down in a minute."

Came the sound of little feet pattering down the stairs, and the door was opened by a girlish, flushed, almost breathless Gaynor dressed in white flannel pajamas. Janet is definitely an organdy and blue girl; the effect was as strange as if I were seeing Mary Pickford in tailored pants.

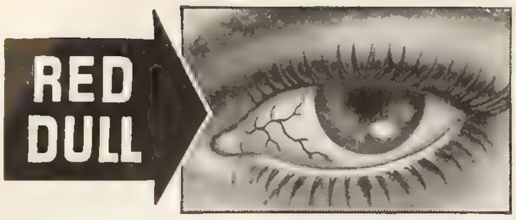
Her mother was away, the servants were away, and she led me into a big, dark living-room where she curled up in a chair and looked shy and frightened and anxious to please.

She was scared. She said so. She never knew what to say about herself. What would I suggest? So we began with that taboo subject of age.

"How old am I? Well, officially, I am twenty-nine." (Mind you, she didn't have to put that word "official" in. But she did.)

Did she think she was too old to play any more ingenue roles? Had she changed deliberately into more mature characteriza-

It isn't often that Mrs. Roger Pryor (Ann Sothern to you) and friend hubby can stage a Hollywood reunion, but here they are wondering when their next date together will be. No, Mr. Pryor isn't a traveling salesman, he's a band leader with Chicago headquarters.



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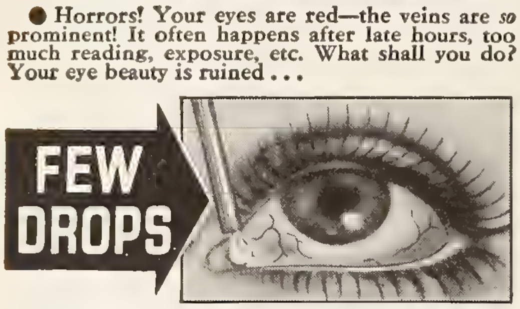

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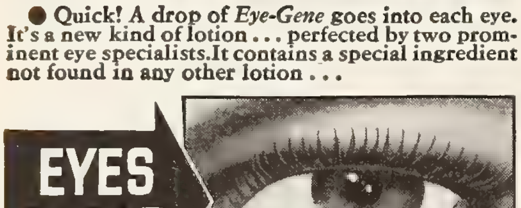

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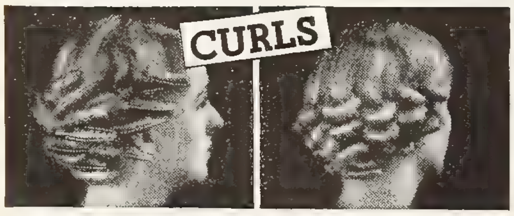

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Lady Shelby **INVISIBLE** END CURLERS

tions? Had her sweet heroine cycle passed?

"Well," she said choosing her words carefully, "you can't go on acting the part of a little girl all your life. It is true that the studios can do a great deal about making you look utterly youthful with lights and make-up and costumes, and there really isn't any necessity for a woman to look old on the screen, but—

"As you gain in years, you change mentally. Or at least, you should if you have anything inside your head. You must learn from life as you go along, and some of this shows in your face, in the expression of your eyes. This is a mental change, but people who know you and watch you can't help but feel it. Yes, I must do things of more mature value.

I DON'T think anyone can change an established screen personality overnight. You can't rush into something new and expect, boom! to be a new person. It isn't done that way. To be successful, you have to plan carefully.

"People may not have realized this, but I have been working at a change for a number of years. Look back at some of my pictures. Remember 'State Fair'? Then there was 'Small Town Girl' and 'Ladies in Love,' and in pictures before that I tried to make subtle changes.

"I didn't want to re-do 'Seventh Heaven.' I don't think, and I didn't think, anyone can ever repeat successfully. That film belonged to another stage of my career."

Why, for all these years, has the legend of "unsophisticated little Janet" been built up about her personal life? Is it true that when she wanted to smoke a cigarette she locked herself in her dressing-room so that nobody—not even a studio employee—saw her smoking? Is it true that the studio deliberately built her publicity so that parents held her up as a model for their daughters?

Janet laughed. "That's not all quite true. I really didn't ever smoke. I didn't like it. I only learned when my friends said I was a sissy. But it is true that that fact was not supposed to be known to the fans, although I never sneaked around corners to get a puff of a cigarette. The idea was, in publicity, that I personified a good, unsophisticated girl. Fans had certain illusion about me, and it was thought best for the box office to maintain those illusions.

"You know how people love to talk about motion picture stars. Well, the general idea was that we didn't want them saying, 'Oh that Janet Gaynor! Always playing those goody roles! Why, I know somebody that knows her who says she smokes like a furnace. Think of it, my dear!'"

How about marriage? How about all those rumored romances? Has she somebody in mind?

"No, not now," she replied. "Oh, you know how it is. There will probably always be some man that I'll like and see and go out with and perhaps fancy, but I don't seem to like them terribly well or for terribly long at a time any more.

"I'll marry again, if I fall in love. I'd like to be in love. I'd like to be married, but—" and she grew thoughtful for a moment.

"Romance and happiness are not easy things for a girl in my position to find. That sounds ridiculous, doesn't it? Because I'm a movie star and have money, everything should be easy. But I've had more success and earned more money than the average man of intelligence and charm.

"The men I like are frightened away by my money and my career. I don't meet them. Certainly, there are fortune hunters—at least, I suppose there are. I haven't met many of those. And there are

"HE DOESN'T KISS ME ANYMORE!"
HE SAID MY LIPS WERE TOO RED AND SMEARY
WHY DON'T YOU USE TANGEE? IT'S ORANGE IN THE STICK, BUT IT CHANGES LIKE MAGIC TO A LOVELY SHADE OF BLUSH ROSE ON YOUR LIPS
PAINTED GLARING LIPS
TANGEE GLOWING LIPS
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SWEETHEART—I'VE JUST GOT TO KISS THOSE PRETTY LIPS!
THERE IS MAGIC IN TANGEE

"GIRLS, DON'T LET A 'PAINTED LOOK' SPOIL YOUR ROMANCE! CHANGE TO TANGEE, THE LIPSTICK THAT ISN'T PAINT, THE ONLY LIPSTICK WITH THE MAGIC TANGEE COLOR CHANGE PRINCIPLE! MAKES YOUR LIPS IRRESISTIBLE!! SEND THE COUPON NOW!"

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Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

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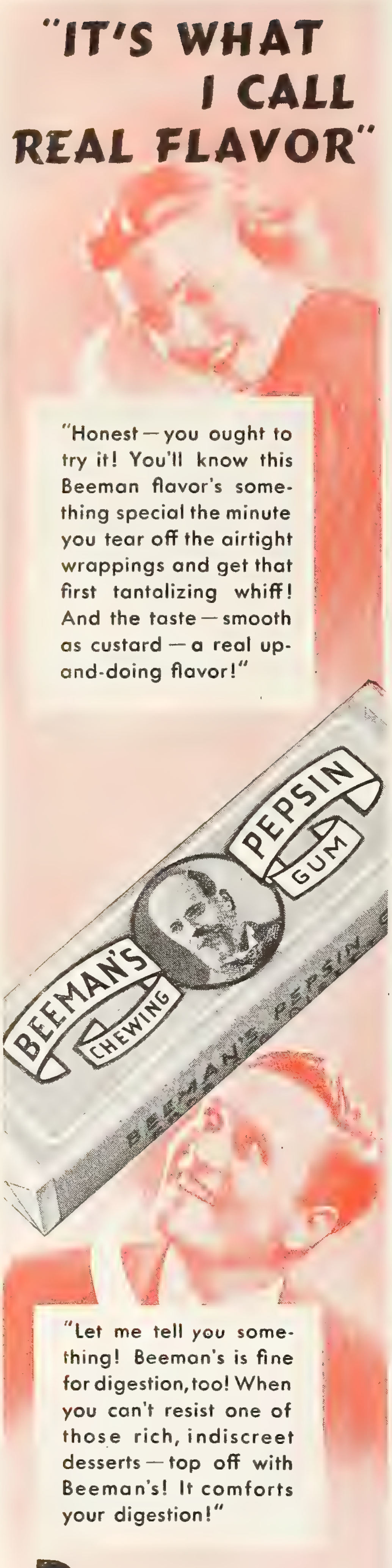

"IT'S WHAT I CALL REAL FLAVOR"

"Honest—you ought to try it! You'll know this Beeman flavor's something special the minute you tear off the airtight wrappings and get that first tantalizing whiff! And the taste—smooth as custard—a real up-and-doing flavor!"

"Let me tell you something! Beeman's is fine for digestion, too! When you can't resist one of those rich, indiscreet desserts—top off with Beeman's! It comforts your digestion!"

Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

actors and studio executives, but they're Hollywood.

"I think the nicest romance of all is the Cinderella one. The little girl who wins riches and a handsome husband to love her. That's impossible for me. I can't be Cinderella any more."

Honestly, I felt sorry for her. Janet who has played Cinderella so many times, earnestly yearning to be Cinderella in real life and prevented from being it by the fruits of her own shrewd little brain.

It was, it is said, her career which played the major role in wrecking her marriage to Lydell Peck, tall, blond, young lawyer, who forsook a growing law business in Oakland to live in Hollywood near Janet's work. Lydell tried to establish himself as a writer in the studios, but it didn't work out. He became known as Mr. Gaynor, just as Fredric March was known as Mr. Lester in "A Star is Born."

When finally "unhappy ending" was written after her romance with this boy who had originally worshipped the ground she walked on, it was revealed in the divorce complaint that he had come to hate her work. She charged that he was suspicious of her, was jealous and gloated over her unfavorable fan mail. Janet has never married again.

We were still talking about Hollywood and its various ramifications when the doorbell pealed. It was nice, quiet, shy Phil Scheuer, of the *Times*, bent on an errand similar to mine. Janet has only known Phil as long as she has me, which is ten years, but—

"Please stay," she implored, helpless little girl again. "I'm frightened. I never know what to say. Help me talk to him."

No, I left 'em. I figured she'd do all right. She always has in matters of business.

They're Goin' Places

(*Continued from page 10*)

pressionable, this sudden success proved too much for him. Being a little frightened by it all, Bob assumed an arrogant pose for protection, probably. And so, the studio decided to pay this youngster off and send him back where he came from.

Back in New York, Allen again turned to modeling and working in stock groups for experience with a view to returning to California. As time wore on he began to give up the idea, and with his wife started to build a little house in Darien. Bob was making good money posing and the house came along fine. In fact, no sooner was it finished than a friend came out for dinner. Now this friend, if you haven't already guessed, was a producer from Hollywood. During the course of the evening Bob told about his dreams to act and about how he fell down when he had the opportunity.

However, much to Bob's surprise, the producer gave him another chance at celluloid and sound tracks. This trip he would profit by his earlier mistakes and, with this in mind, he went back to Hollywood. He was immediately put into top-notch pictures, playing opposite Grace Moore in a very short time. Now Bob is doing leading roles in Western and it won't be long before you'll be clamoring for him.

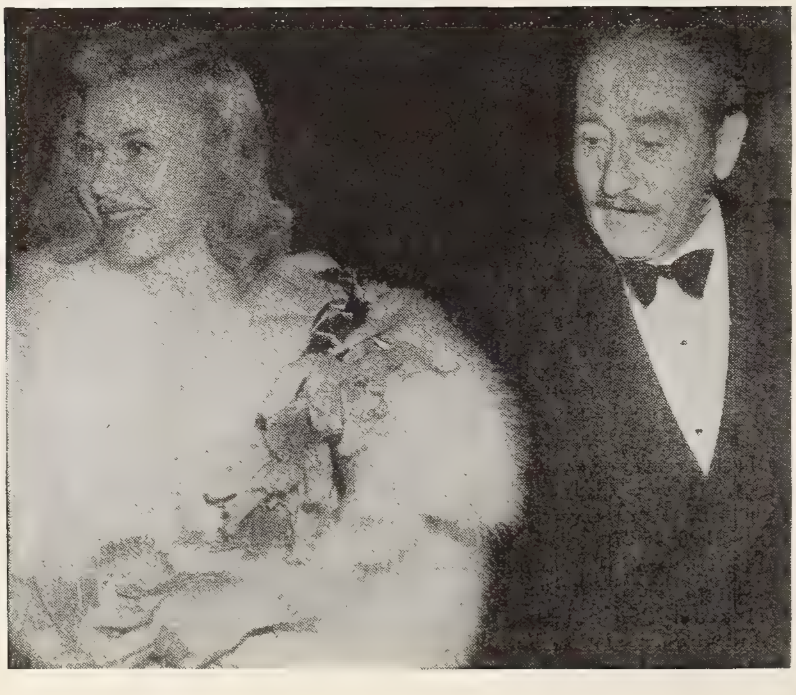
Robert Baldwin is another one of the newcomers who is destined to become tomorrow's favorite. Baldwin was what is known as an up-and-comer in the modeling profession, a hard worker. When he wasn't busy before the cameras, he was making the rounds of the agents on Broadway. As a result he did any number of small jobs in second companies.

Each time he was in a play he would call the movie companies and ask them to "cover" his performance, hoping for a chance to get a break. Luck finally came his way and while playing in a company of "Sailor Beware," he was picked up by those ever-present gents, the talent scouts.

Baldwin has been doing supporting parts in several pictures and has recently played the lead in Karen Morley's picture, "Scotland Yard." It seems great plans are being made for him and early stardom seems destined to be his lot.

Maybe you don't think it too admirable for these young men to use their good looks to get an acting chance, but as Robert Taylor said, when asked if he expected to get by on his looks forever, "Well I can only hope that my luck holds out until I learn to act."

Like Taylor these young men hope their looks—and luck—will hold out until they can learn to act and be of value to the industry. Anyway, they're going places.



Ginger Rogers and Adolphe Menjou snapped at the Screen Writers' Ball. It was a gala occasion and Miss R. was up to it—what with orchids 'n' all.

At twenty-three, Wayne Morris has made a big dent in Hollywood and all points north, east, south and west. His fight scene in "Kid Galahad" was the best ever staged in the movies, say they who know. His next flicker is "Submarine D-1."

Public Cowboy No. 1

(*Continued from page 43*)

the popular cowboy stars have been stars for fifteen years—some of them even longer than that."

He may never reach the Metropolitan, but it is apparent that Gene can't make pictures fast enough to suit his audiences throughout the country. He recently signed a new contract, which put his salary up in the high brackets. More money will be spent on his eight pictures a year; more money paid writers for his stories, for the songs he sings in them and on production.

THREE YEARS ago, before Hollywood became radio conscious, Gene was the star of two big programs broadcast from Chicago. One was a barn dance, sent out over the national network every week; the other program was called "The Roundup Club" and was broadcast for children every morning.

"My, I had fun with that," he will tell you. "I had different kids come up to the station and sing and talk on the program. I told stories and played my guitar and sang."

It was this program that taught him what sort of entertainment children like, but it was his barn dance that got him an offer to incorporate it in a Ken Maynard picture, "In Old Santa Fe." This one appearance was enough to tell a smart

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CARELESS WAY
JUST MARRIED
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A short, but frequent, story . . . "Lysol" disinfectant made the ending happy.

JUDY and Bill grew up together . . . were childhood sweethearts. Everybody said, "*They'll* be happy".

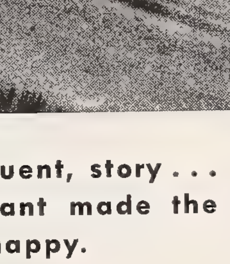
But . . . in less than a year of married life, Judy said Bill was cruel, indifferent. Bill said, "We both made a mistake". . . . But old Doc Davis, who'd brought them *both* into the world, discovered the *real* story. And "Lysol" disinfectant helped make the ending happy.

The tragic thing about it is, a woman *seldom knows* she's guilty of neglecting herself. Fortunately, any woman can (and millions of women do) know how *not* to offend. They know that "Lysol" disinfectant provides a wholesome cleansing method of feminine hygiene. They know these six qualities of "Lysol" which make it so valuable:

THE 6 SPECIAL FEATURES OF "LYSOL"

1. NON-CAUSTIC . . . "Lysol" in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. EFFECTIVENESS . . . "Lysol" is a *true germicide*, active under practical conditions . . . in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).
3. PENETRATION..."Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out* germs.
4. ECONOMY..."Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. ODOR . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.
6. STABILITY . . . "Lysol" keeps its *full* strength no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol Disinfectant



FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

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Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about feminine hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

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Beauty in her Eyes—
Hearts at her feet—

BECAUSE SHE KNOWS
ONE SIMPLE SECRET

● A few simple touches of Maybelline—and presto! —straggly, unattractive lashes are instantly transformed into long, dark, luxuriant fringe — the very essence of romantic charm.

Your eyes are your most important beauty feature. No longer need you deny them the beauty advantages of mascara. Maybelline ends that bold, artificial, "made-up" look, which gummy, lumpy, mascaras cause. Try the thrilling new Cream-form—or the popular Solid-form. Both are harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting. Reasonably priced at your favorite cosmetic counter.

Have you often wished the color of your eyes were deeper, brighter? Accent their color and sparkle—shading your lids with a subtly blended tint of the exquisite, creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow.

Are your eyebrows pale, uninteresting? Form them into graceful curves of loveliness, expressive of every romantic whim and wish — use the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil.

Generous introductory sizes of all the Maybelline harmonized Eye Beauty Aids are obtainable at 10c stores. Be *beauty-wise* when choosing your all important eye make-up—*insist* on Maybelline.

Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Maybelline's world-famous, economical Solid-form Mascara, in beautiful metal vanity. Black, Brown or Blue. 75c. Refills 35c.

Maybelline Cream Mascara—Black, Brown or Blue, in dainty zipper bag. Easily applied without water. 75c.

Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown, Blue.

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producer that here was something new for pictures—a singing cowboy—and he was given a contract to star in his own pictures for Republic. Between pictures he is in demand for personal appearances.

A story couldn't be written about Gene Autry without including Champion, his horse. Champion accompanies him on trips and appears in all Gene's pictures, as well as on the stage with him.

When Gene starts out on one of these jaunts, his train resembles a caravan. Gene, driving his own car and carrying two boys who work in his act, goes ahead. Behind him is the car with the boys who look after the scenery and other details.

Next comes Champion in his elegant travelling stable, which is the last word in trailers. Champion rides in solitary grandeur, along with his $1500. worth of saddle and bridle—hand-tooled and virtually covered with silver mountings—in his private car. It is electrically heated, has a built-in water trough and feed bin and a cork floor, because so much riding might make his feet sore.

Following the trailer is the truck, loaded with the necessary scenery and props.

Gene always arrives far in advance of his caravan because he drives like a demon and thinks it a waste of time for a cowboy to sleep more than three hours a night.

"In Milwaukee recently, the girls who were on the same bill with me were crazy about Champion," he told me proudly. "They were nicer to him than they were to me. Yes, sir, they sure were nice to that old horse. They would kiss him and leave lipstick all over that white strip down his face."

He told of one night when there was panic backstage for a few minutes when Champion was missing. He had been in his stall quietly munching a carrot and a moment later he had vanished.

"And we found that vain old horse in the wings watching himself act on the screen," Gene laughed.

"What's the matter with Champion's tail?" Gene asked the boy who takes care of him. "It's getting shorter every day."

"I should think it would," the boy replied. "Yours would, too. The kids pull the hairs out of his tail for souvenirs."

After each trip Champion's trailer must be turned in for a paint job. "It's so covered with the kids' autographs by the time we finish a trip that you can't tell what the original color was," Gene explained.

"Lord," he exclaimed. "I'm so busy on these trips that I don't get time to breathe. People are awfully nice. They invite me to dinner and to their homes when I could really use a little sleep. On this last trip I was invited to one dinner that I thought would never end, there was so much good food. I could hardly move after dinner, and when I got back to the theatre and climbed up on Champion—I always ride him onto the stage for the act—he gave me the dirtiest look. I must have gained twenty pounds."

IN SEVERAL middlewest communities there are organizations of young boys who own their own horses and call themselves the "Mounted Patrol." Recently they were granted permission to call themselves "The Gene Autry Mounted Patrol."

Gene is not unmindful of the fact that to the youngsters he is a hero, and there are never any scenes in his pictures that parents wouldn't want their children to see.

"There's one thing about making pictures for youngsters," he said. "If they like you, they will remember you and continue to see your pictures after they have grown up. We try to keep adults as well as children in mind when we make our pictures."

Gene doesn't drink or smoke on or off the screen, unless you call taking a glass of beer occasionally "drinking." He refused $3000. recently to endorse a certain cigarette.

"Anyway, how could I endorse a cigarette when I don't smoke them?" he asked, innocently.

Gene worries about his stories and about the songs he sings in them. He writes many of the songs himself. On his desk were several song manuscripts sent in by amateur composers.

"We buy originals sometimes," he told me. "We have two new ones that we bought from a couple of convicts that I think are going to be knockouts. You never can tell about a song, however, but if a cowboy song does make a hit, it lasts longer than the ordinary song."

This is true of "That Silver-haired Daddy of Mine," a song that Gene wrote years ago. He had sung it over the radio, on all his stage appearances and had made phonograph records of it, when a music publisher wanted to publish it because he had so many calls for it.

"But I haven't any music for it," Gene told him. "I just made it up. I've always intended to put it down on paper, but haven't had time."

"Well, take time," the publisher replied. Gene did, and is still receiving royalties from its sale.

Gene's startling appearance doesn't cause a ripple as he strides down a street here, but outside of Hollywood he is looked upon as something quite out of the ordinary. He says he doesn't feel right in anything but cowboy clothes.

"I don't own a suit, really," he declared. "I like to wear flashy clothes. There's a certain amount of advertising value in wearing them, and they are not only more comfortable but wear longer than ordinary clothes. I've worn this jacket for three years. My hats cost fifty dollars but they last forever, and although my boots cost fifty dollars a pair, I wear them about three years.

"I don't like shoes; they make my feet sore. These boots are made to fit me. See," and he pointed to a detail on one boot, "the arch is built right in the boot. They're comfortable.

"My wife thought I ought to have a pair of white shoes so I bought some, but they got lost in Chicago. She thinks I gave them away, but I don't remember," he said with a grin. "I had a tuxedo once, too, but I gave that to a fellow who really needed it. I have no use for such clothes. I don't like to go to social affairs."

Gene admits that his idea of a big night is to go to a picture show with Mrs. Autry, Smiley Burnette, the comedian in his pictures, and Mrs. Burnette. On the way home they sometimes stop at the corner drug-store for a few cans of beer; Mrs. Autry makes sandwiches and by eleven o'clock the lights are out.

THE AUTRYS live in a big house atop a Hollywood hill. The house must be large, for Gene has a family. Two younger sisters and a brother followed him to Hollywood, and Gene reckons they are his responsibility. Dudley, his 17-year-old brother, refuses to attend school as Gene, who had no opportunity to get a higher education, wants him to. He takes care of Champion. His sisters live with him when they are in town, but at present are seeking their own paths to glory by singing with a rival cowboy act on tour.

Like all cowboys, Gene has a fine collection of saddles. "My wife draws the line at having them in the house," he laughed. His only visible tribute to Texas is a pair of six-foot steer horns, which adorn the wall in his office. He laughed when it was suggested that he should wear them on his car.

"I couldn't keep anything like that on my car," he laughed. "I can't have any identifying mark on it, in order to keep the kids off it. It's bad enough for them to write all over the trailer."

Gene makes friends wherever he goes and never forgets a friend. He refuses to make a picture that doesn't have a part for his pal, Smiley Burnette. He has a memory like an elephant and never forgets a person who treats another unfairly. Recently his secretary was startled when he dictated a sharp letter.

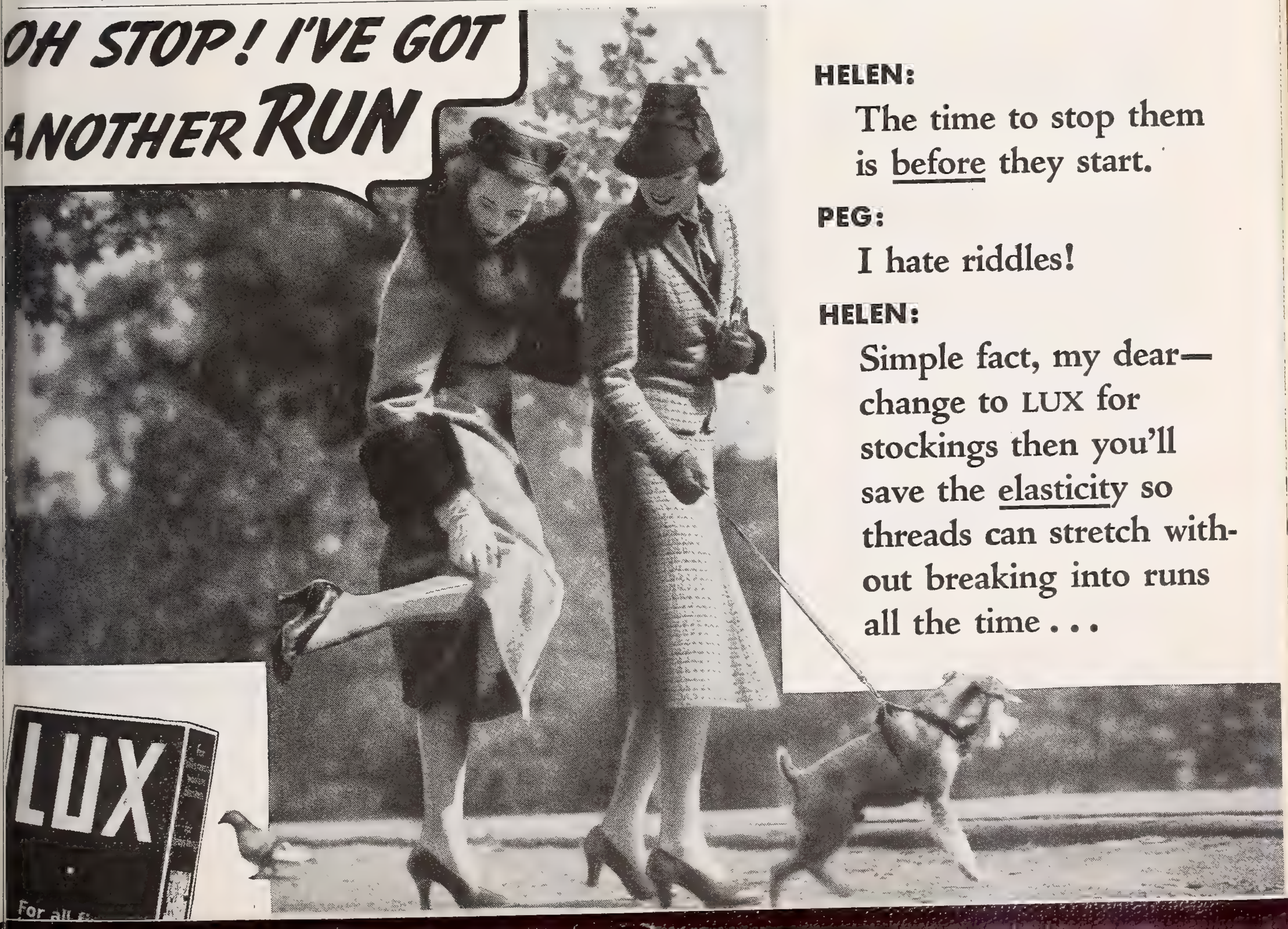
"He never loses his temper," she said with a horrified look, "but a man who had mistreated him over a period of years wrote and asked a favor."

"Now I feel free to tell you just exactly what I think of you," Gene wrote, and then proceeded to tell him.

"You know, I'd like to travel in a trailer myself—a nice one like Champion's—but it doesn't seem right not to stay at the hotels in the towns where I appear."

He is accustomed to having the key to the city presented to him upon his arrival in a town, but when he reached Corsicana, Texas, recently and was given the key, as usual, he was also invited to ride his horse into the hotel. Into the lobby they went and then he was told that the room adjoining his had been stripped of furniture and was to be occupied by Champion.

"It's only in Texas that they'd do a thing like that," he said, singing the praises of his home state. "And that's what I call 'southern hospitality'."



OH STOP! I'VE GOT ANOTHER RUN
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HELEN:

The time to stop them is before they start.

PEG:

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HELEN:

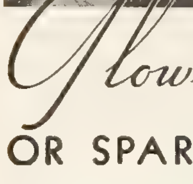
Simple fact, my dear—change to LUX for stockings then you'll save the elasticity so threads can stretch without breaking into runs all the time . . .

Glowing Gold

OR SPARKLING HENNA

You, too, can add that enviable, youthful brilliancy to your hair . . . safely and easily.

Nestle Golden Shampoo makes your hair look years younger and more alluring by accentuating the highlights. It thoroughly cleanses both your scalp and your hair -- and imparts a delightful golden sheen.



For those whose hair is darker, there is Nestle Henna Shampoo, made with pure Egyptian Henna. It takes away that drab, listless look from your hair and gives it a vibrant, alluring sparkle without changing its natural color.

10c for a package containing 2 shampoos, at all 10 cent stores.

For assured safety, always specify Nestle.

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Nestle GOLDEN SHAMPOO HENNA SHAMPOO

HOLLYWOOD *Rapid Dry* CURLERS

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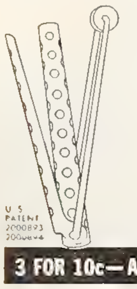

3 FOR 10c—AT 5c AND 10c STORES—NOTION COUNTERS

Accident Man

(*Continued from page 46*)

view, when he was surrounded by admiring fans, and a youngster held out a piece of paper to be autographed, Wayne blushed, grinned, stuffed the paper hastily in his coat pocket and said, "Thank you!"

"But my mother was even more nervous than I was. The next day someone called her on the telephone, and when she picked up the receiver to answer she began to dial a number."

He thinks his family's swell. "Why not?" he asks. "They've backed me every step of the way. They gave me all the rope I wanted when I was floundering around trying to decide what I was cut out to do. And after I signed my contract, and it looked as though I would be here for awhile, they packed up and moved over here so I could live at home and be near my work."

So the Morrises now live on one of the highest hills between Hollywood and Burbank in a big, rambling stucco house with plenty of room for Wayne and his younger brother and their various high-jinks.

"One of the grandmothers lives with us, too," he added. "It's swell, having a grandmother in the house."

His full name is Bert deWayne Morris. At home he is called Bert, and there is no need of confusion when a feminine voice calls on the telephone and asks for Wayne. And with his younger brother ever ready to cut in if given an opportunity! But one can hardly imagine that even losing his best girl to his brother, would make Wayne lose his temper.

RECENTLY I was in the publicity offices of his studio when he breezed in, fairly bursting with plans, and called out, "Well, goodbye, boys and girls. I'm off to Ensenada."

"What do you mean, Ensenada?" growled one of the boys.

"I'm going fishing. I don't have to be on location at Coronado for three days, so a bunch of us are going on down to Mexico for some swimming and fishing."

"But you can't," the publicity man retorted. "You have to be here all day tomorrow for pictures.'

You could have heard a pin drop. The smile faded from Wayne's face. But no tantrums followed.

"All right," he said quietly. And that in spite of the fact he hadn't had a vacation since he signed his contract more than a year before. Within five minutes his smile was back again. No wonder the public's that way about him.

His career has been carefully built. He was well prepared for his role in "Kid Galahad," although you probably can't recall his one close-up in "China Clipper," his one line in "Polo Joe," a slightly more important bit in "Here Comes Carter." Perhaps you didn't notice that he played the second lead in "The Land Beyond the Law," with Dick Foran. Next he played the leading role in a picture entitled, "Don't Pull Your Punches." He had a year's experience around the studio before he was given the role of the Kid.

Before he signed his picture contract he read the story of "Kid Galahad" in a national magazine and thought at the time that he would like to play the young prize fighter if the story was ever filmed. After he had started to work at the studio he learned his bosses had bought the story. He asked questions about it, millions of 'em. He followed its every move from scenario department to production office.

"I found out that Seton I. Miller was writing the adaptation for the story, so I went to him and asked him if he thought I would be good in the part. He said he thought I would.

"A few months later I learned that Mr. Bishoff was going to produce it, so I went to him and asked him if he thought I would be good in it. He said he thought I would.

"Later I learned that Michael Curtiz was going to direct it. I went through the

There's a back-to-the-ranch movement afoot in Hollywood these days, and Warren William's joined the trek in earnest. Whenever he gets time off, he makes a dash for his Encino ranch and his three prize wirehairs, Jack, Jill and Babs.

same routine with him. He said he'd like to have me play it, so I went to the casting director. Yep, I asked everybody. Gee, how I wanted to play that part.

"When Mike Curtiz began testing people for the other roles, he had them do scenes in which I appeared, and he always called me to make the tests with them. I almost made the picture before it was begun.

I THINK Bette Davis is a grand actress. It was simply swell working with her, and how grand she was to me, helping me and telling me how to do things, showing me short cuts to acting! And Mike Curtiz was just like a mother to me, honestly, just like a mother. No one could have been more patient and understanding."

On the set he is always behind the camera asking questions.

"I don't know how they put up with me," Wayne laughed. "I'm always bothering them in the cutting-room, or in the camera department, asking questions. I want to be a director some day, and I have to know what makes things click. I'm really getting my education now," he grinned, "and getting paid while I'm doing it."

Which brought up the subject of money. He is investing most of his salary in annuities and buying a new car. After those two obligations and income tax matters are taken care of, he chips in at home and keeps out exactly eighteen dollars a week for pocket money.

"That's enough," he declared. "I eat at home most of the time. I'm going to join the Y.M.C.A. I want some place to swim and work out, and the clubs are too expensive."

His idea of a big time is to go out dancing at the Biltmore Bowl or Cocoanut Grove about once a month. If there is one thing he dislikes more than a stiff shirt, it is a stuffed one. Although raised as any son of wealthy parents, he doesn't get a kick out of what he terms "the social life."

"I'd just as soon cut paper dolls as spend every night fooling around night clubs," he declared.

He doesn't drink, but smokes incessantly, at least during interviews. He likes tennis and golf, which he has recently taken up. He thinks the game would be improved by installing a hamburger stand at every hole. Recently he entered the studio golf tournament, and when he turned in his card with a score of one hundred sixty four on it, the referee said, "Oh, Mr. Morris, you were supposed to go around just once."

"That's right," Wayne replied. "I did."

He suspected a trick when he received a huge ham for low score, but his mother thought it a fine idea and asked him not to improve his game.

HE also likes prize fights. But, "You know," he said seriously, "there are some places that women belong and some places where they don't seem to fit. I don't like to see a woman at the fights, or in a poker game. Poker is a game where the men can unbutton their collars and take off their coats, and if they don't get good cards, they can let loose and swear. But not if there are women in the game."

And, speaking of women, Wayne declares that at the moment he is heart whole, but not quite fancy free. He would like to carry a torch for Olivia de Havilland, but thinks he doesn't know her well enough. He goes out occasionally with pretty little Lana Turner, a player at his studio, and the publicity heads, with an eye to business, are furthering this romance.

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ALMOST two years ago, Woodbury's scientists found a way to put the "Sunshine" Vitamin D into Woodbury's famous Cold Cream . . . made tests that proved the elusive vitamin would work in this new medium. Beauty specialists foresaw a precious new aid to skin health . . . Two years of use have told the story —on the faces of pleased women! Today we know that

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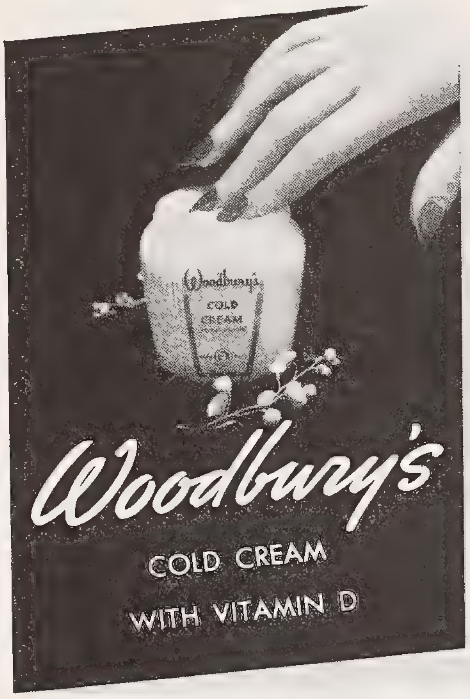

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CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

GRAY HAIR? Correct it with PATRICIAN TINTBEST. Leaves hair soft, lustrous and natural looking. Easy to use, no experience required. Unaffected by washing or permanent waving. Send for FREE sample. State color of hair.

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There's nothing like a few drops of 3-In-One Oil to pep up sluggish sweepers, washing machines, sewing machines, children's toys, electrical appliances, etc. It is pure and free of gum. Specially blended for "triple action," it cleans, oils and stops rust.

3-IN-ONE OIL

LUBRICATES·CLEANS·PREVENTS RUST

"But I couldn't get married now. I'm not old enough. I'm not established yet. I haven't enough money. Why," he spluttered, as he floundered around for emphatic words, "it's ridiculous!"

He gets upset when he reads too much romantic gossip about himself in the newspapers, but he roared with laughter when he read that he was a descendant of both Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis. "My mother was a distant cousin of one and my father of the other," he admitted.

Another laugh came when he read that he had knocked out five sparring partners while making the fight scenes for "Kid Galahad."

I DID knock out one fellow, and it's in the picture," he admitted a bit ruefully. "I didn't mean to. We had rehearsed it a dozen times and it was the fifth take. I don't know how it happened. Something slipped, I guess," and he looked a little shamefacedly at his stout fist.

The trainer, who put him in shape to make the fight scenes look like fight scenes, thinks Wayne is wasting his time as an actor.

"But I wouldn't want to be a fighter," he told me firmly. "I'm not even crazy about boxing."

The thing he has read about himself that he likes best is the opinion of a woman writer on a Pittsburgh newspaper, who said:

"He is the kind of boy whose first fan letters will be from mothers of sons."

"It isn't true, though," he admitted honestly. "My mail is from boys who compliment me on my work and from girls who ask for my picture."

"Do I read my publicity?"

His answer was interrupted by a loud whoop from a publicity man near us.

"Does he read it?" the old meanie yelled. "He buys two copies of everything that is written about him, so that when one copy is worn out, he'll have one left to show his grandchildren."

Wayne blushed. He is a cinch for baiters.

"Well, of course I read my publicity," he said, "but I don't believe it." And somehow, this rings true. For if there's one thing that stands out about Wayne Morris, it's this: Hollywood hasn't gone to his head, even though the film fans are now at his feet.

Maybe It's Luck

(*Continued from page 47*)

song at the top of her tiny voice. By dinnertime she had sold $100. worth of Thrift Stamps.

"Oh, well," she explained modestly, "everyone was feeling patriotic. It was 1919 you know, and they had dressed me in a tiny Red Cross uniform. Surely it wasn't because I could sing, for I couldn't. I never did sing when I was a youngster."

Perhaps, she couldn't sing, but the next outstanding event that she remembers was a few years later when she attended a moving picture theatre on amateur night.

"I'll sing," she volunteered to the manager, when she saw her little playmates marching up to the stage to do their acts. She was feeling remorseful for having done something naughty at home. If she won a prize she might reinstate herself in her mother's favor.

The manager took a look at the little black-haired girl with enormous blue-grey eyes and lifted her onto the stage. She put all of that will to win into her performance and carried off second prize, which was a huge basket of groceries. She didn't carry it far, however, for before she reached home a big boy stole it from her.

"I arrived home in tears. It seems funny now, but at the moment it was a tragedy. How we could have used that basket of groceries!" she laughed.

"Mother and I were alone from the time I was a little girl. My father was killed in an airplane accident, and although my mother was never trained to do any kind of work, she had to do whatever she could to support us. She was determined to keep me with her no matter what happened, and I've seen her take a job that paid only five dollars a week because it was all she could get to do at the time.

"She was determined that I should have an education and at night, after a hard day's work, she washed and ironed my little school dresses so that I could appear neat and clean. She worked so hard."

The memory of those hard days still hurts, and I knew she was sincere when she added, "My chief ambition was to grow up so I could help my mother.

"But now that Mother doesn't have to work, she can't stand the inactivity," Dorothy laughed. "She's going to school, taking a business course, so she can attend to my fan mail. It gives her something to do when I'm at the studio.

"We've just furnished an apartment, and it was more fun. Let's see," she said, counting on her fingers, "there are two bedrooms upstairs and a living-room, dining-room, bedroom and kitchen downstairs. I had one of the bedrooms made into a den and decorated it as an Hawaiian room. Some of the furniture is rattan and I covered the other pieces with strips of bamboo. The ceiling is covered with palm leaves."

ONE OF her outstanding characteristics is gratitude. An example of it concerns the little bronze statue of Venus, which was one of the prizes she won along with the title of "Miss New Orleans," and from which she wouldn't part for any amount of money. As a piece of bronze, there was no place for it in her new home, but it had to be there, so she had it painted gold to harmonize with the gold and white of her dainty living-room.

Dorothy still calls New Orleans home. It was there she went to school, and from the time she was ten years old, her chum was the late Dorothy Dell.

"The two Dorothys," everyone called them, for they were inseparable. Together they put on backyard plays and dreamed of some day being great stars of the stage. They swore eternal friendship, as children do, and they remained staunch friends until the untimely death of Miss Dell.

In 1930 Dorothy Dell won the New Orleans beauty contest and went on to Galveston and won the title of "Miss Universe," which brought several stage offers. She had consented to go to Galveston only if Dorothy Lamour would accompany her and refused to accept any stage offer that didn't include a job for her pal. Finally, they joined the Fanchon and Marco show and toured together for six months.

At the end of that time nothing offered itself, and Dorothy Lamour returned home to New Orleans where she arrived just in time to enter the 1931 beauty contest. This time she won the title of "Miss New Orleans," as her chum had the year before. However, as there seemed to be no further opportunity for her there, she took the little bronze statue and the money she had won and went to Chicago.

The friends she visited lived just outside Chicago, and they drove her into the city to help her find some sort of employment. Her first glimpse of the city aroused mingled emotions. As she stepped from the car and took one excited look about her, she felt something around her ankles. There, in a little mound around her feet, was her underslip.

"It was simply awful," she moaned at the memory of that embarrassing moment. "It was summer time and you could see right through my thin dress."

With outward poise she picked up the offending garment and raced to the ladies' room in the Civic Auditorium and from there proceeded about the business of finding work.

She tried to get a job as a model and went to the largest department store there. She asked to see the man in charge of personnel, applied for a job and got it.

"But after a short time they cut down on help, all the models were fired, and I was out of a job. I explained that I just had to have work, so they gave me a job as saleslady. I worked in almost every department in the store, and at Christmas time I ran an elevator.

"About this time Dorothy Dell came through Chicago with the 'Follies.' She decided that I should be a singer, as everyone said I was too short to be a show girl. She coached me in singing every spare minute we had. Through a publicity woman at the Morrison Hotel, I got a chance to sing in the supper-room.

"And when I was singing my first song, I was so frightened I forgot the words. I had to hum my way through the song."

APPARENTLY, Dorothy's humming was just what Herb Kay, an orchestra leader well known throughout the East, thought he needed. He heard her that night and offered her a job singing with his organization. She was his soloist for two years.

"He taught me everything I know about singing," she repeated gratefully. "And he always told me I should be in pictures. Now that I am in pictures, he laughs and says he would never be the one to say, 'I told you so'."

The little Southern girl promptly fell in love with Herb Kay, "but he didn't fall in love with me," she confessed. "I stayed with the orchestra two years, and still he didn't fall. I didn't think it was doing me any good to remain and see him all the time, so I went to New York and got a job singing for the National Broadcasting System. I had been singing over the air with the orchestra all the time, so I had no trouble getting a job

"That Hepburn-Rogers Feud!"

Are the girls really "at it"? You'll find out by reading November Modern Screen

WHY AREN'T BABIES BORN WITH BLACKHEADS?

7 out of 10 women blame their skin for blackheads, when they should blame their cleansing method

By Lady Esther

Everywhere I go I hear women say "Oh! well, there's nothing I can do about it, I guess I was born with this kind of skin."

They're referring, of course, to hateful, mocking, stubborn blackheads. But stop a minute and think! Did you ever see a baby with blackheads? Of course not. Then where do those blackheads come from?

These blemishes are tiny specks of dirt which become wedged in your pores.

How do they start?

It's sad but true, blackheads take root because your cleansing methods fail. You know you can't wash blackheads away. And they only laugh at your surface cleanser. The longer these blackheads stay in your skin, the blacker and more noticeable they grow.

Switch to a Penetrating Cream

See with your own eyes, the amazing improvement in your skin when a cream really penetrates the dirt in your pores.

Let me send you, free and postpaid, a generous tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream, so that you can prove every statement I make. It is an active cream. It's penetrating, because it penetrates pore-dirt. You can see the results. You can feel the difference.

When your free supply of cream arrives, smooth on enough to cover your face and neck. At the very first touch your skin will perk up. Why? Because my cream is a cooling, soothing, refreshing cleanser.

When you wipe it off, you may be shocked to see how grimy the cloth looks. But it's a sign this penetrating cream goes after deep-down dirt that causes those blackheads.

Write now for your free supply

Just send me the coupon today, and by return mail I will send you my generous gift tube of Lady Esther Face Cream. I'll also send you all ten shades of my Face Powder free, so you can see which is your most flattering color—see how Lady Esther Face Cream and Face Powder work together to give you perfect skin smoothness. Mail me the coupon today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

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BABY FEET

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by

EXPENSIVE SHOES

NEW CORRECT FIT
SAME SHOE OUTGROWN

It's true Mother!

Millions of baby feet are RUINED in early years because mother buys expensive shoes, *and then lets baby wear them too long.* Most babies *outgrow* shoes long before they are worn out. Short, tight outgrown shoes twist and warp the soft, delicate bones forever out of shape.

It's better to buy *Wee Walker* Shoes, and change to new ones often. They're inexpensive, yet have every feature a baby needs. Made over live-model lasts (an exclusive Wee Walker feature) they are correctly proportioned, full-sized, roomy shoes that give real barefoot freedom. They are good-looking, made of soft, pliable leather you can be proud of. They cost so little because of manufacturing economies, and because *sold in stores with very low selling cost.* Look for them in the Infants' Wear Department of the following stores:

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H. L. Green Co., Inc. McLellan Stores G. R. Kinney Co., Inc.
Sears, Roebuck & Co. Charles Stores
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WEE WALKER Shoes

LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK

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CORNS

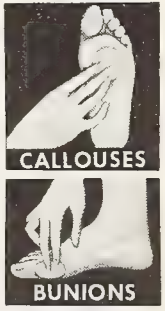
THE MEDICALLY SAFE SURE WAY!

Stops Pain INSTANTLY!

Be careful! The feet are easily infected. Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads and be SAFE. These soothing, thin, dainty, softly cushioned pads are medically safe and sure. End pain instantly. Stop shoe friction and pressure; prevent corns, sore toes and blisters.

Remove Corns and Callouses

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, when used with the separate *Medicated Disks,* included in every box, quickly loosen and remove corns or callouses. Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Soft Corns between toes. Also made with THICK soft felt for cases requiring more protection. If you need this kind be sure and ask for Dr. Scholl's THICK Zino-pads. Don't accept a substitute. Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere.



Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

Bigger and better coolie hats and dark glasses protect the poor working girls of Hollywood from demon sun, whatever the season. Paulette Goddard and Helen Vinson caught having a good time for themselves at the tennis matches.

on the radio."

Always before when Dorothy wanted anything, she went after it with grim determination. This time, when the prize was something that meant her future happiness, she ran away from it just as grimly.

"It was the woman in me, I guess," she said shyly. And her woman's intuition was right, for two weeks after she left Chicago, Herb flew to New York after her. They were married immediately and after two years are more enthusiastic about each other than ever.

Dorothy stayed on in New York about a year, singing over the radio and taking a plane for Chicago and Herb almost every week. When she wasn't visiting him, he was visiting her in New York. It didn't seem like such a long-distance marriage, they were both so busy.

Then NBC offered her a job on the Coast, and there was a family conference. It meant she couldn't fly to Chicago every little while. Possibly, it meant pictures and a big career. It meant she could do more and more for her mother. But those long separations from her husband! In the end, he was the deciding force.

"You know, I've always said you should be in pictures," he teased. But, seriously, he knew it was her big opportunity, and he refused to stand in her way.

"I want you to go out, too," he told her. "You've got to be seen around. I don't want you to stay in nights just because I'm not there to take you out. You have lots of friends, and I want you to have a good time."

So Dorothy came to Hollywood, chin up, hopes high, her radio contract in her pocket and that bronze statue under her arm. She was able to fly back to Chicago frequently, her radio work was fine, but her motion picture career didn't materialize.

SHE ALMOST got the Helen Morgan role in "Show Boat" with Irene Dunne. She had offers from almost every company, but there was always some difficulty to prevent the completion of a deal. Six months passed, and Dorothy had a hard time keeping her chin up. Then Paramount began a search for a girl to play the title role in "Jungle Princess." Dorothy got the job.

She didn't get the role because she could sing or act, because when plans for the picture were being made those attributes weren't considered important. It was later, when they discovered her ability, that the part was built up into a starring role. She got it because her black hair is almost thirty inches long. A wig wouldn't do because she had to be in and out of the water a great deal. "And you never know when a wig may bounce off," she laughed. She shivers when she thinks how many times she had been tempted to bob her hair.

She was rushed into the picture so fast that before she knew it she found herself at work. The lot of a motion picture actress, she had always supposed, meant wearing fine clothes, silver fox furs, and expensive perfume. What a shock it was to discover she was the only girl on a location forty miles from Hollywood, living in a tiny cabin that had been built for her and working all day long for six solid weeks at the bottom of a deep ravine—most of the time in the creek, which ran along the floor of the canyon. Her fine clothes consisted of a sarong.

She was so much more than satisfactory in the role that she was immediately cast in "College Holiday," "Swing High, Swing Low," "High, Wide and Handsome" and then given the leading role in "The Last Train for Madrid." She will have appeared in five pictures when she finishes "Hurricane"—all in one year. It appears that she can't be spared long enough for a vacation, now that she's been discovered.

"I've been so busy I haven't had a chance to go out any place," she said gaily. "Now Herb is spending his two-months' vacation here with me."

Her voice, which, of course, you've heard, is a low, sweet contralto. It is not trained, but seems to thrill audiences just the same. "I'd like to study and be a 'good' singer," she says, "but I've been fooling around with popular music so long I don't think I can. I don't know one note of music from another and have to learn all my songs by hearing them," she admitted.

She simply adores fan magazines and reads everything that is written about the other stars. Lamour is her real name.

She must be lucky, all right, for she was in the right place at the right time, and she has everything it takes.

Beauty Gets the Job

(Continued from page 45)

If you are a more or less striking type, play down on make-up, costume and hair-do less'n you're after a model's job, mebbe. The potential employer, contrary to what we're led to believe in the more sizzling type of fiction, doesn't want a glamor girl or a hotsy-totsy in his office. It makes his wife ask too many questions. This advice goes double if it's a woman who has the power to hire you or send you about your business. This doesn't mean that you shouldn't look as nice and pretty as you can, but do it in a quiet way, with a dark costume, a close-to-the-head hair-do, a tailored type of hat, and make-up sparingly applied on a face as fresh and clean as you can possibly arrange to keep it.

A WORD about your attitude as you go in to apply for your job. It's not a bit of good telling you not to be nervous, for you probably won't be able to help it. Furthermore, a little becoming diffidence won't count against you. But try not to let your nervousness get the better of your common sense. State your case as directly and in as few words as possible. Don't lie in an effort to aggrandize yourself, but don't underestimate yourself either. If you are given a test of any sort, don't be afraid to ask a question or two if you don't clearly understand what the gent dictated or whatever is asked of you. You'll be rated as much on a generally intelligent and alert attitude as upon the sample work you do.

Give a thought to your posture. Walk well and sit straight. Don't fiddle with purse, handkerchief or gloves. Here's a little trick that will keep your tummy flat and your fanny in, the shoulders up and the chest forward: stand up and tighten the muscles of your thighs. That's all there is to it. Just tighten those large muscles and feel the middle flatten, the rear pull in. You simply can't slump if you'll do this.

I don't know what type of job you may be applying for. As I said, jobs aren't easy to find, and you may have to take what you can get. Okay—if it's in a factory or a mill or if it's a microscopically paid position in a local shop or whatever—take it, and do your level best to give satisfaction. But in the back of your mind (where your employer can't see it), keep this thought, "I'm not going to stay here. This is only a stop-gap." What money you can squeeze from necessities, put aside for better clothes, for cosmetic and grooming requisites and for self-advancement. If you're not equipped with shorthand and typing, make a beeline for a night business school as fast as you can. Shorthand and typing pave the way to untold interesting jobs and lucrative careers.

KAY FRANCIS began her career as a social secretary. Her good taste in dress and grooming, her poised, lovely manner and voice helped get her this job, and the job, in turn, helped win splendid contacts for her and gradually paved the way for her present glamorous career. I don't mean that good secretarial jobs are necessarily first stop on the way to Hollywood, but they frequently are first stop on the way to junior executive jobs in advertising, department store buying, and a dozen other fascinating and well-paid careers for women.

When you get your jobs, darlings, is when the test of your intelligence really begins. Unless it's a sales job you have,

ROUGH HANDS made youthfully soft

Your hand skin chaps and roughens—ages sooner—when water and cold weather take special moisture out of the skin cells. Jergens Lotion *soaks in* more effectively than other lotions tested—soon puts back the lost moisture.

NOW HE'S IN LOVE!

WHEN your hands chap and roughen, they actually begin to age! Because they have lost some of the special moisture that keeps young skin supple and smooth. But Jergens Lotion replaces the lost moisture—gives back inviting young smoothness to your hands. Jergens *soaks in*—more effectively than any other lotion tested.

And it contains two remarkable softening and whitening ingredients, used by many doctors. Young hands are lovable, charming—an asset to every woman of any age. And Jergens can help you have young hands! Get it today. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—$1.00 for the special family size—at any beauty counter, and the $1.00 bottle now comes with a useful dispenser!

WALTER WINCHELL—every Sunday night—National Broadcasting Company Blue Network—Coast-to-Coast.

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FREE! PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE OF JERGENS

Prove for yourself how swiftly and thoroughly Jergens *goes into* the skin, conserves and renews the youthful softness of your hands!
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JERGENS LOTION
2 FAMOUS INGREDIENTS

"Oh...THAT girl!"

A DEVASTATING WAY TO DESCRIBE A GIRL

A GIRL might just as well wear a tag when people refer to her as "Oh, *that* girl!"

For she is marked as a person unpleasant to be with—a person to be avoided because she carries the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

You can't expect people, men especially, to tolerate this in a girl, no matter how attractive she may be in other ways.

The smart modern girl knows that her underarms need *special daily* care. Soap and water alone are not enough.

And she knows the quick easy way to give this care. Mum!

Quick to use. Harmless to clothing. Half a minute, when you're dressing, is all you need to use Mum. Or use it after dressing, any time. For Mum is harmless to clothing.

Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Doesn't prevent natural perspiration. And you should know this—that Mum prevents every trace of perspiration odor without affecting natural perspiration itself.

Don't label yourself as *"the girl who needs Mum."* Use it regularly every day and you'll be safe! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM

USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO and you'll never have a moment's worry about this source of unpleasantness.

takes the odor out of perspiration

where you must make your personality felt, my advice to you is to be unobtrusive for a short spell. Do your work well and find out what sort of environment you're in. A book could be written on the subject of getting along with one's business associates, about tact and diplomacy, about means of gradually making your presence felt in an organization without pushing. But I've side-tracked from the beauty theme far enough already. I'll just say these few things:

You're going to spend at least six hours a day, at least five days a week, at your work. You might as well get enjoyment and interest out of it as well as that weekly pay envelope. Use your noodle and adapt yourself to your environment. Don't always be satisfied if you fulfill just the exact amount asked of you. Do a little more. Gradually, find out a little more about the business you're in. It may lead to a better job. You'll have set-backs and bad breaks, sure. Don't let them get you down.

THIS reminds me of Ann Sothern, who was let out of "The Follies" because she was too pretty and sang too sweetly. Well, mebbe not exactly that, but she resembled just enough the late Marilyn Miller, and her voice was similar to the star's, so it was soon a case of Annie doesn't work here any more. A friend advised her to change her type, to become hotcha instead of sweet, since the market seemed to be glutted with sweet types. But Ann sensibly decided that she just wasn't cut out to be hotcha, so she continued traipsing around to theatrical agents and went on with her singing and dancing lessons. And that reminds us of the famous old saying, "Be yourself. Don't try to be what you ain't."

When the good break comes, be ready to live up to it. Every day, think, "This may be the day!" Through a great tragedy, Alice Faye now has the chance of stepping into a very golden pair of shoes indeed. Hollywood mourns the loss of gay and gorgeous Jean Harlow, but nevertheless there must be someone to make us laugh and make our pulses quicken as the much-mourned platinum star was able to do. The logical person to wear Jean's mantle of gaiety and allure seems to be Alice Faye. Will she be able to do it? She must work, and work hard if she will succeed. In face and figure, not quite as lovely as Jean, she, on the other hand, has a better voice. Will the good breaks go to her head, as Jean's common sense never let them go to hers? These considerations and problems aren't so very different in essence from the problems and considerations which confront any girl when she is given something to live up to, something to work for.

Well, get back to your knitting and beauty advice, M. M. Give the girls some tips on looking their best while on the job.

TIME yourself on making up and hair fixing. Taking pains, but without dawdling, see how long it takes you. Then allow this much time every morning. Wear only essential make-up to business. Powder and lipstick. No rouge unless you're very washed-out looking without it. No mascara unless your lashes and brows are so light you look plain without it. Every morning, give your nails a moment's attention. They take hard punishment in the daily grind. If you're doing stenographic work, keep your nails just fingertip length. Remember that carbon paper has a horrid habit of combining with nail polish to give a very grubby effect, so change the polish every night if need be. The important thing is that the polish never be chipped and cracked.

Remember that you'll not have time to get a wave or a manicure in the daytime. You must take care of things after office hours, and you'll be better off if you learn to do as many beauty tasks as possible for yourself. One night a week should be set aside for a swell shampoo, a bang-up manicure, and any other beauty and grooming tasks you need to do.

If you stand all day, you must wear good—not cheap—shoes. If you sit all day, you must wear a good, firm girdle. Once during the morning and once during the afternoon, take a few minutes for one of these refreshing and relaxing stunts. Take ten full, deep breaths, exhaling very slowly. (Excellent for that nervous, tense feeling.) Or let your head drop forward, limp, on your chest, and then slowly roll it in a circle, letting it go as far back as you can. Cup your eyes for a minute or two with your hands and try to "see black."

Keep that bottle of skin freshener in your desk or in your purse and take time to give the face a "once over lightly" before or after lunch. A small bottle of a good mouth wash is not amiss, either, so that you will never be guilty of what the ads warn you against.

Many is the working gal who must dress at seven in the morning for all day, and probably for an after-office date besides. Choose materials which won't wrinkle easily. Have as many washable blouses and neck gadgets as you can afford—they'll make your few basic costumes look different. After holding a job for awhile, it's so easy to slump and let down on keeping that there neat, well-groomed appearance. The other girls in the office don't seem to be so terribly fussy. The boss is an old codger of fifty—no point in fixing up for him. But that's the wrong attitood, Toots, the wrong attitood. *You* be the girl whose face is always fresh and sparkling, whose hair is always shining and becomingly waved, and whose costume, footgear and fingernails are always as spandy as you can keep them.

If you're overweight, the office lunch hour is a good time for that liquid meal and a nice brisk walk. If you're underweight, you must find some tearoom or something, darlings, where you can get a hot, nourishing meal, even though it strains the budget to pay for it. A swell idea, too, if you can send out in the middle of the afternoon for a glass of milk or a malted drink. But, of course, if the office frowns upon such deviations from starchy efficiency, you must go without.

Older women in business are so often shadowed with the feeling that their hold on the job is precarious and that a dozen young things are all ready to step in and take their livelihoods away from them. I have never quite understood why this should be so. It needn't be so if the older woman doesn't permit herself to slump and get in a rut. The experience and wisdom which the years bring us are even more valuable than the energy of youth. Most of the women who hold highly paid and responsible jobs aren't young, after all. If you feel that graying hair counts against you, have it dyed—well, and not cheaply. If you are on the plump side, you should, of course, endeavor to do something about it, but in the meantime, be prepared to pay more for your clothes than the thin folks have to pay.

See you all next month—and P. S., I hope you all get the job!

He's Learned from the Ladies

(*Continued from page 35*)

knothole in the fence. So I took my sax and joined a band. It was the first time in her life my mother had to depend on me. Think she worried about herself? No. She worried about being a burden on me. There was I, a big, strapping galoot, and she didn't want to be a burden on me. Never a word about her own pain and so forth, only about poor Fred and all the hospital bills he had to pay. Poor Fred, my foot." He was examining that extremity with great interest.

"I'm not saying she taught me a sense of responsibility. I never put it into so many words. Neither did she. But if she hadn't been the way she was, maybe I'd have been different too. How can you tell? I never read any books about it. All I know is that the best part of that job in New York was being able to send her some dough. At that, she was doing me a favor. Probably kept me out of a lot of trouble. Didn't have enough left to get into trouble with."

A publicity man came in with a MacMurray story. It described a scene that took place recently on a Hollywood street, and the lead ran, "MacMurray can't go out without being mobbed."

He took one look and flung it down in disgust. "Sounds like I'm a big movie star and very popular."

"Well, aren't you?"

"Not that popular." His annoyance was obviously genuine. "Can't you kill it?"

"Too late," and the publicity man made for the door.

"Hey, wait a minute." Fred started after him. "Put in another story," he bawled down the hall, "and tell 'em I can go out without being mobbed."

Once he'd been calmed, I asked him about the women he'd played with. "Does that mean I've cleared one hurdle?" he wanted to know, and shook hands with himself.

"Well, this part's easier. I've heard lots of times that women are bum sports, especially actresses. Not the ones I've worked with. Maybe you think I'm just shooting my mouth off this way, to pay fancy compliments. Well, I can show you different.

"I played my first picture with May Robson. I was trying to figure out how to be an actor. She must have seen I was hot and bothered, and she said, 'Just be yourself, and you'll get along fine.' Might have been her nice way of saying, 'Don't waste time trying to act,' but I put that thought behind me and took her advice. I've been taking it ever since. Sometimes when I'm being myself, the director seems to think someone else might be an improvement. But at least it gives me something to start off on, so I don't go flopping around like a lopwinged turkey.

"Of course, when I was really scared was the first picture with Claudette. Look who she was, and I wasn't. No use trying to describe my feelings. Put yourself in my place, and that tells the story. My first scene with her, I was taking her to the subway, and she felt my arm kind of going this way." He waggled it. "She looked up at me and smiled. 'What's all the shaking for?' 'Scared.' 'Of what?' 'The whole business.' 'You'll lick it,' she said, and she said it as if she meant it. Anyway that was the first time I thought to myself, 'Maybe I will. Why not?'

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"She could have kept very quiet, and no one would have held it against her. Instead, she went out of her way to give me pointers. And more than that. The first week some good friend told me I was going to be kicked out—which helped. I found out later that Claudette Colbert went to bat for me. 'I think he's okay,' she said. 'I want him in.' I was nobody, and she put up a fight for me. Pretty bum sport, yeah!

SAME way with Carole Lombard. My pictures with her were mostly comedy. You had to be light and easy. She'd kid between scenes. She likes to kid, but there was more behind it than that. I saw she was doing it on purpose, to keep me in the mood. Then before the scene she'd grab my hand. 'Come on, let's be funny,' she'd say and pull me on.

"She'd worry about my make-up, too; sit and look at me and say, 'I wonder how we can make you handsome?' One day she decided I should have a few eyebrows taken out. She pulled a couple and I yelled blue murder. 'You have to suffer to be good looking,' she said. That's another thing I learned from Carole," he grinned. "But I'd rather not suffer and not be good looking, I guess.

"Anyway, you can't tell me that actresses are this and that. Maybe some of them are. I told you before, I'm talking about the ones I know. And the ones I know I take off my hat to."

MacMurray's wife was once on the stage herself. They met while playing in the same Broadway show.

"Do I have to talk about Lillian?" he inquired plaintively. Seeing no sign of clemency, he drew a breath and plunged.

"Well, here's the principal thing I learned from her: that all this talk about no happy marriages in Hollywood is so much bologna.

"Not having been married very long, maybe you think I have no right to judge. But we got to know each other pretty well before we were married. One thing—it really happened before I had any idea I'd be in pictures." The slight flush, the way he hurried over the words, gave me to understand that "it" meant "falling in love."

"That gives you a little feeling of security, you know. With someone else, you might think being in the movies had something to do with it." He began to look very uncomfortable indeed. "Say, does that sound conceited? Do me a favor and don't let it sound that way. It's only that when I first came out here, different people would call and ask me out to dinners and parties. I'd say, 'Do you mind if I bring my fiancée?' Nine times out of ten they'd pull back. 'Awfully sorry, but we'd planned on just so many.' Well, you couldn't help feeling that being in the movies had something to do with it. See what I mean?" He seemed grateful when I said I did.

"One reason we get along is because we enjoy the same things, except one. She likes to dance, and I don't. So we don't dance. Well, that's not quite true either. Before she was ill, we did go out once in awhile. Only I don't like to dance more than she does like to dance. So she was satisfied with once in awhile. Suppose I'd married someone who wanted to go out all the time." He looked frightened at the thought of what he'd escaped.

SHORTLY after their marriage, Mrs. MacMurray was taken seriously ill. In bed for five months, she is only now beginning to regain her strength. Her husband's concern is all the more distressing to see, because he keeps his lips closed over it. Like all his emotions, his worries belong to himself.

"She's like my mother," he managed to say gruffly. "She always feels swell, even when she doesn't. On bad days she puts make-up on, so I can't tell. I have to ask the nurse all the time how she's getting along. Listen to her, and she'd make you believe she ought to be up and jigging."

The home in Brentwood they'd planned together was going up when she was taken ill. But her interest never waned. "Of course she couldn't watch it the way she wanted to, but I'd talk things over with her, then go ahead. Then I'd have to go out and take pictures and bring them back to show her.

"And that was another place where we found we agreed. For instance, we both thought we wanted a breakfast room. Somebody said to me, 'What do you want a breakfast room for?' So I said to Lillian, 'Say, what do we want a breakfast room for?' And she said, 'Yes, what do we want a breakfast room for?' So we have no breakfast room. The few times we didn't agree, I left it to her. She knows a lot more about decorating than I do. Like the dining-room paper. I saw it in a small piece and thought it was awful. She looked kind of downhearted. Well, nuts, if she'd wanted monkeys and giraffes climbing over the walls, that'd be all right with me, too. 'Put it in, anyhow, and see how it looks,' I told her. So it looks swell.

"I got to be quite a shopper," he went on, with a householder's pride. "I'd go down to this hardware place and bring up a bunch of doorknobs and lighting fixtures, and then I'd have them send samples of drapes and rugs, and she'd take her pick. Then a day or so before we went in, I brought her these pieces of cardboard, and

(*Continued on page 96*)

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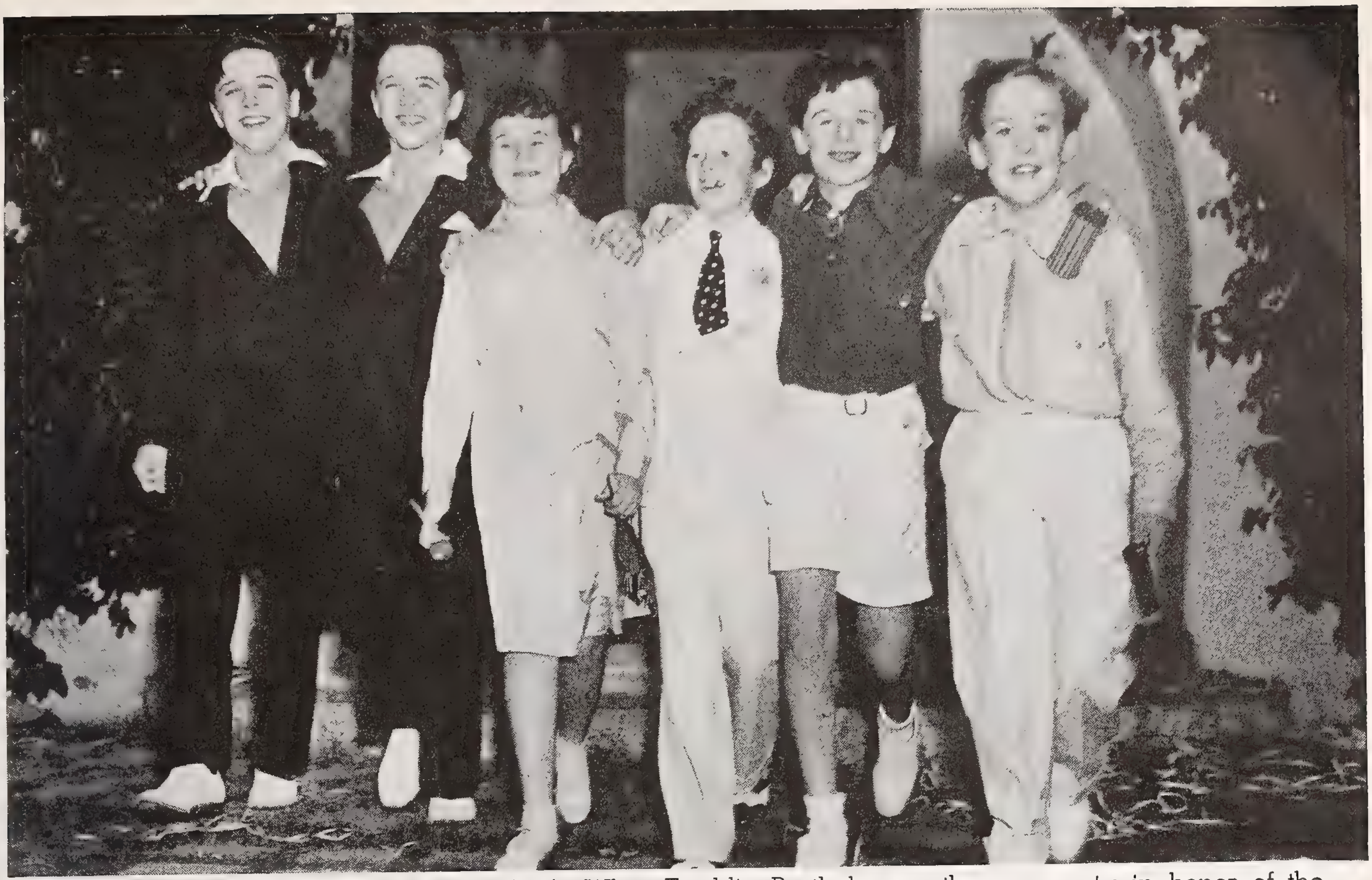

Just a bunch of regular kids get together! When Freddie Bartholomew threw a party in honor of the Bronx boy, Tommy Kelly, who was picked from 25,000 entries to play the title role in "Tom Sawyer," most of Cinematown's famous younger members turned out to give him a right hearty welcome. (L. to r.) Billy and Bobby Mauch, Jane Withers, Tommy, Freddie and Doug Scott. A swell time was had by all.

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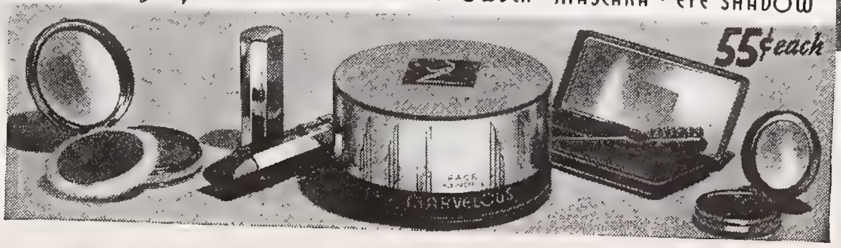

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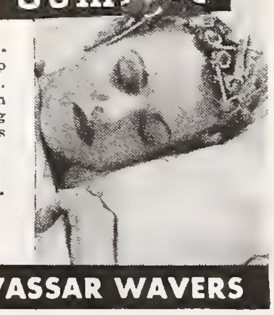
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VASSAR WAVERS

(*Continued from page 94*)

she drew a plan of each room and where she wanted everything to go. That's decorating the hard way. When it was all fixed we took her there in an ambulance and left her downstairs, while we carried the bed up and got it made. Then we carried her up, and there she was, sitting pretty in her own house. Next thing I knew, she was laughing her head off. I turned 'round just in time to see the carpenter whisking the door away. It wasn't really finished, you know. I just wanted her to see it the way it was going to look.

"Anyway, she's improved much more rapidly since. We were in an apartment before, where she couldn't get out. Now she lies on the sundeck. Birds singing, flowers growing." He caught himself again. "Pretty fancy talk for an ex-saxophone player."

"Watch out, Fred. Someone might think you have a heart," scoffed a friend who had come in for part of this. "You make me laugh."

"I make myself laugh." He was at the door, poised for flight. "Listen, wasn't there a book once called 'Are Women People?' Well, you can say for me the answer's yes. Nice people. I learned about it from them."

College Course in Clothes

(*Continued from page 49*)

Phyllis Brooks' ensemble is of navy blue and luggage-tan wool crepe. Her dress has the new, casual, low neckline and the simple lines that are so magic in slimming a full figure. The very full coat makes the thighs appear narrow, and all trimming is concentrated in the accessories, as it should be in the case of all but willowy-slim girls. Her gloves are hand-stitched chamois, and her tiny hat shows the new jutting-forward line that is the outstanding angle of the new hats.

Mary Carlisle is so thin that even the most tailored wool crepe dress needs more elaboration, more fullness. It is introduced subtly, however, in the dress she is wearing under the box coat, flaring slightly from the hips so as to retain an air of utmost simplicity. It is the coat she is wearing that is most important for college girls. This one is made of stiff costume velvet of deepest blue. It is the sort of coat that college girls find indispensable, because they can wear it over tailored dresses in the daytime, softer dresses for informal evenings. In velveteen, or corduroy, it is equally good. If you or your mother are clever with a sewing machine, you can make a coat like this easily. And a tip from a star who makes her own clothes, and who always has a coat like this in her wardrobe, is to go to the upholstery department for your material. She buys upholstery velvet or velour for coats like this at much less than the cost per yard in the regular coat fabric department.

One ensemble like either of these, an extra wool dress that can be worn with the jacket, and a collection of skirts and sweaters take good care of a girl's daytime campus needs. After all, it is in her evening clothes that she will have a real chance to shine. And shine she must this year on all gala occasions by means of spangles, lamé, or shiny beads.

The evening dress that Mary Carlisle is wearing is of blue-gray chiffon, embroidered in crystal beads. The slip underneath is very tight to emphasize her slimness, the dress itself full enough to look comfortable and graceful. It is a very young and romantic dress, but it borrows a sophisticated touch from the sculptured, Grecian robes grown-ups are wearing—a tightly-draped bodice. The jacket is removable, of course, but who would want to take off such a chic and jaunty bit of frippery? Especially as it is transparent and not weighty at all. Note particularly the length of the skirt. It is just below ankle-length, comfortable for dancing, but with all the sweeping grace of the very long dresses of last year.

Middle-aged women can take up the new short-skirted evening dresses if they want to, and fashion writers can scream about the ballerina skirts, but college girls just won't have them. When they are dressed for gala occasions, they want to look just as different as possible from their everyday style, and long skirts give them that added dramatic sweep as they enter a ballroom.

Notice, please, that Mary is not breaking the neckline of the dress by wearing beads or a necklace, and that no earrings, clips, or flowers distract attention from the sumptuousness of the dress. If your dress glitters, forswear all jewelry except bracelets, lest you look like a Xmas tree or its understudy. Be sure, too, if you are wearing a dress of rather sophisticated lines, that you emulate Mary's freshly-tubbed, little-girl demureness by having your hair arranged very plain and fairly reeking with the healthy radiance that Beauty Expert Mary Marshall has told you comes with constant brushing.

NOW we come to what is fondly known as *the* dress. Every girl at college simply has to have a dark chiffon dress that can be worn with or without a hat to dress up dinner dates and informal dances. This one is black, but many girls prefer midnight blue or the very dark brownish red that is being called sherry this season. Colors are younger and, besides, some girls haven't the healthy skin and hair that black requires.

Selecting a dress of this type requires the utmost care, because if it is too plain, it will make you look like a poor relation. The very full skirt does a lot toward making it look frivolous, but the really giddy touch is the frou-frou of pink chiffon around the neckline. The puffed sleeves help, too.

Topping it all is the absurd little hat that proclaims a ranking mode of Autumn 1937. Trimming is massed in the front and high. A lot of girls are going to make a tiny skull-cap like this do multiple-duty by having flowers and feathers in many colors, changing the trimming to match various dresses.

While we are on the subject of hats, we might just as well sum up the major points of the new millinery fashions. First, the trimming juts forward as it does on this one and on Phyllis Brooks' daytime hat. Most of the new hats look as if they were just poised on the head temporarily, ready to be catapulted off into space like an airplane from the S.S. Lexington.

Hats are not moored on with elastics any more. The crowns fit very snugly around the back, and isn't that going to be a relief on the days when your hair is a little unruly?

Berets are in fashion—and when were they not?—but the new berets are larger, softly draped, and tilted up on one side.

Black hats are being worn with suits and dresses of almost all colors this year, but they flaunt little feathers or ribbon ornaments of sharp colors. Rarely does the trimming match the dress you are wearing. It is more apt to be the same color but a much brighter shade. One of the most striking new color combinations is worn in private life by Marlene Dietrich. It's a smoky gray ensemble with a scarf and hat of piercing sage green.

Now let's go back to dresses. The outstanding new line in frocks is called the corselet line, which simply means that dresses are closely fitted from bust to hip line. Many of the day dresses are of princess style, unbelted. When there is a belt or sash, it is part of the bodice draping and high, as in Mary Carlisle's beaded evening dress, or rather low as in the dark chiffon frock. Skirts on day dresses range from the boxy, straight type to gores of moderate fullness, to umbrella-like circles with pleats stitched down over the hips. Evening dresses must be decidedly one extreme or the other—very slim and sleek or extravagantly full. No halfway measures when you are dressing for a big occasion.

New coat and woolen dress fabrics go to extremes heretofore unknown. Either the surface is so nubby and rough that it is almost as uneven as a piece of curly Persian lamb, or it is so smooth that it looks and feels like suede. The latter is more popular with college girls. Even when they are buying sports coats, they prefer lustrous velveteens, or silky-haired coatings that have a beaver-like finish to the rough ones. When it comes to dresses, the more the wool feels like suede or satin, the better they like it. It's more feminine, they will tell you. A girl who is competing with men all day in the classroom just has to look especially impractical and enchanting to make him forget that she knew the answers that he didn't.

FOR the last, I have saved what is perhaps the shrewdest, most calculating and most becoming of all the outfits Mary Carlisle is modelling for you. That black outfit with the little-girl, ruffled organdy blouse is a velvet lounging pajama, just the costume to wear at a cat party in the sorority house or dormitory. It isn't a bad idea at all for a college girl to have tucked away in her wardrobe a knockout outfit to be worn when just the girls get together. It makes them feel that she isn't a siren who just dresses up to please men, but who holds the good opinion of her girl friends in high regard.

The blouse is flesh colored. Clothes fashions are much more colorful this year, and instead of using lingerie touches of white, the new clothes introduce collars, blouses, or neck ruffles of delicate, light colors. Flesh color is ideal for Mary Carlisle because of her pale blond hair and creamy skin. Brunettes with olive skin find pale, clear amber more becoming. Ash blondes who get so tanned in Summer that they retain a burnished glow all Winter, wisely select a rosy apricot color. The paler shades look innocuous on them.

Maybe you have noticed that I haven't said a word about tweeds or about those three-piece suits that have been the college girls' stand-by the last few years. Well, the college girls just aren't wearing them any more, not if they are style conscious. Along with their older sisters, they have gone in for clothes that are more smooth, more luxurious, more opulent.

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THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

Between You 'n' Me

(*Continued from page 21*)

going on in the Astaire-Rogers pictures, whether it be Mrs. Astaire, the producer, or Fred himself. It really is nice for a change to witness a film in which falling all over the leading lady's neck is forbidden. Of course, it takes good acting to portray a love scene without actually kissing the girl, but it can be done as this famous dancing couple prove. So, here's to more and better pictures of this type.—Betty Barbara Long, El Paso, Tex.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Ten-Year-Old Prefers Gentlemen

I am ten years of age. I like Clark Gable and William Powell. Clark is a very good actor. He is the kind who should take gambling parts. He has a good speaking voice and a nice smile.

William Powell is a very good actor, too, and he also has a nice smile. What's more, he's a gentleman. I hope he is a gentleman whether he is playing on the screen or not.

P.S. I guess Clark Gable is a gentleman. —Beverly Campbell, Montclair, N. J.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Stars Aren't Plain People

It's unjust, that's what it is, this talk you so often hear about "picture stars being just plain ordinary people, and why all the fuss over them!" True, they're people, but *not* plain, and certainly not ordinary, or they couldn't be where they are today. It's an achievement indeed to be so pleasing in personality, looks and manner that people all over the world will sit for hours to watch your movements and listen to your voice.

And they haven't all arrived by simply having pull, either. They've worked hard; they've struggled valiantly for their places in the sun. True, some stars have had pull to be brought to the attention of producers, but they've had to come across with the goods once they were before the public, or else do a pretty swift exit from pictures.

I take off my hat to the stars. They're great people.—Alice Johnson, Hollywood, Calif.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Janet Gaynor Is Tops Again

Since seeing "A Star Is Born," I realized why time is so greatly needed to make the best pictures for movie-goers. Miss Gaynor is far more appealing in this picture; everything about her was just right. She is more beautiful than when she played in "Seventh Heaven," and her face is so much more expressive.

Fredric March played his part in the picture so perfectly that as I sat in the crowded movie house, living their joys and sorrows, I felt that I wasn't looking at a picture of life, but at life itself.

The return of lovely Janet Gaynor proves to me that we are right in demanding better pictures, thus allowing the stars more time to make them. Give us the stars we know and love, and place them in stories worth while, and we'll never grow tired of them.—Mrs. Grace Gardner, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Menjou Is Better Than Ever

This is in lieu of a few pats on the back for an old favorite who is showing signs of being more up and coming than many a newcomer, namely, Adolphe Menjou.

He may have been a big star once, but he's so much better now than in those days when he was "the best dressed man" and twirled a moustache. I used to regard him as a fascinating villain, even when he wasn't inclined to be Cassanova-ish. But now—well, today there's a warmth, a real feeling for his roles that seemed lacking in the earlier pictures. It makes one wonder if it isn't a mistake to hurry the old-timers off into the limbo of forgotten people.—F. K. Beckwith, Seattle, Washington.

Another Autry Rooter

Gene Autry's renditions of those haunting cowboy songs on the screen have always proven most enjoyable, and without a doubt his voice is exceedingly charming.

Just recently I had the pleasure of seeing him in person, with Champion, and was so impressed by his pleasant personality and entire naturalness, not to mention two especially delightful songs, "Mexicale Rose" and "Tumbling Tumbleweeds," that he now rates high on my list of favorite stars.

Here's hoping for even greater recognition for Gene, more publicity and many more of the better type of Westerns to suit his combined acting, riding, and singing ability.—Grace Agnes Horning, Kenosha, Wis.

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OCTOBER ISSUE
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Packed... Crammed... WITH STARTLING CANDID PICTURES!

They Can't Be Natural

(*Continued from page 50*)

for La Hepburn than she began to do her stuff. She represented what the press termed a problem child, for it took more than calculation to get pictures or a few words with the star.

However, every dog has his day and theirs wasn't long in coming around. It was in the winter season that signs screamed, "Katharine Hepburn in 'The Lake'." Such reviews as, "Wet as the water in the lake," weren't too encouraging, but on she went. Even though surrounded by an excellent cast, Katie fell down on the job, and during one scene, the curtain was slowly lowered on her emoting, the management probably believing that kindness should be acted upon and not talked about.

Undaunted, Katie returned to Hollywood and continued her feud with certain fellow players.

Then there were little tricks she employed to get publicity. Seems she isn't considered the good copy now that she was in her palmy days. On a recent trip, she resolved to be nice to the press and informed them she was taking skating lessons at Madison Square Garden. This didn't avail her of many reporters, so before long she started from Hollywood to New York by plane and announced a little wager of one thousand dollars that not a soul would get her picture from West to East. Needless to say it worked and one smart cameraman got her picture, but I haven't heard whether the bet was settled or not.

ANOTHER popular star who can't seem to be natural is Carole Lombard. Not, however, in the same way as our aforementioned thespians. Carole is witty and has many friends. If she is with strangers, however, she just can't be herself and is the first to tell you why.

She's a great ribber and one of the few that can take kidding as well as she can give it. In fact, due to a little joke of hers, she is now romancing with Clark Gable. Most courtships can be summed up with: they met, he gave her a bracelet and she gave him a tie; he gave her a ring and everything is set.

Not for Carole Lombard, because in her case it was different. They met; she gave him a broken-down car; he gave her a corsage of vegetables, and all Hollywood laughed. Carole had run into a gent with a sense of humor equal to hers.

An amusing incident, that Carole isn't sure even now wasn't a joke on her, happened recently when "Idiot's Delight" played Hollywood. Carole was so thrilled with the acting of Lunt and Fontanne that, after the play, she went backstage to congratulate Lynne Fontanne. Everything was very nice. Miss Fontanne said, "You're English, aren't you?"

Carole said that she wasn't and a bit later, Lynne wrinkled her brow and asked, "Just *what* is it you do?"

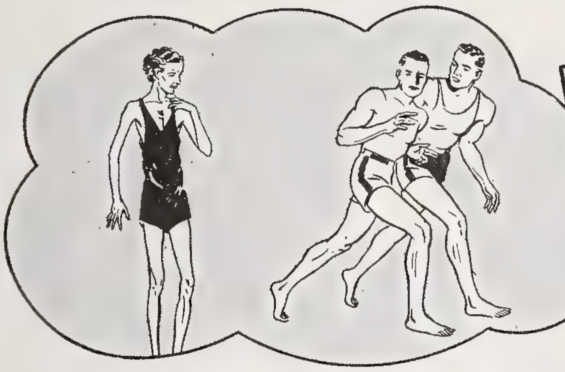
"Oh, nothing. I just hang around out here," Carole answered, not knowing whether she was being kidded. But if she and Miss Fontanne meet again, the situation may be entirely different, you can bet!

As a matter of fact, there is an actress in Hollywood who pays for her pranks—the hard way. Margaret Sullavan is the gal. A broken arm and several months in New York with a specialist attending the fracture was the result of one laugh-inducer.

Seems there was another comedian in one of her pictures. He also had a sense of humor, for when Margaret started to spray Jack Oakie with a siphon of fizz water, he returned the gag. Maggie ran for her life and in flight tripped over a cable. Before you could bat an eye, she was out for the count and came to with her arm in a sling.

Then there was the time when Margaret was playing in "So Red The Rose." The company was on location for shots of a battle scene and, while she wasn't facing the camera, Miss Sullavan sneaked away and went to work on her own. Each and every car, she locked, pocketing the key. Carefully closing the windows she placed under each auto a little item commonly called a stench bomb. While the fumes went all through the cars, she took the one remaining motor, drove some few

THE MEN IGNORED HER—SHE WAS SO SKINNY!



Ella Craig

"When you're skinny, pale and sickly-looking, the fellows hardly look at you and you never have a date. I tried everything, but no good until I got Ironized Yeast. Soon I felt a lot peppier. In 4 weeks I gained 11 pounds. Everybody says how pretty I've gotten and I have all the dates I want."
—*Ella Craig, Lancaster, S. C.*

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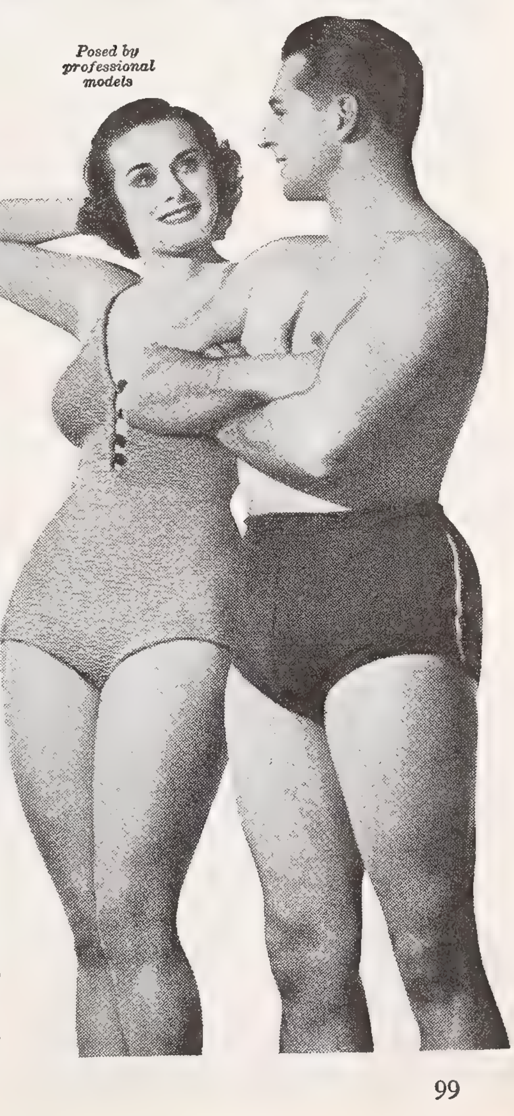

– then she gained 11 LBS. QUICK, new popularity

New IRONIZED YEAST tablets give thousands 10 TO 25 lbs. *–in a few weeks!*

THOUSANDS of skinny, rundown people who never could put on an ounce before have recently gained 10 to 25 pounds of solid, naturally attractive flesh, glorious new pep and popularity—*in just a few weeks!*

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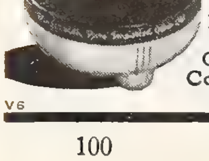

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miles down the road to a farm and hid it under a hay-stack, with each of the other automobile keys hidden throughout the stack. Some fun, eh?

Maggie then returned to the scene of her crime as though nothing had, or could, happen. When dusk arrived, bringing quitting time around, butter would have melted in her mouth. The entire company formed a posse and the hunt was on, but to no avail. Locksmiths from a nearby town had to be called in to make keys, once the cars had been aired out. This all comes under the head of fun because Margaret in the end showed them the car she had hidden. And a lotta people think Maggie hasn't a sensayuma, can y'imagine?

Speaking of "So Red The Rose," Maggie wasn't the only member of the cast who seemed big for her age. In fact, Randolph Scott proved larger by several inches.

SEEMS there was a scene on the battlefield where Randy had gone to find Maggie's stricken brother. With the boy's body in his arms, he made for the little old wagon and the camera, for a close-up. Just as they walked into range for the shot, the corpse suddenly jumped. Even an actor like Harry Ellerbe can't remain dead when pinched while in a precarious position. Next time around, it was Harry's turn and the panic was on! However, the director's patience only lasted some six or seven pinches. Then the shot was made.

Another amusing situation occurs frequently around Santa Monica. Seems that out at one of the smarter clubs there appear a couple of male fashion plates, namely, Cary Grant and Randolph Scott, who give the customers a treat.

No sooner had Jean Parker finished "Life Begins With Love" than she darted eastward to break the good news to Hubby George MacDonald.

The crowd gapes while Charles Boyer and the Missus, Pat Paterson, step up to the box office and get their tickets for the preview of "The Life of Emile Zola." These happy-weds don't do much tooting about being an ideal Hollywood couple, but their actions seem to prove it.

Each Sunday noon they arrive, sartorially resplendent, and make their entrance. Just at the head of the stairs to the beach they pause, then proceed slowly to their destination. The outfits they wear, not of conservative ilk, recently just about got two youngsters down. The result was that everyone turned one bright sunny afternoon to see Messrs. Grant and Scott, but to their amazement, saw two young men making the entrance to end all entrances.

One was clad in soft slippers, loud-checked shorts, topped by a ridiculous polo sweater of the noisiest variety and a long plaid scarf tied around his neck. Perched at a cocky angle on his head was a rough knit skull cap with a pom-pom to finish it off. His running mate was attired in an equally racy outfit. Heavy brogues, fawn colored slacks, black shirt and a checked windbreaker that put the proverbial Solomon's coat to shame. The finishing touch to this little ensemble was a beret and an oversized handkerchief to brandish in the wind. Needless to say, everyone was in stitches, bursting with laughter, so that when our two actors arrived they found their show stolen.

In all fairness to these personalities we must admit that it would be a hard job to be natural, for in the picture business there is a belief among the head men that if an actor has no temperament he can't have much ability. This follows with the press agents who continually coin stuff that their players are supposed to do, for they must have color. Consequently once these people arrive, they have to make certain they will remain there. If it means putting on a show, they are all up and ready at any time of the day.

Now I'm sure you'll agree that, even if the stars wanted to act their age and be themselves, they couldn't and run the risk of being colorless and forgotten. So, they're taking no chances this season because "they won't be natural."

Manuel, the Lovable

(*Continued from page 39*)

executive, who clinched it. He told Tracy, "Unless you take the part, I won't make the picture."

So Tracy took it. And throughout the shooting of the picture, though he gave his best to it, remained unconvinced that his best was good enough. Time and again he said, "I wish they'd call it off."

Now he concedes, "Well, I got away with it. Want to know why? Because of Freddie, because of that kid's performance, because he sold it 98%. The kid had to believe in Manuel, or Manuel wasn't worth a quarter. The way he'd look at me, believe every word I said, made me believe in it myself. I've never said this before in my life and I'll never say it again. Freddie Bartholomew's acting is so fine and so simple and so true that it's way over people's heads. It'll only be by thinking back two years from now that they'll realize how great it was."

ON THE night of the Hollywood premiere, Tracy spoke to the radio audience. He said, "This is Freddie's night, and that's as it should be." Any of you who heard his voice, quiet with suppressed feeling, will know that he meant what he said.

He didn't think he could play Manuel. Those responsible thought that nobody else could. They must have had some basis for their belief that Tracy bore within himself certain qualities that would make him understand the character and portray it credibly. Manuel's essential traits were simplicity, honesty, and a core of sweetness under his rugged strength. Let me tell you a little about Tracy, and decide for yourselves why Sam Katz said: "If you don't play it, nobody will."

To know Tracy, you must know his background. He was born to parents in comfortable circumstances, the second of two sons. You have only to see his white-haired mother, with her soft voice and gentle ways, to know that he came not out of a house but from a home. She lives near him now. On the days when he can't drop in to see her, he telephones. At least once a week he takes her out to the Cocoanut Grove or the Trocadero, as much for the kick he gets out of it himself as for the pleasure it gives her.

He was a child of warm affections and a hasty temper, shy about displaying the former, quick to regret the latter.

In early times his allowance was five cents every other day. Sometimes he'd ask for a nickel on the off day.

"No, Son, you can't have one this morning. You had one yesterday."

Spencer would storm out, slamming the door. Five minutes later his mother would hear the door closing stealthily and small feet mounting the stairs to his room. Then her son would appear, mutter something about the book he'd forgotten, and kiss her good-by. A big seven-year-old, he couldn't of course let her know that it wasn't a book but her kiss he'd come back for.

He was always bringing young ruffians home with him. Occasionally his mother would protest. "Son, where did you ever get hold of that boy?"

Spencer would flare up. "Well, just because he's poor—"

"No, I don't mean that. But he doesn't look clean—"

"Well, maybe they don't have water where he lives. Say, Mother, can I give him one of my suits?"

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And so little about its pain—dismissing it almost casually as the good news is passed around among relatives and friends:

"Mary's had a baby!"

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For, 61 years ago, a woman shattered this myth that her sex must suffer silently. She devoted her life to aiding the relief of their pain.*

Today, the name of Lydia Pinkham is blessed throughout the world. Mother tells daughter, friend tells friend, how, when the ordeal of motherhood approaches, it can usually be made easier with the use of Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Think what that signifies. If the burden of child-bearing can be eased, that often means a stronger, healthier mother. That, in turn, often means a sturdier, healthier baby.

Through the years we have received more than a million letters telling us of the aid that women have received through the use of the Compound. Young girls passing into womanhood, wives, mothers—they tell us of bitter suffering that has been relieved, of nervousness that has been soothed, and, as a result of this, of unhappy times that have been made normal once again.

Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound may help you also to go "smiling through." Try a bottle today.

*For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts† which must be endured, especially during

The Three Ordeals
of Woman

1. Passing from girlhood into womanhood.
2. Preparing for Motherhood.
3. Approaching "Middle Age."

†*functional disorders*

One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

The Gary Coopers expect an addition to the hearthside this month. Meanwhile, we see them taking in "The Firefly" showing.

He got into the scrapes of all normal boys, blackened eyes and had his own blackened in return, ran away to come back with blistered feet and fling his arms penitently round his mother's neck, played hooky with Pat O'Brien, his friend then and now, and got the maid who adored him to write notes of excuse over his mother's name Still, cheating made him uneasy.

One morning his mother left Spencer at home with a playmate while she went to church. Returning, she found the fire engines at the door, quenching a merry blaze. "How did it happen, Spence?" Spence had no idea. Several months later he appeared before his mother, blue eyes clouded. "We had the story of George Washington in school today," he informed her, foot scuffing at the carpet. "He couldn't tell a lie, so I better tell you that we lit some papers in the cellar that morning just to watch them burn; then we got scared and ran away." Hearing that story, there flashed through my mind the memory of Manuel's shining eyes fixed on Harvey, as he told Long Jack who it was that had snarled his line.

It was a household ruled by love and peace. Mr. and Mrs. Tracy belonged to different churches, but respected each other's faith. Spencer served as an altar boy, and though he never talked about religion, even to his mother—still doesn't—on those days when he was due in church at nine, he was up and ready by seven.

They bought a car before they could well afford it, because "it will keep the boys with us," Mr. Tracy said. And if they passed five flat tires on the road and, having stopped to help four, drove past the fifth, an indignant Spencer would fume for the rest of the day about "that poor fellow we left in the lurch."

HE WAS studying medicine when the acting bug hit him. His father raised strenuous objections. His mother thought, "If that's what he wants to do, he ought to try it." So she made it possible for him. Thinking back, she smiles a little ruefully. "It's the only time I can ever remember Mr. Tracy being provoked with me." But it wasn't long before Mr. Tracy was convinced that Spencer had chosen wisely.

Later the family moved to New York. Mrs. Tracy was lonely at first for her friends in Milwaukee. "Aren't you?" she asked her husband.

"Well, no, Mother, I can't say that I am. I just walk down Fifth Avenue and look at those wonderful buildings and stop in at that beautiful cathedral, and—well, what is there to be lonesome about?" And again as I listened I was reminded of something—Manuel's face bent over his rielle, and his voice saying, "My fader, he feel beaudiful inside."

When Spencer was playing on Broadway, his father would meet him at the theatre every night. They'd have supper together and talk things over. Till Mr. Tracy fell ill. Then Spencer would stop in on his way home. "Well, Son, how did it go?" And Spencer would tell him. They knew how ill he was, but tried to keep it from him. He knew, and pretended not to, for his family's sake. He had his faith to sustain him. If he didn't believe in a fisherman's heaven, he did believe.

Then came the time when Spencer had to leave for the theatre, not knowing whether his father would be there on his return. And one night he was gone.

His father's memory is as dear to him as ever the old fisherman's was to Manuel, though being the child of a more complex race, he is less articulate about what he feels. Under any circumstances, Tracy is a pushover for an outstretched palm. To such a degree that Carroll, his brother and manager, must keep check on him.

Recently, a petitioner appeared who said he'd worked for Mr. Tracy in Milwaukee. "The man's a phoney," Carroll protested. "I've investigated. He never worked for Father in his life."

Spencer turned stubborn. "Well, maybe there's just a chance he did. And if there's any chance, I want to give him something for Father's sake."

The Tracy home in San Fernando Valley has that same livable quality which you know his childhood home must have had. A low, rambling house, set back from the road, with gardens in front and orchards behind, it's the kind of place you pass and wish you belonged to. Half a dozen red setters try to clamber 'round your shoulders in welcome as you walk up the drive. The front door opens on a huge living-room—not the interior-decorated home of a star—but a living-room in the real sense of the word. Simple rugs that won't be bothered by dirt, cretonne-covered sofas and a squashy yellow chair made for lounging, an immense fireplace, at one end a piano and bookshelves, at the other a refectory table with chairs to match, for this is the dining-room, too—brass and copper and Delft chinaware gleaming from a Welsh dresser and mantel; photographs of the children—John, redheaded and a mass of freckles like his father at the same age, a blonde little girl with mischievous eyes, named Louise for her mother, but called Susy; and a photograph of Freddie Bartholomew, too, in the oilskins of "Captains Courageous."

THE MASTER of the house, hair rumpled and overalls dirt-streaked, has just left for the stables. He thinks it's a treat when he has time to wash the dogs and groom the horses he loves. Not long ago one of his mares bore a colt. Tracy took it hard. A dozen times he ran from the stables to the house, streaming with perspiration, to phone a friend experienced

a word to the wise from Bruce Cabot

Bruce Cabot — don't fail to see his new Grand National picture, "Love Takes Flight"

GOOD MORNING, MARY. WHERE'S THAT USUAL BRIGHT SMILE OF YOURS?
MENU
I'M SUNK, MR. CABOT. I'VE TRIED AND TRIED TO GET INTO PICTURES, BUT NOBODY WILL GIVE ME A CHANCE. GUESS I'M JUST A FAILURE!
YOU'RE A PRETTY GIRL, MARY, BUT CASTING DIRECTORS ARE THE SAME AS OTHER MEN—THEY LIKE TO SEE SMOOTH, YOUNG LIPS. THERE'S A LIPSTICK WITH A BEAUTY-CREAM BASE...
OH, MR. CABOT. IT WAS GRAND OF YOU TO TELL ME ABOUT KISSPROOF! I'VE LANDED A PART IN THIS NEW PICTURE!
A FEW WEEKS LATER

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12 KINDS—1. Strained Vegetable Soup. 2. Mixed Greens. 3. Spinach. 4. Carrots. 5. Beets. 6. Peas. 7. Prunes. 8. Cereal. 9. Apricots and Apple Sauce. 10. Tomatoes. 11. Green Beans. 12. Beef and Liver Soup.

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First Joan was laid up with a wrenched shoulder, then Dick was in the hospital. But now all's well on the Blondell-Powell domestic front.

in such matters. "She's just so far," he'd pant, describing in detail the mother's symptoms. "What'll I do now?"

"Calm down," his friend finally advised him. "Who's having this baby anyhow, you or the horse?"

Chestnut-haired Mrs. Tracy has the charm of simplicity and intelligence and the same dislike of pretentiousness which marks her husband. Anything that smacks of showing off makes them both wince. At the breakfast table one morning, five-year-old Susy took a notion to go smart-aleck. "I know what Daddy has," she chanted, pointing. "Daddy has a cantaloupe, Daddy has a cantaloupe."

Daddy eyed her gravely. "I suppose you want to be an actress when you grow up?"

"Yes," she agreed, enchanted.

"Well, then, suppose we leave that kind of talk till we're on the stage."

Only for a moment was Susy nonplussed. Then she proved she could take it. "O.K., Daddy," she said. "I think I get you." And a moment later, a very demure, good girl: "Do you like your cantaloupe, Daddy?"

The children are the heart of the house. What both parents have suffered because twelve-year-old John is deaf and because his leg has been affected by infantile paralysis, can be left to the imagination. They have been deeply distressed by a story which has got about to the effect that John has regained his hearing—distressed not for their own sakes, but for the false hopes it has stirred in others. Letters have come pouring in by the hundreds, begging for advice and information. Mrs. Tracy has tried to answer them all herself, but the task is beginning to overpower her.

What actually happened was this. They had believed John to be stone deaf, but an audiometer test some time ago revealed that, with the use of the machine, he had a very slight degree of hearing—fifteen per cent in each ear. The discovery so excited the child himself that at a birthday party a few days later he cried to the other children, "I can hear." So the story went abroad. Fifteen per cent of hearing is better than none, yet has little practical value, and both Tracy and his wife would like to have it known that no miracle has been worked upon their son.

THEY have schooled themselves to face the fact and, through every channel open to them, to make the boy compensate in other ways, training him toward useful manhood. One thing they are brave and wise enough not to do—foster in him any sense of self-pity. Luckily, he has a naturally happy temperament. Sometimes, however, he loses patience with himself, crying as if it were his own fault, "I can't hear, I can't run, I'm very terrible."

However their own hearts may be wrung, they betray no sign of it to John. They point out to him instead that everyone can't do everything. "You're a better swimmer than any of your friends," they remind him. "You ride beautifully and play polo with Father, and have your own horse. Nobody else you know has a horse." John's face brightens. He knows these things are true—they're not saying it just to make him feel better, and presently he's his own sunny self again.

He has his dreams, however, which include another world. And though he's a sensitive child like his father before him, the thought of death holds no terrors for him.

"You just go like this," he says, closing his eyes, "and then you wake up and you're in another world, and everything you don't have here you'll have there. I'll hear, and my leg will be fine, and I'll be very happy, and everyone will be very happy."

As comforting as a fisherman's heaven. What Tracy believes about that other world he keeps to himself, though he remains staunch in his father's faith. On Manuel's creed he allowed himself just one comment. "It's the thing everybody'd like to believe. To think you had the courage to kick off like Manuel with a smile on your face and the thought that you were going fishing with your dad—not bad, that," he smiled.

Manuel's essential traits were simplicity, honesty and a core of sweetness under his rugged strength. What Tracy's are, you'll have to gather for yourselves.

Big date night for Allan Jones and his Missus, Irene Hervey. Occasion? "The Firefly" preview. It was Allan's night, for he co-starred in the picture with Jeanette MacDonald.

Information Desk

(*Continued from page 25*)

wears a gold chain about his neck, etc. But, he says, he has no superstitions! He dislikes spiders, alarm clocks, but craves thunder storms and the sound of wind and rain. Old nature making whoopee is like tom-toms beating on his heart. He likes red meat and cooks it himself. Doesn't diet, and keeps fit by breathing through his nose. Swims, rides, plays tennis and is a champion boxer.

He's six feet tall, weighs 180 pounds and was born in the north of Ireland June 20, 1909. Went to Lycee Louise le Grand in Paris and St. Paul's School in London. His father was professor of biology at Queen's University and Cambridge. He's a direct descendant of Fletcher Christian, leader of the famous mutiny on the Bounty.

By the way, his first part in an English film was in "Mutiny on the Bounty." Later he played on the English stage in "A Man's House," "Othello," "Another Language," and "The Constant Nymph." Also in stock companies in what the British call the provinces (one-night stands in American jargon).

Then the movie bug bit him again. Hollywood beckoned and this boy dashed there without any quibbling. On the boat over, he met perhaps his biggest and most baffling adventure to date, Lili Damita. This couple have been reported about to split up more often than any other pair in movie circles, but both deny the rumors and continue their long-distance marriage arrangement.

You'll see him soon, if he can stay put long enough to finish his latest movie, in "The Perfect Specimen."

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ROBERT TAYLOR (Last printed June, 1937. Total number of requests since then 613.) Well, fans, that Taylor man's here again! His Barometer rating indicates he's simply got to have his past reviewed once more in these columns. By this time you should certainly know the bare facts of his young life, but to please our many readers, we'll go over them briefly. Filley, Nebraska, was his birthplace, and the grand event took place Aug. 5, 1911, at five o'clock in the morning. 'Tis said infants born in the wee hours aren't inclined to be as husky as those born, say, around noon, but Bob makes this theory sound a bit cockeyed. His real name is S. Arlington Brugh, or did you know that? He changed it to a snappier one for good and sufficient reasons, all spelling those magic words, Box Office.

As a youngster he enjoyed his own company, as most kids with imagination seem to. But he wasn't the bookish sort. Baseball and horseback riding were tops with him. He also went in for tennis, and later won some fancy champ cups. Now he plays some pretty swell sets at the Beverly Hills Tennis Club, with lots of women admiring his game—and complexion (the finest in all of Cinematown). Back in his childhood, somewhere, he also picked up piano and 'cello playing, and these accomplishments have stuck with him, too.

In school, he showed a flair for oratory, but even when he got as far as Doane College, didn't have the yen to act. In this, he was a very unique young man. His interest in dramatics was confined to arranging trips for the dramatic troupes of his school.

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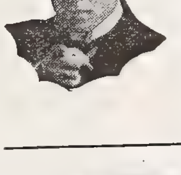

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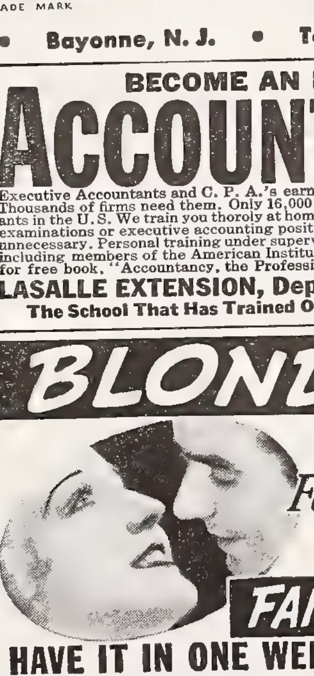

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Maybe it was because Pomona College, his next move toward the higher education, was only an hour's ride from Hollywood, that he decided finally to be a movie actor. Maybe the girls, who've always had their eyes peeled on this handsome guy, even when he was trying to concentrate on trigonometry, whispered sweet nothings into his ear, and more than hinted that he'd give quite a lift to that sleepy little Hollywood town, if he took it into his head to raid it.

Anyway, he appeared in a school rendition of the play, "Journey's End," and with miraculous luck, was at once spotted by a casting agent from, you've guessed where, Hollywood. But once under a puny weekly salary he became that lowest form of acting life, a "testing horse." Whenever an actress was wanted for a part, Bob took a test with her. She got the part; Bob got another test. He wasn't so sure about his movie future in those not-so-long-ago days, for he kept right on with his studies at Pomona all the while, and graduated, specializing in philosophy. He needed plenty of that.

After weary months, there came the dawn, however, and Taylor landed in the "Crime Doesn't Pay" series and proved to his bosses that he, at least, did. His brawny charm has since been in constant demand, and with his success in "Camille" and "Broadway Melody of '38," he's tucked his philosophy books into the farthest corner of his library and doesn't even bother to take them out when company comes.

His mother says he's not as much of a hand with the ladies as you'd think; that he's very shy in their company. She expects him to marry a girl who's musical 'cause Bob's got rhythm. And a girl who's home loving and well educated. And a girl who's a small brunette. Ho, hum. At the present writing, Taylor's still the constant flame of the flaming Barbara Stanwyck. And she's not a small brunette!

FERNAND GRAVET (First printing. Total number of requests 464.) Here's one actor who had to be pleaded with to go to Hollywood. This slim, black-haired young man with a profile like the Duke of Windsor's, was already a top-notcher in European studios, where he'd made twenty-four pictures in French, German and English, when highly lucrative offers from the American gold coast began pouring in on him. He ignored 'em all at first. The reason? Was afraid of being typed in nondescript roles. But Mervyn Leroy, who had seen some of Gravet's interesting portrayals in Europe, must have been even stronger minded than Fernand. He conferred with him for four hours in Paris and continued to sales talk him by telephone as he sped from Paris to Cannes. Finally a contract was drawn up with the result that you saw him in his first American picture, "The King and the Chorus Girl," under the personal supervision of Leroy.

Money has never counted much with the temperamental Continental. He has always shown an idealistic strain in his makeup. Once when he was under contract to UFA, the leading lady took seriously ill. This meant that the picture on which they were both working would be held up for at least two months. Gravet's contract gave him every right to demand a steady salary during this period, but instead, he bowled over his employers by offering to waive his salary and accept only his living expenses, so that he could be an assistant cameraman for one month and a film cutter for the second month. He explained that he wanted to learn about pictures from every angle.

Born on Christmas morning, 1908, in Belgium, he toured all over Europe with his parents, both of whom were of the theatrical world. In 1914, the German armies swept through Brussels, his birthplace, marooning him, his parents and his sister. An elder brother, Maurice, then in France, became a soldier in the French army. Gravet's father managed to obtain a passport so that they could reach Holland and then England. There Fernand entered St. Paul's School, later becoming a British Marine cadet and spending ten months

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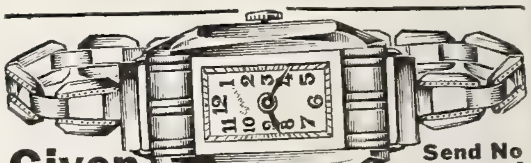

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learning the ways of the sea.

But the theatre was in his blood, and it was natural that during the post-war years, he turned to the stage. Natural, too, that he made an instant hit with the public, as his father had done before him.

His father died while making his final appearance in "Romance" with Doris Keane. It was in this same production that the youthful Fernand was introduced to Paris. During the next three years, he married the golden-haired Parisian star, Jane Renouardt. And after all this time, they're still that way about each other. You'll see this charming gent in "Food for Scandal" next.

Reviews

(Continued from page 7)

★★★ The Singing Marine

Pleasant, but not startlingly original, is this new Warner musical, featuring Dick Powell and the U. S. Marines. Mr. Powell, whose screen career has taken him profitably through West Point and Annapolis, now extends his activities into another branch of government service. If ever a war breaks out, it would seem logical from a standpoint of experience alone that he be given command of all our country's armed forces—and let who will write its songs, as the saying goes.

Story concerns a bashful marine who goes on parties with his pals because his singing voice helps get their girls into a romantic mood. Our hero is placed on an amateur radio program, and his adventures begin.

Several singable tunes are featured in the proceedings, notably "The Girl Who Couldn't Be Kissed" and "Night Over Shanghai." Dick Powell's performance is smooth and effective, even though the picture around him doesn't offer the type of support to which he has become accustomed. Best in the supporting cast is Hugh Herbert, as a radio impresario. Other good performances are furnished by Lee Dixon, Allen Jenkins and Powell's new leading lady, Doris Weston. Directed by Ray Enright.—*Warner Bros.*

★★★ Saratoga

Jean Harlow's last picture can be classed among her best. Her performance, full of the vital and particular charm that was hers, will stand as a monument to her career. "Saratoga" is fast-moving, hard-boiled comedy, and the excellence of Miss Harlow's work in it, in spite of its hilarity, serves to accentuate the tragedy of her passing. She leaves a niche in screen entertainment which can never be filled.

"Saratoga" is a story of a racing family somewhat down on its luck, a tough bookmaker, and a wealthy sportsman. The daughter of the house (Jean Harlow) is engaged to marry the wealthy chap (Walter Pidgeon) until her meeting with the bookie (Clark Gable) changes her plans. On this framework is built a rip-snorting comedy which will please all audiences, with the possible exception of morbid curiosity seekers.

Paralleling Jean Harlow's splendid performance is Clark Gable's portrayal of the bookmaker. It is the "hard guy" type of role at which Gable excels. Walter Pidgeon is capable as Miss Harlow's fiance, and the supporting cast, headed by Lionel Barrymore, Una Merkel and Frank Morgan, is swell. Also recommended is a song, "The Horse With the

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Dreamy Eyes." Directed by Jack Conway.—*M-G-M.*

★★ Easy Living

Here is a good picture which should have been a swell one. Its main assets are Jean Arthur and a sparkling script. This is probably Miss Arthur's finest performance, and she's given ample opportunity to demonstrate her delightful flair for light comedy.

Story is patterned on the current vogue for goofy farce. Everything gets under way when a banker (Edward Arnold), angered by his wife's purchase of an expensive sable coat, tosses the garment out the window. It lands smack in the lap of Miss Arthur, and when she tries to return it, Mr. A. takes her out and buys her a hat to match. This information gets to a scheming hotel owner, who immediately sets Miss Arthur up in a de luxe suite, hoping by this process to blackmail her new-found friend. The hotel suite, incidentally, is the last word in ultra-swank, and features a bath tub even beyond the wildest dreams of Cecil B. DeMille.

A swell comedy idea is dampened by the ardor of Director Mitchell Leisen, who allows a number of the scenes to go slapstick. Had Mr. Leisen relaxed, "Easy Living" might well have been up at the head of its class. Edward Arnold is satisfactory, but not outstanding, as the blustering banker, and Ray Milland is effective as his son. Luis Alberni is guilty of too much overacting. The picture, of course, belongs entirely to Jean Arthur, with credit for able assistance to Preston Sturges for his well-written script.—*Paramount.*

★ One Mile From Heaven

One of its studio's minor excursions into the field of melodrama, this proves to be about the same distance from first-rate entertainment. The picture stars Claire Trevor as a girl reporter, and divides its time between her victories over rival men reporters and the finding of the parents of a white child "mothered" by a colored seamstress in Harlem. The Harlem interludes in the film are its high points, for they afford Bill Robinson, playing a dusky policeman, several chances to exhibit his famed tap dancing. It might be said that Mr. Robinson dances away with the picture, although acting honors go to Fredi Washington, in the role of the seamstress. Miss Washington, who looks amazingly like Sylvia Sidney, is a beautiful and accomplished actress.

Claire Trevor does well with her reporter role, especially in the comedy sequences. Rival reporters are played by Chick Chandler, Ray Walker and Russell Hopton. Sally Blane and John Eldredge are seen briefly as the child's parents, and Ralf Harolde is effective as the villain. "One Mile From Heaven" was obviously made for the double-feature trade. Directed by Allan Dwan.—*20th Century Fox.*

★★ Wild and Woolly

The adjectives in the title role belong, of course, to Jane Withers, the only gal on the lot who could rightfully claim them as her own. And Jane lives right up to that old reputation, even outdoing it in a few instances in this picture. In short, this is her best job to date, because an astute director has seen to it that Jane's repertoire of tricks is not too obviously cute, so she emerges a likable, if roisterous, youngster. Her antics are staged against a small-town background with believable Western flavor.

The supporting cast leaves little to be desired. Chief among them are Walter Brennan as Jane's grandfather, Berton

"Listen, Mother!

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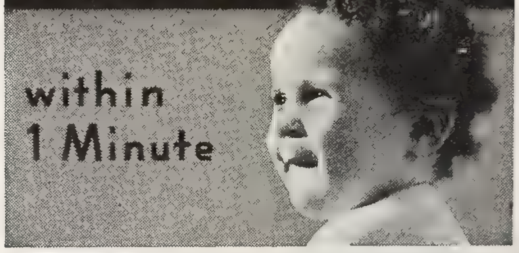

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Churchill as the inexpressibly stuffy leading citizen of the town, Jackie Searle, his son and a chip off the old block, and "Alfalfa" Switzer, late of "Our Gang" and Jane's chief side-kick. There's a thread of romance carried out with just the right touch of sentimentality by Pauline Moore, the school marm, and Robert Bailey, a shining example of upright, ambitious American manhood. There are some meanies, of course, to pep things up, and these characters are ably and menacingly realized by Douglas Fowley, Lon Chaney, Jr. and Syd Saylor. If you like a good homespun tale for a change, you'll not go wrong on this picture. Directed by Alfred Werker.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★ On Again—Off Again

Those hardy perennials, Wheeler and Woolsey, are back again, and their new venture should provide many merry moments for their loyal followers. This time the pair has been handed a script which is slightly superior to the sort of thing they've been getting lately, and the boys proceed to make the most of it. While many of their gags are as ancient as expected, some of them have been dressed up in newer garb and the final result is more satisfying than the average run of Wheeler-Woolsey comedies. Their slapstick is less broad and their sets look more expensive than usual, all of which makes their antics less painful to those in the audience who aren't wildly enthusiastic about them.

Story concerns a couple of battling business partners who decide to settle their grudge with a wrestling match, the loser to turn over the business to the other for a year, in addition to acting as his butler. Wheeler loses, and the rest of the picture is devoted to the paying off of the bet.

Besides the two principals, there are agreeable performances by Marjorie Lord, Esther Muir, Patricia Wilder and Russell Hicks. Directed by Eddie Cline.—*RKO-Radio.*

★ She's No Lady

Cops-and-robbers comedy melodrama, "She's No Lady" suffers from trite handling by director, players and scenarists. What emerges is decidedly minor entertainment, something you can see and forget almost at the same time.

Ann Dvorak lines herself up with a gang of thieves who plan a jewel robbery at the swank home of Aileen Pringle. She goes to the party with a man whom she has just met (John Trent), and after she grabs the jools, her companion whips out a revolver and takes them from her. From there on it turns out that everyone concerned with the party is after them there diamonds, and at the end of the general mêlée everyone but Miss Dvorak and Mr. Trent are tossed into jail. You see, they weren't really crooks at all, just insurance investigators out after the real thieves. Since they're the only members of the cast not behind bars, they get married.

The performances of the two leads are disappointing, neither of them doing well with their supposedly sophisticated roles. Aileen Pringle is acceptable as the owner of the jewels, and there are good comedy performances by Guinn Williams and Harry Beresford. Directed by Charles Vidor.—*Paramount.*

★★ Confession

"Confession" is listed as Kay Francis' latest vehicle, but it is not the star who contributes the picture's better moments. Such moments are in the capable hands of Basil Rathbone and young Jane Bryan. As the heavy of the piece, Rathbone is at his suave best, and Jane Bryan, as a young musician infatuated by his charm, plays one of the season's finest ingenue roles. The early part of the film, which follows the romance between the worldly composer (Rathbone) and the young girl, is excellent drama, beautifully directed by the European, Joe May. It is when Miss Francis arrives on the screen, in a blond wig and singing at a honky-tonk cafe, that the drama's pace slackens and eventually loses the advantage of its fine beginning.

Climax of the picture is a court-room scene, with Kay Francis on trial for the murder of Rathbone. In a series of flashbacks she is allowed to tell her life story, as well as parade a series of Orry-Kelly's gowns.

Ian Hunter ably fills a small and thankless role as Miss Francis' husband, and there are other good performances by Dorothy Peterson, Mary Maguire, Donald Crisp and Robert Barrat. But the picture belongs to Mr. Rathbone and Miss Bryan. —*Warner Bros.*

★ London by Night

All London, according to this film, is up in arms searching for a mysterious murderer who is given to carrying an umbrella. Since carrying an umbrella is an exceedingly practical hobby in fog-bound London, you can readily see what Scotland Yard, as well as George Murphy and sundry other characters, are up against.

"London by Night" is a routine, and, for the most part, dull mystery drama due to the fact that its story contains nothing new. The script is so painstakingly unoriginal, for instance, that most audiences will have the finger on the real villain long before Reporter George Murphy **reveals**

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Douglass Montgomery is back in circulation, cinematically and romantically speaking. He's in "Life Begins with Love" by day and out with charming Anita Louise at night.

the culprit's identity to Scotland Yard. And that sort of thing, it must be admitted, makes a murder mystery pretty weak.

George Murphy is acceptable as the romantic lead, and a newcomer, Rita Johnson, shows real possibilities. Leo G. Carroll is fine as the villain, and there are good minor parts by Virginia Field, Montagu Love, George Zucco, Eddie Quillan and Corky. The last-named is a dog. Directed by William Thiele.—*M-G-M.*

★ The Big Shot

A mildly diverting gangster comedy. "The Big Shot" will find its most receptive audiences among the family trade. The basic idea is amusing, and had the screen play lived up to it the result would have been a highly pleasing and considerably more humorous picture. Plot concerns a small-town veterinarian (Guy Kibbee) who inherits a fortune from an uncle in the big city. The country doctor moves to the big town to take over the uncle's business, but he doesn't learn until later that his lamented relative had been a big-shot racketeer. Members of the gang make the innocent vet the nominal head of their mob, and their victim spends a goodly portion of the uncle's estate in a campaign to stamp out vice. The amusing twist is that his crusade is aimed against himself.

Highlight of the picture is a coming-out party for the doctor's daughter attended by an exclusive set of gangsters and their molls. Guy Kibbee is his customary self, and Dorothy Moore, as the daughter, is a newcomer with promise. Cora Witherspoon, as the newly-rich wife, is guilty of over acting. Directed by Edward Killy.—*RKO-Radio.*

★ Super Sleuth

The movies kid the movies in this one, but they're so self-conscious about it that what was intended to be an hilarious farce emerges as something considerably less than that. Comedy centers around Jack Oakie, a screen detective so impressed by his cinema sleuthing that he is given to hurling insults at the police in his off-

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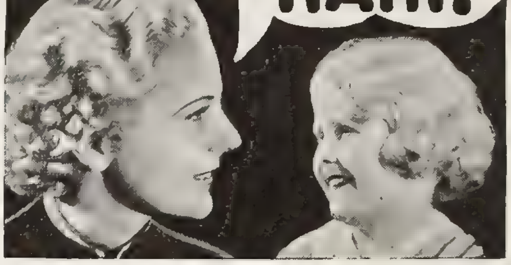

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screen moments. This practice is deeply resented by the uniformed minions of the law, so when Mr. Oakie is confronted by a series of threatening letters, there is great competition between him and the police to be first to apprehend their sender, especially after the mysterious gent has murdered a man with a bullet intended for Oakie. Vastly concerned in the proceedings is Ann Sothern, studio publicity gal, who tries valiantly to keep her eccentric charge out of the public prints.

The villain, played by Eduardo Ciannelli, is much too sinister for purposes of comedy, all of which serves to spoil the denouement. Edgar Kennedy is amusing as a detective, and Joan Woodbury and Paul Guilfoyle help out in supporting roles. Ann Sothern is attractive and capable in the feminine lead, and Jack Oakie, who used to be funnier before his income went to his waistline, is mildly amusing as the dumb hero. Directed by Ben Stoloff.—*RKO-Radio.*

★ Hot Water

If you like your movies served up family style, this is your dish. All the Jones family are back again—Papa Jed Prouty, Mama Spring Byington, Grammaw Florence Roberts, the children and all their tricks. In fact, we could say that if you've seen one of these family flickers, you've seen them all. But in all justification we should have to add that box receipts on past Jones Families have proved that many people have the Jones Family habit—due, no doubt, to the fact that they are such true picturizations of the average American home life. Of course, the family is always getting into "hot water," and this particular time it's because of Papa Prouty's political aspirations. Most ardent worker in his campaign is George Ernest, who thoroughly annoys everyone as usual, but proves again that he has a monopoly on all the Jones brain power.

Then there's June Carlson again furnishing some good laughs with her love of the "drahma," Billy Mahan still out for ice-cream cone bribes and Shirley Deane and Kenneth Howell to add some

Grand blowout! It's the Screen Writers' Ball and practically everybody in Movietown turned out. Luise Rainer and Fredric March trip the light-you-know-what.

Kay Francis and her "steady," Delmar Daves, take in a moompitcher together. Yes, Kay's up and about now. Y'know she was hospitalized for awhile there. And she wasn't alone in her misery, for the cinema celebs have had more than their share of illness lately.

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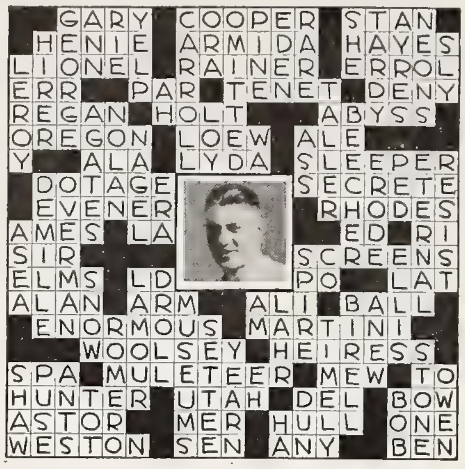

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ENORMOUS MARTINI
WOOLSEY HEIRESS
SPA MULETEER MEW TO
HUNTER UTAH DEL BOW
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romatic interest. Plot and production are of relative unimportance in these pictures, compared to the true-to-life characterizations of the cast, which could hardly be improved upon in any case. Directed by Frank Strayer.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★ King Solomon's Mines

With the rumble of tom-toms and the overpowering voice of Paul Robeson and, it must be confessed, little else, this British offering comes to America. The action takes place in a kingkongish atmosphere which suggests that the title be changed to "It Can't Happen Anywhere" and gives you a fair idea of what the fourth dimension might be like.

A screwy Irishman (Arthur Sinclair) and his pretty daughter (Anna Lee), equipped with nothing beyond a shamrock each, decide to trek across the desert in search of the fabled mines of King Solomon, reputed to be somewhere near dead center of darkest Africa. Anna's good looks help enlist the aid of a British hunter (Sir Cedric Hardwicke), a retired naval captain (Roland Young) and a titled young heart-breaker (John Loder). The vicinity of the mines is inhabited by a tough crowd of savages who decide to do a job on our valiant group and its native guide, Paul Robeson. Just as the Britons are about to have their eyes gouged out and splinters stuck up their finger nails, there's an eclipse (stop us if you've heard this one), and the blacks, thinking the whites have turned off the sun, forget about their little killing party and let them into the mines. No sooner do they make their triumphal entry than a volcanic eruption traps them in a cave. Of course, you don't worry very much, because you know that faithful Robeson is hard at work on the outside. Sho' nuff, he pushes aside several tons of rock (he was captain of the Rutgers football team, you know), and Anna and the boys escape with enough diamonds to balance the budget.

The singing of Paul Robeson and the savage antics of the natives carry the picture. The rest of the cast is not at its best—for which the poor scenario is entirely to blame. Directed by Robert Stevenson.—*GB.*

★★★ You Can't Have Everything

Concocted by the same writers and tunesters, it is in the mood and tempo of "Wake Up and Live." What we're trying to say is that if you liked "Wake Up and Live" you'll like this one.

The story is highly unimportant (if there *was* a story), so let's skip directly to the cast and its contributions. In the starring role is Alice Faye. Miss F. is

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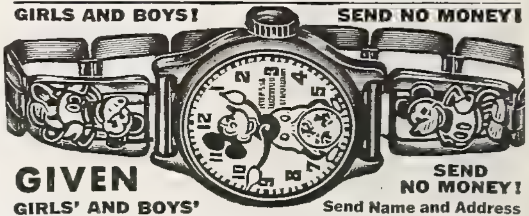

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making rapid strides in her histrionics as well as in her vocal work. In the male lead is Don Ameche, who does a first-rate job in spite of the fact that the make-up department did strange things with his eyebrows. Also present are the Ritz Brothers, and what can you say about that dizzy trio except that they're very funny? Well, they're very funny. Gypsy Rose Lee, whom the studio prefers to call Louise Hovick, makes her screen debut as the villainess. Miss Hovick didn't seem a bit embarrassed at having to wear clothes, and carried off her role with high humor. Then there is Rubinoff and his ever-present violin, Louis Prima with his trumpet and his band, and Tip, Tap and Toe, all of whom furnished swell musical moments. Directed by Norman Taurog.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★ High, Wide and Handsome

This can be set down as the year's most puzzling picture. Listed as a musical, it contains bits of everything, from industrial drama to downright melodrama. It starts out as a comedy, with Irene Dunne, of all people, dancing in a medicine show. From there it goes to straight drama of the Pennsylvania oil fields, and reaches its climax in a mob fight scene that is as exciting as it is fantastic.

When Irene Dunne marries Randolph Scott she discovers herself playing second fiddle to his work. He's busy organizing his farmer friends in a fight against the railroads, who are charging excessive rates for hauling the farmers' oil to the refinery. The farmers decide to build a pipe line, and the rest of the picture is concerned with their fight, against numerous odds, to run the pipe to the refinery within the contracted time.

Irene Dunne is not at her best when she's called upon to sing, but she handles her acting assignment ably. Randolph Scott turns in one of his best performances as the young farmer, and Dorothy Lamour is good as a purveyor of torch ballads. Other good performances are supplied by Akim Tamiroff, Charles Bickford, Elizabeth Patterson, Ben Blue and Raymond Walburn. Jerome Kern's score contains no outstanding numbers. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian.—*Paramount.*

★★ Exclusive

An exciting and, at times, superior newspaper film, "Exclusive" will please some audiences and prove highly aggravating to others.

Story concerns the battle of a respectable newspaper with a yellow journal, owned by the king of the city's racketeers. Charlie Ruggles and Fred MacMurray, reporter and city editor of the decent sheet, find themselves in a heated rivalry with Frances Farmer, star reporter for the gangster's paper. The fact that Miss Farmer is Ruggles' daughter and MacMurray's fiancee complicates the situation and serves to weaken the picture, for the character she plays will be difficult for most audiences to comprehend. Miss Farmer furnishes most of the picture's most glaring inconsistencies, for instance, when, for $200 she double-crosses her father and her fiance to sell some information to the gangster chief.

Despite her role, Frances Farmer does a first-rate job which should entitle her to better things from the powers-that-be in the future. Fred MacMurray gives an honest portrayal of the city editor, and Charlie Ruggles, in his first serious role, almost steals the picture. Best in the supporting cast are Lloyd Nolan, Ralph Morgan and Fay Holden. Directed by Al Hall.—*Paramount.*

When Beauty Counts-
SKIN BLEMISHES
Count Against
You!

So Easy Now to Conceal Permanent and Occasional Skin Blemishes

IN ONE minute's time you can make an ugly blemish disappear from sight! You can conceal it under a veil of marvelous "HIDE-IT" that will not rub off, peel or crack. Water or perspiration cannot affect it. Lasts all day until removed. So, why tolerate a conspicuous birthmark, scar, vaccination, brown spots, freckles, pimples, bruises or any discoloration? Get "HIDE-IT." Comes in four perfectly matching shades. $1 at leading department and drug stores.

MAKE THIS TEST
(1 Minute)

Apply "Hide-it" on blemish. Dust with face powder and proceed with usual make-up.

Now! See how perfectly blemish is concealed. Your skin looks smooth, flawless!

10c At Ten Cent Stores

Hide-it
HIDES SKIN BLEMISHES

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I enclose 10c (Canada 15c) for "Hide-it." ☐ *Cream* ☐ *Stick*
Check shade: ☐ Light ☐ Medium ☐ Brunette ☐ SunTan

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City ____________ State ____________

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You can learn practical nursing at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates. 38th yr. One graduate has charge of 10-bed hospital. Another saved $400 while learning. Equipment included. Men and women 18 to 60. High School not required. Easy tuition payments. Write now.

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How to make MARY T. GOLDMAN'S SINGLE LOCK TEST

Lustrous Color for
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(Test Bottle **FREE**)

Have ever-youthful looking hair this SAFE way. Clear liquid is combed through hair. Gray goes—streaks disappear. Color wanted comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Nothing to wash or rub off on clothing. Hair stays fluffy—takes wave or curl. Get full-sized bottle from druggist on money-back guarantee. Or mail coupon for Free Test.

FREE TEST ~ **We send complete Test Package Free. Snip off a lock of hair. Test it first this safe way. No risk. No expense. 3,000,000 women have received this test. Mail coupon.**

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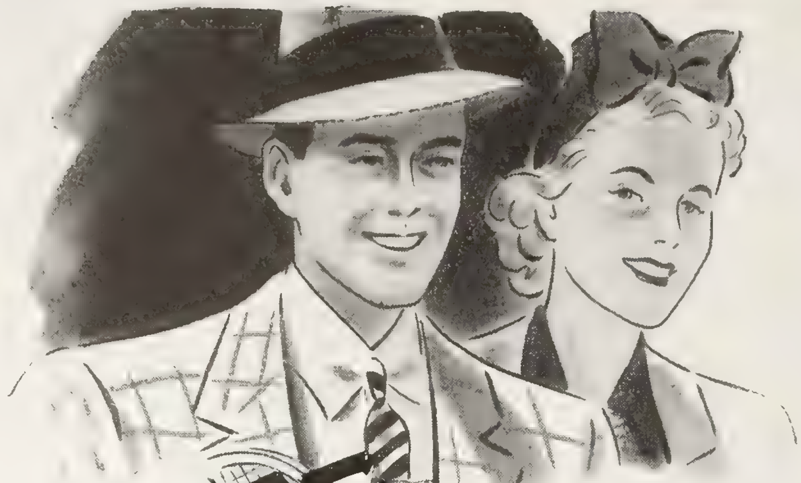
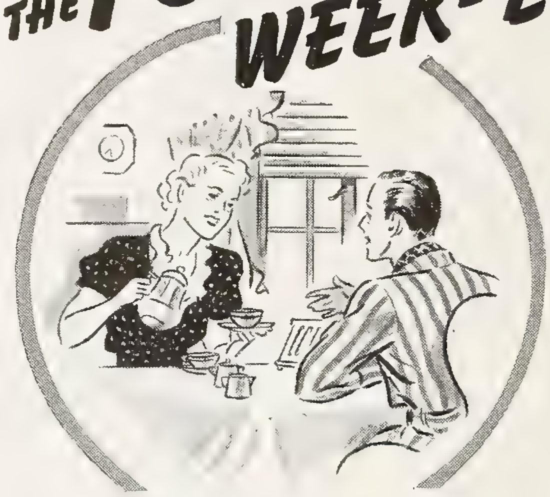
2322 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name ....
Street ....
City .... State ....
Color of your hair? ....

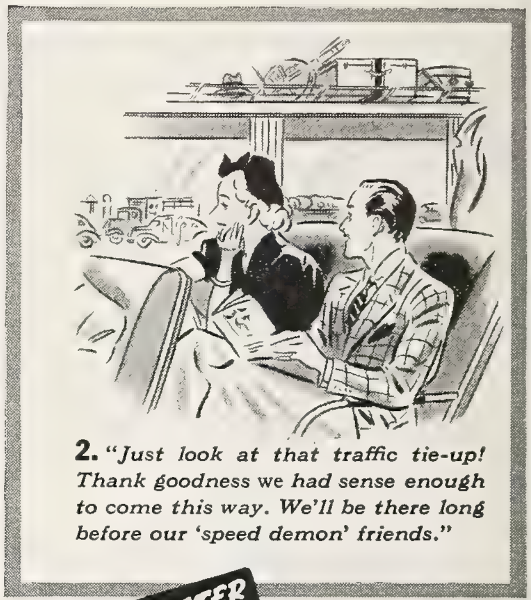


THE WISE vs. THE FOOLISH WEEK-ENDERS

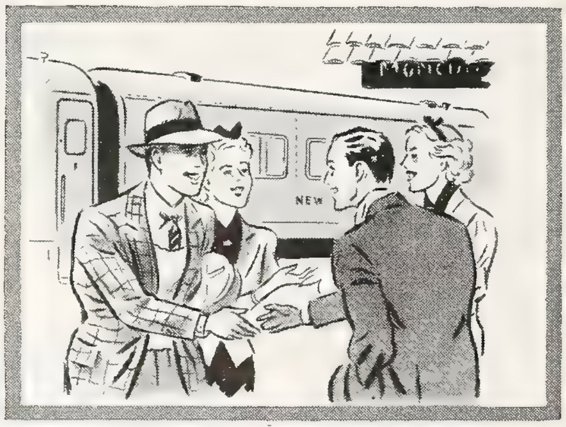
. . . proving that it's smart and economical to **"GO NEW HAVEN"** *to New England*



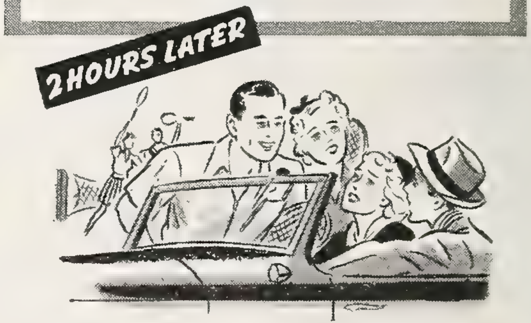
1. *"How foolish of Marge and Bill to insist on driving, instead of having a leisurely breakfast with us . . . and going by train later. They probably started at dawn."*



2. *"Just look at that traffic tie-up! Thank goodness we had sense enough to come this way. We'll be there long before our 'speed demon' friends."*



3. *"Hello, there! No, Marge and Bill are driving . . . They'll be along later. But what a grand trip we had! And so inexpensive! These new streamlined day coaches are marvelous."*



4. *"So here you are at last! Why, we've already had luncheon and played a couple of sets. Take a tip from us . . . 'go New Haven' next time!"*

- A week-end gives you just so many hours. Make the most of every one! Don't waste time and energy—travel the quick, easy, safe and *inexpensive* way. Travel in big, cool, comfortable New Haven coaches—at 2¢ a mile!

For illustrated booklet "Vacation in Southern New England" write Vacation Bureau, Room 3617, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. Tickets and information at Grand Central Terminal, Consolidated Offices, 17 John St., New York or 155 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn. Phone VAnderbilt 3-7705.

IT'S SMART TO RIDE IN NEW HAVEN COACHES

THE NEW HAVEN R. R.

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

Truly Great!

GretaGARBO&CharlesBOYER

two great stars in a mighty drama of love and emotion

CONQUEST

GARBO as Countess Marie is magnetic—alluring—warm with the fire of love!

BOYER as Napoleon is daring—impetuous—walking arm-in-arm with adventure.

Together they are perfect sweethearts—reckless lovers whose romance roars to a surprise climax that will take your breath away!

WE ARE PROUD TO PRESENT THIS GREAT EPIC IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE

SCREEN ROMANCES

THE STORY MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN • ON SALE NOW

Richard Crooks

says: "Luckies are gentle on my throat"

"*The rôle of* LIEUT. PINKERTON *in 'Madame Butterfly' is the only part in opera where the tenor smokes a cigarette on the stage. As I sing the aria, 'Amore O Grillo', I smoke—and it's always a Lucky. You see, I discovered long ago that Luckies are a light smoke—gentle on my throat—and my throat is naturally my first concern. I have smoked about a pack of Luckies a day ever since 1920.*"

Richard Crooks

STAR OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA AND RADIO

A Light Smoke

"It's Toasted"–Your Throat Protection

AGAINST IRRITATION—AGAINST COUGH

MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO SMOKE LUCKIES 2 TO 1

Richard Crooks' preference for Luckies is borne out by the verdict of independent tobacco experts . . . men who spend their lives buying, selling and handling tobacco.

Sworn records open to the public show that among these independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers, warehousemen, etc.—Lucky Strike has twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined!

In the impartial, honest judgment of those who know tobacco best . . .

it's Luckies—2 to 1

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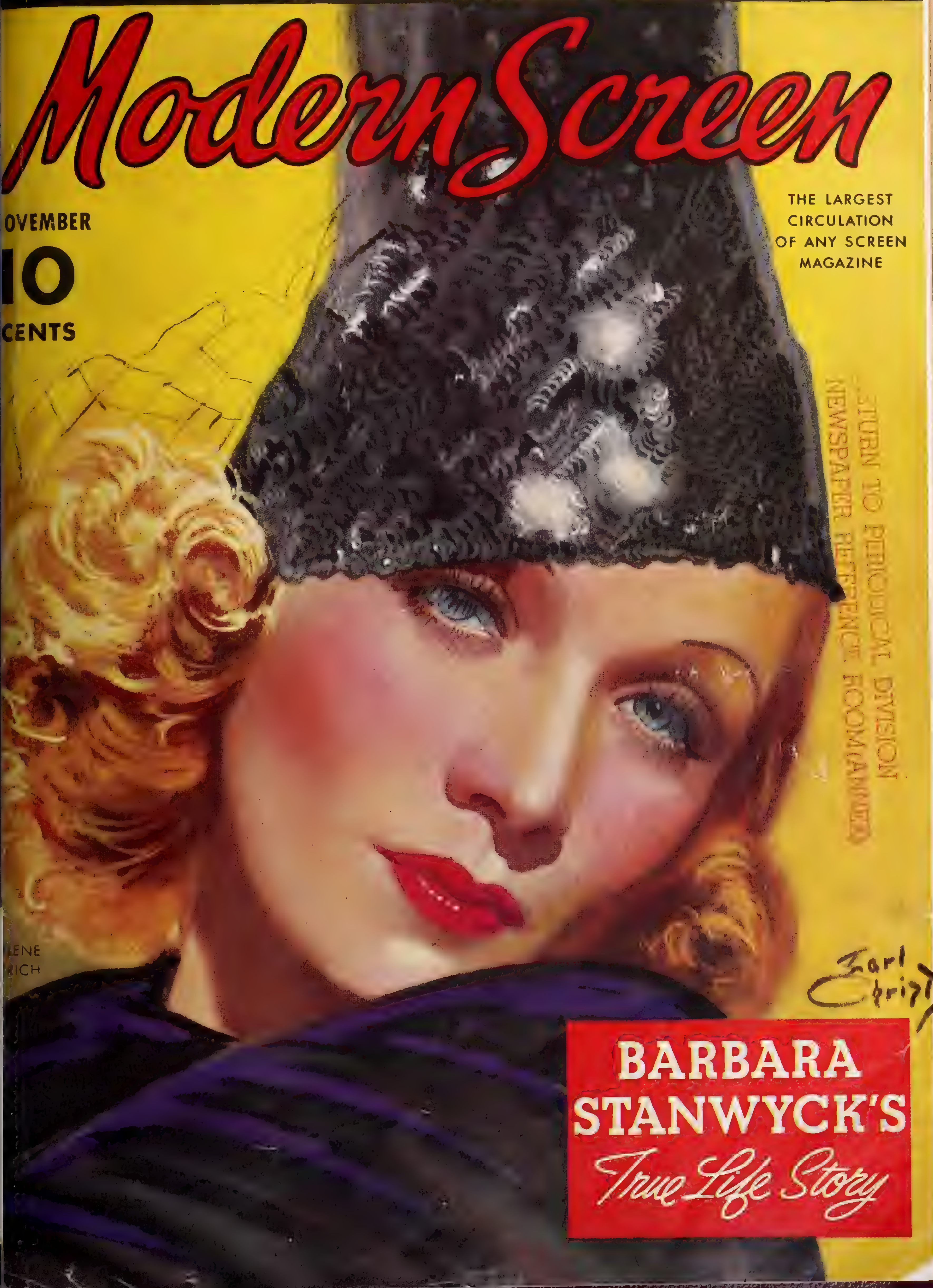
HAT KATIE HEPBURN-GINGER ROGERS FEUD!

Modern Screen

OVEMBER
10
CENTS

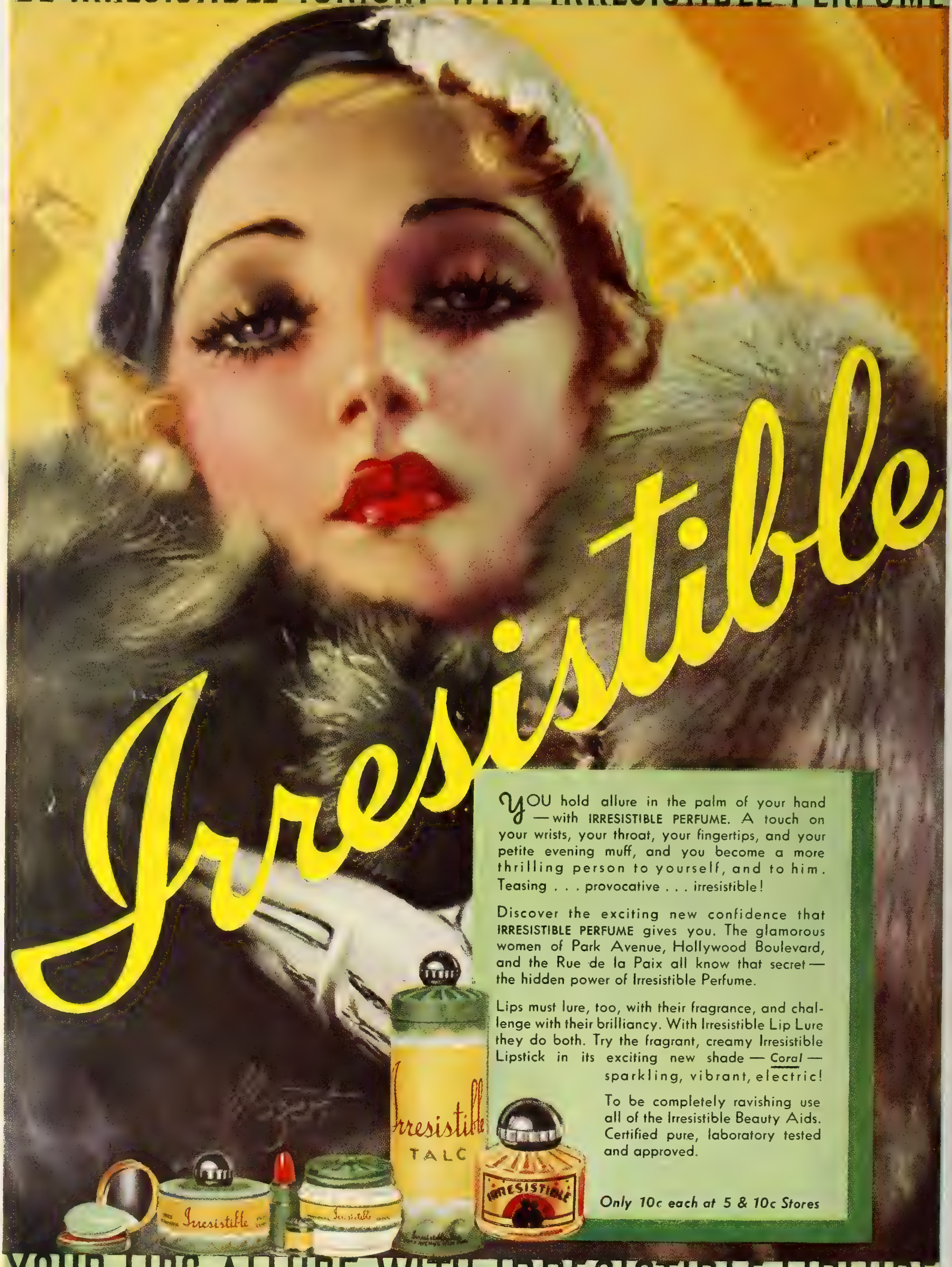
THE LARGEST
CIRCULATION
OF ANY SCREEN
MAGAZINE

TURN TO PERIODICAL DIVISION
NEWSPAPER REFERENCE ROOM(ANNEX)



BARBARA
STANWYCK'S
True Life Story

BE IRRESISTIBLE TONIGHT WITH IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME



YOU hold allure in the palm of your hand — with **IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME.** A touch on your wrists, your throat, your fingertips, and your petite evening muff, and you become a more thrilling person to yourself, and to him. Teasing . . . provocative . . . irresistible!

Discover the exciting new confidence that **IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME** gives you. The glamorous women of Park Avenue, Hollywood Boulevard, and the Rue de la Paix all know that secret — the hidden power of Irresistible Perfume.

Lips must lure, too, with their fragrance, and challenge with their brilliancy. With Irresistible Lip Lure they do both. Try the fragrant, creamy Irresistible Lipstick in its exciting new shade — *Coral* — sparkling, vibrant, electric!

To be completely ravishing use all of the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Certified pure, laboratory tested and approved.

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ALL 3 TYPES, CAN YOU MEET
EACH DAY'S EXACT NEEDS !

Confidential . . . TO WOMEN ONLY

One-size sanitary napkin will not do for every woman. No more than one-size hat, dress or pair of shoes. Besides, women's personal needs are different on different days.

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***WONDERSOFT KOTEX** SANITARY NAPKINS
made from Cellucotton (not cotton)

OCT -4 1937

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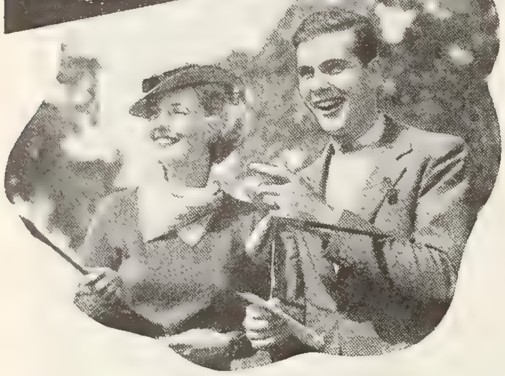
TWO SIDES OF A GIRL'S LIFE!

ANOTHER DAY SPOILED by that dull, worn-out, headachy feeling that so often means constipation. A familiar experience to most all of us, but read...

HOW A NEW IDEA MADE LIFE SO DIFFERENT



It was a new idea to her—tasteless medicine in delicious chewing gum—but an idea that 16 million people had already tried and found ideal. Perhaps you, too, feel mean, miserable, out-of-kilter right now because of constipation. Then try FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious, scientific chewing gum laxative. Try it and learn for yourself that no other type of laxative can do exactly what FEEN-A-MINT does. FEEN-A-MINT rates 3 stars for 3 special benefits:

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3. **ACTS WHERE YOU NEED IT**—FEEN-A-MINT's tasteless laxative ingredient does nothing in the stomach. It passes to the intestine and does its work just where you want it to—easily, pleasantly, comfortably.

FEEN-A-MINT won't gripe, nauseate, or disturb sleep. Find the joy of this amazing 3-star relief yourself. Get economical FEEN-A-MINT today. It's right for all the family and tastes like your favorite chewing gum. At your druggists, or write for generous FREE sample package. Dept. 61, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.

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THE CHEWING GUM
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NO TASTE BUT THE MINT

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Tastes like your favorite chewing gum

MODERN SCREEN

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NOW SHOWING

CALLING THE CALLING OFF, OFF 32 MURIEL BABCOCK
IF YOU MET ROBERT TAYLOR 34 ANNE McNAMARRA
OAKIE CAN TAKE IT! 36 CAROLINE S. HOYT
THAT HEPBURN-ROGERS FEUD 38 FAITH SERVICE
FUN IN THE HOSPITAL 40 IDA ZEITLIN
THE AWFUL TRUTH ABOUT IRENE 42 JAMES REID
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NO PICTURE HAS EVER EQUALLED "CONQUEST"!

GRETA GARBO
CHARLES BOYER

IN **CLARENCE BROWN'S PRODUCTION**

Conquest

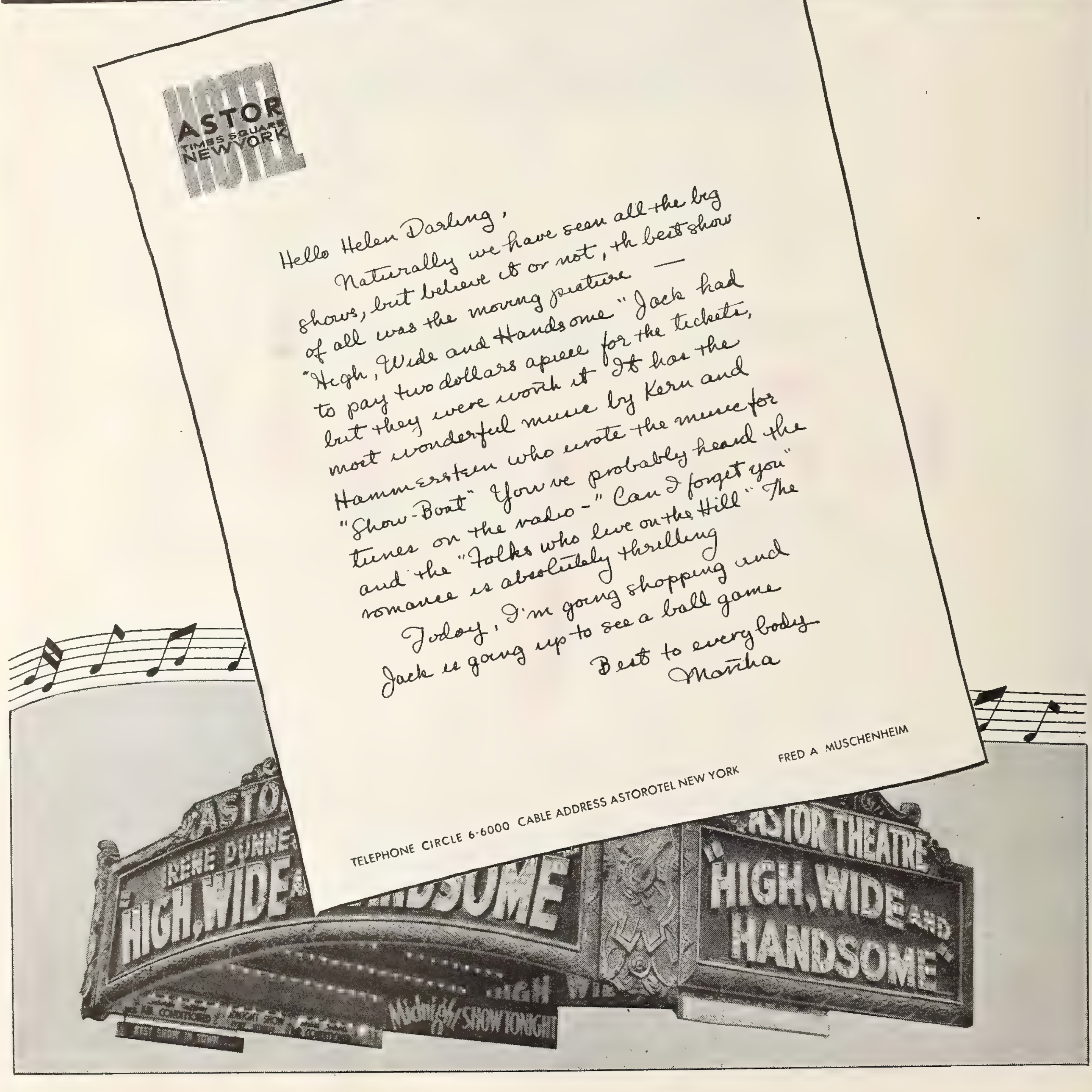
THE LOVE STORY OF MARIE WALEWSKA

Even Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—with the greatest productions in motion picture history to its credit—has never before made a picture on so lavish a scale as this. Its grandeur will dazzle your eyes... as its romance fills your heart. Garbo, as the temptress who is used to ensnare Charles Boyer as Napoleon; a glorious seductive pawn in an amazing international intrigue. A cast of thousands including Reginald Owen, Alan Marshall, Henry Stephenson, Leif Erickson, Dame May Whitty, C. Henry Gordon. Directed by *Clarence Brown*. Produced by Bernard H. Hyman... Screen Play by Samuel Hoffenstein, Salka Viertel and S. N. Behrman.

A GIANT PRODUCTION IN THE BRILLIANT M-G-M MANNER

"It was the best show in town!"

Mrs. Jack Greene of Des Moines writes
letter to friend at home



ASTOR
TIMES SQUARE
NEW YORK
HOTEL

Hello Helen Darling,

Naturally we have seen all the big shows, but believe it or not, th best show of all was the moving picture — "High, Wide and Handsome" Jack had to pay two dollars apiece for the tickets, but they were worth it It has the most wonderful music by Kern and Hammerstein who wrote the music for "Show-Boat" You've probably heard the tunes on the radio - "Can I forget you" and the "Folks who live on the Hill" The romance is absolutely thrilling

Today, I'm going shopping and Jack is going up to see a ball game

Best to everybody
Martha

TELEPHONE CIRCLE 6-6000 CABLE ADDRESS ASTOROTEL NEW YORK FRED A. MUSCHENHEIM

ASTOR
IRENE DUNNE
HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME
AIR CONDITIONED
BEST SHOW IN TOWN
Midnight SHOW TONIGHT
ASTOR THEATRE
"HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME"

and it'll be the best show in your town.... and you won't have to pay two dollars!

Two dollars apiece for the tickets... but no wonder Mrs. Greene says they were worth it!!!

*The show which New York, Los Angeles, and London audiences have paid top prices to see is now on its way to your favorite theatre at popular prices, so you can enjoy the picture which audiences in these three theatre capitals have cheered as one of the greatest pictures of all time.

"The best show in town."—*N.Y. Times*
"It's magnificent entertainment."
—*N.Y. World-Telegram*
"Best described by its title, 'High, Wide and Handsome.'"—*N.Y. Herald Tribune*

Irene Dunne
"HIGH, WIDE and HANDSOME"
Randolph Scott
Dorothy Lamour • Akim Tamiroff • Raymond Walburn
Ben Blue • Charles Bickford • William Frawley • A Rouben Mamoulian Production
A Paramount Picture • Directed by Rouben Mamoulian

DRY SKIN
Smoothed Nature's Way

Here's the Amazing New Beauty Cream That Both Cleanses and Dissolves Dry Scaliness First Application

THE SAME GIRL

See how old and unattractive dry, rough skin makes you look. Nose shines. Skin looks dull. Powder flakes off. Make-up appears harsh due to dry, dead, scaly cells that cause roughness, which are not properly dissolved and removed.

See how young and appealing smooth skin makes you look. TAYTON'S CREAM not only cleanses, but dissolves dry, dead cells and acts like oils of youth to lubricate and aid nature bring out new, live skin. Powder stays on longer.

Both a Cleansing and Night Cream

At last science has found a way to both cleanse and help combat Dry, Rough, Aging Skin, Shiny Nose, Blackheads and Enlarged Pores. . . . Beauty editors are writing about it! Thousands praise it! . . . The very first application of this new beautifier, TAYTON'S CREAM, releases precious ingredients, triple whipped that melt away dry, dead, scaly cells that cling, causing roughness, lines to show more plainly and powder to flake off. Stimulates underskin. Awakens sleepy tissues. Arouses oil glands. Lubricates dryness. Aids nature like oils of youth do to bring out new, live, fresh skin, smoother, softer, younger looking—vastly more attractive.

MAKE THIS THRILLING NEW BEAUTY TEST UNDER GUARANTEE

TAYTON'S CREAM is the most advanced cleansing and beauty cream known to the cosmetic art and you can prove it under money back guarantee. Give your skin these thrilling new beauty benefits. Get a 10c or 25c jar of guaranteed TAYTON'S CREAM at your 10c store today. Use it to cleanse with and also as a night cream. It must make your skin smoother, softer, look younger the first application, powder stay on longer, make-up go on more smoothly, or your money will be refunded. . . . If your 10c store has not as yet stocked TAYTON'S CREAM and other beauty preparations refuse a substitute and ask the manager to get TAYTON'S for you.

NEW GLAMOUR MAKE-UP

Latest rage! New ravishing, double indelible matched colors give you glamorous appeal. Get TAYTON'S new non-messy LIPSTICK, new blending ROUGE and silk-sifted POWDER. See TAYTON'S color chart in 10c stores. Ask for TAYTON'S and discover the new Hollywood make-up thrill.

At 10c Stores

TAYTON
"An Old English Name"

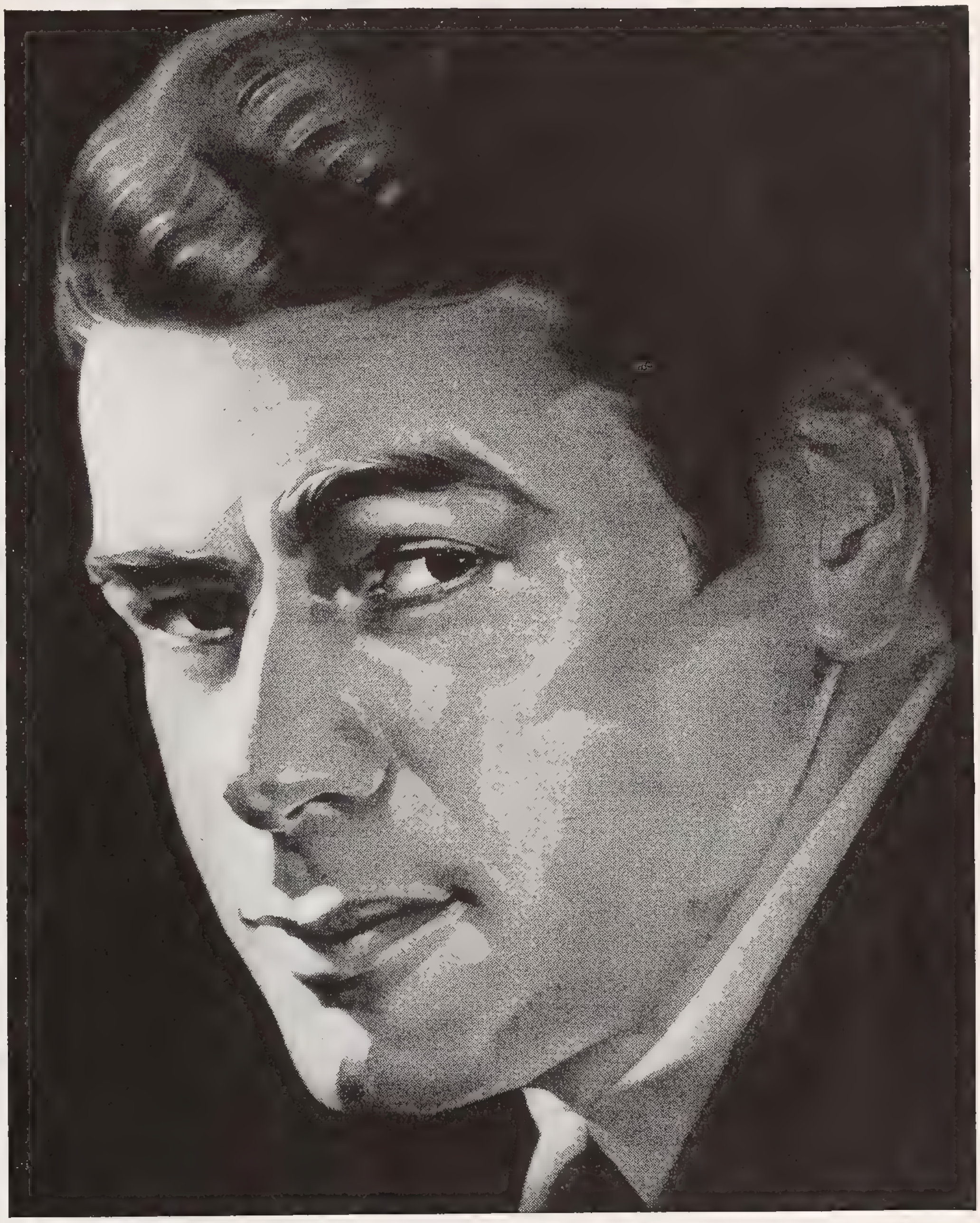
MOVIE SCOREBOARD

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Angel's Holiday (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Another Dawn (Warners)	2½★
Armored Car (Universal)	1★
Artists and Models (Paramount)	3★
As Good As Married (Universal)	2★
A Star is Born (United Artists)	4★
Back in Circulation (Warners)	2★
Bank Alarm (Grand National)	2½★
Behind the Headlines (RKO)	2★
Between Two Women (M-G-M)	2★
Big Business (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Big Shot (RKO)	1★
Blonde Trouble (Paramount)	2½★
Border Cafe (RKO)	1★
Born Reckless (20th Century-Fox)	2★
*Broadway Melody of 1938 (M-G-M)	3★
Cafe Metropole (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Call It a Day (Warners)	3½★
Captains Courageous (M-G-M)	4★
Charlie Chan at the Olympics (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
*Charlie Chan on Broadway (20th Century-Fox)	2★
China Passage (RKO)	2★
Confession (Warners)	2★
The Crime Nobody Saw (Paramount)	1★
Crusade Against Rackets (Principal)	2★
Dance, Charlie, Dance (Warners)	2★
A Day at the Races (M-G-M)	3½★
The Great Hospital Mystery (20th Century-Fox)	1★
The Devil Is Driving (Columbia)	2½★
Dangerous Holiday (Republic)	1½★
Dark Journey (United Artists)	3★
*Dead End (Samuel Goldwyn)	4★
Don't Tell the Wife (RKO)	2½★
*Double or Nothing (Paramount)	2★
Dreaming Lips (United Artists)	2½★
Easy Living (Paramount)	2½★
Elephant Boy (United Artists)	3★
The Emperor's Candlesticks (M-G-M)	3★
Exclusive (Paramount)	2½★
Ever Since Eve (Warners)	1★
Fair Warning (20th Century-Fox)	1★
A Family Affair (M-G-M)	2½★
A Fight to the Finish (Columbia)	1★
The Firefly (M-G-M)	3★
*Flight from Glory (RKO)	2★
Fly-Away Baby (Warners)	2½★
Fifty Roads to Town (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Frame-Up (Columbia)	2★
Gangway (GB)	2½★
The Girl from Scotland Yard (Paramount)	2★
The Girl Said No (Grand National)	2★
Git Along Little Dogies (Republic)	2★
The Go-Getter (Warners)	2★
The Gold Racket (Grand National)	2★
This Good Earth (M-G-M)	4★
Good Old Soak (M-G-M)	2½★
The Great Gambini (Paramount)	1★
Her Husband Lies (Paramount)	2★
Her Husband's Secretary (First Nat'l)	2★
High, Wide and Handsome (Paramount)	3½★
The Hit Parade (Republic)	2★
Hollywood Cowboy (RKO)	2★
Hotel Haywire (Paramount)	2★
*Hot Water (20th Century-Fox)	1★
I Met Him in Paris (Paramount)	3½★
Internes Can't Take Money (Paramount)	2½★
I Promise to Pay (Columbia)	2★
It Could Happen to You (Republic)	1★
It Can't Last Forever (Columbia)	1½★
*It's All Yours (Columbia)	2★
*It's Love I'm After (Warners)	3★
Jim Hanvey, Detective (Republic)	1★
Kid Galahad (Warners)	3½★
The King and the Chorus Girl (Warners)	3★
King of Gamblers (Paramount)	2★
King Solomon's Mines (GB)	2★
Knight without Armor (United Artists)	3½★
The Last Train from Madrid (Paramount)	2½★
The League of Frightened Men (Columbia)	2★
Let Them Live (Universal)	2★
The Life of Emile Zola (Warners)	4★
*The Life of the Party (RKO)	1★
London by Night (M-G-M)	2★
Lost Horizon (Columbia)	4★
Love from a Stranger (United Artists)	2½★
Love in a Bungalow (Universal)	2★
Love Is News (20th Century-Fox)	3★
*Love Under Fire (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Make Way for Tomorrow (Paramount)	3½★
The Man in Blue (Universal)	2★
The Man Who Could Work Miracles (United Artists)	3★
Marked Woman (Warners)	3★
Married Before Breakfast (M-G-M)	2½★
Marry the Girl (Warners)	1½★
Maytime (M-G-M)	4★
Meet the Missus (RKO)	2★
Michael O'Halloran (Republic)	1★
Midnight Court (Warners)	1★
Midnight Madonna (Paramount)	1★
Midnight Taxi (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Mr. Dodd Takes the Air (Warners)	2★
Mountain Justice (Warners)	2★
Mountain Music (Paramount)	2★
Murder Goes to College (Paramount)	1★
Nancy Steele is Missing (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Navy Spy (Grand National)	2★
New Faces of 1937 (RKO)	3★
Night Key (Universal)	2½★
Night Must Fall (M-G-M)	2★
Night of Mystery (Paramount)	1★
Nobody's Baby (Hal Roach)	1★
Off to the Races (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Oh, Doctor! (Universal)	1½★
*On Again—Off Again (RKO)	1★
On the Avenue (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
*On Such A Night (Paramount)	1★
One Mile from Heaven (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
Ourselves Alone (GB)	2½★
The Outcast (Paramount)	2★
Outcast of Poker Flat (RKO)	2½★
Parnell (M-G-M)	2★
Parole Racket (Columbia)	1★
Personal Property (M-G-M)	2½★
Pick a Star (Hal Roach)	2★
The Prince and the Pauper (Warners)	3½★
Public Wedding (Warners)	1★
Quality Street (RKO)	3★
Racketeers in Exile (Columbia)	2½★
Ready, Willing and Able (Warners)	2★
Riding on Air	2½★
The Road Back (Universal)	3★
Roaring Timber (Columbia)	2★
Romance and Riches (Grand National)	2★
Romeo and Juliet (M-G-M)	4★
San Quentin (Warners)	2½★
Saratoga (M-G-M)	3★
Sea Devils (RKO)	2★
Seventh Heaven (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Shall We Dance (RKO)	3★
*The Sheik Steps Out (Republic)	1★
She's No Lady (Paramount)	1★
Silent Barriers (GB)	3★
Sing and Be Happy (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Singing Marine (Warners)	3★
Slave Ship (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Slim (Warners)	3★
The Soldier and the Lady (RKO)	2½★
Song of the City (M-G-M)	1★
Souls at Sea (Paramount)	3★
Stella Dallas (Sam Goldwyn)	4★
Super Sleuth (RKO)	1★
Strangers on a Honeymoon (GB)	2★
Sweetheart of the Navy (Grand National)	1★
Swing High, Swing Low (Paramount)	3★
Talent Scout (Warners)	1★
*That Certain Woman (Warners)	2★
That I May Live (20thCentury-Fox)	1★
That Man's Here Again (Warners)	1★
There Goes My Girl (RKO)	2★
They Gave Him a Gun (M-G-M)	3★
*That Certain Woman (Warners)	2★
*Thin Ice (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Think Fast, Mr. Moto (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Thirteenth Chair (M-G-M)	2★
They Won't Forget (Warners)	3★
This Is My Affair (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Thunder in the City (Columbia)	2½★
Time Out for Romance (20th Century-Fox)	1★
The Toast of New York (RKO)	3★
Top of the Town (Universal)	2½★
Topper (Hal Roach)	3★
Trouble in Morocco (Columbia)	2★
Turn Off the Moon (Paramount)	1★
23½ Hours Leave (Grand National)	2★
Two Wise Maids (Republic)	2★
Under the Red Robe (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
*Varsity Show (Warners)	3★
Vogues of 1938 (Walter Wanger)	3★
Waikiki Wedding (Paramount)	3★
Wake Up and Live (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Way Out West (Hal Roach)	2½★
Wee Willie Winkie (20th Century-Fox)	4★
We Have Our Moments (Universal)	2★
When Love Is Young (Universal)	3★
When Thief Meets Thief (United Artists)	2★
When's Your Birthday (RKO)	2★
When You're in Love (Columbia)	3½★
White Bondage (Warners)	1★
*Wild and Woolly (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Wildcatter (Universal)	2★
Wild Money (Paramount)	1★
Wings of the Morning (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Wings Over Honolulu (Universal)	2½★
Woman Chases Man (Sam Goldwyn)	3★
The Woman I Love (RKO)	2½★
You Can't Beat Love (RKO)	1★
You Can't Have Everything (20th Century-Fox)	3★
You're in the Army Now (GB)	2½★

Turn to our Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. It's a valuable guide in choosing entertainment. Instead of giving the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under General Rating, beside each picture. 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. Asterisk denotes that only Modern Screen ratings are given on films not reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Zola

—the rebel genius life never tamed—strides across the screen to become an immortal character in the motion picture gallery of the great!



This time you will cheer him to the echo. —*Screenland*

The most distinguished and most important contribution to the screen this year.
—Kate Cameron,
N. Y. Daily News

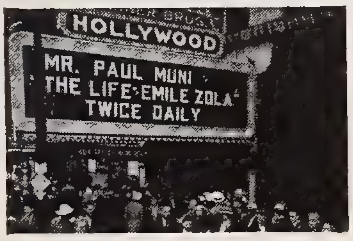
The finest historical film ever made and the greatest screen biography.
—Frank Nugent, N.Y. Times

Warner Bros. supreme effort to garner with one picture virtually all of the next academy awards. —Motion Picture Daily

Warner Bros. proudly present

Mr. Paul MUNI *in* THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA

WITH A CAST OF THOUSANDS INCLUDING: Gale Sondergaard . . . Joseph Schildkraut
Gloria Holden • Donald Crisp • Erin O'Brien-Moore • Henry O'Neill • Louis Calhern •
Morris Carnovsky • Directed by William Dieterle • Screen play by Norman Reilly Raine, Heinz Herald and Geza Herczeg.

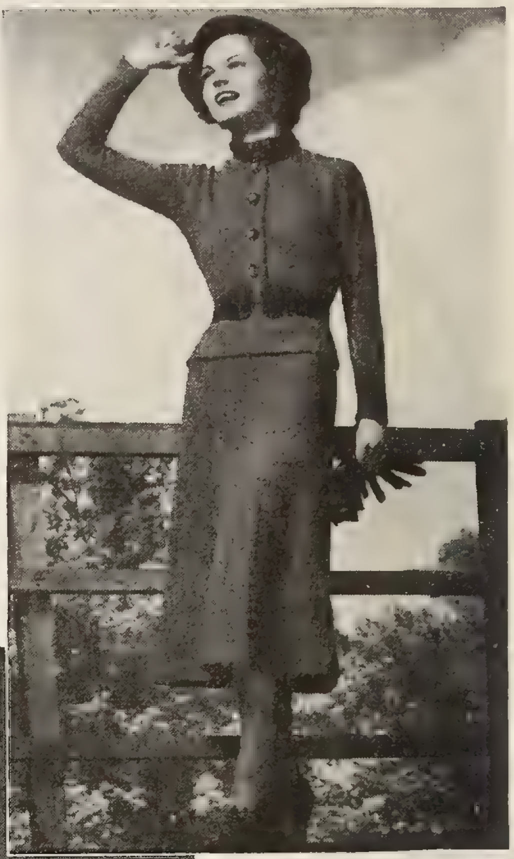


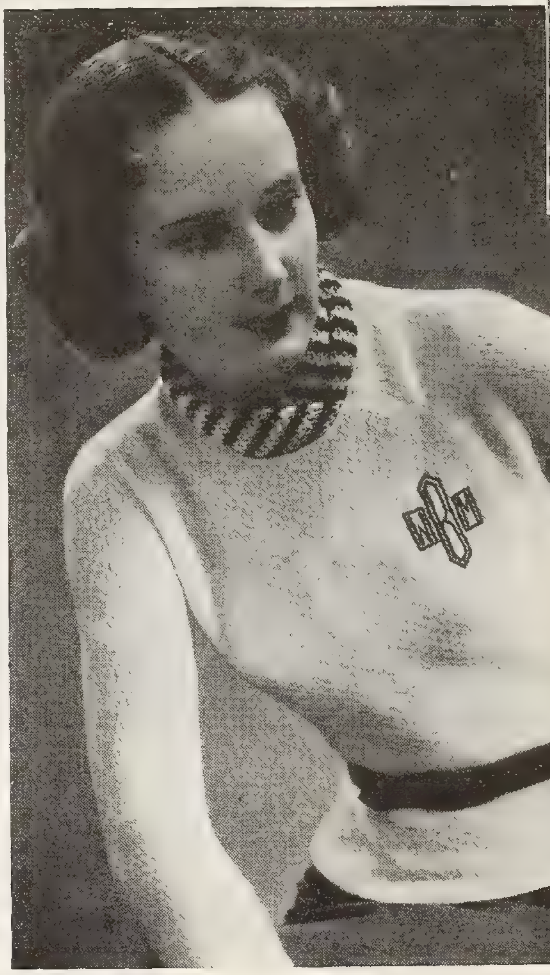
Soon to be shown at popular prices, the same superb production that thousands paid $2.20 to see. Don't miss the picture that packed America's leading theatres for weeks on end. Coming to your favorite theatre soon.

KNITTED NIFTIES

Tend to your knitting if you'd be smart this season

BM-5006—This two-piece tailored frock may look hard to make, but you'll be surprised how simple the directions are, and how quickly the outfit will work up.





BM-5001—Knit yourself a white slip-on sweater and be ready for anything on that week-end in the country. The contrasting scarf is knitted too and the monogram is worked in wool.

THERE IS nothing to compare with the confidence that being smartly dressed inspires and you can rest assured that you'll be in the height of fashion, wearing either one of these new knit fashions. The two-piece dress displays the slim silhouette demanded this season, and is fashioned of majolica rose bolera crepe, with buttons, scarf and wide leather belt of navy blue. You'll love it these first crisp days.

For sports wear or a day in the country, nothing could be smarter than the hand-knit white sweater of saxony yarn, worn with a blue and white crocheted scarf and a matching suede belt. The monogram, embroidered in matching navy blue yarn, adds an individual touch. Send for full knitting instructions today. They're absolutely free.

ANN WILLS, MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Kindly send, at no cost to me,
knitting directions for BM-5001..........
knitting directions for BM-5006..........

I am enclosing a stamped, addressed (large) envelope.

Name..

Street..

City.................... State.........

(Check one or both designs and please print name and address)

"WINDSOR ROSE gives life to the natural tints of the skin"

says MAGGY ROUFF of PARIS who created this stunning new costume shade of face powder for Woodbury's

"WINDSOR ROSE, the lovely new shade of Woodbury's powder, gives the skin a romantic beauty. Its creamy-pink and ivory-peach tints are the same that enliven the skin of blonde, brunette and titian. This is the secret of its breath-taking flattery to almost every complexion."

In all seven shades, Woodbury's Facial Powder is *germ-free.** It cannot spread blemish-causing germs to your face. In the new blue box, $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

Woodbury's
GERM-FREE
FACIAL

*Tested with 19 other leading brands, Woodbury's Facial Powder, alone, was germ-free both before and after use.

MAIL FOR 10-PIECE LOVELINESS KIT!

For generous samples of Woodbury's Scientific Aids to Loveliness, enclose 10c and mail to John H. Woodbury, Inc., 9183 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O. In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.

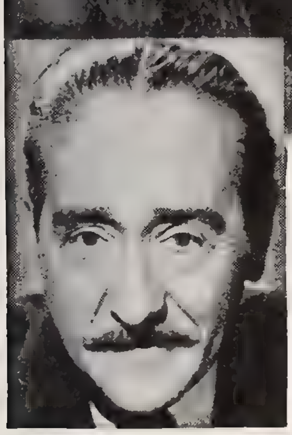
Name________________

Address________________

NOW SEE THEM TOGETHER IN "STAGE DOOR"

Broadway's sensational stage success becomes the outstanding highlight of all the screen's new big pictures! . . . Authored by two of the greatest living playwrights, EDNA FERBER and GEORGE S. KAUFMAN . . . Thrillingly directed by the genius behind "My Man Godfrey", GREGORY LA CAVA . . . Glamorously produced by Hollywood's ace picture-maker, PANDRO S. BERMAN . . . intimately played by stars daringly cast to sweep you off your feet with curiosity — and satisfaction! . . . At last the one picture you simply MUST see!

Stage Door



STARRING

KATHARINE **HEPBURN** ★ GINGER **ROGERS**

ADOLPHE **MENJOU**

WITH

GAIL PATRICK CONSTANCE COLLIER · ANDREA LEEDS

SAMUEL S. HINDS · LUCILLE BALL · FROM THE PLAY BY EDNA FERBER AND GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

DIRECTED BY GREGORY LA CAVA · PRODUCED BY PANDRO S. BERMAN

SCREEN PLAY BY MORRIE RYSKIND AND ANTHONY VEILLER

RKO Radio PICTURES

A
CLEAN FACE
is the Secret of
Radiant Beauty
DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
Golden Cleansing Cream
(CONTAINING COLLOIDAL GOLD)

See how your skin responds to the invigorating action of this new cream [it contains colloidal gold!]

Beauty authorities agree that the most important step in the care of your complexion is *thorough cleansing.* It's a simple step, too, since Daggett & Ramsdell created Golden Cleansing Cream.

For this new cream contains colloidal gold . . . a substance with a remarkable power for toning and invigorating the skin. You can't see or feel this colloidal gold, any more than you can see or feel the iron in spinach. Yet its penetrating action not only makes Golden Cleansing Cream a more efficient cleanser . . . but aids in keeping the complexion clear and youthful.

Try Golden Cleansing Cream tonight. See how fresh and vitally alive it leaves your skin. At leading drug and department stores—$1.00.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
Golden Cleansing Cream

Daggett & Ramsdell MM-11-A
Room 1980, 2 Park Ave., New York City

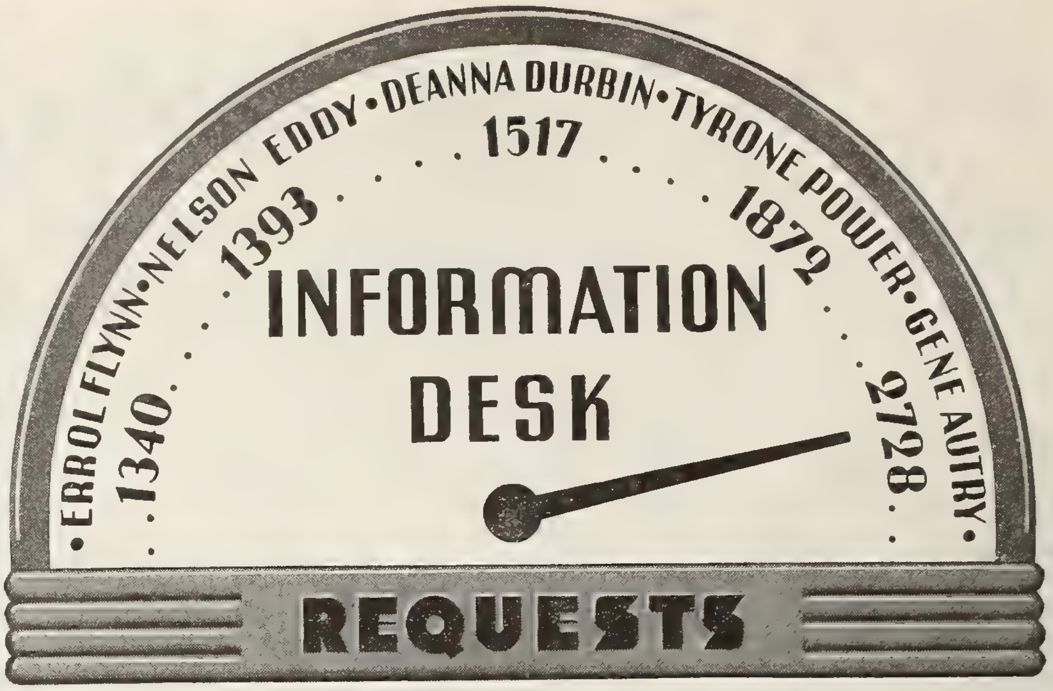
Enclosed find 10c in stamps for trial size jar of Golden Cleansing Cream. (Offer good in U. S. only.)

Name ....

Address ....

City.............................State..........

Copr. 1937, Daggett & Ramsdell



INFORMATION DESK

REQUESTS

Starting with the December issue of MODERN SCREEN, we will answer the fans' questions about players and movies directly in these columns—selecting from our monthly mail-bag a cross section of the most interesting and topical questions received from you. By interesting, we mean, letters of general interest to a majority of our readers. By topical, questions uppermost in the minds of a majority of our readers at the moment. Ask as many questions as you like, but try to keep them brief. Then watch Our Mail Box section of the Information Desk, and see if your letter bats a home run.

ALICE FAYE (last printed Dec. 1936. Total number of requests since then 426.) This little girl's gone to town by going natural in several pictures of late. Now it looks as if she's set to stay there for quite some time. Something was very wrong with the Faye movie career not long ago, and nobody knew this better than Alice. She consulted numerous fortune tellers about leaving the screen an' marrying an' raising a family, but they told her it just wasn't in her cards yet. So what to do, what to do? Alice changed her haircomb and the shape of her eyebrows, growing more and more exotic and more and more restless. Even her elusive romance with Tony Martin wasn't stimulating enough to keep her from having a bad case of the doldrums.

She was very definitely tired of it all when she got her part in "On the Avenue." Tired of being hey-hey, tired of tweezing her eyebrows. Then something happened. Alice decided to be—completely herself. She let her eyebrows grow in (within bounds) and gave up the glamor act. With the result that fans raved over her in this picture. She continued to go native in "Wake Up And Live" and found herself not only enjoying life more than ever before, but developing into a grand little actress. Now she's been cast in a choice part in "In Old Chicago" and is she happy!

She was born in Hell's Kitchen, New York City, on May 5th, as plain Alice Leppert, and went to Chester Hale's dancing classes. Then she toured the Eastern circuit of the Loew theatres with the Hale units. Then worked in a floor show, a night club, and did some dancing in vaudeville. And then the "Scandals" beckoned her, and she landed in the line there.

Rudy Vallee met Alice along about then, heard her sing and put her on his radio program. Her name's been linked with his from time to time, but both deny they've ever been that way about each other.

While Alice was singing on the Vallee program, she got her first movie work with her sponsor in the screen version of the "Scandals." After finishing that, she stepped into "Now I'll Tell," and from there went to "She Learned About Sailors" and "365 Nights in Hollywood."

Alice lives with her mother and brother in Hollywood, drives a small coupe and is pretty much of a home girl. She's five feet four and a half inches, weighs one hundred and eleven pounds, and has a very blue pair of eyes. She's a combination of Irish, German and French, and says the traits of so many races in her get her kind of mixed up occasionally.

If you'd like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, and, incidentally, help boost his or her standing in our Barometer, fill in and send us the coupon on this page, or just write. Try to save yourself 2c by using postcards whenever possible. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, New York.

FRED MacMURRAY. (Last printed Dec., 1936. Total number of requests since 501.) Can you 'magine Fred MacMurray's pa and ma were all set to call this guy who turned into a strapping six-foot-three-incher — Rose? They'd wanted a girl, and it was St. Rose day in Kankakee, Ill., that Aug. 30, 1908, when he put in an arrival. When the doc broke the sad news, "It's a boy," they had to think up something masculine on the spot. They dubbed him Fred, but compromised by nicknaming him Bud, and the nickname stuck.

Moving around was something Fred learned to do early and well. His father was a concert pianist, but he didn't do his touring alone. Everywhere that dad went, mother went. And after Bud's arrival, he too, got the traveling habit. But he managed to get in some education in Beaver Dam and Madison, Wis., and later in military school and at Carroll College.

He played a sax and was a member of his college orchestra, and in between drew pictures. From childhood, he wanted to be an artist and showed a flair in that general direction. (As it turned out later, he wanted to act even more than to draw.) Fred worked his way through college by band-ing in a nite club, and did odd jobs

Our Mail Box will be an added feature of this

selling golf clubs and sports goods in a prominent Chicago department store.

In 1929, after driving his mother and aunt to Hollywood, he worked at several jobs, including one which called for him to sandblast paint off cars so they could be repainted. He got a great yen to act about then, and registered with Central Casting. And about then, too, he was the world's greatest movie fan. He tells now how he'd show up at the haunts of stars, collecting autographs, and when a premiere was scheduled, there'd be Fred among the first arrivals, parked on a camp stool beyond the roped-in-section outside the theatre, craning his neck to get a glimpse of star-dust flitting in and out—even as you and I.

He managed to get an extra job in "Girls Gone Wild," and then was a trapper in "Tiger Rose," with Lupe Velez and Grant Withers. But his face at that time wasn't even among those on the cutting room floor, for he looked so much like Grant that he wasn't allowed a single close-up. Partly because he was shy, and partly because of bad breaks, Fred just couldn't seem to get a real start in Hollywood. Discouraged, he took a job in an orchestra at Warner's Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard. Somebody noticed he was good looking, and he stepped up from the pit to the stage.

Some say he was discovered at last by a talent scout; others (and this sounds more likely) that he discovered the talent scout. That is, he camped on his trail and begged him to give him a screen test. And he got one with Paramount. Claudette Colbert was looking for a leading man to appear with her in "The Gilded Lily," and she liked Fred's homespun looks so well that she gave him the lead. After that, Hollywood's heart opened wide to Fred—and so did the hearts of fans the country over. His shyness, now, is one of his biggest box-office attractions, and there isn't much chance of his losing it, for it isn't a pose.

ATTENTION, FAN CLUBS! Get your name and address in MODERN SCREEN'S new Fan Club Directory. We've busy on a Fan Club Directory which lists the name and address of every club in the country. We'll then be able to provide a service that can find fan clubs for the fans and fans for the fan clubs. We depend on *your* help to make this an accurate and up-to-the-minute directory. So, if you haven't already sent us the name of your club, told us about your branches, and most important, let us have your address, do so right away!

FLORENCE KELLY, Baltimore, Md. Here is the lowdown on that Shirley Temple age dispute. The official birth certificate shows she was born in Santa Monica Hospital, April 23, 1928. The certificate giving her birth year as 1929 is merely an announcement card.

INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please print, free of charge, a brief life story of

.... in your department

Name ....

Street ....

City .... State ....

If you would like our chart with weights, heights, ages, birthplaces and marriages of all the important stars, enclose five cents in stamps or coin with your coupon.

department's service

Little Mary jabbed her hand
upon a piece of stick,
It hurt and swelled when germs got in,
and now she's pretty sick!

• • •

Take Precautions! Always apply a reliable antiseptic, even to the tiniest scratch . . . and protect with a *clean* dressing.

All Johnson & Johnson Red Cross products marked "sterilized" are sterilized not only in the making. *They are sterilized again after they are packaged.*

Johnson & Johnson

COTTON · GAUZE · BANDAGES

COSMOPOLITAN COOKERY

Nothing like a snack to stave off that hungry feeling. Viennese Luise forgets her calories when molasses-and-nut cookies are on the menu.

THE WORD "cosmopolitan" is one that just seems to fit charming and petite Luise Rainer and it certainly describes her tastes in foods better than any other I can think of. For "cosmopolitan," according to Mr. Webster, not only means "belonging to all or most of the world; at home in any country," but it also implies being "without local prejudices." And that certainly fits the bill in this case perfectly.

However, though a true cosmopolite and therefore quite as at home in the mountains at Santa Monica as she is besides the Blue Danube, Luise still reveals her foreign background in her attitude on the food subject.

"We Europeans not only enjoy eating," she assured me with a friendly smile, "we not only admit it, but actually boast of it!"

Having once tasted some culinary masterpiece, she then went on to explain, your appreciative foreigner will not hesitate to describe that particular dish in the most poetic terms. Nor would he consider it strange to speak of anything as plebeian as an omelette or a sauce in words that would do justice to the Mona Lisa!

"The purpose of food should not be merely to fill, but to delight as well," declared Miss Rainer with conviction. "In many lands, you know, it is considered quite all right to smack one's lips over some especially succulent morsel. In China I learned, one goes even further and expresses appreciation for an outstanding feast in a manner we would consider terribly rude!

"But in this country, alas, meals are so often thought of in terms of calories and vitamins, which makes food merely a fuel and dining only a duty! Why, one must not even exclaim to one's hostess about the prowess of the cook!" she declared in mock distress.

"Nor pay her the supreme compliment of using a piece of bread to wipe up the last vestige of some delectable gravy," I replied and laughingly went on to describe my admiration for the average Frenchman's skill at this particular form of "bread-dunking."

"But dunking is not a pretty word," Miss Rainer demurred. "Don't you think enjoying would be a far better one?"

Which was my cue, of course, to find out just what sort of dishes Miss Rainer herself enjoys most.

"I like almost everything—everywhere," she replied. Then pin her down to facts as I insisted upon doing and you will have a variety of foods from many foreign lands and from all parts of this country of ours as well. From this comprehensive collection I have chosen those that I think will have most appeal for the majority of us folks whose food tastes may not be as cosmopolitan as are those of our Viennese star.

Read on for a short description of these dishes. Then be sure also to turn to page 76 where you'll see tested recipes and explicit directions for their successful preparation. But before doing so let me add a word or two to Miss Rainer's on the subject of food enjoyment and the importance of

Courtesy Campfire Marshmallows

Sweet potato croquettes, garnished with marshmallow-topped pineapple rings will remove the monotony from any meal and assure your success as a hostess as well.

BY MARJORIE DEEN

Be original about your meals, advises lovely Luise Rainer, who declares food should delight

variety as well as excellence in preparing and serving it.

Miss Rainer suggested my asking the Vendome for the special Vendome dish which I'm giving you here this month. It is for Chicken Maryland, a French chef's bow to Southern cooking and a great favorite with our much-traveled star. In this particular version of this famous dish, the chicken is baked, not fried. Now there's an idea you'll like with winter coming on, for you can cook most of the meal in the oven. Then you can have a vegetable casserole and those marshmallow-topped pineapple rings pictured here. If you decide to have the Sweet Potato Croquettes—also pictured—you'll see from the recipe that they are of the fried food family. I'll leave it to you to find out how good they are!

From the South we travel northward to New England from whence came the recipe for the cookies which our Viennese Luise is so apparently enjoying. Molasses, nuts and rolled oats are delightfully combined to give these "drop" cookies a four-star rating. If you like black walnuts (some do, some don't!), be sure and try one batch with them.

From Vienna itself comes the Chocolate Torte with which we end our collection and which Miss Rainer suggests as the perfect dessert course for any delightful dinner party. You can serve it either plain or filled; but serve it by all means, if you're looking for something as different as it is delicious. And let's be "different" frequently, just for the fun of it!

Luise Rainer's Favorite Recipes appear on Page 76.

SUSAN: Hear that, Matilda? She's been crying ever since the bridge club left.

MATILDA: She heard the girls whispering. It would break my heart, too, if anybody said *my* clothes had tattle-tale gray.

SUSAN: But the poor thing works so hard. It's not her fault.

SUSAN: It's that lazy soap she uses. It leaves dirt behind. We ought to tell her how we got rid of tattle-tale gray.

MATILDA: Sh-h-h! That's why I've been saving this ad about Fels-Naptha Soap. Let's slip it under her door.

SUSAN: Wait, Matilda—does that ad say Fels-Naptha's richer *golden* soap and *lots of naptha* chase out every speck of dirt?

MATILDA: Yes indeed, Susan. But keep still—or she'll hear us.

FEW WEEKS LATER

GUEST: But, Doris, these linens look brand-new! How do you ever get them so white?

DORIS: Sh-h-h! Two sly little birdies showed me how to banish tattle-tale gray with Fels-Naptha Soap. I haven't thanked them yet, but, as a bit of a reward, I'm treating them to the movies!

COPR. 1937, FELS & CO.

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

GOOD

Nino Martini squires Elissa Landi to the Troc.

Virginia Bruce and Cesar Romero are Hollywood's latest duo.

BY LEO TOWNSEND

After the "High, Wide and Handsome" premiere, everyone drifted to the Trocadero to finish off the festivities. Most beautiful gal present was Virginia Bruce, with no make-up and Cesar Romero. When the two of them got up to dance, everyone at the tables stopped drinking to watch. They're better than most professional teams. Later in the evening, Margaret Sullavan, at a ringside table, entertained the customers with her dodging act, which she uses whenever a cameraman approaches. That's why the Trocadero never needs a floor show.

■ ■ ■

There was a large block of vacant seats at the "H., W. & H." opening, marking the spot where the Myrna Loy-Arthur Hornblow theatre party should have been. Hornblow produced the picture, so he and Myrna invited 25 people to the theatre and a late supper. Mr. H. evidently got the jitters, for on the day of the premiere he became seriously ill and Myrna had to phone all her guests and call the whole thing off.

■ ■ ■

Newest note in fashions is a dog to match your hair. At least, that's the newest note as far as Connie Bennett is concerned. Miss B. owns a cocker spaniel with golden hair exactly the shade of her own. She bought it at the Vendome—they don't serve them there, they sell them—and the two of them look very fetching in the back seat of the Bennett Rolls-Royce. The idea hasn't really caught on yet, but if it does several leading men will have to clamp on their toupees and go out shopping for a Mexican Hairless.

■ ■ ■

The Sphinx has moved again. Because too many people learned her address, and because of recent changes in her private life, Garbo has dismissed all her servants, hired a brand-new staff, and moved to a new home. The new address is 350 North Cliffwood Drive in Brentwood Heights. Why don't you drop in and surprise her?

■ ■ ■

Strange feud between Olivia de Havilland and that well-known stage and screen actor. Olivia once admired him considerably, and she was overjoyed when she finally got a chance to play in a picture with him. Something stupendous and colossal must have happened, because ever since then Miss de H. has been avoiding him. When she was working in "The Great Garrick" she even had the set barred to her former friend.

■ ■ ■

Funniest double feature bill of the month happened at Grauman's Chinese recently. Patrons were treated to "Thin Ice" and "Hot Water."

Flash news from the Hollywood front giving you all the low-down

NEWS

on the high-ups or who's going where and why these days

Joan Blondell and Dick Powell go previewing.

Randy Scott lights a ciggy for Dorothy Lamour at the Trocadero.

Rumors keep drifting around Hollywood that Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor are secretly married. Most logical reason is that Bob's Metro contract has a clause which forbids his marriage for seven years, which means that any wedding bells would have to ring very quietly. But can you imagine Taylor and Stanwyck being able to marry secretly anywhere? Of course, there's always the chance that Arlington Brugh and Ruby Stevens might have slipped off to some remote spot.

* * *

Best gag of the month is credited to a Hollywood correspondent for a New York newspaper. After a year of trudging the Hollywood beat, the weary scribe and his wife were about to leave on a vacation. When someone asked him where they were going, he said, "We're going to paste a big picture of Robert Taylor on the outside of our car, and drive until someone says, 'Who's that?' That's where we're stopping."

* * *

Battle of the Month rages over the fair, golden lock of guess who? Shirley Temple! It seems her mother wants to let Shirley's hair grow, because Shirley herself is growing, but the studio wants to keep it in curls, recalling, no doubt, that those curls brought plenty of gold into the vaults. At this writing, the momentous decision has not yet been reached, but you can rest assured that no one in Hollywood has slept a wink for days.

Seven or eight years ago exhibitors used to advertise their pictures by announcing "This is *not* a musical." Reason was that Hollywood had filled the theatres of the land with musical pictures, some good and a number of them bad, and the public had tired of them. Right now there's danger of the same situation repeating itself. In one week, for instance, we saw four musicals, and three of them were based on the old "show must go on" theme. Something ought to be done. How about a musical where the heroine's horse loses the big race? Or where the little country girl doesn't make good in the city? Or one in which the young producer simply can't scare up the dough to put on the big show? He marries the girl anyway, and everybody goes home an hour earlier.

* * *

When Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald arrived by plane from San Francisco on the last leg of their trip from Hawaii they were met at the airport by a bevy of photographers and Jeanette's mother. Gene's mother, who didn't approve of the marriage, is still not speaking. Too bad, because everyone else thinks it's a swell match. Jeanette and Gene posed for all the cameramen, but Gene refused to take off his hat. He had just washed his hair, he explained, and couldn't do a thing with it.

* * *

Love in Bloom Dept.: We dropped into a high-class men's shop —by mistake, of course—the other day and discovered Carole

No Waste!
No Mess!
..with the
KLEENEX*
200 SHEET
Pull-Out
Package
PULL A TISSUE
NEXT ONE POPS UP
READY FOR USE
KLEENEX

200-SHEET KLEENEX
NOW 2 FOR 25¢

The handy size for every room

Why tolerate clumsy boxes or inferior tissues when Kleenex brings you *Double Economy?* Plus a world of convenience that others can't offer because *only Kleenex* has this patented Pull-Out Package.

Stop at your dealer's today and ask for 200-sheet Kleenex... now reduced to 2 for 25c. It's the handy size for every room and for the car!

KLEENEX*
DISPOSABLE TISSUES
(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office)

Dolores Del Rio, Hubby Cedric Gibbons and Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper pause long enough to be photographed as they enter the theatre for the premiere of "Dead End."

Lombard. Now that's an item every men's shop should carry, we thought, but before we could say, "We'll take that," she had gone. What Carole was buying was shirts, and since she doesn't have a size 16½ neck, we took it for granted they were for a Mr. Gable. Mr. G. is still a man's man—he continues to select his own ties.

■ ■ ■

People haven't been seeing much of Alice Faye around the night spots lately. Night club sandwiches were getting tired and lonely, so we decided to investigate. What we found out is that the little Faye gal has really gone to work. She's spending her evenings seriously studying voice and acting, and if you've seen any of her recent pictures you saw the results.

■ ■ ■

Here's a blow for all you men who've regarded Myrna Loy as the perfect wife. She thinks the word "obey" should never be allowed in the marriage ceremony. And out on the set of her next picture Myrna even refused flatly to use "obey" in her screen marriage. The picture is "Double Wedding" and Florence Rice is the other feminine member of the ceremony. Florence was all for saying that she would obey, so in order to keep peace between the two girls, the director decided to leave in both versions and let preview audiences decide which they prefer.

■ ■ ■

There are two new stars on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer horizon. One just signed up is Mary Christine Dunn, two years of age and really a super-colossal genius. For Mary Christine is that child wonder who was just found to have an I.Q. of 185, which news ought to make Shirley Temple hang her yellow curls in shame. And the other new star is Leatrice Joy Gilbert. The daughter of Leatrice Joy and John Gilbert took her first screen test the other day and has had the studio raving ever since.

■ ■ ■

There really is a girl in Hollywood who wouldn't go in the movies for love or money. And it's Eloise O'Brien—Pat's wife—who has just turned down her third bona fide movie offer. Mr. O'B. claims she's too content with her present rôle.

■ ■ ■

Just when we were all set to believe tales that love had chilled between George Raft and Virginia Pine, we hear that Virginia's daughter is still charging things to George. In the ten-cent store the other day, four-year-old Jean was buying with a lavish hand. "Just charge that to George Raft, will you?" she asked the clerks. And the clerks agreed solemnly, at a wink from George's chauffeur, who put up the cash.

■ ■ ■

A few nights before Bob Taylor departed for England to make "A Yank at Oxford," Barbara Stanwyck attended the preview of "Broadway Melody" alone. Bob was catching up on last-minute work at the studio, so Barbara went along to check on her gentleman friend's performance. Incidentally, Bob's going-away gift to Miss S. was a bracelet of diamonds and rubies, shaped into hearts and inscribed with the date of his departure.

■ ■ ■

Divorce, reconciliations, weddings, love affairs and rumored love affairs—all these keep Hollywood in a dither trying to untangle the threads of what is fact and what fiction. Joan Bennett, for instance, had her last date before leaving for Massachusetts to play in a stock company—with dashing Errol Flynn. But that romance was nipped in the bud in short order. For Errol took another girl on a yachting trip the very next day. And it was none other than Lili Damita—his supposedly estranged wife.

■ ■ ■

Did you know that there are really *four* Ritz brothers? The fourth one runs a men's furnishing store in New York City. He's the white sheep of the family. The Hollywood Ritzes tried the other day to get him to join forces here with them, for their next picture, but George wired back that he's crazy now—he doesn't have to act that way.

Clark Gable drove to a Montana ranch for a vacation, but things didn't work out so well for him. When he stopped for lunch at a small town the crowds jammed the sidewalks to get a peek at him. Telephone operators passed the word along from town to town so Clark met a welcoming committee everywhere he stopped. He finally found solitude on a hunting trip. The animals simply regarded him as another guy with a gun.

■ ■ ■

There's plenty of excitement out on the "Marco Polo" set and no wonder. In the picture they show the discovery of gun powder—and so far they've had four minor explosions on the set. One of them barely missed Gary Cooper, who didn't care for the idea at all. Although the Chinese discovered gun powder several centuries ago, it apparently still has Sam Goldwyn baffled.

■ ■ ■

Irene Dunne and her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, don't like to pose for pictures together. Reason, we learn, is that some time ago someone referred to the doctor as "Mr. Dunne." Well-known in his own profession in New York, he had good reason to resent it, hence he discourages any kind of publicity.

■ ■ ■

Edward Everett Horton arrived at the studio looking weak and wan the other morning. When asked what was ailing him, Eddie said, "I'm worn out. I sat up all night with a sick tree." That's right—a sick tree. Eddie is an ardent horticulturist and when a new linden looked like it was wilting, he sat up all night to administer to it. Only God can make a tree, says Mr. H., but it takes a lot of outside help to keep it going.

■ ■ ■

Embarrassing Moments Dept.: For her role in "The Great Garrick,' Olivia de Havilland wears a nightgown which has 72 yards of pleated chiffon (whatever that is) in it. Well, when the little lady got too close to an electric fan on the set it took four prop men to untangle the 72 yards and locate Olivia.

■ ■ ■

Back in Iowa, when she was one of the Mulligan girls, Lola Lane played the piano at the local movie palace. It was during the silent days, when the piano intensified the chase and played "Hearts and Flowers" for the love scenes. The first picture Lola played for was a Ramon Novarro feature. So now, a certain number of years later, she plays opposite her onetime hero in "The Sheik Steps Out." Girls, get at your piano lessons!

■ ■ ■

Ever get seasick without going near the ocean? That's what happened to Joan Bennett recently at the Wanger Studios, which are a good half-hour's hard ride from the Pacific. It seems they were photographing a close-up shot of a boat scene in "I Met My Love Again." It was a prop boat and there was no water around, except in the cooler, but the rocking of the ship got to Miss B. and did her in.

■ ■ ■

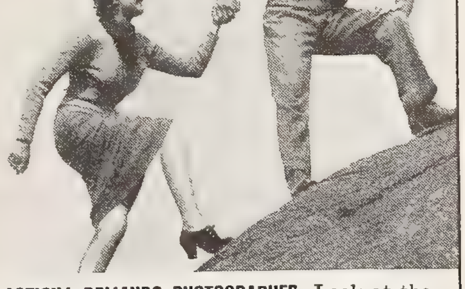
That recent marriage which ended almost neck and neck with "The Wedding March" set a new record for quick separations in Hollywood. Real reason for the break-up, they say, is that on honeymoon boat trip the groom cast too many glances in the direction of a young lady who was definitely not the bride. So when

(*Continued on page 77*)

POPULAR MODEL GIVES TIP ON SAVING STOCKINGS!

I cut my stocking bills IN HALF by using Ivory Flakes one minute each night!

Here's the girl you see in lots of fashion photographs — lovely Evelyn Kelly. "I furnish my own stockings," she says, "and Ivory Flakes save me money. Stockings washed with *pure suds* wear twice as long."



ACTION! DEMANDS PHOTOGRAPHER. Look at the strain on Evelyn's sheer stockings! They can take it, because they're kept fresh and strong by Ivory care!

ONE MINUTE PLEASE! Evelyn Kelly, popular photographers' model, takes one minute at bedtime to dash her stockings through Ivory Flakes suds. "Now they wear *twice as long.*"

Pure soap prevents weakening of silk stockings

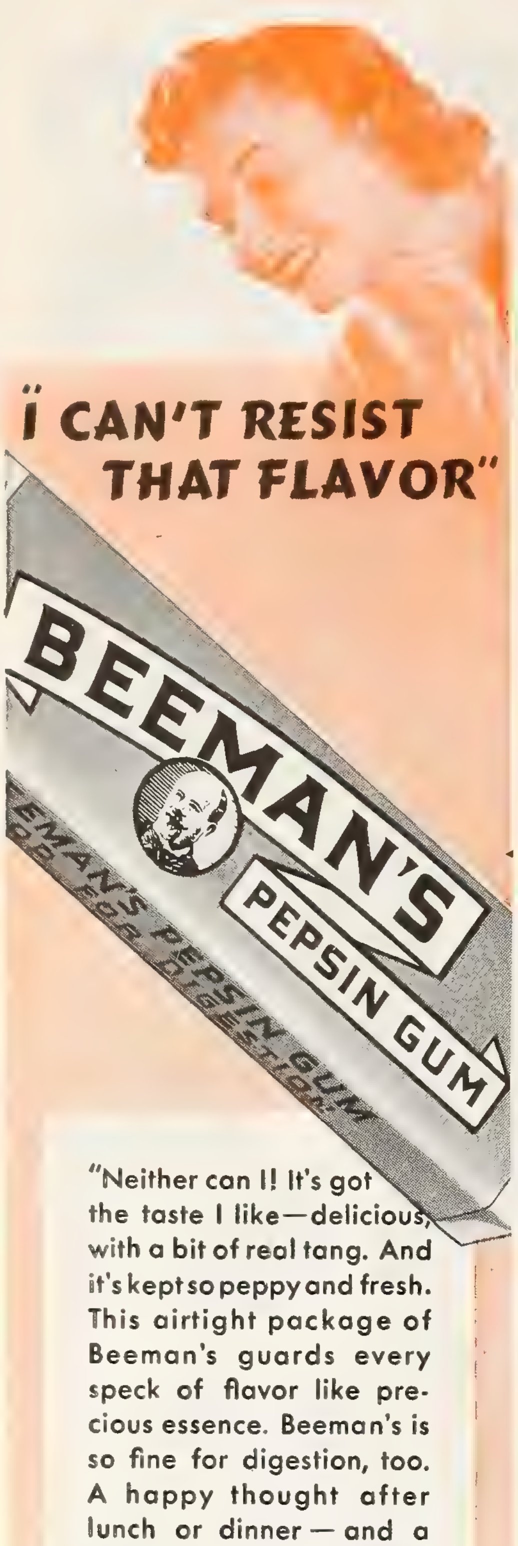
"Protecting the freshness of silk is the whole secret of getting real wear from stockings," say fine stores. "That's why we advise the soap flakes made from the famous pure Ivory Soap—the soap that protects even a baby's young skin."

Don't pile up stockings you've worn—*don't* use any soap less pure than Ivory Flakes—*don't* let your stockings get *stale*. All these make silk grow weak and old.

Start tonight with Ivory Flakes. One minute of daily care can add weeks of wear—Ivory Flakes are pure economy!

IVORY FLAKES
99 44/100% pure

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

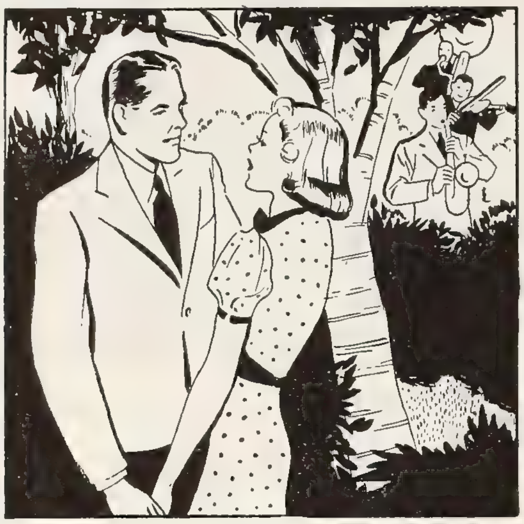

"I CAN'T RESIST THAT FLAVOR"
BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM
BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM GOOD FOR DIGESTION

"Neither can I! It's got the taste I like—delicious, with a bit of real tang. And it's kept so peppy and fresh. This airtight package of Beeman's guards every speck of flavor like precious essence. Beeman's is so fine for digestion, too. A happy thought after lunch or dinner—and a welcome treat any time!"

Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

BETWEEN YOU

Prizes for your thoughts about stars and the movies. Be sure they are original, fans!



On the prairie, Miss Warbling Star gets musical accompaniment. Realism?

$5.00 Prize Letter

This Thing Called Music

There is nothing in the world quite so wonderful as music at the right time and in the right places, but I do not understand why the producers think it necessary to have music for every dramatic moment regardless of the circumstances. A singer, such as Grace Moore, or Lily Pons, or Jeanette MacDonald may be singing on a prairie just at sundown, and accompanying her perfectly will be a superb orchestra coming from where—out of clouds, flowers, or from behind trees? Is this realistic? For me it certainly isn't and I'm sure a lot of other fans feel the same way as I do about it.

Now, about that dramatic touch. In the most dramatic moments of "Parnell" when Clark Gable and Myrna Loy appear to be lost in a dense fog, soft music plays an accompaniment to their quiet laughter. I have never seen a London fog filled with music, but maybe Ireland fogs are different from those in London.

In "Captains Courageous," in mid-ocean, on a fishing schooner, Freddie Bartholomew and Spencer Tracy have an orchestra accompaniment to help them catch fish. I don't doubt that it might be soothing to the fishes' nerves, but for me it knocks the plot right out from under, and I'm jolted back into reality with the very annoying thought, "Ah, this is just a movie after all."

If an entire picture is a musical show, it is rather to be expected, though not always convincing either, to find music bobbing up almost any place, or if on the other hand an orchestra has been accompanying a picture from the beginning, that too, is different. But this thing of music suddenly appearing on a desert island, or on top of the Washington Monument, is just too, too absurd.—Lucia E. Harding, Charlotte, N. C.

WRITE A LETTER—WIN A PRIZE

Have you tried your luck in these columns yet? If you haven't, sit down now. Write a letter or poem about the stars or movies. Be sure it's original, however. Make it long or make it brief, and say your little say. Between You 'N' Me is an open forum, written by the fans, and for them. Tell us what pictures you think are tops, what stars you think are tops. Tell us what you *don't* like, too. We welcome your original contributions. No deadlines. Just send in your raves and peeves, and maybe a prize will find its way to your door. Prizes: 1st prize, $5; 2 second prizes of $2 each; 6 prizes of $1 each. Address Between You and Me, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

$2.00 Prize Letter

Don Woods—Before and After

Five summers ago, I met Don Woods and his wife, Jo, in a little out-of-the-way village in Connecticut. At the time they were practically penniless. Months before, Don had been working hard in all the parts he could get on Broadway to collect enough money for Jo to go to the country and rest. You see, after six years of marriage, the Woods were the expectant parents of an heir who would have little but love to inherit. They landed in Connecticut, and after settling in a comfortable Inn, made arrangements with a local doctor for the delivery. The little boy, christened Conrad, and nicknamed Splinter, was born late that August.

While waiting for him, my family and the Woods were having a grand time with corn roasts, feasts of watermelon, searching for an old cradle in antique shops, and putting on acts in the big Inn room on rainy nights. Till Splinter's arrival, both of them remained sweet and uncomplaining, and they won my heart completely.

That fall they visited us in our New York apartment. Don's career was now set. Eva Le Gallienne had taken an interest in him, and he was even then Hollywood bound. But he was the same down-to-earth chap of old. Conceit was something left out of his nature. We've moved since and haven't seen him again, but each year he sends either a Christmas card or a letter. Perhaps all stars aren't like him,

'N' ME

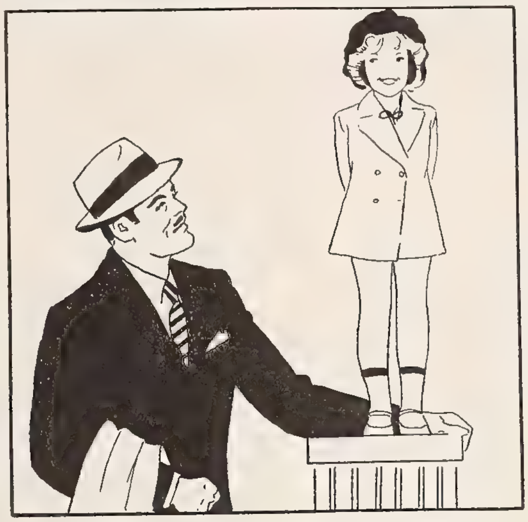
but here's to a grand person who deserves the best of luck, and then some.—Jean S. Ross, Rockville Centre, N. Y.

$2.00 Prize Letter
Wise Clark Gable

If you ask me, Clark Gable's wise
To be afraid of Temple's eyes—
Her dimpled cheeks, her teeth of pearl—
Oh she's a cute, intriguing girl!
No matter how, nor where, nor when,
She captivates the hearts of men.
Regardless *who* the leading man
'Tis Shirley pivots every fan.
Despite how each great star is cast
Our Shirley's role is first and last.
So, Gable's wise to fear his place,
When so much glamor he must face.
A pint-sized youngster holds the cup,
All Clark can do is stand and gu'p.—Mrs. L. L. Huffman, Lincolnton, North Carolina.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Prefers Stars Who Are Human

Do the movie fans really want glamor in motion pictures, or do they want real down-to-earth stories that tug at the heart-strings? That is a question which should not be hard to answer. Glamor may be all right but it should be served in sparing doses. The great popularity of Shirley Temple, Janet Gaynor, Wallace Beery, and the late Will Rogers easily proves that the more human the actor's portrayal, the more popular he becomes—and stays. After seeing a Shirley Temple picture, we can nearly always say, "Why, our Jane said the same thing as Shirley just last night," or while coming home from such a picture as "A Family Affair," we remark, "Father lights his pipe just like Lionel Barrymore!" Those actors and actresses who have remained tops with us for so long are the ones who act like the boys or girls down the block, or the men or women we meet every day. They've endeared themselves to us by their realistic portrayals, not by glamorizing themselves until they no longer seem like human beings.—Martha Nichols, Philadelphia, Pa.



Gable scared of pint-sized Shirley Temple? He *should* be, says a fan.

$1.00 Prize Letter
A Knight Errant Named John Boles

Last year Mr. Boles was making personal appearances in Washington, D. C. Our school choir, billed on his program, invaded his dressing-room asking for autographs. He very pleasantly signed a hundred odd without any show of impatience.

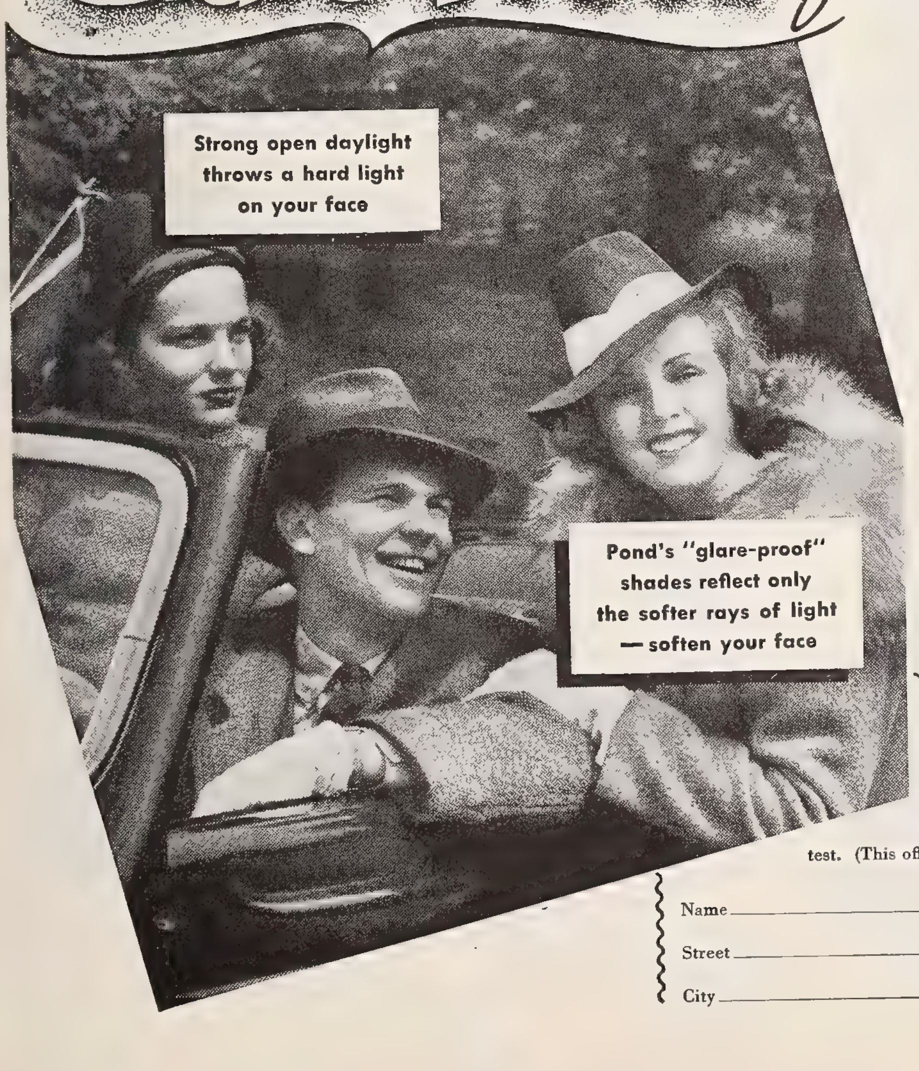
I had always thought of stars as hardly speaking the same language as ours, but John Boles was, to my astonishment and delight, just like an ordinary human being. He saved my pink net dress from disaster when, in the confusion, I flounced too near some black shoe polish. And a whole year later, when my sixteenth birthday drew near, I was pleasantly mystified to receive a congratulatory note from him. I discovered later that Mother had wanted to surprise me and had written to him, reminding him of the incident of the year before. That's the kind of a star *I* like, girls!—Patricia Few, Decatur, Georgia.

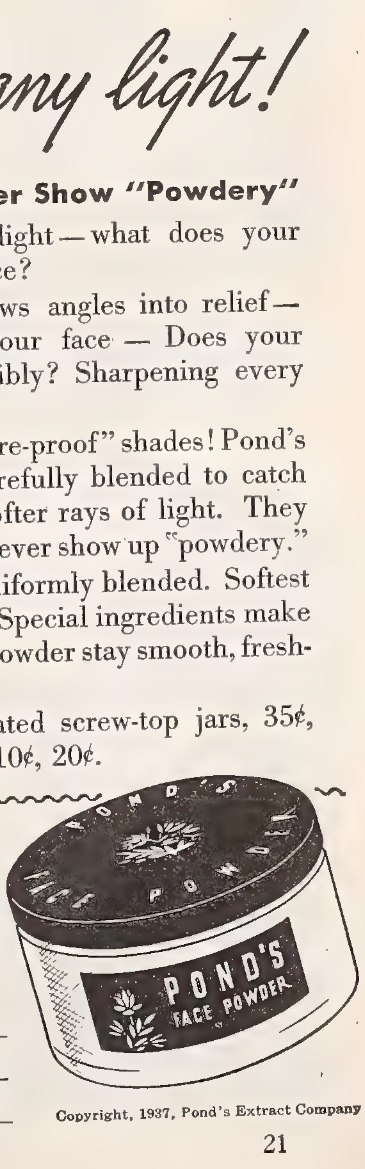
$1.00 Prize Letter
"Old Fashioned" Girl Speaks Up

Maybe I'm behind the times or maybe I'm crude—just enough to like the ideas that went out with jigsaw puzzles and yo-yos, the heavy clinches, the risque scenes etc. Anyway I don't appreciate the new trend in the movies a-tall.

I've tried to be righteous about films with morals. I've laughed weakly at the pictures overrun with good clean fun. I've even forced myself to sigh over the pictures with those collar-ad cuties, Tyrone

(*Continued on page* 104)


Strong open daylight throws a hard light on your face
Pond's "glare-proof" shades reflect only the softer rays of light — soften your face



"Glare-Proof" *flattering in any light!*

Pond's Shades Never Show "Powdery"

Out in the open daylight—what does your powder do for your face?

Sharp daylight throws angles into relief—shows up faults in your face — Does your powder show up terribly? Sharpening every fault?

Not with Pond's "glare-proof" shades! Pond's powder shades are carefully blended to catch and reflect only the softer rays of light. They *soften* your face. And never show up "powdery."

True skin tones. Uniformly blended. Softest texture. And clinging. Special ingredients make Pond's "glare-proof" Powder stay smooth, fresh-looking for hours.

Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

FREE . . .
5 "Glare-Proof" Shades

POND'S, Dept. 9MS-PL Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "glare-proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test. (This offer expires Jan. 1, 1938.)

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REVIEWS • A TOUR

★★★★ Dead End

You'll undoubtedly find "Dead End" on numerous "ten best" lists when 1937's quota of films has been catalogued and judged by the critics. It was an excellent play on Broadway, and it is a swell motion picture. It is drama on a New York street. All the action takes place from dawn to darkness, and the entire picture is played on a single set, where the street runs into the East River. Mr. Goldwyn's cameraman has achieved splendid photographic effects and the identical opening and closing panoramic shot is something you won't forget.

On the street you'll find Baby-Face Martin, once a tough kid of the district, who has returned to see his long-forgotten mother; Dave, who has grown up embittered by his failure to make an honest living; Drina, Dave's girl and the older sister of Tommy, one of a tough gang of East Side kids who gets himself in trouble with the law, and about whom the drama really revolves.

There are good performances by Humphrey Bogart, as Baby-Face, Joel McCrea as Dave and Sylvia Sidney as Drina, but acting honors go to the group of youngsters, imported from the stage production, who play the tough kids. Billy Halop plays Tommy, and the others are Huntz Hall, Bobby Jordan, Leo B. Gorcey, Gabriel Dell and Bernard Punsly. In the supporting cast there are notable brief portrayals by Margaret Main, Claire Trevor, Allen Jenkins, Wendy Barrie and James Burke. Directed by William Wyler.—*Samuel Goldwyn.*

★★★ Varsity Show

With the aid of Fred Waring and his band, the Warner Brothers have turned out a college musical which is tops in that kind of entertainment. It's completely unsophisticated and completely rah-rah, which is either a hearty recommendation or a warning, depending on how you like your musicals.

Waring plays a professor at good old Winfield, and his band manages to look and act like undergraduates. When the annual college show seems about to wind up behind the eight ball, the boys get together and solicit the services of Chuck Daly, who has gone from Winfield to Broadway and success as a musical comedy producer. When it turns out that Chuck Daly is none other than Dick Powell, you can sit back and be pretty sure that the big show is going to be terrific.

Dick Powell does an ingratiating job as the helpful alumnus. As his sidekick, Ted Healy steals the show with a swell comedy performance. Fred Waring is not at ease in the acting department, but his band and male chorus are splendid. Rosemary Lane, in the romantic lead, and her sister Priscilla, who supplies comedy, are both due for fine screen futures. Others who help are Lee Dixon Walter Catlett, Johnny Davis, Sterling Holloway, Mabel Todd and Buck and Bubbles. The finale, staged by Busby Berkeley, is gigantic and colossal. Directed by William Keighley.—*Warner Brothers.*

★★★ Souls at Sea

In 1841 the packet William Brown, sailing from Liverpool to Philadelphia, caught fire and burned to the water. Forty-one survivors crowded into the lifeboat The ship's mate, in charge of the boat, sensed at once that the small craft was overloaded, and in order to save as many lives as possible, he caused seven of the passengers to be thrown into the sea. Later, in Philadelphia, he was tried for manslaughter, and acquitted.

Out of this story—based on an actual occurrence—Paramount has fashioned an exciting and highly dramatic film, a sea picture which belongs in a select group with "Mutiny on the Bounty" and "Captains Courageous." It's a tale as powerful as the sea itself, and it's acted to the hilt by a swell cast. First honors go to Gary Cooper, who plays the ship's mate with all the force and ability which has marked all of his recent portrayals. Surprise performance is that of George Raft as Cooper's companion. Heretofore identified only with city slicker rôles, Raft, with no lubrication in his locks, and none of his former mannerisms, turns in a performance that will certainly open an entire new field of characterization to him. In lesser rôles, Olympe Bradna and Frances Dee manage to be both beautiful and convincing. Of the supporting cast, Joseph Schildkraut, Henry Wilcoxon, Virginia Weidler and George Zucco are outstanding. Directed by Henry Hathaway.—*Paramount.*

Movie Scoreboard on Page 8

OF TODAY'S TALKIES

★★★ Broadway Melody of 1938

This year's "Broadway Melody" is recommended more for several of its parts than for the picture as a whole. It has several singing and dancing sequences which are completely delightful, and which help considerably to speed up a story that creaks loudly in some of its joints. In case you want to know, it's the old one about the young Broadway producer whose backer walks out on him because he is determined to star an unknown gal. This time the gal has a horse. The horse wins the big race, the money is put into the show, and the show is a howling success. So you won't be startled by the novelty of this idea, it may be well to warn you that the horse also appears in the show's finale.

Now for the assets. Best dancing is done in a box car by Eleanor Powell, George Murphy and Buddy Ebsen. Another number, in a park setting, by Miss Powell and Mr. Murphy, is also a show stopper. In the singing department, there are Sophie Tucker, Judy Garland and Igor Gorin. All three are swell, with little Judy Garland outstanding because she is given the best chance. Robert Taylor plays the romantic lead, and no one asks him either to sing or dance. Others who deserve mention are Raymond Walburn, Binnie Barnes, Billy Gilbert, Robert Benchley, Willie Howard, Barnett Parker and Robert Wildhack, who demonstrates sneezes. Most effective song is "Dear Mr. Gable," sung by Judy Garland. Directed by Roy del Ruth.—*M-G-M.*

★★★ Thin Ice

In her second screen appearance Sonja Henie manages to retain all the freshness and naïve charm which made her dear to thousands of customers in "One in a Million." In addition, she has made progress with her acting, for she exhibits a smoothness and finesse which she lacked in her first picture. Evidently sitting up nights with an actor (Tyrone Power) didn't do her any harm.

The producers have wisely kept the film's running time under control. In welcome contrast to the siege of recent over-long musicals, "Thin Ice" gets over its story, its song and its skating in slightly more than an hour, and audiences will leave it feeling they've had more than their money's worth of entertainment.

Tyrone Power has the male lead, and this accomplished young gent makes the most of his light comedy rôle. He seems as amused as the audience at Miss Henie's delightful accent. Melville Cooper, Raymond Walburn, Arthur Treacher, Alan Hale, Maurice Cass and Sig Rumann help considerably in supporting rôles. Leah Ray sings "My Secret Love Affair" and Joan Davis panicked a preview audience with comedy renditions of "I'm Olga from the Volga" and "My Swiss Hill Billy." In addition, there are several spectacular skating ensembles featuring Miss Henie. Directed by Sidney Lanfield.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★★ Artists and Models

A mélange of gags, girls and music, "Artists and Models" is good entertainment because it is fast and funny and because it gives Jack Benny his first real opportunity in pictures. The smooth-talking Mr. B. delivers a fine job in the top comedy rôle, so good that when he isn't on the screen the pace seems to slacken considerably.

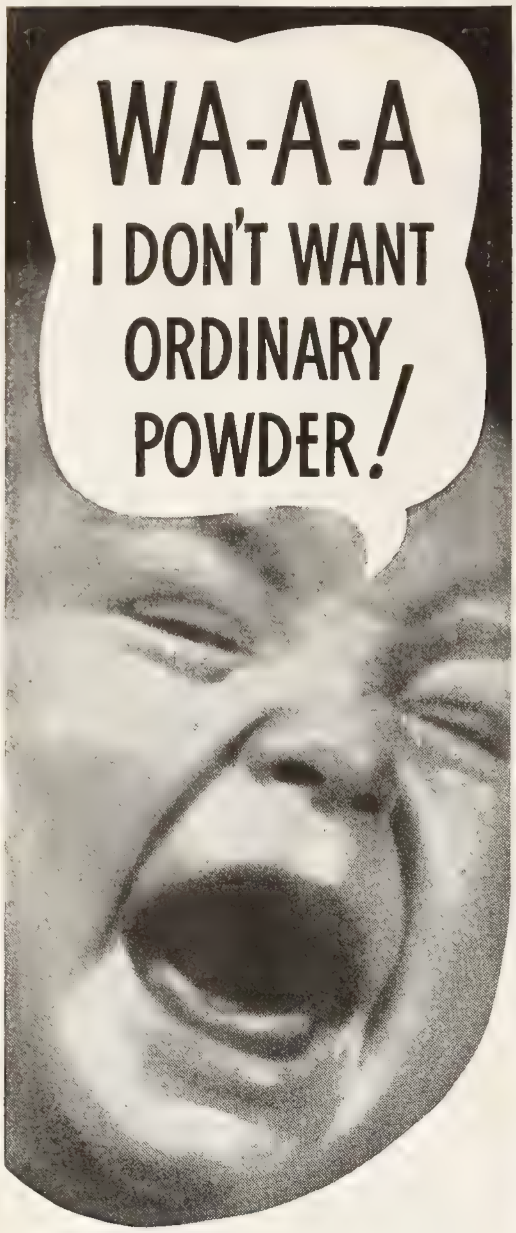
Paramount has gathered a large cast to support radio's Number One boy. In the leads are Richard Arlen, Ida Lupino and Gail Patrick. Mr. Benny wins Gail Patrick, which is better than most comics are doing these days. Among the added entertainers are Andre Kostelanetz and his orchestra, with Connie Boswell doing a swell vocal on "Whispers in the Dark," Ben Blue and Judy Canova, the Yacht Club Boys, and Martha Raye with Louis Armstrong in a Harlem setting singing "Public Melody Number One." It's Martha Raye in blackface, in case you want to know. In addition, the cast contains six well-known artists—Russell Patterson, Peter Arno, Arthur William Brown, John LaGatta, McClelland Barclay and Rube Goldberg, portraying six well-known artists.

"Artists and Models" isn't the world's best musical, but it can certainly be recommended for an evening's entertainment. Directed by Raoul Walsh.—*Paramount.*

More Reviews on Page 70

BY LEO TOWNSEND

What to see—and what to skip—when you're movie shopping



"I want Mennen Antiseptic Powder that keeps me SAFER from germs!"

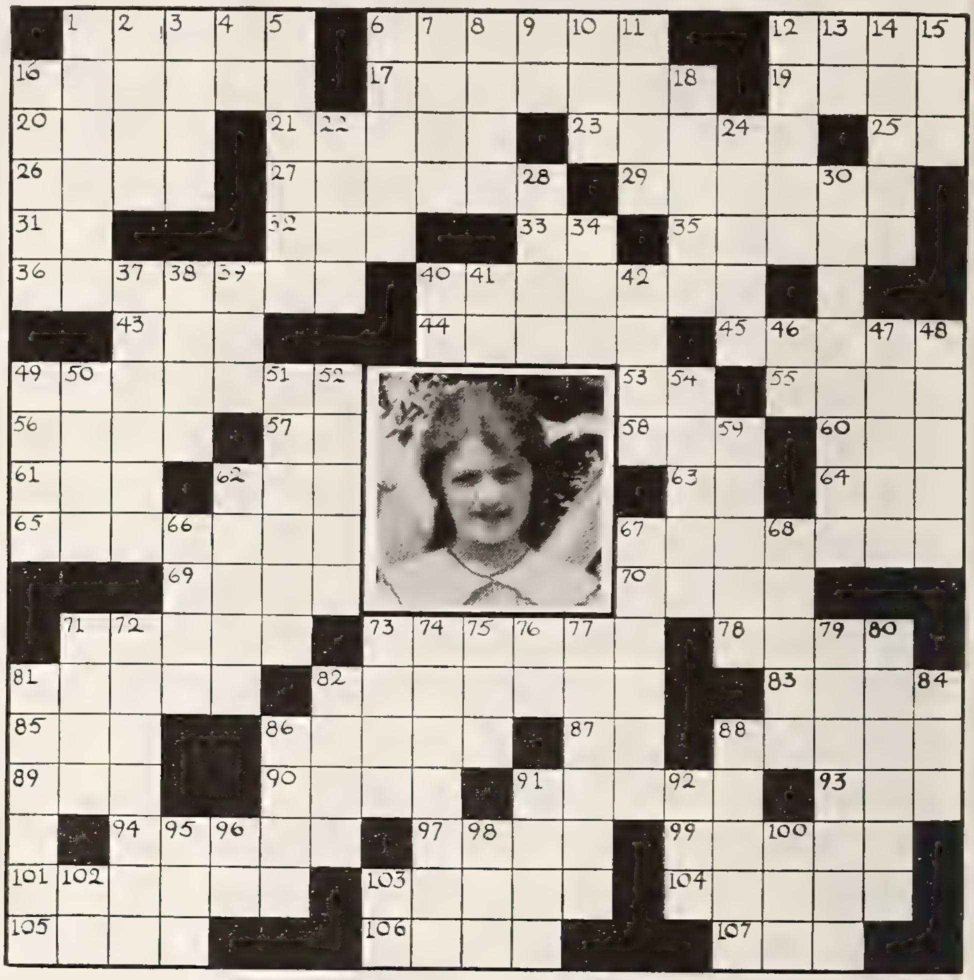
"Honest, Mummy, I'm not cryin' just to be bad. I'm SCARED of those germs that are always landin' on my skin; and I want the baby powder that'll protect me from 'em. I mean Mennen. You know, Mummy, there couldn't be a powder that's softer than Mennen, or that works slicker in keepin' my skin free from chafin'. Besides that . . . this Mennen Powder is what my doctor ordered; 'cause it's antiseptic. It keeps a baby's skin from gettin' infected. And that's what counts! So Mummy—what?—you'll get me some Mennen Powder! Gee, that's great! Now I'll love you more'n ever!"

Recommended by more doctors than all other baby powders combined . . . that's what a recent survey shows about Mennen Antiseptic Powder.

MENNEN
BORATED
POWDER
-ANTISEPTIC-

THE BABY POWDER THAT HELPS PREVENT INFECTION

OUR PUZZLE



Puzzle solution appears on Page 100

ACROSS

1. & 6. The damsel in the puzzle
12. First name of star of "Victoria the Great"
16. Comedian in "The Road Back"
17. Embarrassed
19. Douglas - - - -; his new flicker's "Cornered"
20. Heavy in "Personal Property"
21. Name part played by Marion Davies in picture with Gable
23. Joe E. Brown's girl in "When's Your Birthday?"
25. Behold
26. Simple
27. Young hen
29. Her marriage to actor-adventurer is an off-again, on-again one
31. First name of actor who plays Swedish comedy roles
32. Name Louise Hovick used to use
33. Dick Powell topped in "- - the Avenue"
35. First name of girl lead in "Outcast"
36. Nancy Fairbrother in "Four Days' Wonder"
40. Her first name's Kay; she was in "Crack-Up"
43. First name of actress in "Artists and Models"
44. Ditto of girl in "High, Wide and Handsome"
45. Try with the tongue
49. The pictures he produces don't often get ribbed but his use of English does
53. Initials of ingenue in "Love in a Bungalow"
55. Pastoral tale
56. Word left out of most Hollywood marriage rites
57. Initials of portrayer of Jim Fisk in "The Toast of New York"
58. Doris Nolan was tops in "- - - of the Town"
60. This much is fair in love and war
61. Neither's pal
62. Life blood of a funny picture
63. Initials of De Lawd in "The Green Pastures"
64. Hawaiian flower wreath
65. Actor's motion
67. She rose to fame feudin' with La Temple
69. Real name's William Langan. Before he was in pix, he was a radio star
70. Stake in a poker game
71. Genial heavy in "Slave Ship"
73. A ticklish fellow in "Way Out West"
78. First name was Chic; he died in 1936
81. The perennial Oriental Hawkshaw
82. Comedy news photographer in "Bank Alarm"
83. First name of a hostess in "Marked Woman"
85. Reputed to be pretty snug in a rug
86. Song, "The Sweetheart of - - - - - Chi"
87. The sailor shouts, Land - -!
88. "Mr. Dodd Takes the Air" is her next
89. Elongated fish
90. Stockings
91. The door swings on this
93. Make an offer
94. Countrified looking youth in "Broadway Melody of 1938"
97. Hollywood's best-ies go stepping here
99. He's a treat in "The Firefly." First name
101. Capital city of Canada
103. Minute particles
104. Comic butler in many a pic; is in "A Love Like That"
105. Female attendant to Gravet in "The King and the Chorus Girl"
106. Bazooka's beloved in "Mountain Music"
107. Earth

PAGE

DOWN

1. This girl is aces for hard-boiled dames
2. Declare
3. Robert Donat played in "The Thirty - - - - Steps"
4. W- -dy Barrie was born in Shanghai
5. Wee Willie Winkie to the life
6. This actor's big ears haven't lessened his heart-throb appeal
7. Scientist in "Green Light"
8. Harvard University's biggest rival
9. Initials of star whose producer-husband died not long ago
10. Electrical unit
11. Granddaughter in "Make Way for Tomorrow"
12. Spinning and buzzing
13. Negative
14. Amiable gangster in "Internes Can't Take Money"
15. Fuss
16. Bald heads
18. Femme in "Midnight Taxi"
22. This Russian actor's tragic pan makes him seem more comic
24. Kent Taylor's chubby boss in "When Love Is Young"
28. He appears with his real-life wife in "The Bride Wore Red"
30. She's Adolphe Menjou's little woman
34. First name of one of the "Three Smart Girls"
37. Hoot Gibson's her ex; Harry Joe Brown's her present
38. Jeanette MacDonald's screen hero; he sang at her wedding but wasn't the groom
39. Animal's foot
40. Long Island: abbr.
41. - -ene Hervey's hubby's Allan Jones
42. Six-foot lead in "The Lady Fights Back"
46. Our friend the three-toed sloth
47. Western star of many a serial and feature
48. The judge in "Midnight Madonna"
49. The bell in amateur hour
50. Wind instrument; not a Hollywood director though
51. Annually
52. Femme lead in "The Devil's Saddle Legion"
54. He appeared in "Broadway Melody of 1938"
59. Sad-faced comedienne with expressive digits
62. Lunt and Fontanne were in "The - - - - -sman"
66. At that time
67. Canadian actor who played in "Thank You, Jeeves"
68. Bootlegger in "The Good Old Soak"
71. Jupiter Pluvius 2nd in "Artists and Models"
72. Baby eagles
74. Character actor; born in Palermo, Italy
75. Blonde comedienne in "Saratoga"; first name
76. Concerning
77. Code of right or wrong
79. This blonde sophisticate plays practical pranks off-screen
80. The third Mrs. John Barrymore's first name
81. Exotic actress in "The Divorce of Lady X," being filmed in London.
82. Physiological individual; opposed to morphon
84. Also
86. Little blonde who played in "Dangerous Intrigue"
88. Jacqueline Brown's her real name; she's married to Walter Brooks
91. This is where you hang your hat
92. Talk
95. Pooh!
96. California is in this compass direction from New York
98. Mervyn Le- - - discovered Fernand Gravet in France
100. Kind of card game
102. Ri- - Johnson's in "London By Night"
103. Land measure

If red, chapped hands could only talk after *Washing Windows*

THIS JOB WORKS HAVOC WITH OUR SKIN...WE'RE ROUGH AS SANDPAPER

WASHING windows makes a "mess" of tender hands. Harsh soaps, ammonia water, and wind roughen skin . . . cause hangnails! No wonder your hands don't get kisses! Help them be soft again . . .

NOW WE FEEL GOOD, LOOK GRAND...SOOTHED AND SOFTENED BY EXTRA-CREAMY HINDS

USE HINDS! It's extra-creamy . . . works *fast* to soften harsh skin . . . comfort red, work-abused hands. With "sunshine" Vitamin D in it, Hinds helps your hands *feel* smoother, more romantic than ever!

WE'RE PROUD TO BE HIS HONEYMOON HANDS

Copyright, 1937, Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Bloomfield, N. J.

HINDS HONEY & ALMOND CREAM
QUICK ACTING... NOT WATERY

EVEN one application of Hinds makes workaday hands more thrilling. Smoother to his touch...not a bit "scratchy." Use faithfully—before and after exposure, before and after household jobs. Hinds helps put back the softness that wind, cold, heat, hard water, and dust take away. Gives you the smooth, feminine hands that men like to hold! Hinds Honey and Almond Cream comes in $1.00, 50c, 25c, and 10c sizes. Dispenser free with 50c size—attached to bottle, ready to use!

HINDS

HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

FOR HONEYMOON HANDS

HEY! HEY! HAYWIRE HILARITY!
YEA! YEA! SINGING! STEPPING!
HI! HI! CUTIES! BEAUTIES!
HA! HA! WOTTA LIFE! WOTTA RIOT! WOTTA LAFFA-PALOOZA!

Those merry-maniacs of melody! That three-Ritz circus! Madder and merrier, wilder and whackier than in "Sing, Baby, Sing"... "On the Avenue"... and "You Can't Have Everything"! The fastest, funniest, tuniest hit that they or anybody else ever made!

The RITZ BROTHERS in "LIFE BEGINS IN COLLEGE"

with a glo-roarious cast of entertainment's top-notchers!

JOAN DAVIS
TONY MARTIN
GLORIA STUART
FRED STONE • NAT PENDLETON
DICK BALDWIN • JOAN MARSH
DIXIE DUNBAR • JED PROUTY
MAURICE CASS • MARJORIE
WEAVER • ROBERT LOWERY
LON CHANEY, JR.

Directed by William A. Seiter

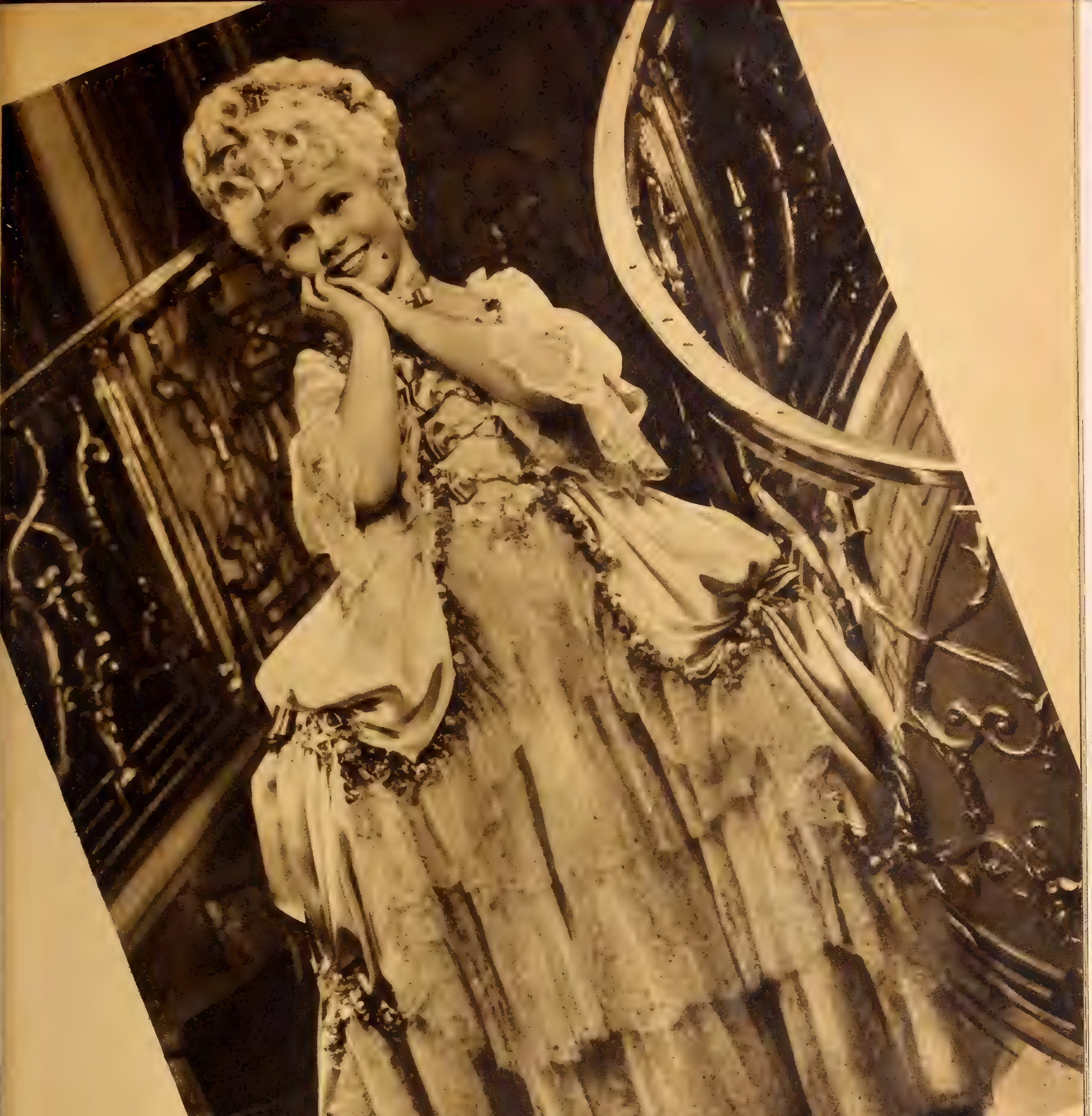
Associate Producer Harold Wilson • Screen Play by Karl Tunberg and Don Ettlinger Suggested by a series of stories by Darrell Ware • Ritz Brothers Specialty Routines by Sam Pokrass, Sid Kuller and Ray Golden

Tunes to make life begin for you!... "Big Chief Swing It", "Our Team Is On The Warpath", "The Rhumba Goes Collegiate", "Fair Lombardy", "Why Talk About Love?" by Lew Pollack and Sidney D. Mitchell • "Sweet Varsity Sue" by Charles Tobias, Al Lewis and Murray Mencher

20th CENTURY FOX

Darryl F. Zanuck in charge of production

Maybe it's football.. maybe it's screwball.. but it's screwier by far than 'Pigskin Parade'.. no maybe about that!



Shirley Temple

Portrait of a little lady gone demure. But the Temple mischief still lurks in Shirley's eyes, despite toe-tip frock and powdered hair, which she wears in "Heidi."

Clark Gable

Nice, eh? He's got what it takes, has Clark, and believe you us, he's still taking plenty of bows for his performance in "Saratoga."

Grace Moore

Lovely to look at and even lovelier to hear, Grace enchants again in "I'll Take Romance," with Melvyn Douglas. We'd take it, too!

Robert Kent

Here is a young man who is definitely going places, to the tune of a lot of feminine sighs, if his work in "The Lady Fights Back" is any barometer.

Anne Shirley

Four stars, five orchids and no scallions to our Anne for her knockout performance in "Stella Dallas." If never before, she's top flight now.

"How could Ty go with other girls?" demands Sonja. "He goes with *me!*"

CALLING

BY MURIEL BABCOCK

WHEN THE whole Hollywood chorus gleefully started to chant, whistle and sing, "Let's Call the Whole Thing Off," in the matter of that big romance of Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power, they reckoned without Miss Henie.

Oh, yes, indeed! It will take more than rumor-crooning to shake the faith and the love that the blond load of sex appeal from Norway has for her king of glamor, Mr. Tyrone Power.

You take a girl like Sonja, and she knows where she is going in affairs of the heart. Or rather, what is more important to smooth performance and no mishaps, she knows where her boy friend is and what he's doing in his odd moments. She is the kind of a girl who makes romance a full-time job.

Maybe you remember how Hollywood buzzed not long ago with the story that Tyrone and Sonja had "ph'ffed," that Tyrone was stepping out with Janet Gaynor.

"Ooof!" said Hollywood, "that's the end!" And proceeded to fill the gossip columns to this effect.

Cried Sonja to this reporter, upon land-

Yes, the Henie-Power

Sonja and Tyrone date Cupid. Yep, if this isn't love, it'll do until love comes along. What do you think?

Tyrone finds himself the center of attraction when he's with the ladies —and of discussion when he's not!

THE CALLING OFF, OFF

ing from an American airliner at Newark on her way through Manhattan to a vacation in her home town of Oslo, Norway, "It could not be! He did not even know Janet Gaynor. Besides, I *know* he did not have dates with her. He could not. He was with me."

Your reporter turned to the studio press-agent who had also met the plane and said, "You heard? It could not be. Now, I think that's the way to keep a man in line."

Sonja didn't quite understand, but she laughed. "It could not be," she repeated. "Foolish, the whole business. We are just the same as always. I see Tyrone every night, and we work together every day."

And from that frank admission, draw your own conclusions as to how Sonja feels about Tyrone, despite the fact that she has never before admitted they are to be married, nor does she wear a big sparkler on her third finger. Personally, I'd say she was in love.

At any rate, she was a little wrought up.

But let's go back to the beginning and let you in on the whole story.

It was about noon of a hot late Summer day in New York. Cameramen, reporters and yours truly, a-scribing for MODERN SCREEN, were waiting at the airport for Miss Henie.

Out of the clouds came the big American skyliner and out stepped Sonja looking mighty trim.

The reporters and cameramen closed in and Sonja posed on the steps coming down from the plane, posed waving her hand, with big smile, with sober countenance, posed on safe terra firma, even posed surrounded by a crowd of eager and insistent autograph seekers.

Said one reporter timidly, "And now, Miss Henie, how about Tyrone Power?"

"We are just good friends," Sonja replied.

"Ah," said the young man, "just good friends." And scribbled on his pad. "Anything more, Miss Henie?"

"Good friends, we are," she repeated, closing her mouth firmly.

BUT IN the limousine riding into New York, over the Pulaski Skyway and through the long Holland Tunnel under the Hudson River where we found ourselves shouting in order to be heard, she got really warmed up on the discussion with me.

I gathered from her remarks that Mr. Power is pretty important in her life, very important, so important, in fact, that she was mad as a hoot owl about the little episode in Hollywood, when they tried to sing, "Let's Call the Whole Thing Off" for her and her boy friend.

"How those things start!" she exploded. "It wasn't true. It was dreadful. At first when it comes out in the paper, we laugh very hard. Somebody is having a nice dream. Then four or five days go by and *all* the papers say so and it goes out over the radio, and it is not so funny. You try to laugh, but you cannot laugh at that. You know when people look at you, they are thinking about it. You see people talking and they stop when you come up, and you know they are talking about it.

"Besides, it does funny things to you inside—people saying that you have had a fight (*Continued on page 106*)

romance is very much "on," and Sonja herself gives you its lowdown

IF *You* MET ROBERT TAYLOR

BY ANNE McNAMARRA

I SEE by the papers that Bob Taylor is coming to New York soon. I wonder if he'll fly or come by train? If he comes by train. . . . Let's see, the Century gets in at ten. I could go up to Grand Central. Maybe I'd see him.

Well, what earthly good would that do you, Annie McN.? Do you suppose he'd notice you on the platform when he's got Barbara Stanwyck on his mind? Still, it doesn't hurt to *think* about it, does it? It's fun to think about him. I'd like to know him. I bet he's nice, as well as good-looking. Suppose you did meet him? What would you say—what would you do? I wish—I wish I could be of some kind of service to him—help him out of a jam—show him that fans *can* be nice. Wasn't it awful last year when that mob of females tore him apart! Took his shoes off. And stormed the Waldorf. And he didn't get to see hardly any of New York, because he didn't dare leave his hotel suite. His first trip to the big city, too. He said he had wanted to see Grant's Tomb and the Aquarium and buy a present for his mother in Saks-Fifth Avenue, just because she had always wanted to shop in that store herself.

I wish . . . I wish. . . .

The sleek, beautiful train came gliding down the track. I was there, in the right spot, as close as I could get to the newspaper photographers. I heard a wild-looking, unkempt young man telling a spruce, persistent young lady that "Mr. Taylor was not going to give any interviews. Too busy." She said, "My mother told me never to believe anything a press agent said." Doors opened, baggage was dumped out. The camera boys looked bored. The press agent looked increasingly unkempt. The spruce young lady stayed her ground. People began leaving the train. All the people left the train. None of them was Mr. Taylor.

"Musta got off at Harmon," said the press agent.

I started home, disappointed.

Over at the west end of the great terminal was such a mob as you've never seen. I knew—I knew. I got there first, before the press agent, the young lady and the camera boys. A shrieking, howling crowd of girls and women were pulling and tugging and shouting at the screen's No. 1 Boy. Tearing buttons off. One had his hat. Another his handkerchief. It was disgusting. He was trying to fend them off without using his fists—as he

(*Continued on page 101*)

A smoothie on the dance floor might be one way to describe Mr. Taylor. He's certainly not doing so badly with Eleanor Powell, in "Broadway Melody of 1938."

Did you ever have a date with a dream? Well, here's a girl who dreams and tells, but remember, it's make believe

Look out, girls,
turning on that
charm! When
gets that wistf
pression aroun
eyes, it's tim
pick up your
and

Can the no
Barbara Stan
wearing be s
ic? 'Tis whis
she's captain
destiny and
may go for
speed to

KIE

"There's plenty to laugh at," philosophizes Jack. "F'rinstance, pompous celebrities inflated with the gas of their own glamor."

BY CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

Yes, anything that life can give—bumps, skids, uppercuts—Jack can take—and always with a shrug and a merry twinkle in his eye

CAN TAKE IT!

OAKIE CAN take it, tit for tat, right on the slightly double Oakie chin. The bruises, disappointments and practical jokes. Yes, anything that Oakie can give, Oakie can take.

"I've often wondered about Jack. 'Tain't nat'ral, always to be in the sun. Or is it? Maybe we're wrong. I've often wondered when I've talked, through the years, to the people who work with him in pictures. The tales they tell. As on the set the other day when Eduardo Ciannelli said, "Oakie always knows his lines. I don't believe he goes up on them more than once in every picture, if that. And when he does, he never stops and just stands there, like most of us do. No, he goes right on and off into a story. It's always a story that has nothing whatsoever to do with the scene, and it's usually unprintable. But the point is, Oakie isn't stopped. Nor does he sulk. It's a remarkable temperament," said the Latin Mr. Ciannelli of Mr. Oakie of Sedalia, Missouri.

Ann Sothern, working with Jack, said, "We worked all day yesterday in the pouring rain. Studio-manufactured rain on the set. Our clothes stuck to us, soppy and steamy. It was hotter than Tophet outside and clammy and chilly here on the sound stage. We were all sneezing and sniffling and obviously catching our deaths of cold. We were all hitting the all-time low—all but Oakie.

"Jack managed to avert a sitdown strike by such cracks as, 'Well, any day now M-G-M will be calling me to play opposite Garbo—that Boyer don't light up!' Or an aside to Edgar Kennedy, about me, 'If she says her heart goes pit-a-pat every time she sees Gene Raymond, it's a lie.' Or, to me, 'Kennedy's a low comedian, not my type at all, a face-maker, a mugger.' Or, 'Guess I'll be doing Rathbone parts next. The directors want a full face for their money. They're tired of using two profiles stuck together.' Or, when the director would call him to the set, he'd yell, 'Sorry, I couldn't come today!'

"This kept up until, at the last, he pretended to succumb to the general gloom. He stood up on the stage, pretended he was bawling like a baby and said, 'Here I stand, day after day, year after year, rained upon, kicked around, and what do I get out of it? *Two million dollars!*'

"Well," laughed Ann, "what can you do with a man like that? The result was that we all felt better, finished the sequence with a flourish. That's Jack, the greatest little morale-builder in the business. And, I believe," Ann said, seriously, "I believe it's because he's got such swell morale himself. It's 'Never say Cry,' with Jack."

Yep, I thought, there's more to Jack than the laughs he gives and gets. But what? And, more importantly, how? Easy enough to explain the wisecracks. Many a man has worn the cap and bells. But there does come a time when the motley is doffed. What manner of man is he then?

Was Oakie born this way, a laugh in his mouth instead of a silver spoon? Or has he, through the years, achieved a fool-proof philosophy with which to thumb his nose at fortune? Or is he one of those (*Continued on page 83*)

"Folks say marriage has settled me down," claims Oakie. And, looking at the attractive Mrs. O., you don't wonder he's content to be that way.

Massas Cary Grant, Jack Oakie and Edward Arnold, the no'thernest southerners to ever cross the Mason-Dixon Line. They're in "The Toast of New York."

THAT HEPBURN

Ladies and gen'men! We have in this corner, Katie Hepburn. What she wants, she takes! How about "Stage Door" honors?

BY FAITH SERVICE

FIREWORKS! Frenzies! A feud?

Danger signals flared in all the Hollywoods. The grapevine system buzzed and bumbled. Studio folk awaited the explosion. For RKO, barging in where archangels would fear to tread, were co-starring Ginger Rogers and Katharine Hepburn in "Stage Door." Those two redheads, dynamically different in backgrounds!

All very well to put two male stars together in one picture, such as Gable and Tracy in "San Francisco." Men, Hollywood reminded us, are not the deadly species. But look what threatened when Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young, Constance Bennett and Simone Simon were together in "Ladies In Love." Cold shoulders. Omens of hair-pulling and wire-pulling. Now Hepburn and Rogers, of all the incendiary combinations!

Oh, woe, moaned Hollywood.

Hollywood heard that there were ructions. Roaring, red-headed ructions. Over costumes, Ginger wanting her designer, Hepburn wanting, and getting, hers. Ructions over stills, Hepburn killing stills in which Ginger was good and she bad, and vice versa. Ructions over lines, and over, above all, billing. Co-starred as they were, Ginger's name was to get top billing. "Hepburn in hysterics," hollered Hollywood. For could anyone imagine La Hepburn, with her Theatre Guildish propensities, taking second billing to Ginger of light musical comedy fame?

It is told how Hepburn threw a glass of water on Ginger's new mink coat, how Ginger made the retort courteous when she said, "It's real mink; it won't shrink." The story broke in the papers. No one paid heed to the revealing fact that Ginger was more upset by it than Katie.

No one heeded the true version which was that Katie and a producer were having a conference on the second floor of an executive building and that, just as Ginger happened by, the executive threw a paper cup, containing a few drops of water, out of the window. Ginger did say, "It's real mink; it won't shrink." However, Katie didn't do the throwing. But Hollywood would have none of that.

THE TOWN expressed itself, forcibly. Said that there were substantial reasons for a feud, and so there must be a feud. For:

The two girls are too much alike—in the wrong ways. They are too much alike physically, which is always bad. Both girls are tall, Ginger an inch the taller of the two. They weigh within one pound of each other. Their bust, hip, waist measures are the same. Both have changeable, blue-green eyes. Both are natural red-heads. Yes, the physical similarities between Rogers and Hepburn were the fuel to the feud, said "They."

Both girls are athletic. If one were an Amazon and one a languid lily, all might be well. But no. Both ride well, swim well, dive, dance, play games. Ginger excels in tennis, Hepburn at golf.

Both are Americans from way back. Both from families studded with professional and political names. Katie is the third of six children. Ginger the second of three, two sisters dying in infancy.

These are the similarities, wag the head-hunters, which engender feuds.

And then, the dissimilarities begin. These are even more significant. For they are psychological. This is what Hollywood has to say about them:

Hepburn is a fighter. What she wants she goes after and gets, one way or the other. Born in a large family, she spent most of her childhood playing with boys, with an elder brother she idolized. Her quick pride made her do everything the boys did. She took every dare from jumping off roofs to swimming across bottomless lakes to skinning rattlesnakes. And she has been fighting for what she wants ever since.

Ginger, on the other hand, waits and watches, outwardly casual. She was raised among women. Her mother took care of her, and as Mrs. Rogers had to work, Ginger learned to play by her mother's various desks and be quiet.

While still a child, she learned what Katie has never learned—the discipline and the meaning of the stage, of struggle. And early, too, she learned that, in her case, things have a way of "just happening." As a result, Ginger today has developed a belief that you must never cross your bridges until you come to them, for much of the time they are not there at all. Katie, on the other hand, would row a hundred leagues and build a bridge across the Hellespont. No little struggles for supremacy mar the even tenor of Ginger's days and ways. She earned her career by working hard and by a genius for being in the right place when the right job turned up.

With Katie, it is different. Her professional background is one of fighting for every break. Earn a part, and then lose it—partly because she refuses to conform to a part or to direction in which she has no faith, partly because she plays in bad luck.

Today, Katie still fights. Ginger still works and waits. What, shrieked the Hollywood sirens, what would be the outcome of two such diametrically opposed forces? Would Hepburn's fighting spirit go marching through the film to glory? Or would Ginger's watchful waiting, her smooth serenity, prove the immovable body over which Hepburn's militant spirit would dash them both to pieces?

Neither.

THERE was no feud.

Sorry, Hollywood, you were wrong. Never wronger in your vigilant life. I know, because I watched them on the set for hours. I browsed about the lot and talked to everyone from gatekeepers to props, waitresses, cameramen, photographers, directors, supervisors, extras. (*Continued on page 94*)

Over here—in fine fettle—we see Ginger Rogers, whose game is watchful waiting. Watching Katie—and waiting for anything!

ROGERS FEUD !

FUN IN

A sense of humor plus one good

Jimmy Stewart can't understand why people like to talk about their operations. But hospitals! Well, there's never a dull moment, to hear him tell it.

JIMMY STEWART came in, all six foot three of him, looking longer than usual because he was thinner than usual. His face was sunburned, but he still walked as if he and his legs were not on the best of terms. He dropped into a low chair, which brought his knees about to the level of his eyes.

"You know," he complained, "technically speaking, I'm going to owe some people a lot of money for giving you this story. Well—say, a hundred thousand dollars, in very round figures. I signed the fellows at home to an agreement that anybody who mentions hospitals, doctors or any kind of sickness pays a fine of five thousand dollars—including me. By the time we're through here, I'll be a technical bankrupt. How's if we talk about something nice, like the heat or toothache or Al Capone?

"No? All right. But remember I'm sacrificing myself for my art. I can't understand why people ever want to talk about their operations. If I'd broken my leg or got smashed up in an airplane—something reasonable like that—it might have been different. You see what I mean, don't you?" he inquired anxiously.

"You fall and you crack a bone, cause and effect, two and two make four, rational as ham and eggs. People glare at you in disgust and say, you blamed fool, now you've gone and held up production, why in blazes can't you be careful and look where you're going? Something simple and sunny about it. But here comes this arthritis from nowhere and swoops down on you and doubles you up, and you don't know why. I don't like mysteries. I don't like diseases that come sneaking up on you from behind. And I don't like people to look at me sort of appalled—I'm appalled enough myself without any help."

Stewart's eyes always look mournful, even

Oh, for a man-sized bed! Evidently patients must never be six feet three.

THE HOSPITAL

ailment and you can have yourself a time. Ask Jimmy, he knows

when his spirits are at their blithest. It's his natural style of deadpan. But there was a grimness about the set of his lips at this point, which indicated that he meant what he said, and no funny business.

When he finished the exacting role of Chico in "Seventh Heaven," he was bone-tired. He should have taken a rest. Instead, he went to Yosemite to ski, and did a thorough job of it. His lazy movements, his drawling voice, belie him. Work or play, he puts his heart into it.

Then he went into "Vivacious Lady" with Ginger Rogers, and collapsed so thoroughly on the set that he was taken straight to the hospital, where he stayed for two weeks—too ill the first of those weeks to see anyone, but not too ill to note dimly through his pain what was going on about him.

BY IDA ZEITLIN

"They stuck me into bed, and I could feel my feet sort of dangling half way to the floor. Try sleeping that way when you're normal, and see how far it gets you. I'd pull my legs up in tent formation for awhile, then hang 'em out again to air. They weren't used to patients my length, and I don't know how long it took 'em to get a bed to fit. Even then the mattress was still too short, but at least my feet didn't have so far to go. That was something.

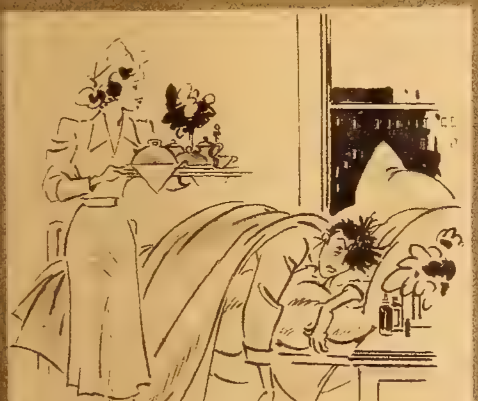
"Then they went to the other extreme. After letting my feet roam free, they locked 'em up. Did you ever sleep in a hospital bed? Well, they've got their own peculiar notions of making 'em. Or maybe it's me that's peculiar. I'm broadminded enough to see that every man has a right to his own design for sleeping, and if you like to sleep in a strait-jacket, that's your privilege. I don't. They got those sheets and things tucked around me so tight, I couldn't budge. Arthritis by itself is bad enough, but combine it with claustrophobia, and you've got something. I tried to pry the stuff loose but, first, I hadn't much strength and, besides, Houdini himself couldn't have done it.

"There was a button arrangement at the end of a long black wire that the nurse had told me to push if I wanted her. 'This will summon the nurse'—that's what she'd said, I remember exactly now—'this will summon the nurse.' Well, she'd stuck it right alongside my ear, and what good was that? I couldn't summon her with my ear, and I couldn't get my hands out of jail. I remember lying there, trying to figure it out, wondering if maybe I could turn my head and butt it with my forehead, or what would happen if I just cut loose and yelled. As a matter of fact, I tried to yell, but the noise all stayed inside. I could hear myself yelling, and still I couldn't hear a sound, and that got me so mad that I managed to yank out a hand and push the button. I felt as though I'd accomplished a miracle.

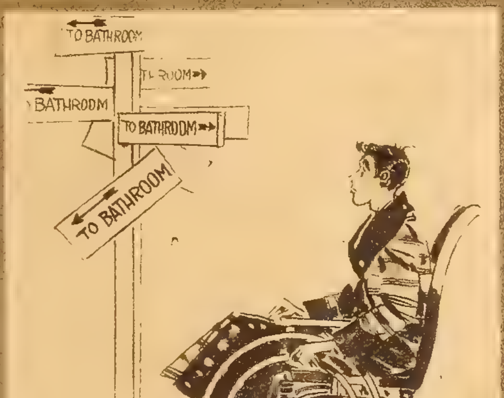
"So they made me a thing called a cradle—big sort of canopy that went over the foot of the bed, and they draped the sheets and blankets around it. I was like a king under that canopy, wriggling my feet any which way I pleased. Till it turned cold. I was half asleep by that time, and I pulled the covers up over my head and dug in. Then I felt the breezes dallying with my feet. I'd pulled the whole works down off the contraption, and there it stood, high and dry, making faces at me. That was when I gave up. Someone tossed a pill in my mouth, and next thing I knew, someone else was saying breakfast.

"I didn't want any breakfast. I wanted to sleep. But it seems a hospital's got whims, same as a patient—only difference being the hospital gets its whims humored. One of them's this: sick or hungry or

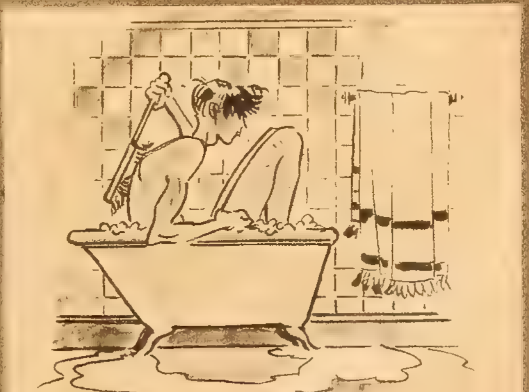
(*Continued on page 72*)



You can be dying, but when it's breakfast time, you eat —or else!



Fifty roads to the bathroom. And they don't even furnish a map.



No De Mille bathtub, this. Might as well try to get wet in the dishpan.

THE AWFUL TRUTH ABOUT IRENE DUNNE

BY JAMES REID

Has Miss D. been keeping something from us? Yes—and here it is!

THERE SHE was, on the set of "The Awful Truth"—modern for a change. And poised and sensible-looking, as always. Except for one thing. Her hat. If it could be called a hat. A sliver of black felt with five or six other slivers rising straight up from its center. That should have warned me.

The setting was the front of a courtroom. She was in the witness chair, asking for a divorce. Dramatic setting, dramatic situation. But the dialogue was hilarious. And she wasn't serious, she was coy.

In the middle of a line she stopped, in sudden self-doubt. The camera also stopped. "No," she decided, "that line wasn't right. It sounded almost sensible." The script girl told her what the line should have been. She started again.

A few feet away, facing her, stood Cary Grant, from whom she was asking the divorce. Midway between them stood a wire-haired terrier, now Mr. Smith, once Asta in "The Thin Man," and real name Skippy. The dog was there by the judge's order, the dog being the main issue in the divorce. The divorcing couple were fighting over his custody.

The judge had said, "In cases of this kind, we frequently let the party involved decide which one he wants to live with."

So there was Mr. Smith—and there were both of them, trying to entice him. But whatever his cue was, Mr. Smith wasn't getting it. He wasn't reacting to either of them. He was just standing, staring into the camera, prolonging his close-up.

They doubled, then redoubled their bids for his attention. The only result was a mad bedlam.

Beside me stood a prop man, who looked human, sane and normal. Suddenly, he started shaking his head, and talking to himself. I didn't quite catch what he was saying, but it sounded like: "Is this picture scur-*rew*-y!"

At approximately the same moment, the girl in the pixie hat threw up her hands, frustrated. "You know," she said, to Director Leo McCarey, "I think we have a temperamental star on our hands. Either that, or he's high-hat, after acting with Bill Powell and Myrna Loy."

"We'll fix that," said McCarey. "We'll have him eating out of your hand in five minutes!"

He called for some dog biscuit. He crumbled some into her hand. Then she called to Mr. Smith. This time, Mr. Smith reacted. He leapt into her lap. Her expensively gowned lap. She didn't scream. She acted flattered.

Five times more, in rehearsal, she proffered Mr. Smith dog-biscuit crumbs. Five times more, she had her lap leapt on by thirty pounds of canine. Then they were ready for the "take."

This time she didn't have any crumbs, but Mr. Smith leapt just the same, and she turned to the judge, with a warm, disarming smile, and said, "*I* win, don't I?"

The girl was Irene Dunne—who used to have a reputation for dignity. She'll be lucky to have a shred of it left after "The Awful Truth."

And why is she making such a picture? Why is she turning from epic drama (see "High, Wide and Handsome") to mad merriment?

There is only one answer. The awful truth about Irene is that she's a person who likes to un-suppress her desires, at least once in a while. And to do amusing things is a rampant old desire of hers. The awful truth is the girl has a sense of humor.

No one has suspected it until just recently. There's nothing particularly funny about a singer, not when she sings as Irene can. She didn't make her professional debut in the chorus of the Metropolitan Opera, as once reported. She started as an understudy to Peggy Wood, but from there she went straight to stardom in Broadway operetta.

There's nothing particularly funny about a dramatic actress, not when she acts as believably as Irene does. Not when she wins screen stardom in a "Cimarron" and a "Back Street," undergoing, in both, a transformation from youth to middle age.

There's nothing especially comic, either, about a girl who lives one of the quietest lives in Hollywood, seldom appears in public or the gossip columns, and makes a spectacular success of a marriage that "didn't have a chance"—a marriage in which, eight months of the year, husband and wife are a continent apart.

If, on top of all this, she is also a beauty, such a girl doesn't accumulate a reputation as a clown. In fact, just the opposite. People—men and women

alike—think of her as intellectual, idealistic. As finely emotioned as she is finely featured. Ambitious, yes, but also modest, quiet but courageous. All of which Irene is. But she is also amusing. She's proving it.

Hollywood should have suspected this side of her long ago. After all, she has the blood of Erin in her veins—and when, bedad, was an Irish girl ever born without a sense of humor?

Also, she consented to make her movie debut in a comedy number entitled, of all things, "Leather-necking." And then there was that famous remark of her early film days. She was appearing in an inexpensive picture. On the same lot, a high-priced epic was in the making. The studio offered a prize of fifty dollars for a new title for the epic. Some co-worker of Irene's wondered why the studio didn't offer a fifty-dollar prize for a new title for *their* picture. "Because," said Irene, "if they did, it would double the budget."

Hollywood saw her first picture, and was amused. Hollywood also heard the story, and laughed. But, somehow, her lighter talents were *(Continued on page 89)*

Don't let the wistful expression fool you. She's probably thinking up a wisecrack.

Irene and Cary Grant do battle over "Mr. Smith." Yep, he's the four-footed gent between them.

HER BROTHER-IN-

Paul and Bella—Mr. and Mrs. Muni to you—take time out to say hello, with smile effects.

BY MARY JACOBS

YOU THINK you know Paul Muni. You've read thousands of words, dozens of stories on what he's like—a very serious, sober man, shy and diffident, with no time for hobbies, for anything but work. And how he married without loving his wife, Bella Finkle, and only fell in love with her after their marriage.

To all of which I say Bunk.

For I spent an entire afternoon chatting with a young lady who knows Paul Muni better than anyone except Mrs. Muni. A young lady who has known and loved him for fifteen years.

I'm talking of his sister-in-law, Lucy Finkle, to whom he is brother, brother-in-law, fine artist, grand fellow and playfellow combined.

Lucy herself is a slim, petite girl with laughing brown eyes and curly dark hair. She resembles her older sister, Bella, Paul's wife, very much. "Except," she adds, "Bella has gorgeous brown eyes and is an inch shorter."

We chatted together in the lobby of the Hotel Wellington where Lucy lives, and works very hard to prepare herself for grand opera. She has a lovely soprano voice.

Lucy Finkle saw Paul Muni first. Yes, even before her sister Bella did. Rather, she saw his hands first, and fell for them.

It happened fifteen years ago, when Paul Muni was the star of the Irving Place Theatre, and was top man in the Yiddish theatre, earning $250. a week. Now all the Finkles are theatrical folk. Papa Finkle was the father of the

So you think you know this fine

LAW, PAUL MUNI

And here we have Muni the artist, portraying the difficult role of Emile Zola, with Erin O'Brien-Moore.

Muni in a mood. And it looks pretty serious. But don't let it fool you—he has his gayer moments.

Jewish theatre in the United States; Bella's and Lucy's mother, Emma Finkle, was a famous actress; and both Bella and Lucy have appeared on the Yiddish and English-speaking stage.

Lucy, serving her apprenticeship as a girl in her teens, went to every performance she could. One night she went to the Irving Place Theatre to see "The Lily," in which Paul Muni played a middle-aged man, a friend of the family to whom everyone brought his troubles.

"Because of his make-up I couldn't see his face," Lucy told me. "But what attracted me were his hands. I always judge people by their hands. His looked full of character, slim and sensitive.

"When I went home I told Mama how much impressed I was by Muni's hands. Of course, he had acted well, but those hands—no one but a real artist could have them."

At the time, Bella was playing at a rival theatre, the National Theatre, and she had never met Muni.

Fate has a way of working things out according to her own designs. Shortly afterwards at a party given by some theatrical friends, Lucy spied Paul Muni.

"Look, there's the actor with the hands," she whispered to Bella.

"Hush, Lucy," Bella whispered back, "don't be silly."

Their hostess introduced Paul Muni to them. "I wanted to tell him how grand I thought his performance was," Lucy laughed, "but even to my childish eyes it was obvious he didn't know I existed. From the minute he saw Bella, he had eyes for her and no one else."

No shy lad, Paul. Immediately he made a date with Bella and started courting her. He was serious at once.

"Mother was crazy about Paul the first time she met him, and kept telling Bella what a wonderful young man he was. And notwithstanding what has been printed, Bella thought a good deal of him, for once she began going out with Paul, no one else had a chance.

"About three months after they met, she went to Atlantic City for a vacation."

Evidently Muni could not stand being without her, for he followed her the next day, and they came back engaged!

"They were a mighty dizzy couple," Lucy chuckled. "Instead of buying something for themselves in Atlantic City, they bought Mother a silver engagement ring, with a huge jade stone in it. To her dying day Mother prized that ring.

"Two months later, on May eighth, Bella and Paul were married. Before their marriage, they had never played together, though they had wanted very much to appear in 'Maytime,' the stage play, in which Paul was to be the old man playing the comedy role—the one who chases all the young girls—and Bella, the young chorus girl he finally marries.

"But Bella's employers refused to release her from her contract, so Paul had to play his part without her."

Shortly after they were married, they went on tour together. They were as happy as two larks.

"When they came back, they bought a house next to ours in Brighton Beach, and we all spent a good deal of time together," Lucy said. (*Continued on page 80*)

actor? Well, here's someone who reveals things you never suspected

Lola Lane and Ramon in a torrid scene from "The Sheik Steps Out." Finishing it, R. stepped out — on Hollywood.

"We've seen men get attention before," marvels our correspondent, "but Novarro topped 'em all."

A NIGHT WITH NOVARRO

BY MARY PARKES

YOU MAY remember that Ramon is the only known gent in captivity to have beaued the glamorous Greta Garbo to the New York night spots. According to all reports, they had a large evening, but nobody ever knew exactly what they did or where they went. They were secretive about it.

But we can and will tell all—well, almost all, about our night with Novarro.

It had its moments. Mebbe not the kind you're thinking of, but moments to us. For example, there was the one when we found ourselves stumbling down the aisle of the Ethel Barrymore Theatre behind a very confused little usherette.

Ramon gallantly halted her with, "Please, let me. You know I used to be an usher."

He found 'em, too, in the twinkling of an eye.

There was the moment when we were almost knocked down and walked upon by a mob of yelling women trying to get at Ramon, clutch his coat tails, pull his tie, get him to sign autograph books. We were scared. It was our first experience of such ilk, but Ramon didn't seem to mind a-tall.

There was the moment when—but, let's go way back to the beginning.

Ramon, finishing up his first picture, "The Sheik Steps Out," after returning from Europe, decided to spend a first holiday in New York in a long time.

We met in the lobby of the Savoy Plaza Hotel at six o'clock to make an evening of it—dinner, theatre, a night club. Ramon was punctual to the dot, looking exceedingly debonair in a dark blue suit and carrying a radio script under his arm. He broke the sad news that we were to have an hour's interruption of our fun while he did a radio broadcast over WINS. But, first, dinner at Luigi's!

"I've just heard of it," he beamed. A big Italian garden, waterfall, trees, tables outdoors, delicious food. It's on Fifty-Eighth Street near Eighth Avenue. You would like? You would! We go."

We hailed a cab. But—the taxi-cab driver looked bewildered. He'd never heard of Luigi's. Couldn't find it listed, but—we started.

We toured sundry streets up and down. No luck. Finally, from Mr. Novarro, with wrinkled brow, "Maybe it was Forty-Eighth Street."

A dirty look from the cab driver, but he made a daredevil turn in the middle of the block and headed hence. Eventually, from the host hanging out the taxi side and checking door numbers, came a shout, "It's there. Stop."

Now Ramon's face lighted up. Ah! It wasn't Luigi's. It was Leone's he was looking for. Aside from having the wrong name and street address in mind, Ramon was as near right as most members of the male sex when they start out to find a new restaurant. However, it did look delightfully cool; there was a waterfall, and there were shade trees in the garden.

We were given a big table and a good one right near the fountain. Waiters hovered about—we never saw so many or had such attention in a New York eatery before! There was an impressive looking menu.

"Please," said Ramon, "let me order. You like Italian food? Yes? We'll have Italian dinner all. I know what will be good."

He knew all right. And what a meal our sheik for the night ordered.

It was almost eight when the waiter brought the check, and we had to rush to get to the radio station. We felt stuffed. I must have gained at (*Continued on page 87*)

Our daring reporter dates a sheik, and then tells all—almost!

TRY, TRY AGAIN

Phyllis Brooks is the happy answer to the perseverance adage

BY MARTHA KERR

I AM an actress," stated Phyllis Brooks simply, "because my mother was not."

And that direct statement, ladeez and gen'men, aptly characterized Fox's blue-eyed potential star. No, there's no beating around the bush for Phyllis, nor is there a "rully, I wouldn't care to answer that" in her system. You ask the questions and she'll answer 'em—willingly and unflinchingly.

"Many a less sensitive soul than I would have shuddered at the thought of another try at the movies," the Brooks volunteered. "You see, contrary to most reports, I'm no novice when it comes to having my face and figger struck in celluloid. No, indeedy. I've been on the coast before—for two different companies. Each gave me a contract with an option and when the option came due—well, let's say that some careless person permitted it to lapse.

"Wasn't it Bette Davis who said that she called her dog 'Option' because no one ever picked him up? That was practically my story. Of course, I could tell the one about my asking to be let go, that I was miscast, that—well, you know how it goes! However, being fair to myself, nobody paid *too* much attention to me. They had originally found my face on a toothpaste ad and usually transferred it to the cutting-room floor. Bitter? No, not I. I learned an awful lot through disappointments and waiting around. While it perhaps didn't do much toward developing my ego, it certainly gave me patience and perspective. I got to know what not to do—in case I ever got a chance to do it."

Under the Brooks blond tresses, there beats—a brain. She knows what she wants—and that, you'll admit, is half the battle—and goes after it. Detours to her goal only served toward determination, not discouragement.

About a year ago, when her second contract exploded, she met Edna Ferber, who was about to put "Stage Door" on Broadway. After several interviews and a reading or two, Phyllis was selected to play the role of a dizzy damsel who wanted to be a movie actress simply because she was "a little ermine coat and big swimming pool" addict. Immediately it was announced that Miss Brooks was cast in this important production, every picture company along the gold coast made her offers.

She considered and, having learned by experience, turned them all down. Phyllis figured that a season on the stage would do wonders (*Continued on page 74*)

Phyllis realizes now that it's one thing to have a movie contract and quite another to work in a movie.

Their Beauty

Here's how the Glamor Girls get that way and—what is more

WHAT DO the stars do to keep beautiful? To keep thin? To put on a little weight? Betcha they're forever running to beauty parlors and masseuses, huh? Do they diet, exercise, or both? Is So-and-so a real blonde? Is this true, that true, the other true?

I've just returned from Hollywood. All my friends (and dear me, suz, it's marvelous how *many* friends I have all of a sudden) have been asking me questions, questions, questions. I told 'em all to go fly a kite—that I'd been out there to collect just as much stellar beauty information as I could for y-o-u, and if they wanted to know the answers, they could find them in MODERN SCREEN.

This is the basic beauty low-down on the stars: They're all pretty good-looking, of course. That is, they must have good figures, although they have figure faults, too, even as you and I. They have interesting, photographable, but not always beautiful, faces. But they have to keep after their good looks, watch and tend their figures, skin, hair, teeth, hands and general grooming much more assiduously than you and I. Some of their tricks to keep in trim and to improve upon Nature, I am going to pass along to you.

First place, I found out that there are more ways of keeping slim than you could shake a stick at. Of course, none of the stars are out-and-out fat, or they wouldn't be stars. Their problem is the lump-and-bump problem, the problem of excess flesh cropping up in the wrong places.

Carole Lombard, now, has a little trouble keeping her streamline hips streamlined. Her answer to the problem is exercise—definite corrective exercises. Here is a good one: Sit on the floor, bracing yourself with your hands placed behind you. Your legs are to be kept absolutely straight. Roll from side to side. That's all there is to it. But do it for twenty minutes every morning, and watch those bumps disappear.

Carole finds that she can eat pretty much what she pleases, within reason, and even indulge in a sociable cocktail without doing any damage, just as long as she watches "them hips" and does the exercises faithfully. She plays quite a bit of tennis, which keeps her fit generally, but will not reduce her a particle in the desired spots. Remember that, all of you! Athletic sports in general will keep you trim and in good condition, but they'll not chase away localized fat.

Alice Faye, who could be quite plump if she'd let herself, goes on a diet of fruit juices one day a week. She takes six ounces of fruit juice every two hours. Tomato juice, orange juice, grapefruit juice—or you could take grapefruit and pineapple juice mixed half and half, if you find the grapefruit too acid. This stunt, incidentally, gives the stomach a much-needed rest. It's a good idea for anybody except very thin people.

Myrna Loy has a grand figure, and she has no trouble

Do you think the sleek Alice Faye doesn't have her "figger" worries, even as you and you? Guess again, m'loves!

Myrna Loy has a grand figure to start with, and that helps, but she's not resting on her streamlines just the same.

Secrets

—stay that way!

at all keeping slim. It happens that she dotes on salads, likes every vegetable that grows, and doesn't give a hoot about desserts. All of which is a help to any figure. However, Miss Loy gives herself a ten-minute workout every morning to keep her body supple and to make certain that the muscles, especially the abdominal muscles, are kept firm.

She touches the floor with her hands ten times, bending directly forward and not bending the knees. Then ten times to the left side, still without bending the knees, and ten times to the right. This is good for the waistline, not only to keep the spare tire away, but also for the grace of the body generally. Then she sits herself down on the floor and, still without bending the knees, touches her fingertips to her toes twenty times. She finishes her workout by putting her head on the floor, between her knees, ten times, the legs still kept absolutely straight. That's a dancer's exercise, not easy, but awfully good for what ails you.

DEANNA DURBIN—there's a darling, if ever I met one—is too young to have the lump-and-bump problem, but she *has* some of the problems of the so-called awkward age. On the screen, while she's thinking about herself, she can keep an excellent (*Continued on page 96*)

Even that youngster, Deanna Durbin, has the beauty problems of the awkward age to cope with. But she's one smart girl, and you can bet she's out to lick 'em.

Carole Lombard's answer to the beauty problem is definite, corrective exercise, done daily.

Nat's been a jack-of-all-trades and master of—all! Here he is with Jessie Matthews in "Gangway."

PENDLETON, *the* PROMOTER

BY ROBERT McILWAINE

MANY A poor, benighted soul has talked himself *out* of a good job, but Nat Pendleton has talked himself into one after another even if, at the time he was in a conversational mood, there wasn't a job in sight. Yep, when it comes to personal promoting, our Nat puts the circus barker to shame with the confident spiel he gives his favorite product—himself. But—and here's where he has you—he's good, and he knows it.

Pendleton recently returned from abroad, where he occupied himself making "Gangway" with Jessie Mathews. And so, we wanted to know his initial impression of Europe. The question seemed to slightly irk him.

"Hey," he said, "this wasn't my first trip across! It was my tenth. I was over before the war; in business in Lisbon. I worked for an oil company here and they sent me over, originally to Egypt, but the Big Fight broke out and the Arab who was in charge there had ideas of confiscating the plant, so he didn't want me around. The company then sent me to Portugal and it was there that I ran amuck.

"I spoke Portuguese, so I took over the firm's books. The old man who had been there for years returned to find a new system of bookkeeping in effect."

"What sort of bookkeeping?" we asked curiously.

"Well—you know—bookkeeping. Anyway, to get on, the fellow ranted and raved, threatening to have me fired. I told him that I was running the show and if he didn't like it, he knew what he could do! In fact, if I decided to have a bon fire and light up all the tanks, it was strictly my affair.

"The funny part was the guy took me literally and wired the company that I was about to set fire to the works. I got word to return to America at once, so I cabled that if they wanted to fire me, to do it and allow me the passage money back. They did just that and the old gent tried to give me passage on a boat that took about twenty days and only cost eighty dollars fare. D'ya think a Pendleton would stand for that? I wouldn't and told them the only line I'd sail on was the Spanish. They were the only boats that weren't fired on—to say nothing of their being the most expensive. Anyway, I got the passage money and with it went into business in Lisbon.

"I had quite a business, too—importing and exporting." To our inquiry of what sort of business, Nat replied, "Why I exported goods and imported goods. Pendleton Importers and Exporters, was the firm." Well, that took care of *that!*

After some time, Nat returned (*Continued on page 85*)

Nat can get himself a job—even if there isn't one to be had!

Miss Peggy Stevenson

A CHARMING GOLFER FROM THE NORTH SHORE OF LONG ISLAND . . . WHO ILLUSTRATES THE IMPORTANCE OF HEALTHY NERVES

Watch Peggy Stevenson tee off calmly before a crowd (below) and you can well believe that her game is never upset by jangled nerves. "It takes healthy nerves to play a good game of golf," Miss Stevenson remarked recently, "so my smoking is confined to Camels. They're *mild!*"

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PEGGY, lovely daughter of the Philip Stevensons of Glen Cove, Long Island, has been fêted from Newport to Palm Beach. In clothes, Peggy's taste is simple. Note the nubby woolen jacket she wears above—a "comfy" for the golf she enjoys so much. Her cigarette preference is Camels. "After nine stiff holes of golf," she says, "I'm not so fresh as when I started out. But Camels give my energy a *lift!* And they are *gentle* on my throat." Turn to Camels. Like Miss Stevenson, you will find that Camels are so mild that you can smoke them steadily without their getting on your nerves.

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MRS. NICHOLAS G. PENNIMAN III, *Baltimore*
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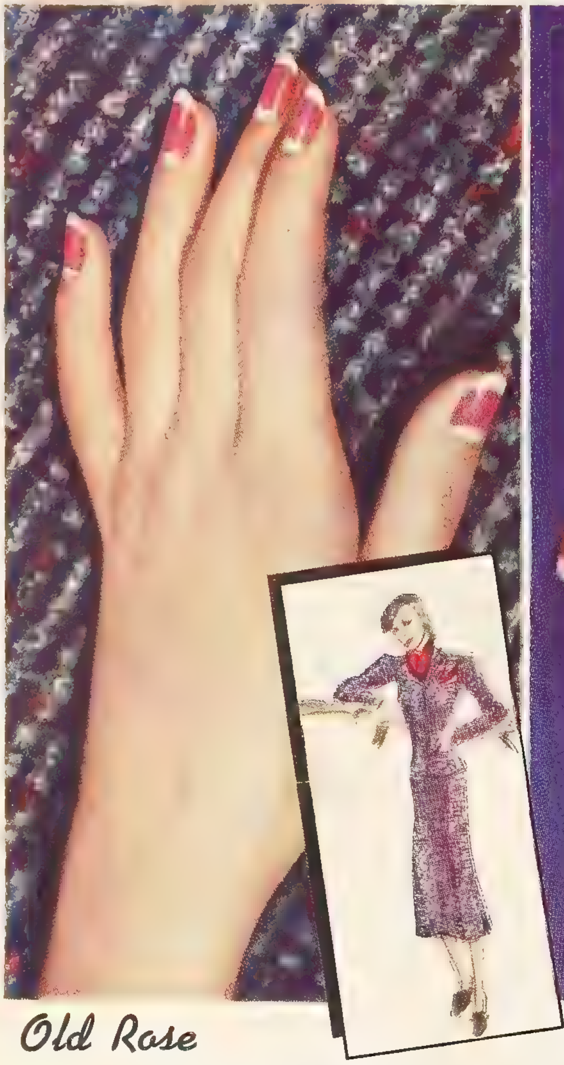
CAMELS NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES

Fashion Parade of the Month..... NOVEMBER

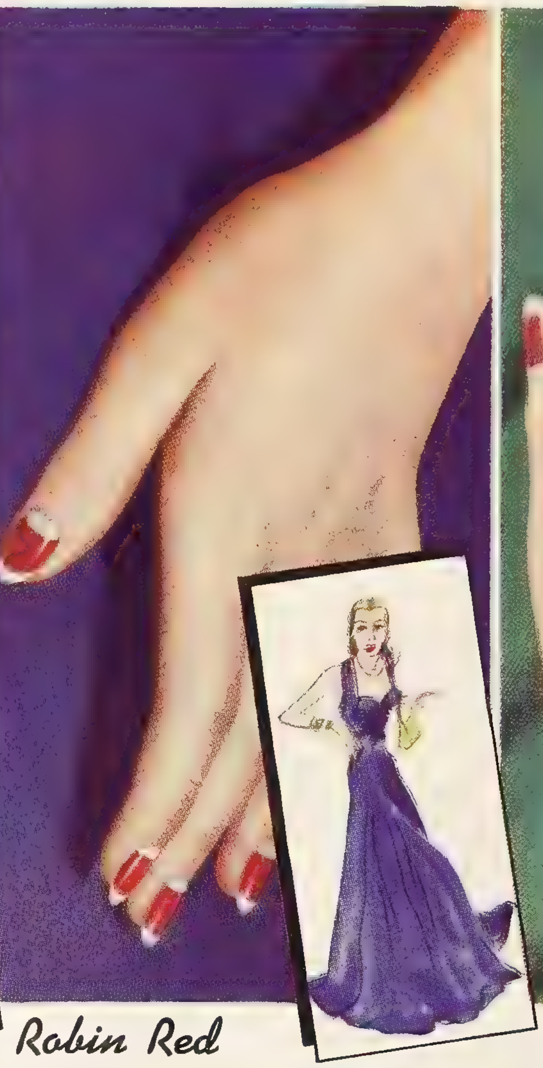
FOR HER FALL WARDROBE MISS ELYSE LAW CHOOSES

3 "Smoky Nail Shades"



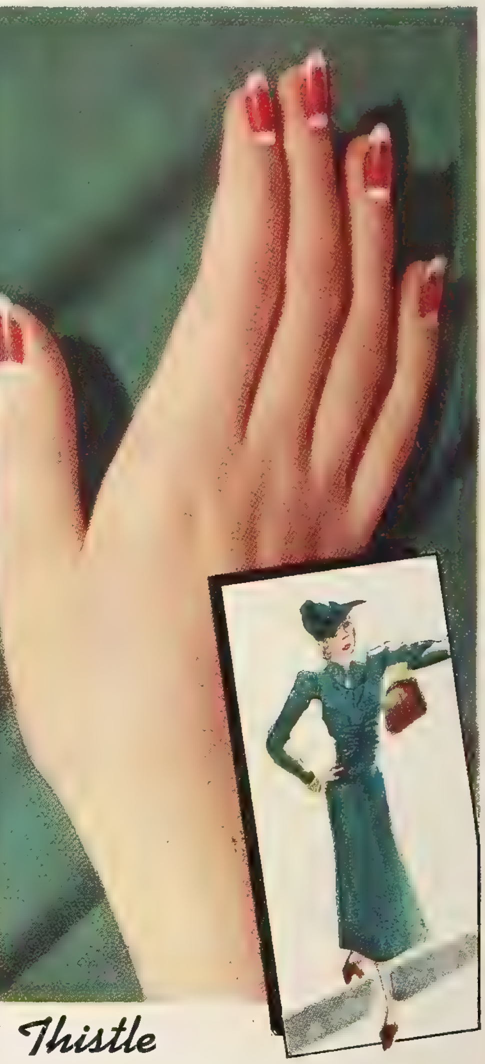
Old Rose

For country week ends in Del Monte, Elyse Law chooses a suit of the new tapestry tweed, in clover-lavender. "Cutex Old Rose is heavenly with it!" she says.



Robin Red

Miss Law will wear this gown of royal blue to the Spinster's Ball at the Palace Hotel, this Fall. "Won't Cutex Robin Red be marvelous with it?" asks Elyse.



Thistle

Miss Law has chosen Albany green for a town dress to wear lunching at the St. Francis Hotel. She picks the new Cutex Thistle for this . . . a rosy faun color.

SAN FRANCISCO'S smart younger set boasts one of the loveliest debutantes ever presented to Society. Elyse Law's beauty is the kind that is only seen once or twice in a lifetime . . . Divinely tall, slim, with hair that shines like wheat in the sun, a faintly golden skin, blue eyes deep-set under a high, pure brow.

She's a very vital young person, too! Golfs, swims at Pebble Beach, Santa Barbara. Adores far places . . . has traveled a lot. Likes music, the theatre. And has a really extraordinary flair for color and design in clothes.

In composing her color harmonies, she uses the rich and subtle new "smoky" nail shades with unusual imaginativeness. "I never get tired of playing my Cutex nail shades against costume colors," she says. "I wish every girl appreciated what exciting possibilities they offer as contrast."

• • •

WHY NOT STUDY the three suggestions above, and then see what effects YOU can achieve? There are 11 shades to choose from altogether. And, being Cutex, they'll all wear for days . . . won't thicken up in the bottle . . . won't fade . . . but will shine and twinkle like bright little stars! And since Cutex is only 35¢ a bottle, you can start with 3 shades at least! At any shop, anywhere!

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one of the first women to use Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream. "It's wonderful," she says. "My skin is so much brighter—and finer textured. The new cream is even better than before. Congratulations to Pond's—and to all women."

Badminton and horseback riding are Mrs. Mellon's favorite sports. Both of them mean the out-of-doors. And the out-of-doors dries your skin. Mrs. Mellon says: "The new Pond's Cold Cream with 'skin-vitamin' in it keeps my skin better than ever. It's never dry or rough now, in spite of sports."

THIS NEW CREAM does more for the skin than ever before! It contains a certain vitamin found in many foods—the "*skin*-vitamin."

When you eat foods containing this vitamin, one of its special functions is to help keep skin tissue healthy. But when this vitamin is applied right to skin, it aids the skin more directly.

Here is great news for women!

First doctors found this out. Then Pond's found a way to put "skin-vitamin" into Pond's Cold Cream. Now everyone can have Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream!

Famous beauty cream now has "Something More"

Pond's Cold Cream has always been more than a cleanser. Patted into the skin, it invigorates it, keeps it clear, soft, free from skin faults.

But now this famous cream is better than ever for the skin. Women say its use makes their pores less noticeable, softens lines; best of all, seems to give a livelier, more glowing look to their skin!

Same jars, same labels, same price

Already this new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream is on sale everywhere.

The cream itself has the same pure white color, the same delightful light texture.

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TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS

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Pond's, Dept. 9MS-CL, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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ACTS BETTER THAN EVER

Ex-Lax is now even more effective than it used to be. Empties the bowels *more thoroughly, more smoothly,* in less time than before.

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Now improved—better than ever!

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Reviews

(*Continued from page 23*)

★★★ The Prisoner of Zenda

If you're in the mood for a romantic tale of mythical kingdoms, handsome heroes in costume and beautiful princesses, "The Prisoner of Zenda" is certainly your dish, for it's tops in that field of entertainment. Lavishly produced, its gorgeous settings. make an ideal backdrop for the romantic doings of Ronald Colman and Madeleine Carroll, for the swashbuckling antics of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and for the plottings of David Niven, C. Aubrey Smith and Raymond Massey.

Ronald Colman is perfectly cast as the adventurous Englishman who rules a kingdom for a few days because of his amazing resemblance to the actual king. In his brief hour of glory he is fortunate enough to win the love of Madeleine Carroll, fight a thrilling duel with the younger Fairbanks, and thwart a dastardly plot by the evil Mr. Massey. At the end, he relinquishes the throne and the princess to the rightful king (whose role he also plays), and disappears nobly over the horizon.

In the supporting cast, Madeleine Carroll retains her status as one of the most beautiful, but hardly the most capable, ladies of the screen. Mary Astor is colorless in the role of Raymond Massey's sweetheart. Massey himself is properly sinister in his role of pretender to the throne, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., overacts in his customary fashion. C. Aubrey Smith is effective as one of the king's aides, and David Niven takes second acting honors with a fine humorous portrait of another of the monarch's men. Directed by John Cromwell.—*Selznick-International.*

★★★ Big City

"Big City" is pure hokum all the way through, but it's good entertainment for weary audiences who are jaded with million dollar musicals and the so-called "goofy" high comedies. Actually, it's nothing but an old-fashioned western brought to town. The hero is a cab driver instead of a cowboy, and the villains are gangsters' henchmen instead of rustlers. Everything else fits right into the pattern. The hero is honest and the villains are unscrupulous, there's a chase, and the thing is climaxed with a terrific mob fight involving such personages as Jack Dempsey, Man Mountain Dean, Jimmy McLarnin and a host of names right out of the sports pages.

Spencer Tracy and Luise Rainer are the picture's stars. Tracy turns in a grand performance, which should rank among his best. Miss Rainer's work is adroit and often delightful, but she is much too talented to allow herself to indulge in those spells of overacting. The gents from the sports world acquit themselves creditably and there are good performances by Joseph Schildkraut, Eddie Quillan, Regis Toomey, William Demarest and Charley Grapewin. Directed by Frank Borzage.—(*M-G-M*)

★★ Something to Sing About

You probably didn't know that Jimmy Cagney is now a song-and-dance man. Neither did we, until we saw "Something to Sing About." Jimmy hoofs, sometimes in the manner of Fred Astaire and sometimes in the manner of Bill Robinson. He's not as expert as either of these two gentlemen, but he's surprisingly good. And since no Cagney picture is complete without a fight, it won't be news to report that this one features a slug fest which will satisfy even the most rabid Cagney fans.

"Something to Sing About" is a picture about the movies. Cagney plays a band leader who comes to Hollywood to act. Because his producers want to build him up as a romantic hero along with their foreign heart-throb (Mona Barrie), he is forced to conceal the fact that he has a wife (Evelyn Daw). As the plot unravels one is treated to a good share of laughs and a lot of action. All in all, it's a first-rate picture which should please most any audience.

Jimmy Cagney turns in a top-notch performance as the band leader. Evelyn Daw displays an excellent voice, but she needs more coaching on her dramatics. Gene Lockhart does a swell take-off on a producer, Bill Frawley is amusing as a press agent, and Mona Barrie furnishes grand comedy in the role of the temperamental foreign star. Directed by Victor Schertzinger.—(*Grand National*)

★★ Make a Wish

Master Bobby Breen makes another appearance in this one. So you know what to expect. Bobby again runs the gamut from A to Z and the scale to high C. However, we can recommend this picture above "Rainbow on the River" because of a capable supporting cast and an excellent setting for a boy's picture.

A camp in the North Woods is the locale, and it is here Bobby goes to spend a summer with some two hundred other children. The campfire songs, with Bobby as soloist and a chorus of boys' voices, are outstanding. But when the boys decide to put a musical version of "Rip Van Winkle" in order to earn money for charity, but really to give Bobby a chance for some of his cuter cut-ups, we weren't so enthusiastic. Across the lake from the camp lives a composer, Basil Rathbone, who is struggling to get out a new musical comedy for a Broadway show. He lacks inspiration and is having a pretty tough time of it, until he meets young Bobby. And when Bobby's mother, Marion Claire, puts in an appearance at the camp, Basil just whips the score out. Miss Claire is a former singer, but has promised to give up all stage aspirations to please Ralph Forbes, a very dependable and stuffy gentleman with a million dollars or so.

Marion Claire has a pleasing screen personality and a good singing voice, Basil Rathbone gives a good performance, considering its obvious limitations and Ralph Forbes and the rest of the cast are adequate. Directed by Kurt Neumann.—(*RKO-Radio*)

★ The Life of the Party

A year ago, this combination of dizzy farce and music would have been regarded extremely funny. Today the nonsensical plot is on the down grade, and "The Life of the Party" is routine insanity, if there is such a thing. What we mean is that "The Thin Man" started something which audiences are beginning to regret. You can take just so much of that sort of thing.

This one is loaded with names, everyone from Parkyakarkus to Gene Raymond —from the ridiculous to the sublime, one might say. In between are Harriet Hilliard, Joe Penner, Victor Moore, Helen Broderick, Billy Gilbert and several incidental songs and dances. Story has something to do with a gay young millionaire and a society belle who wants to break into show business. Confidentially, she finally breaks in. (*Continued on page 106*)

DON'T RISK **COSMETIC SKIN** – DULLNESS, TINY BLEMISHES, ENLARGED PORES. **LUX TOILET SOAP** GUARDS AGAINST IT
LORETTA YOUNG
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Fun in the Hospital

(*Continued from page 41*)

sleepy you eat breakfast at eight, you eat lunch at eleven-thirty, you eat dinner at six—on the dot. I didn't know that. I had an idea—not that I ever gave it deep thought—that a hospital was run along the lines of a hotel, American plan.

"Now I'm used to having my meals when I get around to them, and I didn't see why I should change just because I was sick. Anyway, I resented it. I thought they ought to come tiptoeing to my bedside, laying their white hands on my fevered brow, et cetera. Instead this nurse comes barging in, all bright and cheery, and planks down a tray. I gave her a withering look—that's what it was supposed to be, at least—and turned on the other side. I think I said, 'Eat it yourself and choke,' but I can't be sure. Those first days I never could tell whether my thoughts came out or sort of died away in my throat. Most of them would have been better off dead. Anyway, when I woke up at eleven, the tray was gone.

I SAID 'I'd like some orange juice.' The nurse said, 'You'll be getting your lunch soon.' I said, 'I don't want lunch, I want orange juice!' She went away, and she didn't come back. I thought, 'How long does it take to make orange juice in this dump?' It wasn't a dump, it was just the way I felt.

"At eleven-thirty sharp, in she marches with lunch. I combed the tray for a sign of orange juice. There wasn't any. You see, I looked weak and I couldn't talk very loud, which must have given them the impression I didn't know what I wanted. Well, I managed to clear up that point, but if you think it got me my orange juice, you're wrong. There's some rule that says you can't squeeze orange juice in a hospital between eleven and one. It gets the cook mixed up. It gets the whole hospital mixed up. It's like bringing a mouse to a tea-party. They all get upset and start dashing around, looking white. But it doesn't lead anywhere. I finally got hold of a nurse who must have had something on the cook, or else she knew how to squeeze oranges herself. Believe me, I hung on to her.

"Then there was the time they decided I should have a hot bath—in a bathtub. That was the second week. A man came in pushing a wheelchair, all for me. He had that look of pride and benevolence on his face, like a Boy Scout coming to take the baby for a stroll. It was my first wheelchair ride, and I was pretty impressed. They wrapped me up in all sorts of blankets and hats and towels and bedroom slippers, and wished me good luck, and hoped I'd come back safe, and off we started on this great adventure.

"We rolled up corridors and down corridors and across corridors, and saw all kinds of interesting things on the way—doors and windows and fire-escapes, and when the doors were open, we peeked in and saw patients lying down and sitting up. The big thrill, though, came when we passed one window, and the kind man stopped to let me look outside. There were people going calmly about their business and cars whizzing past and children frolicking, just as if the world hadn't stopped ten days before. 'Look!' I said to the man. 'What's there to look at?' he said. 'I don't see no accident!' So I told him to drive on.

"Finally we came to an elevator and went down a floor and rolled around some more, and by that time my coachman seemed to be lost. Out in the wilds of one of the wings we met a nurse and asked for directions to the bathroom. 'Let me see,' she said. 'I seem to remember giving someone a bath a couple of weeks ago. Take the first turn to your right, go a couple of miles till you come to a drugstore, bear left till you see a boulevard stop sign, and I think you'll find it somewhere around in there. If not, come back, and I'll try to think of something else.'

SO we finally came to a door marked Bathroom, but the architect must have changed the specifications. Or else the X-rays and things piled up in there were waiting for a bath. Anyway, there was no room for us. You'd have thought by that time we'd have called it a day and gone home. But we decided to be a couple of dauntless spirits and never say die.

"After half an hour or so, we came across somebody who'd once heard tell of a bathroom on the top floor. She'd never seen it herself, it was one of those legends handed down from nurse to nurse, but we were welcome to it. We sailed clear up to the top floor, and there, sure enough, we found a bathtub. At home we'd have called it a washbasin, but I'd had my mind for an hour and a half on a bath, and I wasn't going back without one.

"So I struggled out of my hat and carpet slippers, and folded myself up like one of these folding rulers and got in. When I tried to wet my shoulders, my feet hit the ceiling. When I tried to drag them back, I skinned my elbows on the floor. The soap flew out, because there wasn't room for both of us, and when my toes got tangled in the stopper and jerked it out, I began getting leery. 'Am I supposed to be doing a comedy blackout or taking a bath?' I asked the man. 'Search me,' he said. So I got out.

"After I was back in my nice little white bed, I asked the nurse about this bathtub situation. She was very soothing. 'People in hospitals are supposed to be sick,' she said. 'When they're well enough to bathe, they're well enough to go home to do their bathing.' "

"Is that a hint?" I demanded.

"If you like to take it that way."

"I'll go home right now. I'm not a guy to hang around where I'm not wanted."

"You'll stay right here till the doctor tells you to go.".

The doctor sent Jim home at the end of the second week. He lives with two friends in a household refreshingly unlike a hospital, in that it knows no routine. When they're hungry, they eat. When they feel like dining in state, the cook prepares a meal. When they don't, they grab a hot dog and run.

His housemates welcomed him back with song and rejoicing. Word spread abroad that Jimmie was home where he belonged. Friends trooped in, brimming with honest relief. "Gee, we're glad you're O.K. again, Jimmie. What can we do for you? How about a nice, juicy hamburger? Bill brought his sax along. We thought you might like a little music. How about a spin in Hal's new bus?—eighty miles an hour."

"How about a little rest and quiet?" asked the doctor, coming in to find him entirely surrounded by good will and looking a little green around the gills.

Something must be going on to get Bob Montgomery and Basil Rathbone so excited. They're pictured here at the Beverly Hills Tennis Club

"I'm all right," Jimmie protested. "My friends just dropped in to welcome me home."

"When did you have your last meal?"

"Oh—not long ago—this morning, I think. But I had it—all kinds of things. Milk—and milk—" His voice trailed off.

He was rescued by friends with a well-regulated home in Brentwood, established in a quiet wing of the quiet house, left to bask or read on the sunporch and watch the grass grow. He stayed three weeks and did exactly as he was told. Because, however lightly he may garnish the story now, there was just one thought fixed firm in the back of his mind—to get well as fast as he could.

HE makes no bones about the fact that the whole business had him frightened stiff. He'd known that people got sick and went to hospitals, sure—but what had that to do with a sound young man who'd never known illness in his life? Then suddenly here he was, Jimmie Stewart in person, laid low, racked by pain, delivered helpless into the hands of an enemy he could neither understand nor fight—except by following orders. So he followed them.

"And I've sworn off being sick," he informs you. You've grown used to the gleam of banter behind his gravest statements, but this time there is none. "Don't smile. I mean it. It's just something I've made up my mind to, same as you might make up your mind to swear off cocktails or painting your fingernails red. I've given the matter deep thought, and find it's not worth the money or effort.

"I'll be ready for work soon. I think my next picture is "Men of Brimstone" with Wallace Beery. Then I go back to finish "Vivacious Lady." But next time I'm tired, I'll go to bed. And if I feel that Yosemite can't get along without me, I'll go up and spread myself under a tree and count leaves. Try it some time when you need a sedative. Beats sheep all hollow. Nice cool green instead of a dirty white—"

"And talking of counting, do me a favor, will you? Count up the times I've said 'sick' or 'doctor' or 'hospital' in that story, and send me a bill. Even if you pay in toothpicks, you've got to play fair. Then, while you're about it, you could do me another favor. Spread the word around that nobody's ever to ask me how I feel. I'm feeling fine, and I'm going to stay that way till the end of the chapter. That's my last word on the subject," he announced.

And our last word on the subject is, more power to you, James.

● *"Now wait a minute, Mrs. Zebra. What's your hurry? Stop and catch your breath. Look at your poor little colt—he's winded and all of a lather! You really shouldn't let a baby get so hot."*

● *"I'll fix him up, though. Just leave it to your Uncle Dudley. A good rub-down with gentle, cooling Johnson's Baby Powder and he'll be fit as a fiddle and rarin' to go again."*

● *"Imagine, Mother—Mrs. Zebra has been trying to raise a baby without Johnson's Baby Powder!...She'd no idea how to stop chafes, rashes and prickly heat. Seems odd in this day and age, doesn't it?"*

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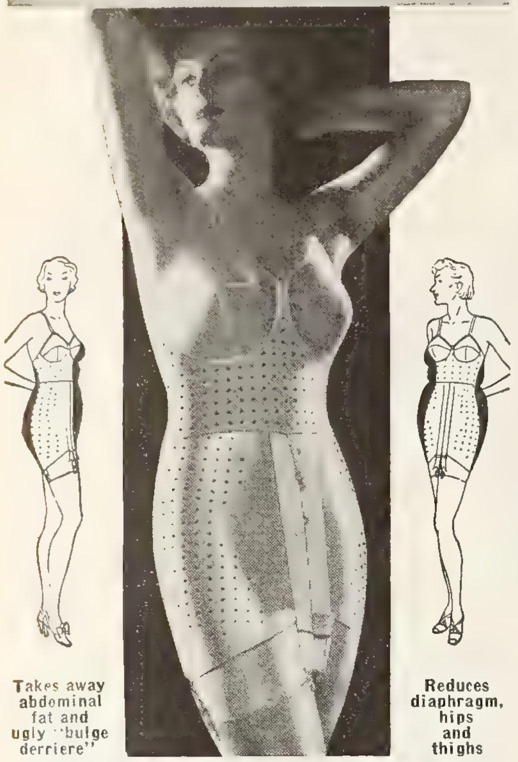
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Try, Try Again

(*Continued from page 47*)

toward raising her movie stock. And she was right. She scored a personal hit in the play and a Twentieth Century-Fox contract proved part of her reward.

This young lady spends her free time studying. Dancing, reading aloud, coaching with a prominent director. She goes into the proverbial conniptions, if her work doesn't please her.

"It's the most awful feeling, not giving a good performance," she remarked. "You see, it's nobody's fault but your own. There you are, out there in front of everybody, just being bad. If you're a painter, you can say the light was wrong or the colors not true, or something. If you're a writer, you can find explanations for a bad job if you look hard enough. But when you're an actress! Gosh, if you're not good, there is no one to charge it to but yourself."

Phyllis Brooks was trained from infancy to tread the boards. Her mother would love to have been an actress when she was a girl, but parental objection finished her career before it had time to get started. Therefore, she determined that her child would amount to something in the theatre.

And so, when many other little girls skipped rope and made dolls' clothes, Phyllis learned to recite and perform arabesques. It was no hardship, for the ambitious youngster took to "play acting" like the traditional duck to water.

She got her formal education "on the fly," for the family moved from town to town during her early youth. However, Phyllis *did* grab off a diploma in New York and, no sooner was it framed, than she met John La Gatta, famous illustrator. She became his pet model. Whenever there was an especially handsome job to be done, La Gatta called on Phyllis and, as soon as her likenesses found a market, she received more posing calls than she could handle. However, it was the toothpaste ad that gave her her movie chance.

"Well," she said, "when I passed that first movie test, I thought my future was assured. Little did I know that it is one thing to be under contract to a big studio, and another to be cast in pictures. Whenever it looked as if I were actually going to work, someone else slid into the role.

"Don't misunderstand me. I did appear briefly in a few pictures, but was allowed to do nothing that would warrant a studio's keeping me on. Repeated inferior roles made me determine to get back to New York and I know now that it was a step in the right direction."

Being one of the most preferred blondes, Phyllis still insists that she has no immediate matrimonial intentions. Cary Grant seems to be her best beau, for they are seen everywhere together. However, she claims there is nothing serious about their attachment and, since forthright Phyllis makes the statement, it's apt to be authentic.

No, she is interested in work only, these days, and if her former complaint was the lack of it, that is not the trouble now. Miss Brooks was delectable and amusing as the affected English girl in "You Can't Have Everything" and she has just been awarded the lead in "Dangerously Yours." She will make a few more pictures and then return East for a season on Broadway. That is to be part of her annual schedule.

Her studio realizes "it has something there," when it comes to the beauteous, talented Brooks, and so, they are determined to do right by our Phyl.

Information Desk

(*Continued from page 13*)

THE MAUCH TWINS. (First printing. Total number of requests 367). The Mauch twins like to whistle, play they're G-men, eat ice cream cones 'n' green apples, dodge their spinach and school work, and trade things—knives, marbles and personalities. They kid their mother sometimes by swapping clothes, and even though Bobby's one-eighth of an inch taller than Billy, she can't always tell the difference. They kid you, the fans, too, for in each picture, 'tis rumored, they play one scene as the other member of their twinship. That is, Bob plays Billy and Bill plays Bob, and by the end of the picture the producer's apt to be playing Napoleon in a nice quiet asylum. See if you can spot the dupe scene in their next picture, scheduled to follow "The Prince and the Pauper." At this writing, it's called "A Prayer for My Sons."

The boys began to act by appearing in local entertainments in Peoria, Ill., where they were born July 6th, 1924. A theatrical manager signed them to sing and dance, and it was just a hop from there to stage and radio engagements. Unlike most grown-up actors, they didn't have themselves a time at all in getting the breaks, for twins with personalities like theirs are scarcer than natural blondes in a Hollywood studio. They appeared on Lucky Strike programs, the Beauty Box Review, March of Time and Show Boat.

Billy got the first summons to work in movies. He was playing in a Broadway musical comedy, "Mr. Smith," at the time. He signed up to portray the boy Anthony in "Anthony Adverse," and, of course, Bobby went along as his stand-in. And, of course, you know what happened. When the director'd been out late the night before and was napping, they did their quick change act—Bob played Billy and Billy played Bob. Anyhow, Bobby got in some film acting experience before he was officially an actor.

During the making of "The Prince and the Pauper," Errol Flynn became their idol. Their mother says they wanted to dress like him, talk like him, and even regretted they hadn't been born in Ireland instead of Illinois. But even Flynn wasn't immune from their pranks. He'd been talking to the boys about his lion dog, and being smart boys, they knew he was spoofing them. So they spoofed him right back. They put a wolf skin on an Airedale and, with innocent faces, they told Errol they had a rare wolf dog.

Lately, Billy's eyes have bothered him a little from the strain of the studio lights, and he's had to wear glasses on and off. Mostly, though, they're off Billy and on

Bobby. Yep, they've found one more way to fool their mother and bosses.

The only dilemma the lucky pair's been faced with so far is finding enough stories to act in. Stories, good stories, written around twins, aren't turned out every day, you know.

The Mauch movie salaries are three hundred and fifty dollars apiece, and Mrs. Mauch receives another one hundred and fifty for their care and guardianship. But the thrifty twins make pin money just the same by collecting and selling old bottles. They play baseball, tennis, field hockey and football, toss a mean ping-pong game, collect stamps and box. Red's their favorite color. They're about four feet ten (subject to change without notice) and have blue eyes and brown hair.

GLORIA DICKSON. (First printing. Total number of requests 246.) Not glamor, but yensomeness is the word which describes Gloria Dickson, the twenty-year-old blond girl who stepped right out of a WPA play into the lead of Melvyn Le Roy's movie thriller, "They Won't Forget." In case you're vague as to the meaning of the word, yensomeness is a coined term which means she's the kind of a girl you hanker to go back and see again, once you've seen her. It doesn't mean she's necessarily beautiful, though Gloria is that, too. It doesn't even mean she's got sex appeal, though Gloria has that, too. It means she has a subtle something which the camera catches and exaggerates. When the public sees that something, it goes ga-ga. All the toppers have it, of course—Power and Flynn and Durbin and Temple—and Gloria's sponsors, the critics and her growing number of fans assure us that the young Dickson has this box-office commodity in abundance.

Her real name's Thais Dickerson, and she was born in Pocatello, Idaho, Aug. 13, 1917. During her school days, which weren't very long ago, she did some footlight amateuring in a play called "The Melting Pot," and incidentally, this is still her favorite play. On leaving school, she trouped about the country for a time with a tent show. Each night's gate was divided among the players. Gloria drew anywhere from one dollar and ten cents to three seventy-five a performance.

Small wonder that she found herself, eventually, out of a job and in need of funds. A girl friend suggested that, since she was living with her mother in Los Angeles at the time, she apply to the Federal Theatre there. She promptly applied, and not so promptly, got work. First, she played Diane in "Seventh Heaven," then followed "Holiday," "Smiling Through" and "The Devil Passes."

It was right after the final curtain of the final performance in this latter play that a talent scout from Warner Bros. ceremoniously passed a card into Gloria's dressing-room. Thinking it was just a gag, she unceremoniously tossed it into a waste basket. But second thought made her rescue it, and shortly afterwards, in came the testing scout to invite her over to his studio next morning for a screen test. You can bet Gloria arrived in time to take it. The next thing she knew she'd passed the test with flying colors, and was being signed to a contract and offered one of the most coveted leading roles in Hollywood.

She lives quietly with her mother in a small apartment at the present time, and has a great desire to travel, which not even her tent-show days has cured her of. She loves nice clothes, and would like to shop in Paris, as who wouldn't. Purchasing coats, gloves and bags is her pet extravagance. And she can't resist bargains in costume jewelry, though she seldom wears it. She keeps fit by walking, swimming, playing tennis and riding horseback. In fact, she likes all sports—excepting prize-fights. She's five feet four inches tall, tips the scales at just one hundred and thirteen pounds, has blue-grey eyes and natural blond hair.

Right now, she's interested most exclusively in carving herself a bright, bright career.

Prelude to Allure...

THIS LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING

A LOVELY DENVER BRIDE WRITES—"What a pity that every girl doesn't bathe with Cashmere Bouquet! For this deep-cleansing perfumed soap removes body odor so completely . . . keeps you so sweet and clean. And then Cashmere Bouquet leaves its flower-like perfume clinging to your skin. No wonder Cashmere Bouquet is called the *lovelier way* to avoid offending!"

SO BEFORE YOU GO STEPPING OUT, take this wise precaution! Bathe with Cashmere Bouquet—the perfumed soap that keeps you *fragrantly dainty!* Long after your bath, Cashmere Bouquet's lingering perfume still surrounds you. But remember that only a perfume as rare as Cashmere Bouquet's has this *lingering* quality. You won't find it in ordinary scented soaps.

MARVELOUS FOR YOUR COMPLEXION, TOO!

This pure, creamy-white soap has such gentle, caressing lather. Yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics—keeps your skin alluringly smooth, radiantly clear!

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Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap
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TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

FREE!
MEASURING GLASS WORTH 35¢

FREE WITH ZONITE

Use Zonite For —

1. **BAD BREATH**—Gargle, rinse, brush teeth with Zonite dilution. Zonite removes causes of halitosis—kills tobacco breath, even onion breath!

2. **DANDRUFF**—Zonite actually destroys dandruff and all scalp germs—*at contact!* Ends nasty scalp odor. Use Zonite scalp treatment when washing head.

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5. **"ATHLETE'S FOOT"**—Zonite treatment gives quick relief from itching. For prevention, bathe feet in Zonite solution.

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Zonite
7/8 ACTUAL SIZE
VALUE 35¢
FREE with 6 oz. bottle of ZONITE

Shows teaspoons and also tablespoons. Ends guesswork whenever you are measuring medicines.

Luise Rainer's Favorite Recipes

HAWAII

Golden Pineapple Slices

Brush pineapple slices with melted butter, place in a baking dish, sprinkle with a little sugar and place under broiler until they begin to brown. Remove from broiler, place a marshmallow in the center of each. Place in oven until marshmallows are puffed and golden brown. Use as a garnish for sweet potato or a meat platter.

MARYLAND

Baked Chicken, Maryland

a 3-pound frying chicken
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
flour
1 egg
1½ tablespoons cream
bread crumbs
½ cup butter
½ cup boiling water

Singe, clean and disjoint chicken. Wipe each piece clean with a fresh towel—do not wash. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, dredge lightly with flour. Dip each piece separately in egg beaten with the cream, then roll each piece in crisp bread crumbs. Place prepared chicken in large greased baking pan. Pour melted butter and water into bottom of pan. Bake in hot oven 30 minutes or more, or until tender, basting frequently with the liquid in the pan. Remove chicken to hot serving platter. Add 1 cup milk to liquid remaining in pan. Thicken to taste with flour mixed to a smooth paste with a little water. Season and pour over chicken or serve separately in gravy boat.

MIDDLE WEST

Magic Sweet Potatoes

2½ cups mashed sweet potatoes
2 tablespoons melted butter
½ teaspoon salt
6 marshmallows
½ cup fine bread or cracker crumbs
1 egg
2 tablespoons water
deep fat for frying

Boil sweet potatoes until tender, peel. (Or use canned sweet potatoes which are excellent for this purpose.) Mash potatoes thoroughly—putting them through a ricer or food sieve will do a quicker and more thorough job of it. Add melted butter, mix well. Divide mixture into 6 parts and shape each into flat rounds about the size of the palm of the hand. Place a marshmallow in the center of each, bring the potato up around each and shape as for croquette. Roll croquettes in crumbs, then dip in egg beaten with the water, then roll in crumbs again. Fry in deep hot fat (410°F.) until golden brown (2 or 3 minutes only). Drain on white paper kitchen towels. Serve very hot.

NEW ENGLAND

Molasses Oatmeal Cookies

2 cups sifted flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon cloves
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
1 cup quick oats
⅔ cup walnuts (3 ozs.) chopped fine
¾ cup butter or other shortening
1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
2 eggs
3 tablespoons molasses
2 tablespoons hot water

Sift flour, measure. Add salt, soda, baking powder and spices and sift again. Mix in the quick oats and the chopped walnuts. Cream the shortening. Add sugar gradually, creaming well together. Beat in eggs one at a time. Add molasses and hot water. Gradually mix in the dry ingredients. Drop by teaspoon onto greased baking sheet, about an inch apart. Bake in a moderately hot oven (400°F.) 8 to 10 minutes.

VIENNA

Chocolate Almond Torte

¾ cup blanched almonds
4 eggs, separated
¾ cup powdered sugar
3 squares cooking chocolate, melted
¼ cup grated bread crumbs
3 tablespoons milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon baking powder
⅓ teaspoon salt

Either grate the shelled, blanched almonds; or put them through a grinder; or chop them *very* fine. Separate eggs. Beat yolks until thick and lemon colored. Add sugar gradually, beating well. Add melted chocolate slowly. Mix in the prepared nuts. Meanwhile soak breadcrumbs a few minutes in combined milk and vanilla. Add breadcrumbs mixture to first mixture, together with the flour, baking powder and salt. Mix thoroughly. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites, gently but thoroughly. Turn mixure into a very lightly greased spring-form or tube pan. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 minutes. Reduce heat to slow (325°F.) and continue baking 15-20 minutes longer or until cake tester inserted in cake comes out clean. Remove from oven, invert in pan onto a cake rack and allow to cool before removing from pan. Spread top with icing. If desired, the cake when cool may be split and an icing spread between the two halves.

(*Continued from page 19*)

the boat docked the little wife ran straight home to mamma, where she's been ever since.

■ ■ ■

Pat Paterson (Mrs. Charles Boyer) returned to the screen in the musical opus, "52nd Street." If you liked her performance, you'll undoubtedly see her again soon, but if you liked her singing, you can send your congratulations to Trudy Wood. Miss W., who appears on the Packard radio show, took care of the Paterson vocal department.

■ ■ ■

When John Barrymore reported for work in "Bulldog Drummond Comes Back," he had memorized the lines of one of the supporting players. Not until it came time for rehearsal did he discover that the part his studio had in mind for him was the lead, Bulldog Drummond. You can imagine Barrymore's surprise, and you can imagine everyone else's surprise, that the great John had even consented to sign up for a minor role.

■ ■ ■

Most surprised guy of the month is Victor McLaglen. Six feet three and a half, he has to stand on tiptoes to measure up to his youngest son, Andrew. Young Andrew just came out of the hospital after a three months' session with a broken leg, and he has grown three inches in that time. To be technical, he now measures six feet six.

■ ■ ■

When you see "Artists and Models," you'll probably notice the gorgeous gowns adorning Gail Patrick, so we'd like to tell you how she got them. The gowns originally were dashed off by Travis Banton to be worn by Marlene Dietrich in "Angel." La Belle D. inverted her regal thumb, and they were handed over to Gail, who now regards Marlene as her favorite actress.

Garlands to Judy for her swell singing in "Broadway Melody of 1938." This thirteen-year-old is going places!

■ ■ ■

At a rehearsal of one of the Barrymore radio plays, a cameraman was busy snapping pictures when one of his flash bulbs exploded, splattering glass all over the room. Most of the cast dashed for the exits, but Barrymore, unperturbed, stood his ground. Someone asked him why he wasn't frightened. "Explosions don't bother me," replied the great John. "I've been married three times."

■ ■ ■

Health Note: During the shooting of "Stand-In" Joan Blondell went on a diet to lose some weight. Ate nothing but fruit and vegetable salads for two weeks. Result: Dick Powell lost five pounds.

■ ■ ■

Did you see Gypsy Mizzy in "You Can't Have Everything?" Well, you did, if you saw the picture at all, because La Mizzy is none other than our own Gypsy Rose Lee, listed cinematically as one Louise Hovick, but who has acquired recently, still another name. She's Mrs. Mizzy now and apparently likes *that* one so well that she had two separate wedding ceremonies to make sure it's all her very own!

■ ■ ■

Marian Marsh and Al Scott, Colleen Moore's ex, are engaged to be married in spite of all the denials. They will probably take the trip to the altar some time after the first of the year.

YES, I'M STILL SINGLE

DO YOU LIKE TO BE SINGLE, MISS ELLEN?

TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, JUDY, I DON'T! I'D LOVE TO HAVE A LITTLE GIRL LIKE YOU!

THEN WHY DON'T YOU DO WHAT MAMA SAID? SHE SAID YOU WOULDN'T STILL BE SINGLE IF YOU ASKED THE DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH

MY BREATH! WHY, JUDY! IS THAT...

RECENT TESTS PROVE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO PROVE THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...

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Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢

SOME FUN!

It's three o'clock in the morning and is Herbert Marshall tired! That's what the night spots do, Bart!

No doubt about it, this night life gets 'em. Look what an evening's gaiety does to Maggie Sullavan.

When nothing else goes on, La Gaynor whiles the time away with a little game of handies—or something.

Where's that girlish enthusiasm Mary Carlisle usually displays? Surely, the food can't be that bad!

From the coast comes word that despite all the hullabaloo about selections for "Gone With The Wind," three top spots have definitely been cast. Margaret Sullavan is to play Scarlett O'Hara, Clark Gable Rhett Butler and Walter Connolly has been chosen for the important part of Scarlett's father.

■ ■ ■

Arline Judge and her brand-new hubby, Dan Topping, got back to Hollywood following a lot of travelling. No more, they both solemnly declared. At least not for a good many months. To hear them tell it, they're tired of dashing hither and yon. But the rumor is rampant that Mrs. T. will be pretty busy from now on, baby shopping.

■ ■ ■

Anna May Wong is now at Paramount where she is making a picture entitled "Daughter of the Tong." If it is a success, she is set for a series of similar productions with the same company. And speaking of Miss Wong reminds us of the story she told upon her return from China recently. When interviewed by the papers there, she was asked about romance and laughingly, she told them she guessed she was wedded to her art. Imagine her surprise the next day when she saw herself in headlines thusly: "Anna May Wong to wed prominent Cantonese named Art."

■ ■ ■

Gloria Blondell, Joan's kid sister, will make her movie debut under the Warner banner. Her first picture will be "Money Talks." Dick Purcell has been cast to play opposite her.

■ ■ ■

Ann Sothern forgot cameras and Klieg lights for a brief space recently and her band leader husband, Roger Pryor, left his baton at home, when the two were reunited in a brief vacation in Chicago.

Blonde Marie Wilson will have her best role to date as that of the ga-ga waitress in "Boy Meets Girl." She rates a good break.

Perhaps you never give the property department of a studio much thought. But they certainly deserve a lot of credit. For instance, for Shirley Temple's new picture at Fox, they needed eight sabre cuts for some extras in a duelling scene. A call was made to the prop department and quick as a flash the wounds were delivered—eight strips of red tissue paper and a bottle of glue.

■ ■ ■

Mary Astor has stage ambitions—but she's willing to work at it besides talk about it. For that Santa Barbara play in which she appeared recently, Mary traveled a hundred miles every day, in order to work here at the studios during the day. Interesting to note, that after many people thought Mary's career was definitely on the skids, she's had the best year of her life—with her cinema and domestic life both taking a turn for the better. However, we learn from reputable sources, that Mary hasn't broken off that one bad habit—she still keeps a diary.

■ ■ ■

Charlie McCarthy may have eyes only for Shirley Temple, but the guy whose knee he occupies has other plans. Edgar Bergen's romance of the moment is Judy Canova, whom you saw in "Artists and Models." This is just a warning—if Charlie breaks out in a hill billy song one of these Sundays, you'll know the reason.

■ ■ ■

John Farrow, who directs at Warners, rented a beach house from his boss, Jack Warner. Mr. F. and wife, Maureen O'Sullivan, moved in, and everything was lovely. A month later Farrow's option was taken up at the studio, and he was handed an increase in salary. Two days later his landlord notified him that his rent was raised.

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"I KNOW what it is to be skinny and pale. The fellows never look at you. Finally I got Ironized Yeast tablets. Soon I felt a lot peppier, my skin got smooth and in just 4 weeks I gained eleven pounds. Everybody says how pretty I've gotten and I have all the dates I want."—*Ella Craig, Lancaster, S. C.*

Thousands gain 10 to 25 lbs.

Skinny, friendless girls who never could gain an ounce, have easily gained 10 to 25 pounds, normally rounded curves, this new easy way—in just a few weeks! What is more, this new discovery has given them naturally clear skin and normally lovely color, new pep and charm, loads of new friends and popularity.

Scientists have discovered that many are thin and rundown simply because they do not get enough yeast vitamins (Vitamin B) and iron in their daily food. Without these elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat. One of the richest sources of marvelous health-building Vitamin B is the special yeast used in making English ale.

Now by a new and costly process, perfected after long research, the vitamins from this imported English ale yeast are concentrated to 7 times their strength in ordinary yeast! This 7-power vitamin concentrate is then combined with three kinds of strength-building iron (organic, inorganic and hemoglobin iron); also pasteurized English ale yeast. Finally, for your protection and benefit, every batch of Ironized Yeast is tested and retested biologically, to insure its full vitamin strength.

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WARNING: Beware of the many cheap substitutes for this successful formula. Be sure you get the genuine IRONIZED YEAST.

Her Brother-in-Law, Paul Muni

(Continued from page 45)

"Mother was as fond of Paul as if he were her own son, and he was mighty fond of her. Almost every day Bella and Paul would drop in. Paul would sit on Mother's lap, hug and kiss her. Always he asked for her advice on what he should do about certain roles. There was no in-law trouble between Paul Muni and us.

"In fact, if any misunderstanding had arisen, I'm quite sure Mother would have taken Paul's part, for she was so crazy about him.

"She used to tell people about a prank he once played upon her. One day there came to the back door an old beggar, shabby and forlorn-looking, with a long grey matted beard. Out of watery eyes he peered at Mother, and launching into a hard luck story, he begged her for a handout.

"It was a hot day, and her heart melted at the plight of this poor old man who said he had no family or friends. So she invited him in, gave him a glass of lemonade, and went to get her pocketbook.

"When she came back into the kitchen, it was to find the old beggar howling with laughter. It was her son-in-law, Paul Muni!"

WHAT was Paul like in those early days?" I asked Lucy.

"He hasn't changed very much," she confessed. "Always, he has lacked faith in his abilities. Today, he's blue and discouraged when he's shooting a film. My sister has to advise, criticize and encourage him constantly. He'd be lost without her.

"Fifteen years ago he underrated himself, too. I remember he came home one day very moody, because he felt sure he had made a mess of his performance in a new play.

"The next day my sister went to the theatre, and anxiously asked his fellow-actors how badly he had performed. 'Badly,' they said in astonishment. 'Why, he was magnificent.'

"She watched the play that day, and Muni was grand in it, but it took a good deal of talking on my sister's part to convince him of this.

"Another way in which he has remained the same is in his moodiness. Naturally a serious person, Paul becomes upset and worried easily, and becomes moody and downcast when things go wrong.

"I remember years ago he came in looking terribly tired, and threw himself on the couch, glum as could be. A few minutes later I was startled to see him kick his feet up into the air, whistle, and throwing himself off the couch, begin to clown.

"At the beginning it took us time to accustom ourselves to his moods, although, since we all come from theatrical, emotional stock, we were mighty sympathetic. I guess we're all a little nuts.

"Gradually, Bella has become so accustomed to his moods that hers now coincide with his. And intimate friends aren't shocked at all when they walk in and find Muni prancing about, walking on his head, and clowning!

"Paul is one of the greatest teases I know, and he always has been. But it is a privilege to be teased by Paul, for he teases only people he loves dearly."

Lucy is not married, and Muni constantly twits her about it. "He's always on the lookout for a suitable mate for me," she laughed, "and whenever he hears of some half-wit doing something idiotic, he'll say, 'Don't you think he's good enough, wouldn't you be able to like him? I'll fix it up for you.'

"If ever he feels he's hurt my feelings, he'll come right over and apologize, throw his arms around me, kiss me and say, 'There's a good kid. You know I'm just fooling.'"

He teases his wife unmercifully about being superstitious, for Bella has all the superstitions of stage folk, and then some. The very idea of giving stick-pins or brooches or any pointed object as a present horrifies her. After she's once started for some place she'll never come back for fear it will bring hard luck, and she'll never walk under a ladder or whistle in a dress-

Paulette Goddard and Bruce Cabot arrive at the Troc for an evening's gaiety. How do you like the idea of wearing an orchid on your muff?

ing room. When Bella sees a black cat she winces.

"The amusing thing to me," Lucy confessed, "is that gradually and unconsciously my brother-in-law is becoming superstitious and avoiding the very things Bella is afraid of.

"It's just, I suppose, that married people grow more and more like each other with the years."

There's one thing for which the entire Finkle family is grateful to Paul Muni. That's teaching them to be punctual.

"We all were in the habit of being ten, fifteen minutes or half an hour late for appointments," Lucy explained. "When Bella and Paul were sweethearts, she was always late. But Paul would be so angry she grew more and more punctual, and today she's as accurate as he about time and never arrives a minute early or late.

"In time we knew better than to keep Paul waiting. He has no patience with latecomers, and explodes.

"I know many people misunderstand my brother-in-law, and say he's high hat," Lucy told me.

"Really," leaning forward earnestly, "he's nothing like that. Off-stage he's the most unstagy, unpretentious person you ever saw. It's just because he doesn't make friends easily, and is rather reserved unless he knows you well, that people get the wrong impression.

"Nor is he the type who believes in personal publicity, in broadcasting anything he may do for others. Such matters, he feels, are private. I know of several people whom he has helped to movie careers, but he'd shoot me if I divulged their names. Once he's sure that you have the goods, he'll go out of his way to help you. And if you fail, he considers it a personal reflection upon himself.

"If he doesn't feel you are competent, neither heaven nor earth can get him to help. He'd rather make enemies than help someone incompetent. Fifteen years ago he was like that, and he's like that today."

When he was starring in the Yiddish theatre, a close relative, an actress, wanted to get a job with his group.

"All you have to do, Paul," she told him, "is to recommend me to the manager."

But Muni refused. To his wife he explained, "She could never hold a job in our company, for she can't act. It would be cruel to place her."

Of course, to this day this woman believes it was only selfishness that motivated Muni, and they have been estranged for years. Paul Muni preferred to hurt someone he loved dearly, rather than get her a job when he felt she was not entitled to it.

"While he's perfectly willing to help any of us," Lucy added, "he's so proud when we stand on our own feet. We feel, too, that it is unfair to try to bask in his glory.

"He has offered to help further my musical career, but all I want is his moral support. I'd rather make my way on my own, even though it takes longer, and I know he agrees with my viewpoint."

Never once in the many years she was on the stage did his wife permit Paul Muni to help her get work.

Though she earned less than she might have if he had exerted his influence, that was the way she wanted it. And, should she ever decide to return to the stage, while her husband would not stand in her way, she'd be strictly on her own.

"Once my brother-in-law was heartbroken because people insisted he had used pull to get Bella a job on Broadway."

As was, and is, her custom today, Bella goes to all rehearsals with her husband. It was at the second rehearsal of "Four Walls," one of the early plays in which Paul Muni starred on the English speaking stage. No actress had been selected for

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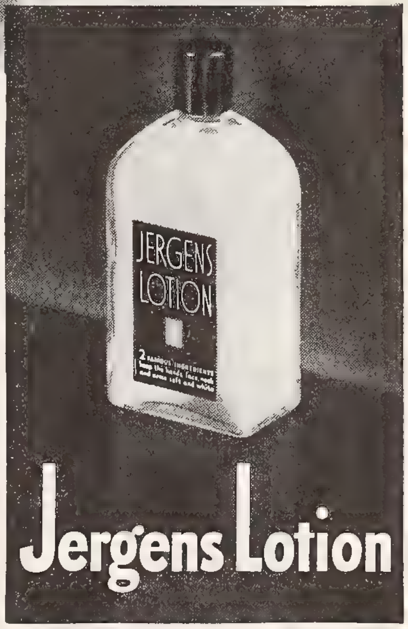

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I'd like to try Jergens Lotion. Please send me—free—my purse-size trial bottle.

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June Lang isn't pining away over her wrecked marriage these days—and here's the reason. His name is Morry Morrison and he's veddy social register.

the role of Bertha, a poor girl who loves a man hopelessly, and doesn't get him. Muni was to play this man.

Seeing Mrs. Muni sitting near the platform, John Golden, the producer of this play, asked her if she'd read the part of Bertha. So well did she read it, that he said, "We've been searching the city for someone to play Bertha and here you are."

So Bella Finkle became Bertha. And to this day no one believes her own merit got the job.

TO Lucy, Paul Muni's amazing capacity for proving a real friend to his in-laws is unusual.

Three years ago, when she was touring with a theatrical troupe in South America, she got an attack of appendicitis. Knowing how her family would worry, she didn't let them know. But one of the girls in the troupe wrote to friends saying Lucy needed an operation, and they told Muni.

"He knew how frightened Bella would be, so he said nothing to her or to my brother. Instead, he phoned the hospital in Buenos Aires, where I was to be operated on, and ordering them to spare no expense, made arrangements with the head surgeon.

"Frequently he cabled me to find out what he could do to make me more comfortable, and of course, he paid all the bills.

"It wasn't till I was well on the road to recovery that he told my sister. When I tried to thank him, he laughed the whole matter off."

"I didn't do it out of kindness," he said, his eyes twinkling. "I heard you were ill the day we moved into our new Hollywood home. You know how superstitious your sister is. If I had told her, she would never have been happy there, for she'd have been prejudiced against the place from the start."

To her dying day, Mrs. Finkle, his mother-in-law, adored Paul. And do you know, when he bought his first house in Hollywood, eight and a half years ago, he picked out the nicest room and furnished it for his mother-in-law? Unfortunately, she died before she could go to visit 'her son,' as she called him.

"My brother, Abem Finkle, who is a script writer for Warner Brothers, is one of Paul's sincerest admirers," Lucy told me.

"And he's more than a husband to my sister, he's a real friend. They spend all their time together and he relies upon her judgment implicitly. She doesn't flatter him to hold him, either. She tells him the truth as she sees it, about himself, about his acting, his habits. There was only once when he felt she had erred in judgment."

That was after his first attempt at making motion pictures in Hollywood, when he flopped, and came East very much discouraged. Unlike most actors, he didn't blame Hollywood producers or the terrible picture in which he had been cast. He just blamed himself.

"I guess," he said sadly, "my wife and all of us have overrated my abilities."

It was his wife, incidentally, who persuaded him to try again in Hollywood.

In case you are interested in the hobbies of our greatest character actor, I'll let you in on a secret. Paul Muni is gadget-mad. Whenever he sees a gadget, he can't rest till he has bought it, taken it apart, and learned all about how it works.

"He's spent days experimenting with the best cleaners for phonograph records. He reminds me of a small boy who simply must take the clock apart, and put it together correctly," Lucy laughed.

"Once he solves something, he forgets all about it. Do you know he has a separate three-room apartment in his home, just for his gadgets?"

That fact alone should prove beyond all doubt, that Paul is just as human as the rest of us. He may be a great actor—when he's on the stage. But at home, he relaxes and he's just a nice guy who forgets all about fame and footlights.

And he'll never pass a stationery store without going in and buying something . . . paper, mucilage, pasters, posters, letterheads, stapling machines . . . he's got enough in his private quarters to start a store.

Another of his hobbies is the dictionary. Yes, I mean just that. He's got dictionaries in all sizes, shapes and languages. Since he reads a good deal of general literature, history and biography, he constantly has those dictionaries, every one of them, near him. And whenever he is in doubt about a word, he looks it up in all of them to catch the subtle nuances of meaning it may have.

If you were to ask him, he'd tell you that the real reason he bought a home was to have a place for all his gadgets!

SOME COLORS DRIVE MEN WILD!

It's fun when men say "I'm wild about that color you're wearing"—and twice the fun to know it's an *old* dress made smart and alluring with Rit. New Rit formula (patented 1936) contains "neomerpin"—makes colors *saturate* the fabric—gives you shades that men are "wild" about! So easy, you'll "dye" laughing!

RIT TINTS & DYES

Never say "Dye"—say RIT!

IMPATIENT MAIDENS

find the quickest way to breath-taking loveliness and masculine attention is to use Alma Woodward's "4-action" Satinmesh Lotion—the super skin cleanser, astringent, toner and powder base.

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

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If your store cannot supply you, send money order or check direct to:

ALMA WOODWARD
Dept. MM Graybar Bldg.
New York, N. Y.
Trial size at your 10c store

4-ACTION SATINMESH

Oakie Can Take It!

(Continued from page 37)

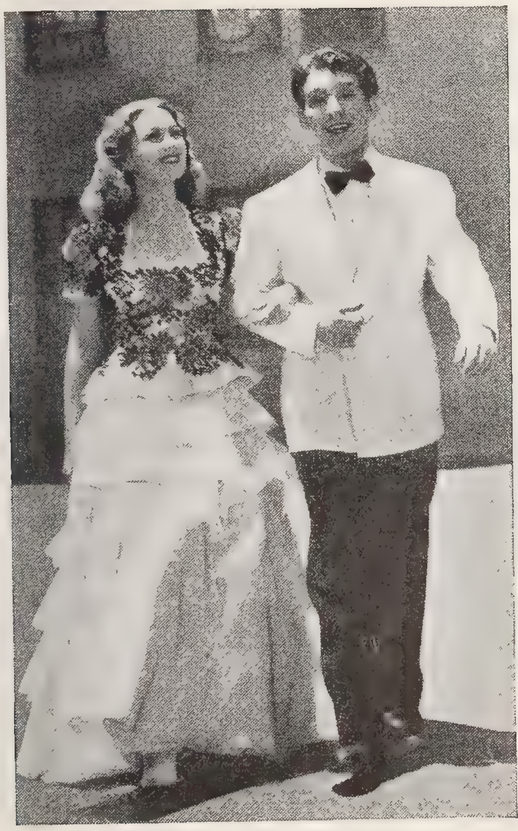
elect whom the gods leave, unevicted, in their place in the sun? If one should douse the twinkle in the eye, what would one find? It seemed worth while to find out, or try to. I determined to get serious with Oakie if I had to tear his heart right out through his wise-cracks.

While I lay in wait for Oakie, one of the prop boys added to my curiosity. He said, "That Oakie. He's a tonic as well as a panic. D'you know, he never forgets if it's a fellow's birthday or there's sickness in the family or anything like that. He's a lesson to every mother's quitter of us. He razzes the life out of us, but he can take it, too.

"Last week he ordered a bicycle. Said he wasn't going to wear out the Oakie patent leathers hoofing it about this man's lot any longer. The bike came. We uncrated it for him. And when we delivered it to him, we'd removed the regular saddle and fastened a horse's saddle on instead. We'd done a little paint job on it, too. We splashed 'Prez Oakie' in huge letters all over it. Oakie didn't turn a hair. He mounted that horse saddle just like he didn't notice, gave a wild western 'Yip-ee!' and went whizzing off down the lot. He left that horse's saddle on, and it's still on. That's Oakie."

I remembered a story Frank Morgan told me about Oakie. It happened some time before Jack's marriage. Jack and Frank were both in New York, stopping at the same hotel. Said Frank:

"I told Oakie one morning that I'd been to a barber shop the night before and had been manicured by the most beautiful girl I'd ever seen, in a long life of seeing to it that I see beautiful girls. She was worth



All ready for a day's work, Ann Sothern and Burgess Meredith are off to the set for RKO-Radio's "Don't Forget To Remember."

2 Big Radio Shows: Sunday 7 P. M. (EST) famous guest stars featuring JEANETTE MacDONALD...Mon., Wed., Fri. 10:30 A. M. (EST) TONY WONS. Both on Columbia Network.

"You're all the family I've got, Molly-o"

"I don't want *you* to come down with a bad cold. We're going to tackle it right *now*—at that very first sneeze. I'll just put a few drops of this Vicks VA-TRO-NOL right up your nose.

"Now the other side.

"There. Doesn't that feel fine! Notice how clear and comfortable it makes your head. Bet you couldn't sneeze now if you wanted to!

"Sure, Mummy does all this when she's here. But, shucks, I've got to keep up with the times, too, if I'm going to take care of a young lady all by myself.

"You know, Honey, Vicks made this Va-tro-nol on purpose for people's noses, 'cause that's where 3 out of 4 colds start.

"Even when I forget and wait till my own head is stuffed up tight, just a few drops are generally enough to let me breathe nice and easy again. And if you get after the cold early, like I'm doing with yours, why, lots of times it never *does* grow up into a real cold.

"'Course, some colds are plumb stubborn and get by no matter *what* you do. If you don't feel all better tonight, we'll get out the good old Vicks VAPORUB and give your chest and back a good rubbing, like Mummy does. Remember how good it made you feel that night when you started coughing?

"There's nothing like VapoRub when you're tight and achy with a cold. You seem to feel it working right through your skin and all the time you're breathing in those grand Vicks vapors. Before you know it, you're sound asleep just as if you'd never had a cold at all."

• • •

Molly's father certainly knows what to do about colds. He must have read the special folder that comes in each Vicks package—"Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds in the Home."

In the largest clinical tests ever made on colds—tests in which 17,353 people were subjects—Vicks Plan cut sickness from colds *more than half!* Va-tro-nol and VapoRub are the only medications used in Vicks Plan. You'll find it a simple, practical guide that any mother (or daddy) can easily follow.

OVER 53 ~~26~~ ~~17~~ MILLION VICK AIDS USED YEARLY FOR BETTER CONTROL OF COLDS

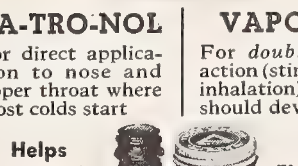
VICKS

VA-TRO-NOL For direct application to nose and upper throat where most colds start

VAPORUB For *double* direct action (stimulation-inhalation) if a cold should develop

Helps PREVENT many colds

Helps END a cold sooner



TAKE NO CHANCES
with ½ Way Tooth Pastes
Do this
FOR A TRULY ATTRACTIVE SMILE

Your dentist will tell you: for gleaming teeth, *keep gums healthy too.* So *don't* trust to half-way measures. Begin tonight with the two-way care dentists advise.

1. **Clean teeth** by brushing all surfaces with Forhan's in the usual manner.
2. **Massage Gums** briskly with ½ inch of Forhan's on the brush or finger.

Results are amazing! Gums are stimulated—soon there's a new youthful lustre to your teeth.

Forhan's toothpaste, created by an eminent dental surgeon, was especially designed to do *both* vital jobs—*clean teeth* and *safeguard gums.* It contains a special ingredient found in no other toothpaste. End *half-way care.* Use Forhan's tonight! *Also sold in Canada.*

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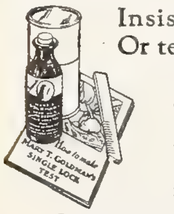
Forhan's

DOES BOTH JOBS { CLEANS TEETH SAVES GUMS

Tint away the STREAKS *of* GRAY

(Test Bottle **FREE**)

Have ever-youthful looking hair this SAFE way. Merely combing clear liquid through hair brings desired color: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Gray goes—streaks disappear. No fear of washing or rubbing off on garments. Hair stays soft, fluffy. Takes wave or curl. Ask druggist for full-sized bottle on money-back guarantee. Insist on Mary T. Goldman's. Or test it Free.



FREE TEST ~ We send complete test package Free. Snip off a lock of hair . . . Test it first this safe way. No risk. No expense. 3,000,000 women have received this test. Mail coupon.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
2321 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name...
Street...
City............................State.........
Color of your hair?...........................

any man's pilgrimage to the shrine of the soap basin, I said. She was delicious. She was divine. Well, Oakie got all tottsied up, took a taxi and drove twenty blocks to that barber shop. He arrived, asked for the manicure girl, and was confronted by the plug-ugliest woman the Hand of the Potter ever shook in making! But he sat him right down, with that cockle-of-the-heart-warming smile of his and had himself a manicure! Because he wouldn't take even a chance of hurting the feelings of that poor girl. A girl he'd never be likely to see again. He didn't open his trap to me when he got back. Just showed me his trimmed cuticles. He didn't need to say anything. I was stopped and a bit ashamed. That's Oakie."

SO, over the luncheon table, I said to Jack, boiled in his boiled shirt, but beaming, "For the first time of all the times we've talked together, be serious, will you, Jack? Were you born this way? Or have you got this way, deliberately, with conscious effort?"

"I dunno, sister," said Jack. "Guess I was born this way, mostly. Guess it's hereditary. My mother is this way, too. Always has been. In all my life I've never seen her look worried, low in her spirits. I've never known her to be without a laugh. My dad was the same. My sister is the same, only more so.

"You may say, and rightly enough, that I've never had much in my life to moan and make faces about. Never had any terrible personal grief. I was born to swell, jolly parents, in a jolly home. I never had any of them there frustrations, complexes or like that. I didn't Suffer Through Adolescence.

"I fell into Wall Street, and even there, my mistakes came up smiling. I'd chalk stocks and things up on the board and make a lot of errors, and the next day, I'd find that the fellows who had taken my notations at their face value had come out on top. I fell into the theatre and onto the screen. No effort. No kicks. I got my dough out of the local banks before they closed their doors. With a puss like mine, you might suppose that I'd have had to support it and work pretty hard at the job. But no, it's supported me.

"Now I look back a bit, and I've begun to look back," Jack said—and for the first time in my long acquaintance with him, his gray eyes were sober—"now that I look back, I realize that I've always evaded life a little. I confess here and now, for the first time, that I may have used the laugh as a shield. Maybe it hasn't been altogether the breaks. Maybe it's been the breakaways, too.

"I guess I did run away from any emotion that couldn't be laughed at—or off. I made dates with that funny thing called love, and when love looked like it wouldn't be funny, I broke the dates. When I was getting kicked around a bit at the studio, I'd stall going into the Front Office and staging a big scene.

"I'd just crack, 'Say, they'll get me mixed up with Johnny Downs someday, and I'll be a dead pigeon.' Or I'd suck my thumb and go back to the bottle. That usually learned 'em. Because on the bottle, I'd pound desks and demand my rights.

"One time Lubitsch wanted me to make a picture. I didn't want to do it. He gave me the big sales talk. Finally I said, 'Okay, I'll do it. Call 'em up, and tell 'em I'll do it. But before I do it, I'm going to tip the jug a bit.'

"Lubitsch didn't wait to hear no more. He was on that phone quicker than an extra jumps into her hole when Garbo looks at her and said, 'Never mind about Oakie. Forget him. We'll get someone else for the part.'

"I had to take that, too. Not that it mattered. But what I'm getting at is this, before Dorothy Dell died, I was like that—escaping life at every street corner. No more.

BUT now," said Jack, "I'm not the broth of a boy I was. And I know why. You remember Dorothy Dell, don't you? You remember when she was killed? Well, that did something to me. Something I've never got over and never will. I hardly knew the girl. So there was no really personal grief to speak of. But I'd worked with her. I'd kidded around with her. And I'd seen her on the lot one day, young, peppy, full of life. And the next day—she was dead. Gone. I couldn't get over it. I've never got over it.

"And then Will Rogers died, and Irving Thalberg. Before them, Lew Cody. And I began to be aware of things I'd never been aware of before. Not only death, but grief and suffering, and how patient folks are and all the things that go where laughs are not. For the first time in my life I met up with something I couldn't laugh away. I've never been the same since.

"So now," said Jack, "it isn't as spontaneous as it used to be, the wise-cracking. I still play the fool, of course. It's bred in the bone. But it's like a kid who walked freely and without thinking, had paralysis, had to learn to walk all over again, step by step. He does walk again, but he had to learn how. I laugh now because I believe it's the way to beat any kind of rap.

"I've knocked around a lot. I've known everyone in this business. I've known the fellers in Wall Street, men and women in show business, in small towns, the good and the bad. I've never known one a laugh wouldn't help, if you could get it down. I've never known a grief a laugh wouldn't soften. I've never seen a love a laugh wouldn't lift out of desperation. I know this to be the truth. And so, why not laugh?

"There's plenty to laugh at still." Jack smiled a different kind of an Oakie smile.

"There's plenty to laugh at," he repeated. "Stuffed shirts, pompous celebrities inflated with the little gas of their own 'glamor.' That 'serious school of stars'—y'know, the kind that don't light up, the dead pan kind of whom the Intelligentsia say, 'But you can see what they are thinking.' I can't see, but I can laugh. The kind of stars that have grown awfully uh-uh—the kind I used to clap on the spine, say, 'Why you old so-and-so, you' and now have to give the 'Howjado, I'm sure—.' The fellows that go around, off-stage as well as on, giving it the do-re-mi-fa-so-la-si-do, getting their contracts out of their throats.

AND I also think you can laugh louder, longer and more often if you're not just interested in your own pwecious, pwiceless self. Now I think I'm a very remarkable fellow—on that point my Public and I are in perfect accord—but I do get a kick out of other people. All kinds of other people. I talk to the waitresses here in the café, to cab drivers, to prop boys, policemen on their beats, anyone who will listen to me. I even talk to big shots like the Kay Francis', the Hepburns, the Garbos. I'm not particular.

"Folks say marriage has 'settled me down.' Because I don't go the rounds the way I used to, stay up all night, shave the whiskers off and then go to work. I used to be all over the place, the bouncingest boy in town. Now I like to stay home. We're building us a house, overlooking the sea, my Little Woman and I. But we get a laugh a minute at everything, Venita and I. Maybe I've slowed down because I found something I couldn't laugh away. But I found out, also, that the thing to do is to keep on laughing—anyway."

That's Oakie. Now you know.

Irene Dunne, with a brand-new hair-do, attends the premiere of "High, Wide and Handsome" with Melvyn Douglas.

Pendleton, the Promoter

(Continued from page 50)

to the United States and where he put out another little masterpiece in promoting. He induced Bernarr Macfadden to back a movie company, called True Story Film Company. The versatile Mr. Pendleton was Vice President and General Manager in charge of production, for the short duration of this venture.

"Our first picture was called 'Wrongdoers,' and was pretty good, too," reminisced Nat. "It was a story about a kid who is taught to steal. Well, I got Lionel Barrymore, Henry Hull and Peggy Shannon for the picture with Dickie Moore playing the kid. In accounting for the expenses, I told B. M. what I was paying the cast.

"'I got Barrymore for three-fifty,' I said proudly.

"'Why didn't you get him for three hundred?' he asked.

"'The figure is three thousand, five hundred, B. M.' Well, the new picture producer nearly fainted until I explained that in seven thousand feet of film there were approximately twenty-one thousand pictures he could use for his magazines at no extra cost. He had world rights on them. Then all went well until we ran a contest in the *Graphic*.

"The winner was to get the leading role in our next film. Well, the releasing company wouldn't okay the girl selected because she didn't have a stage name. I sided with the releasers and that didn't set too well. But the final straw was when I bought a story outside. This couldn't and wouldn't be understood, not with twelve

TELL HIM TO SWITCH TO KOOLS
and he'll be all right

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Doctor Kool

DOCTORS . . . lawyers . . . merchants . . . chiefs in every walk of life agree that KOOLS are soothing to your throat. Is this cooling process a secret? Not a bit of it! KOOLS are a blend of the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos . . . with a touch of mild menthol added for refreshing, cooling flavor. And each pack brings you a valuable coupon, good in the United States for a wide choice of beautiful, practical premiums. Switch to KOOLS and *save* those coupons! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra NBC Blue Network, Fridays 10 P. M., E. S. T.

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MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
CORK TIPPED
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

SAVE THIS VALUABLE B&W COUPON

15¢
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SAVE COUPONS . . . MANY HANDSOME NEW PREMIUMS

Bridge Table—De Luxe inlaid. Sturdy. 750 coupons. Plain model, 500 coupons

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Cigarette Case—Enamel and silver nickel; choice of five colors. 100 coupons

RALEIGH CIGARETTES...NOW AT POPULAR PRICES...ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

hundred stories in the publisher's files. So we split up."

IT wasn't long, however, before Luck again stalked Nat. An agent, who had supplied him with actors for his movie, decided to return the favor and give Pendleton a job.

"They were having trouble casting a role. It called for a prize fighter, but none of the actors who looked the part had the intelligence to read the lines right. I could do both so got the job and toured with Irene Bordoni in 'Naughty Cinderella' for fifty weeks. Fox saw me in it and tested me for 'The Big Trail.'

"When I did the test," Nat explained, "I padded my hip boots with towels—my shoulders too—and looked like a giant. Spencer Tracy was tested for the same role, but I got it. He's caught up with me since, though! I'm kinda sorry that I got off on comedy, because I should be doing that Tracy stuff now. You know, I wanted to play the part of the priest in 'San Francisco,' but the big boys said if I came out as a clergyman, everyone would laugh me off the screen and those that didn't would think it sacrilegious.

"Anyway, to get on, I went out to Hollywood for the picture. My first day there, I met Raoul Walsh, the director, and with one gander at me he said, 'Hey, I thought you were a big fellow. I don't want a midget playing this role. Another thing, your voice is too high.'"

Nat laughed and continued, "I explained that maybe my voice was a little high then, but I wasn't acting and when I did, it came over the mike much lower.

"'Well,' Walsh said, 'go out in the hills and holler till you're hoarse, then come back.'

"Do you know those hills in Hollywood? Well, I went up in the hills and for two days yelled my head off. When I came back, Walsh asked what I wanted. I explained about getting hoarse for the part and he said, 'Oh that? Well, we've got Tyrone Power for the role.'

"'Who, the kid?' I asked."

"'No, Tyrone Senior. Now, young fellow, go right down to the second set on the left and tell them I sent you for the Western.'"

"'But Mr. Walsh, they won't like that because I was sent out here to play in—'"

"'Don't argue with me, do as I say,' he snapped back. And so I was sold down the river to Westerns with George O'Brien.

"I did several pictures with O'Brien and found he had his own company of yes men who thought he was the last word. One day after we finished shooting some scenes, George stepped up to me and stuck his gun in my ribs, saying, 'I'm going to let you have it and teach you a lesson not to steal my scenes!' With that, one of his stooges let go with a forty-five right at my heels. That was to make me think he had really shot me. Well, I just caved in and fell to the floor, and they were running around like mad, putting cold towels on my head till the doctor arrived. I waited until he took out his stethoscope and then got up, dusted my hands off and said to O'Brien, 'Now let that be a lesson to you.' He nearly dropped and did he burn, but I didn't have any more of his practical joking while I was there."

We jerked back from the Arabian Nights tale of Scheherezade Pendleton to ask about his recent London trip. "Maybe it was a toss-up between Astaire and me," Nat kidded. "But I could hoof it and talk tough too, so I got the role. I thoroughly enjoyed working with Miss Matthews. And it was pretty nice to be treated with deference. You see, I know a little more about the picture game than most of them do over there—at any rate about gangster parts. They certainly made me feel I was somebody, not the way Hollywood does—taking you for granted!"

Nat explained that the reason most films made over there seem slow to us, is because the English sense of humor is so entirely different from ours. Too, after all, their pictures are primarily made for British and not American consumption.

The fact that Jessie Matthews goes over with a bang in this country, Pendleton explained to his complete satisfaction. "Well, you see, her forte is singing and dancing—and that is good in any language. She can't go wrong with a good tune and a nice bit of hoofin'."

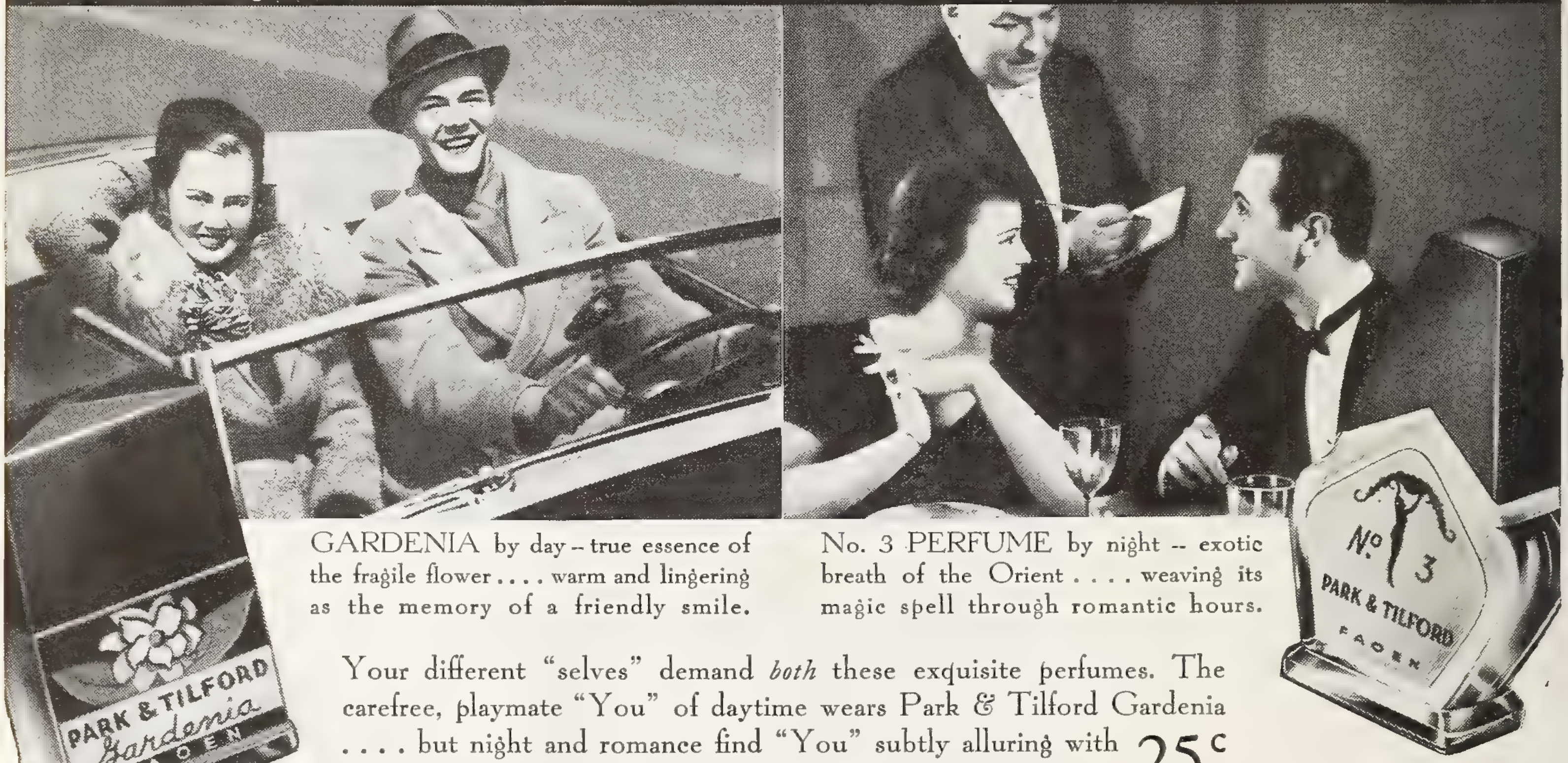
"I do a little writing," Nat remarked modestly. "But I can only write about a subject when I thoroughly know it. I've sold one of my stories called 'Deception' to Columbia. It was about wrestling, and Leo Carrillo played in it with me. I've got a better one though. Does it have a punch ending! A scene where the ropes around the ring are wired with twenty thousand volts, so the promoter can knock off the wrestler if he doesn't do as he tells him! This guy is fighting the champion and the hero is supposed to be backed into the rope and bumped off, but the chump forgets and gets his hands burned off—so the hero comes out on top!

"Warners made me an offer for it, but they wanted Sir Galahad—I mean Kid Galahad—to play the leading role and that's what I want to play, so we didn't make a deal. But I've got those Londoners looking over the script so something may turn up on it at any minute.

"Then, of course, something may not."

And if it doesn't, be sure something else will, for Nat can always promote himself something good—and make good at it!

Perfume for a different "You"



GARDENIA by day -- true essence of the fragile flower . . . . warm and lingering as the memory of a friendly smile.

No. 3 PERFUME by night -- exotic breath of the Orient . . . . weaving its magic spell through romantic hours.

Your different "selves" demand *both* these exquisite perfumes. The carefree, playmate "You" of daytime wears Park & Tilford Gardenia . . . . but night and romance find "You" subtly alluring with Oriental No. 3. At leading drug and department stores 25c

Smart tuckaway size all for 10c in ten-cent stores

PARK & TILFORD Perfumes

FINE PERFUMES FOR HALF A CENTURY

FAOEN

A Night with Novarro

(Continued from page 46)

least three pounds! Don't know about Ramon.

Once in the auditorium which fronted the broadcasting chamber, we found ourselves on our own. Mr. Novarro found a chair for us and then left us flat to retire to a corner and study his script. But the poor man had hardly sniffed the script when the gals in the audience started to move in upon him. A harem of 'em. One even brought him a box of flowers.

We've seen men get attention before, but Novarro topped 'em all. We felt kind of sorry for him. Seemed as if the director would never call him for his spot on the program. It evidently seemed that way to Ramon, too. He'd shake himself loose from an admirer, walk up and peer through the glass partition at the director with a wistful "Now?" on his lips. Finally, to our relief, and we kind of expect, to his, he was summoned.

There had been laughing and talking while the fashion reviewer, the movie chatterer, the orchestra were on the air, but for Ramon there was attentive silence. And then it was over, and we ran for the elevator which we found, surprisingly, manned by a cop in uniform.

"You stay right here while the other officer calls a cab," he warned. We wondered why, until we got out on the street, and there was this wildly yelling enthusiastic crowd of fans, pushing and pulling to get at Ramon. Six policemen with a rope held 'em back and made an aisle through which we hustled to the waiting taxi.

We had tickets for the hit show, "The Women," with its all feminine cast. We elbowed our way to our seats. We elbowed our way out again after the play.

Then to the Bedford Hotel roof garden. There, twenty stories above Manhattan, with the city spread before us—boats plying their way up the East River, the brilliantly lighted tower of the Empire State building to the right and the honking taxis and automobiles in the streets far below, we drew our breaths. And Ramon began talking about his European junket and his plans for the future.

"I have been away from Hollywood two years," he said thoughtfully. "Two wonderful years that I would not give up for anything, but I am glad to be home.

"Look," he said with a gesture toward the streets below. "See how little man is? You think you are so, so important, until you go up on a high hill or on top of a high building. Then you look down and see how insignificant man is. You see things at a distance, with perspective.

"Those two years I spent away from Hollywood can be compared to going up on a high mountain and looking back at where I have lived and what I have done. They gave me time to think about myself, to attain balance.

"I was tired and sick when I left Hollywood. I did not want to make any more pictures ever—I had two more, but we tear up the contract so I can go."

"WHY?" we inquired, "should you go away when you have pictures and money to make. Why not do them, collect the money and then go?"

"Well, I have some money," explained Ramon, as if to a child. "And to get more, I have to work more and give up precious time. I talk for years about going on a concert tour, but I never have

WHEN IT'S "TWO ON THE AISLE"
ADD TO YOUR OWN DRAMA WITH
GLAZO'S "Misty" Tints

Glazo's stunning "sunfast" colors wear days longer

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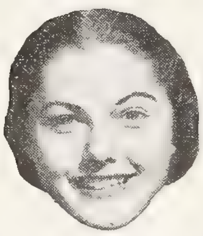

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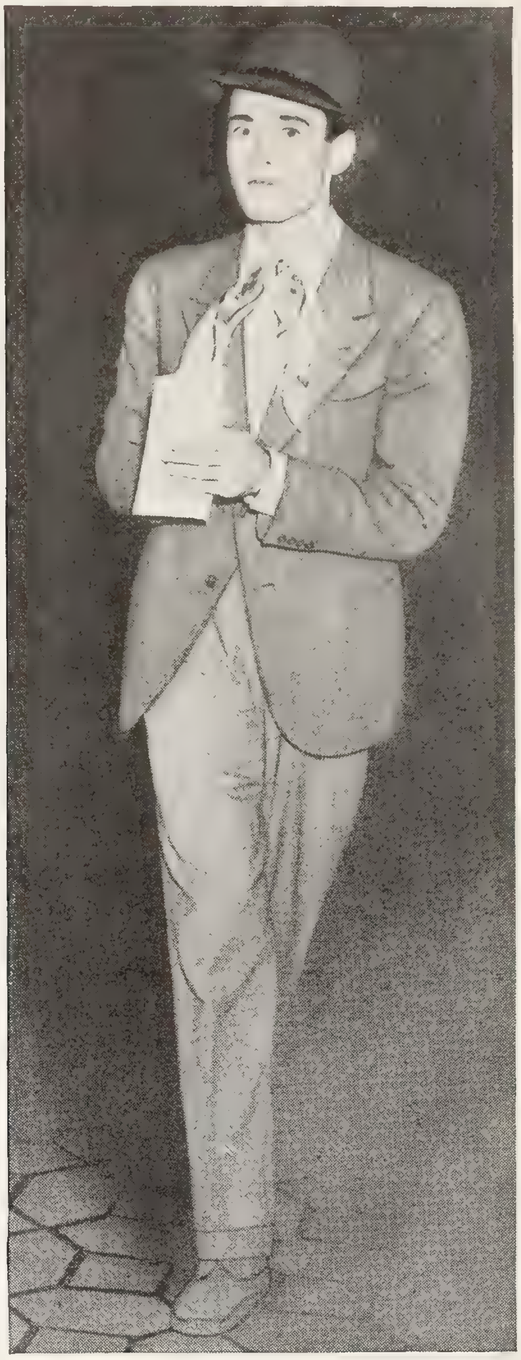

Henry Fonda looks pretty serious considering he's only going to see a preview. Note the trick neckwear!

the time. It is time that I take it, to make my dreams come true. I want to sing, I want to be an actor in plays. I have my little theatre in my home in the hills, but that is not enough.

"So I start out. First, there is the play in London with Doris Kenyon. It is called 'Royal Exchange.' It is a failure. I am inexperienced on the stage. They say I choose the wrong play also. But I do not know, I think it is good, and," defiantly, "maybe it was."

"Was that the one," we queried, "where they heckled you so?"

"Heckle me," expostulated Ramon. "They shout right out, 'Go back to Hollywood!' It was somebody in the gallery who had had too much to drink, but he started all the others. Then while I am standing on the stage trying to calm the audience, the curtain comes down on my neck. It make us all feel very badly, but particularly it is hard on my neck!

"All this happening is very bad for the life of the play. Bad publicity, bad for us. We do not sell tickets, so I put my own money in for two weeks, that the people who have rehearsed so kindly with us do not lose all their wages. Then we close."

It seemed to us that such an episode might break the spirit of an actor and send him scuttling home to the haven called Hollywood where all was admiration and not heckling. We remarked as much.

"No, that is not sensible," said Ramon. "I am starting a new career. Maybe I am not good at first, but that is true of everybody. When I begin to work for my living, I am first an usher, a waiter. I work in the Automat, then I get bits in pictures. I do all sorts of things to get started. You always have to fall down, pick yourself up and start over again.

"So then I prepare some songs for a tour with my sister who dances. We are in London and in the English provinces. We appear before the same people who did not like my play. This time, they like me now. We go to Dublin.

"Then we go through Europe. It is in Budapest that I have an unfortunate experience which comes about because I do not know all the tricks of show business." He paused. "Oh, it is funny now, but it was not so funny then.

"I hear later—and how I hear—that a news story comes out of Budapest saying that Ramon Novarro is broke and has to borrow money to get home.

"People read this and start to send me money. Yes, really. Not very much money, to be sure, but friends from whom I have not heard for a long time write and say, 'How much do you need?' Some people send me ten dollars in envelopes. I even get a couple of five dollar bills from fans who do not give an address so that I can send the money back."

"Were you really broke?" we asked.

NOVARRO gave a pained look. "No," he said, "no, no. That is silly."

"A Budapest theatre manager comes to me in London and says he will pay my railroad fare, my expenses and a good salary if I will appear for a week at his theatre. I go. I sing. It comes two days before I am to go to London, and I have received no money. I go to the manager and he says, 'I will pay you when you go. Be assured.' But I am not assured because I am told after I get to Budapest that this manager is crooked, and you have to get your money every day from the box office. I tell him I will sing no more until I get some cash. He will not give it to me. So I wire London. It is Saturday. The bank is closed. The bank is still closed Monday because it is Boxer Day.

"I am desperate. I wire some friends thinking they can send on a little, and so the story gets out I am broke. It is the hotel man who finally comes to my rescue and says, 'Mr. Novarro, do not worry, I will get your tickets, and when you get back to London, you send me a draft.'

"That was one of many things that happened to me. I would not have missed any of it. I finally come home because I have yellow jaundice which probably came from the food I ate traveling. I am in Hollywood resting when this picture, 'The Sheik Steps Out' is offered to me.

"I like it. It is like one I did once for Rex Ingram that was very good for me. I do not even talk to my lawyers about it or my friends. I think I like it. I will do it. That is part of the philosophy that I have attained. It is: do the things you think best, and do not worry.

"So I am back in Hollywood to stay." He gave a big sigh, which might have been a yawn. (In fact, we're sure it was a yawn.)

Now, we dunno what Garbo would have said at that moment, but after all, it was two a. m., so we said, "Ay tank ay should go home."

Mr. Novarro took us, pronto. And that, alas, is the finale to our "Night With Novarro."

The Awful Truth About Irene Dunne

(Continued from page 43)

ignored. Somehow, she wasn't the comedy type. Hollywood insisted on casting her in drama, with a song interjected here and there. Until Irene, herself, decided to do something about it.

In "Show Boat," she interjected a shuffle-clog in burnt-cork make-up. She sneaked to the sneak preview, unnoticed, to get the reaction to that one scene. The theatre rocked with spontaneous laughter. That decided her. She would make "Theodora Goes Wild."

"I received some awfully bad notices in 'Theodora,'" she told me, ruefully. "Some letters that said—a bit violently—that I ought to leave comedy to other people. But most of those who took the trouble to write in seemed to like the change. And all a sinner needs, to sin again, is encouragement.

I'M under contract to four studios. At one, maybe two, I'll do drama. At the third, I'll sing. But when I'm at Columbia, I'll do comedy.

"People, visiting this set and seeing me in this zany role, ask me, incredulously, 'Is it true you're going to make "Madame Curie" later?' I *am* going to make 'Madame Curie' later. And there won't be any comedy in that. Thinking of it, I say to myself, 'Well, Irene, while you *are* doing comedy, you'd better let yourself go.' So—I'm letting myself go. And having the time of my life."

She can't stress too strongly that comedy hasn't been forced upon her by the studio. She asked for it. And now she got it.

"It's funny, but the comedians all want to be tragedians, and the people who do straight dramatics would like to do comedy. At least, *I* plead guilty.

"I'm sure we'd all live years longer, if we let ourselves laugh more. And worried less."

Irene isn't much of a worrier. She never has been.

"I had an Irish father, who was easy-going—at least, with those around him. Life wasn't a trouble to him; it was a constantly entertaining experience, easy to enjoy. He was very beloved, very gay, especially with children. I know I had a grand childhood, pal-ing with him. And I think I've inherited his sense of humor, his outlook on life."

In other words, her enjoyment of laughter, her liking to hear others laugh—isn't something new for Irene. Irene has never had a dramatic success story to tell, because life has never been difficult for her. And this is why.

"You know," she said, "I can't remember ever being desperately discouraged, trying to become a singer, then an actress. I think my background and my sense of humor spared me." She smiled, in enjoyment of a thought she had just had. She told it to me. "I didn't get really discouraged until I was a star. Then I discovered that I had a battle on my hands, if I wanted to sing. They wanted me to do straight dramatics, and I wanted occasional songs. Ah, me—the troubles I've had!" She gave a sigh of mock distress.

Unlike other actresses who have come upon success by way of Melody Lane, she singularly lacks a reputation for being temperamental. I asked her about that.

"Oh, I fly at maids who leave hats on beds and shoes on tables and frighten them half to death, probably. But it's only a pose. I'm only trying out my acting on the home folks. I'm not as bothered as I make out."

I can readily believe that. I have seen her at work often enough. She has no primadonna complexes. She doesn't harass the people who work for her or with her, she mixes with them. At Columbia, she has the swankiest dressing-room of all, the penthouse atop the stars' building—and spends most of her time in the box-like crate on the set laughingly called a "portable dressing-room." She doesn't even have tantrums under provocation. As, for example, the other day:

She was having fashion portraits made. She was wearing a glamorous costume, very full, with semi-train. As you may or may not know, when a star poses for full-length fashion portraits, the folds of her skirt are pinned to the floor in careful array. Robert Kalloch, the designer, was there in person, to do the pinning. In the midst of the photographing, Kalloch was called away and forgot to come back. The photographing over, Irene couldn't move, without danger of shredding her costume—and the photographer didn't dare to try to remove the pins for fear of tearing it. Here was

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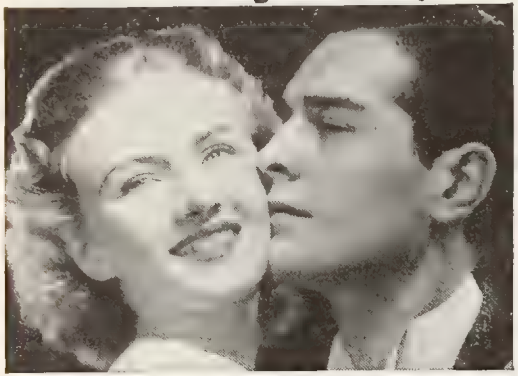

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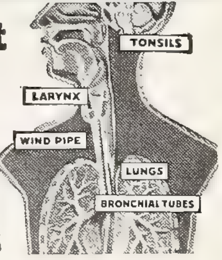

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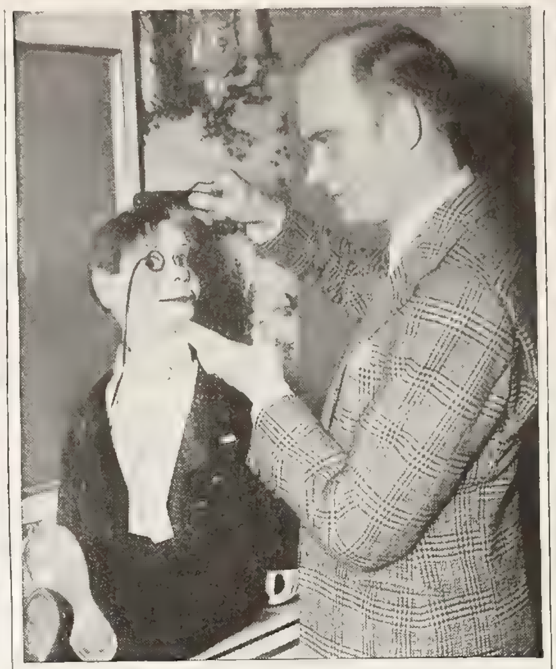

Now Charlie, no back talk! The famous Mr. McCarthy gets his hair combed by his boss, Ventriloquist Edgar Bergen. The two make their movie debut in "The Goldwyn Follies."

---

a situation to tempt the temperament in any woman. But it struck Irene funny.

She told the photographer, "It's the first time in years I've felt anchored to any one studio. I guess you'd better telephone Mr. Kalloch and tell him I'm a forgotten woman."

And she had to stand as she was, where she was, for fifteen minutes before he arrived, apologetic, anticipating a storm. Instead, he heard, "Fine thing, standing a girl up, when she's going to buy her lunch, herself!"

Little things that would harass most stars amuse Irene. The other day, for example—a very hot day—she had to wear a dress of brilliant blue sequins. It clung to her. It wasn't comfortable. And when she took it off, she bore, only too plainly, the imprint of the sequins.

"I looked like The Tattooed Woman," she said. "It reminded me of the day I was married—one of the hottest days New York ever had. It was in mid-July. They threw confetti all over me. And when I changed to my traveling outfit, you should have seen me. I looked like a rainbow trout."

In the picture, she wears a dress of translucent glass beads—beads made from milk, hardened under pressure. Someone cracked that she was going around in yards of milk. And she flipped right back, "It's the only way I can take the product. Externally. I can't afford to get fat."

She has a flair for glamorous gowns, yet no star is so addicted to pajamas. She wears them constantly around home. She wears them to the studio in the mornings, and goes through her first rehearsal in them. "I like to start the day right," she told me. "Comfortably."

She also has a knack for having happy people around her. Her maid, Anita, is the most cheerful-looking star's maid I have ever encountered. But there is an explanation, I discovered.

Anita came in, unusually upset. The reason, it seemed, was that she had just escaped, by inches, from being struck by a reckless driver. "The way some people drive, you'd think they owned the street!" she said, indignantly.

"Yes," said Irene, "you'd even think they

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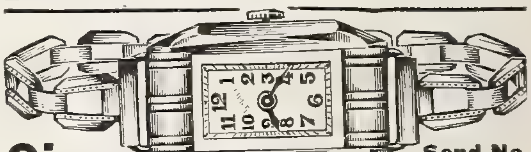

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owned the cars." She's quick, like that.

And Anita's indignation vanished in a laugh.

Irene, herself, had a chance to be indignant the day before, and turned it down. It happened this way.

"I have a new nurse for the baby. She came home yesterday, after being with a maid nearby. The other girl had told her, 'Did you know this is Irene Dunne's *third* husband?' My nurse didn't quite believe it. She wanted to deny it and defend me—but she thought she had better make sure of her ground first. I got quite a bang out of that. That was one story I *hadn't* heard about my marriage.

"I thought all rumors about—and interest in—my marriage had been exhausted long ago. I've had bales of letters from people, saying, 'We're *so* sick of reading about your husband. Won't you please talk about something else?' I'm amazed every time a new rumor pops out at me. And amused.

"Maybe people still are waiting, or hoping, to hear me say, 'It's an ideal arrangement.' I won't say it. It isn't ideal. It's a necessary arrangement that happens to have worked out.

"There's only one new change in the arrangement. Dr. Griffin does most of the commuting now. We have a house now, after all these years. And the house happens to be in California. And," she added, with a smile, "in the house is a baby—too young to do much traveling."

SHE calls the baby by both her names—Mary Frances. A blonde with wisps of curls and tremendous blue eyes, Mary Frances has a smile that would enslave anyone around her for five minutes. I know—I've seen her. And Irene is enslaved. I know that, too. I've seen her with Mary Frances.

She is as proudly embarrassed as any young mother, when anyone comments on her child's prettiness. "But looks are so secondary in a child!" she told me. "All that we wanted was a child in perfect health, with a perfect background. And Mary Frances fitted the description.

"Now I hear that we're going to adopt a little boy as a playmate for her. It's so silly! It's hardly worth denying. You don't just say, 'I'm going to adopt a child,' and go somewhere and get one. You have to know the child and the child's background; you have to be *so* sure, in fairness to the child, that you can give him—or her—a lifetime of affection.

"For years, we had talked intermittently of adopting a child. I thought I wanted a boy—until I actually saw Mary Frances. Now I can't imagine another baby in her place."

It was more than mother-instinct that prompted the adoption. It was partly that old urge in Irene to have happy people around her. And children are happy people.

Irene, herself, is the happiest she has ever been in her life. You can't escape that impression, being with her, hearing her talk about her new life, her little girl.

"We have breakfast together, every morning at six. Most homes are so still then. But there is such life, such goings-on, in ours, at six in the morning. She calls me 'Mimi' or 'My Mimi,' with *such* feeling. And she definitely has a sense of humor. She never fails to imitate me when I've said something I shouldn't have said, like 'Uh-huh.' She's teaching me, as much as I'm teaching her. I don't like ocean swimming particularly—I've been knocked out so many times by breakers. But every time we go down to the beach, my baby screams at coming *out* of the water, not getting in. She'll probably make a swimmer out of me yet."

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The Joel McCreas (Frances Dee) take in a preview. Joel looks like he's in a hurry or maybe he's just anxious to see how he turns out in "Dead End."

mandy house on a hilltop in Holmby Hills, Irene had a reputation for restlessness, constantly moving from house to house. But that reputation was an accident.

"I made a bad mistake, when I first came to Hollywood," she told me. "I didn't stop at a hotel downtown, where there would have been a little excitement, a little noise, a little life. I stayed in a hotel in Beverly Hills. I had a room over a garden, facing some little white houses. Regular little Dutch Cleanser houses. There I was, shut up in that hotel room by one of those heavy California dews, looking out over that garden at those little white houses. Nobody ever seemed to go into them, nobody ever came out. For three weeks, absolutely nothing ever happened. It just rained.

"When it looked as if Hollywood wanted me to stay, the first thing I did was to get out of that hotel room and into a furnished house. Any house. The one I rented, I could have for only six months; then I had to move. I never could seem to rent a place for any length of time. I always had to be moving.

"And—well, finally, I reached the point where I had to have a solid, permanent home. Also," she added, with a reminiscent smile, "I couldn't forget all the furniture we had, and no place to put it, except into storage. It had been there practically ever since our honeymoon . . . I think," she added, "I had a domestic urge."

Her favorite piece of furniture is a deep-cushioned easy chair covered in chintz, now in her library. "I'll never part with that chair. I can remember myself curled up in it, reading my first telegram from Holly-

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Boy, catch that strangle hold! Mickey Rooney, all eyes and ears, so that he won't miss anything at the wrestling matches.

---

wood, asking myself, 'Shall I go? Will I like it? Will they like me? Am I a movie type?'"

The rugs from the house came from Austria. They bought them on their trip abroad last year, spending far more than they intended, impelling Irene to cable a Hollywood friend, "Having wonderful time. Wish I could afford it."

The yard has no swimming pool, because, says Irene, "I've noticed a funny thing about people with pools. They don't know what to do with them. They practically have to beg people to come and swim, so that they can honestly feel they're getting their money's worth out of their pools."

The yard does have a garden, but Irene has given up trying to work in it. She says, in explanation, "It's amazing how gardening blisters your hands, *through* the gloves."

That would seem to make her out a softie. Yet she is the only woman golfer in Hollywood, and perhaps the world, who has ever made a hole-in-one, not once, but twice. How did that happen?

"The second time, I went out to the Bel-Air course, with only just so long to play. I had to go around quickly. So, instead of warming up, I started out with a terrific drive—and pulled some tendon in my arm. It was painful, but I dragged myself around the course. I wasn't to be cheated out of my game.

"Finally, the arm was so bad, I could hardly lift it. But on this one hole I lifted it enough to get off a long drive—hoping to save myself strokes. And plop!—it was a hole-in-one. My caddy goes back to the clubhouse and tells everybody. With the result that I have to buy everybody champagne. It seems it's a club rule, when anyone makes a hole-in-one. Even the women have to pay. Can you imagine it?"

She laughed and I had to laugh with her. She's like that. Always full of fun and ready to tell any kind of a story on herself. That's why everybody likes her, why she's considered such an easy person to work with.

As I said before, the awful truth about Irene Dunne is—the girl has a sense of humor.

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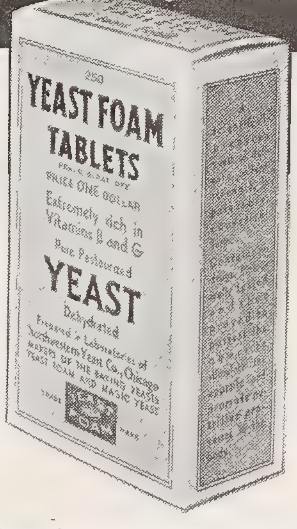

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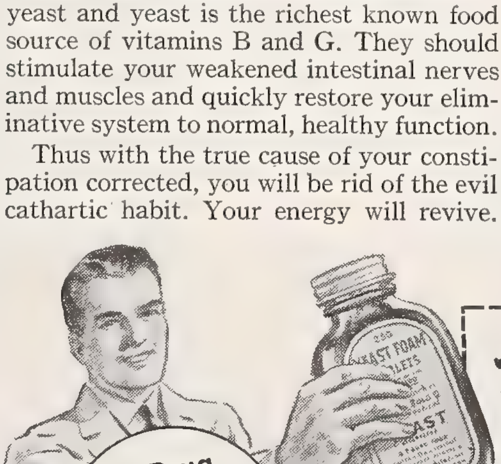
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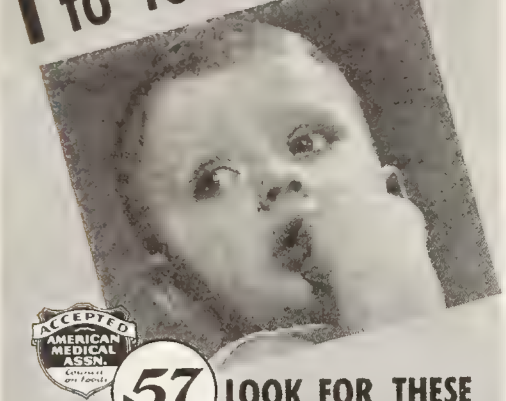

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That Hepburn-Rogers Feud

(Continued from page 39)

No feud, and here's why:

The two girls are friends. More, they have been friends ever since they first came onto the lot, both gangling, practically unknown and certainly unsung, freckle-faced (yes, both of 'em) and red-headed.

Ginger had made a few pictures for other companies. Late in 1932, RKO needed a young dancer to play opposite Fred Astaire in "Flying Down To Rio." They chose Ginger. Thus her career was born. A few months before that, in July, Hepburn came on from New York to a studio which, to put it bluntly, was definitely not sold on her. She made "Bill of Divorcement." Thus her career was born. Together, the two youngsters began on the same lot. And with careers such leagues apart, their friendship was conceived and grew.

They became stars. They have dressing-room suites on the same corridor and have had from the start. Make pictures at the same time. Report together to the make-up man and chatter amiably over cups of coffee and pots of grease-paint liberally provided by that master maker-upper, Mel Burns.

Ginger says, "Go ahead, Katie, your turn first," and Katie says, "No, you go first, it's okay by me."

Now about that matter of still pictures. As you may know, all major stars have a right to "kill" any stills of themselves which they do not like. The publicity department wondered when it realized that Hepburn and Rogers were united in a picture, whether one would kill stills another okayed and vice versa.

The department told me that it was pleasantly surprised. There was a lower mortality among stills than was customary. And one day an interesting thing happened. Katie was not working. She dropped onto the set for a visit. A group of proofs was handed to Ginger, who was so busy that she went over them hurriedly, passed them without really examining them. Hepburn noticed the casual okay. She went over them in her turn. One was swell of Katie, not at all swell of Ginger. Quietly Katie took it over to Ginger. "It's okay by me," she said, "but do you think you want it?" The still was killed.

They would come to grief over the matter of wardrobe, said Hollywood. Muriel King dressed Hepburn for "Sylvia Scarlett." The two girls are close friends. Katie wanted her to dress her for "Stage Door." Now, Muriel has also dressed Ginger, but she has done more for Katie, and there is the little matter of their personal friendship. The studio wished both girls to be dressed by the same person. What would happen?

Nothing happened. Hepburn played a wealthy girl, stage struck, trying to make a name for herself on Broadway. Ginger played a young dancer, trying to get a musical-comedy job. Both girls agreed that there could be no conflict between their wardrobes, and both agreed that, of course, Muriel King must dress them. So all was calm.

Neither girl, I am told, was ever temperamental on the set. No, not even Hepburn. She may be difficult with interviewers and photographers, shy and evasive with Mr. and Mrs. John Public. But on the set she

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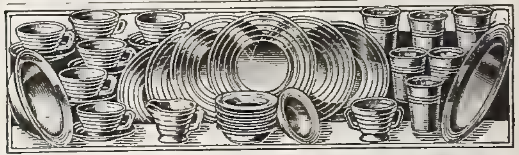

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was the equal of Ginger in coöperativeness and good humor.

ANOTHER thing people wondered about was the tea-time hour. For years now, Hepburn has served tea and cakes to the entire cast at four o'clock. And people also knew that Ginger has a habit of serving ice-cream and cakes. Ginger so dotes on ice cream and allied confections that she has had a complete soda-water fountain installed in her new home. So what would happen?

Both girls laughed boisterously when they heard that this was rumored to be part of their feud. For what would happen, they asked the heavens? Very simple. Hepburn still brought the tea and cakes. Ginger still brought the ice-cream and cakes. And the cast and crew waxed fatter and fatter.

They disagreed at times, of course. Hepburn tried to sell Ginger the idea of flying. Hepburn won't travel unless she can fly, and Ginger is deathly afraid of the air. And Ginger often tried to sell Hepburn the idea of giving interviews, of playing the publicity game for her own good. Hepburn leaves the set the instant the last shot is made. She often hops a plane for New York with her make-up still on, so as not to lose any time. Ginger stays around until the final cutting and editing is done, interested in every detail. They argued about this point. Each failed to convince the other. But remained on excellent terms.

The real secret of their friendship lies, however, not in such external congenialities. I believe that I discovered the reason.

They both have a genius for realizing that people are as they are, and that you either accept them as they are, or you let them alone. And, they have the rare ability of letting each other alone. They sense the forbidden territories in one another and never trespass. Ginger, for example, loves to give parties and go to parties. Katie prefers to keep to herself when she is in Hollywood, doing her entertaining when she is at home, in the East. That's all right with both of them. Now and again, Ginger goes to Katie's house for a quiet dinner; now and again Katie goes to Ginger's for the same sort of an evening. Otherwise, they go their separate, social ways and no questions asked and no grudges borne.

Another secret of their friendship is that they laugh at the same things. It has been said that if two people in love can laugh together, their love is safe. Katie and Ginger laugh together, and so their friendship is safe.

THE first time I ever saw the girls together they came around the corner of one of the streets on their lot in Katie's disreputable Ford beach car. Katie was at the wheel, exceeding the studio's rigid rule of five miles an hour on the lot. Ginger was hanging onto the side. Both were dressed in the favorite attire of both—slacks. And both were laughing uproariously at some private joke of their own.

They pulled up at the main gate, tumbled out in a heap, accompanied by four assorted puppies, something that resembled an oversized picnic basket, another girl, and a huge Maltese cat. With a shout of greeting for a group of studio executives standing near, a nod to one of the most dignified of the women stars, they disappeared momentarily into one of the buildings, to reappear shortly minus the luggage but still accompanied by the menagerie.

They hopped into the car, Ginger still risking her million-dollar legs on the running board and disappeared in a cloud of dust, while the executives shut their eyes, folded their hands and prayed for the best.

Studio executives tell me that they never attempt to talk business to one girl if the other is around. Some horrid practical joke is inevitable. There is something about the pomposity of business which rouses their risibilities, fatal to anyone concerned.

They are constantly to be found, in odd corners of the lot, giggling over some new joke, frequently a practical number. Startled visitors recently who had been told they might be vouchsafed a glimpse of Ginger but never, never, never of Hepburn, beheld the pair of them perched together atop one of the huge ash-cans which are placed at convenient intervals about the studio. They were curled up there comfortably reading one of the gayer weekly magazines and chortling like school girls. Both were indulging in all-day-suckers.

Nor is "Stage Door" the first picture in which their studio almost cast the girls together. Ginger wanted desperately to play the role of "Queen Elizabeth" in Katie's "Mary of Scotland." She actually took tests for the role—under an assumed name. You know the rest. She got found out and that was that. The studio was a bit fearful about how the public would accept their favorite dancing star in such a very dramatic role. "Easy does it," they reasoned. And, of course, had Ginger played "Elizabeth," her name would have taken second billing. Juggle it as you will, say both girls, someone's name has got to be billed first. They never gave the matter a thought, they both aver, until the rumored feud set everyone a-fuming.

No, there were no fireworks. No feud. There is only friendship.

This is the "inside" of the most rumored feud Hollywood has ever tried to nurture on its broad buzzum.

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Their Beauty Secrets

(*Continued from page 49*)

posture, but in everyday life, she's apt to forget. She'll slump, duck her head forward and walk badly if she isn't careful. So she does posture exercises. Walks back and forth across the room with a book on her head. Does the goose-step, to strengthen the muscles of her legs, which are a bit on the childish, reedy style as yet.

I asked her if she had ever tried the stunt I told you about last month, tensing the muscles of the thighs, which automatically throws the stomach in, slims the hips and buttocks, and prevents slumping. She said, yes, she did that on the screen when she wanted to maintain a good standing posture, but that it wasn't a bit of help when one is sitting down. I thanked her for a good bit of criticism and asked what she does when "sitting pretty." She said she makes believe she is trying to pull her abdominal muscles back to meet her spinal column.

"Which," she said, giggling, "comes under the head of the impossible, but you'd be surprised what it does for sitting posture." Try it, and see if Deanna isn't right.

I talked to a couple of the gals who have trouble putting on a little desired weight, Loretta Young and Janet Gaynor. They allowed as how the only way to put on weight is to eat, live right, and get plenty of sleep. And—wouldn't you know it—both these girls vastly prefer consommé and spinach to pie and mashed potatoes, while those who should stick to vegetables go in for creamy food and sweets galore.

An important factor in the lives of three lovely models from "Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938." Forgive our pun, but we just want to let you know that these three pretty things, together with most of feminine Hollywood, use Max Factor's preparations on account of they like them best.

FIVE nights a week they try to get to bed by ten o'clock. One day a week, when she isn't working, Janet stays in bed. Reads and sews and lallygags around and enjoys it immense. They both eat three good healthy meals a day and offered this tip to thin girls who simply detest breakfast. They don't try to eat directly after they get up. They go for a walk or a ride first and let the fresh air work up an appetite for that uninteresting morning meal. And they always have cereal for breakfast,

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even if they can't quite manage the eggs and bacon. A big bowl of warm cereal—even in warm weather—with cream and sugar and maybe some fresh or stewed fruit. If you have that, thin girls, you'll be taking a big step in the right direction, and then if you can go as far as a poached or boiled egg or two, and a little toast and a beverage, that'll be so much the better.

Loretta doesn't like milk, but she forces down a large glass in the middle of the morning—flavored with vanilla, it isn't so bad—and in the afternoon as a big frosted drink. A chocolate milk-shake or a malted milk, or something like that. Janet doesn't like eggs much, so she goes in for custards, made with plenty of eggs. And these two girls, it may surprise you to learn, are among the very few stars who go in for massage. For thin people, who are inclined to live on their nervous energy, an occasional relaxing massage when one is very tired is a swell idea.

For plump folks, now, as I've said before, massage is an emergency measure, and not a very sensible one. It may be instrumental in doing away with excess flesh temporarily, but, quoting La Lombard, who tried it once and learned better, "It's as impermanent as a bath. You shortly have the same work to do all over again, so you might as well do it the right way in the first place."

I went over to Warners and had a most sensible and helpful chat with that sensible and helpful star, Bette Davis. She's noted for thinking straight and talking straight on every subject, and beauty problems weren't any exception.

"In the first place," said Bette, "I'm no beauty, so let's not call them beauty secrets. Good-looks secrets, if you like. I'm just like millions of girls all over the country. I have my good points and my bad points. Large eyes, good teeth, and folks say my mouth is dramatic, whatever that means. But I have freckles. My hair is in good condition because I take good care of it, but I wish I'd never had it bleached. However, that was for my art, and photographic reasons.

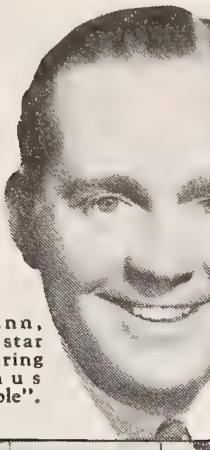
"I'm not overweight, but I have figure problems like most of the world. A tiny waist and, for my size and weight, a rather large front. Once I had a tendency to slump, in a misguided effort to look smaller in that there locality. 'Twas a mistake. All girls who are, or think they are, full-busted should stand up straight, look like women, wear a good uplift bra, and not be self-conscious.

"When, as, and if I do put on weight, it goes promptly in the wrong place—around the hips. And you know what the effect is when one's waist is small and one's hips zoom out below.

"There's no secret about any of the following; it's just plain common sense. But most girls won't be sensible about their figures. They won't cut down. They wait till they tip the scales at one hundred and sixty, and then they cut out. They'll starve when they do make up their minds to do so, but they won't give up a potato or a biscuit otherwise. Conversely, thin people stuff themselves periodically in an effort to put on weight. Then their overworked stomachs rebel, and the owners of those stomachs go back to eating entirely too little, or all the wrong things.

I EAT what I please, in reason. I exercise moderately. I take a cocktail or two now and then. I'm not a slave to the weighing machine. I have one dress which is my figure-gage. It's long and tight through the body, and has tiny covered buttons all the way down the front.

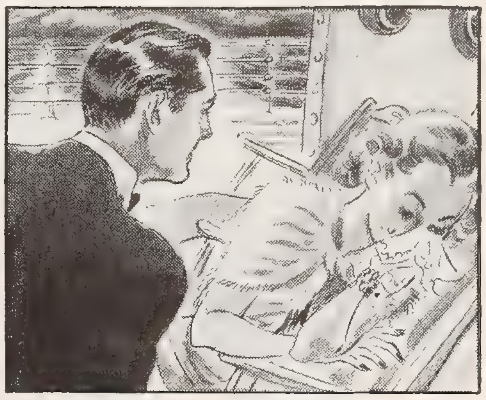
"If, standing facing the mirror, the umph of that dress is spoiled by a wobbly hip-line, I pep up my exercising. If, stand-



James Dunn, Columbia star now appearing in "Venus Makes Trouble".

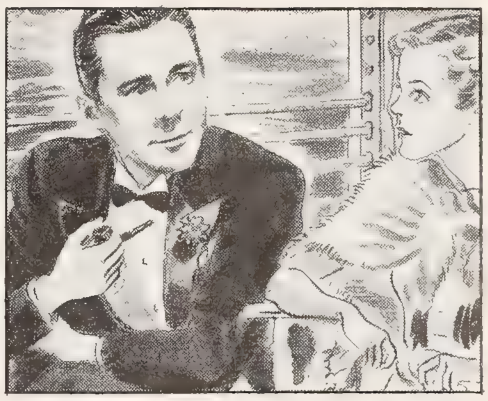
Jimmy Dunn drops a hint

"I MET THEM ON SHIPBOARD—Tom and Sally Roberts, on their honeymoon. They seemed ideally suited . . .



"IMAGINE MY SURPRISE, then, to find Sally alone on deck one night—huddled in a corner crying her heart out . .

"SHE TOLD ME HER TROUBLES—said Tom seemed to be tiring of her ...He was always finding fault with her appearance and he didn't even care about kissing her any more...



"JUDGING TOM BY OTHER MEN—who are always repelled by dry, rough lips—I dropped a pretty broad hint about the lipstick that I've heard so many girls praising for its Beauty-Cream base . . ."

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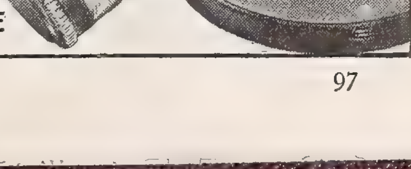

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BEFORE—"Summer sun left my hair all streaked with lighter shades—so unattractive I was ashamed to go out."

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"I was born blonde," says Miss H. C. "but my hair gradually darkened as I grew older. Then, one summer vacation, overexposure to sun and water caused my hair to become lighter in streaks. In desperation, I went to a famous beauty specialist for advice and he recommended that I use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash—to restore my hair to its original, *natural* sunny, golden shade. Now I'm more popular than ever and everyone admires my hair."

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ing sideways, the buttons indicate an unwanted curve over the tum, I go buy myself a new, nice, snug girdle, and cut down a little on the eating. It isn't how much you weigh that's important—within reasonable limits, of course. It's how firm and healthy your flesh is, and how trim and trig the lines of your figure are.

"For breakfast I have fruit or fruit-juice, a great big highball glass of either of the last two, and one piece of toast with butter and honey, and one cup of coffee with the fixings. It doesn't matter what kind of bread you eat, I'm convinced.

"But if you're trying to lose weight, toast the bread to a dried-out crispness. Use no butter at all, or just a thin scraping—enough to make it palatable. Honey isn't fattening. Also, if you're trying to lose, drink the beverage straight and like it. And don't sit around half the morning swigging black coffee, either. A lot of liquid in your stomach makes you bloated. Twice I have gotten rid of a slight bulge in front by cutting way down on liquids alone, and continuing to eat as usual.

"For lunch I usually have clear soup, a green salad and iced or hot tea. But if I'm real hungry, I believe in eating a good meal in the middle of the day occasionally. Especially when I'm working. It should be a sensible meal, though. A lamb chop, or small steak, with two green, unadorned vegetables, is far less harmful to the figure than some creamed tea-room nonsense, or a drug store sandwich and soda.

"When I do indulge in a hearty meal in the middle of the day, I'm careful to eat a rather skimpy dinner. Otherwise, I go in for the works at dinner, only cutting out desserts and the starch element when I think the figure needs it.

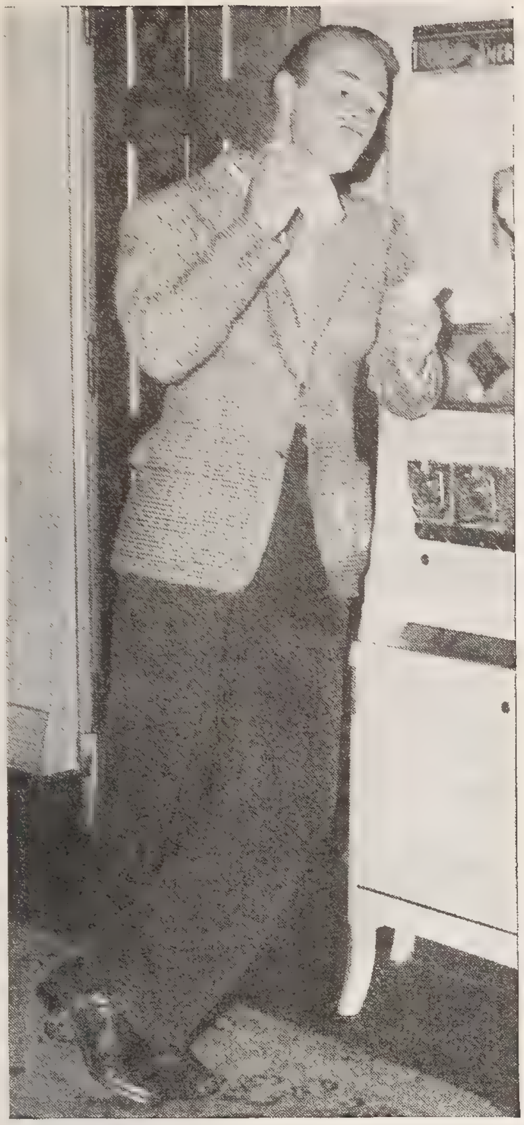
"If any of that could be called secret, your readers are welcome to it. I like to swim, and I swim as much as I can. It keeps one firm and supple at the same time, but it won't reduce you. My hip exercise sounds pretty funny and looks still funnier, but it does the trick. I bounce—bounce on the offending bulge, whether it's right smack on the rear or over to the side—you know, on that little cushion which appears to the southeast of the hipbone."

Well, ladies (this is La Marshall speaking now) I've devoted all that space to Bette's advice because I think it's so sound. But I'm not forgetting some other beauty tips sent to you, with love, from certain of the other stars. We've finished with the figger for this article and we'll see what the Hollywood belles have to say about hair, make-up and such.

I asked Madeleine Carroll about the care of fine, blond hair. Her advice was, in effect: don't wash it too much. It's a great temptation to do so, because blond hair does look so elegant and fluffy after a shampoo. Rub your scalp and the hair itself with a Turkish towel, every other night, to remove dust and surplus oil. Or put a pad of cotton over your hair brush and brush your hair with it, changing the cotton as soon as it's even faintly soiled.

Miss C. confessed without any self-consciousness to using rinses. They're necessary for golden blondes, ash blondes and medium blondes, says she. The only kind of blond hair which usually retains its color and sheen without a little mild assistance is the kind with quite a bit of red in it. But, she said, do be careful with these here rinses. Use only a little, and the best.

You've all heard, I suppose, that Joan Crawford washes her hair every day. That's not quite true, as is the case with so many of the things you read about the moom pitcher stars. Joan has a daily shampoo only when she's working, because



Wayne Morris had a hard time making up his mind which gal to date for "Dead End."

the necessary heavy picture make-up gets in her hair in more ways than one. Otherwise, Joan has a fortnightly shampoo, just like other folks. Another point here, which Miss Crawford brought out, is that her hair is rather coarse, sturdy, has always been healthy, and consequently can stand a little rougher treatment than fine, silky hair.

GINGER ROGERS passed along a nice frivolous make-up tip. Only to be used for evening wear, she cautioned. It has to do with putting on mascara, and it gives an elegant, glamorous look to practically any pair of eyes. Carefully rub a little cold cream or oil into the lashes. Then powder them rather thickly. The cream makes the powder stick. Now apply your mascara. The cream and the powder make the mascara stick, just booful, and your lashes seem twice as long and thick as they really are.

Claudette Colbert answered the call for help with several clever and practical tips. She said her favorite make-up cleaner-upper is, and has been for years, an ordinary pipe cleaner. She goes around the eyes, in the corners of the nose, and in the crease of the chin with a pipe cleaner, to remove excess powder. The same little inexpensive aid to grooming will fix up the lipstick line, if your hand has slipped.

She also said that, after she applies cream rouge, she goes away from the mirror for a few minutes, then comes back and looks at herself anew. Cream rouge, she says, has a habit of sneaking up on you and, while you may not think you've

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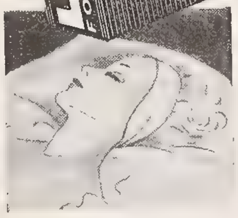
3rd STEP
Resting for 20 minutes.

4th STEP
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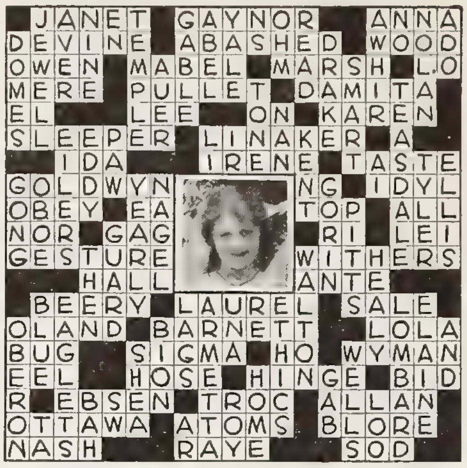
SOLUTION TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 24



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applied too much, it's apt to brighten or deepen in tone after it gets on your face. She hopes you all know enough to put lipstick on dry lips—moisture sperls the smoothness.

And, unless you have a full mouth, here is the best way to apply it for the most natural looking results: fix the upper lip as you want it and apply plenty of lipstick. Then press your lips together, as if you were saying "Mmmm!" and sufficient lipstick will blot off on the lower lip. Blend it properly in, and that's that.

She says if you'll kindly remember not to wet your lips, drink a glass of water, or smoke a cigarette for ten minutes after you've put your lipstick on, it'll kind of "set" and stay put for a surprisingly long time.

WE all have our preferences for brands of make-up, and the movie stars are no exception. However, I was surprised at the number of them who use, exclusively, the preparations of a certain gent who is famous the world over for his products, both those which take care of the skin, keep it clean and stimulated and so on, and those which dress it up.

The stars all say that these products are, of course, pure as the driven snow, which is the first important consideration. But over and above that, this brand provides such a variety of shades of powder, rouge, lipstick and eyeshadow. Enough to suit every type. And moderately priced, what's more.

Dorothy Day, one of the beauteous Walter Wanger models for his "Vogues of 1938," gave me a tip which I think you'll be glad to hear about. I admired her page-boy bob because it was so soft and not stiff and artificial-looking, as so many of those bobs are. She said she did it herself.

I guess I looked as if I didn't believe her, for she proceeded to show me. It's a trick that can be worked if you have medium coarse hair with a slight tendency to curl. Fine hair, or absolutely straight hair wouldn't do.

After your shampoo, do your hair up on those rollers you can buy in the five-and-dime, but instead of turning it up, turn it under. It's as simple as that, but you must be very neat and careful and not put too much hair on one roller. And you must let the hair get absolutely dry before you take the rollers out. Don't be in a hurry to see how it looks and spoil all your work. A little patience and you will be surprised how simply gorgeous your hair-do will look with nary a visit to the beauty parlor!

There now—that's all I've time and space for. I hope you'll find a hint here which will solve your troubles. If not, watch for M. M. in the next issue of MODERN SCREEN.

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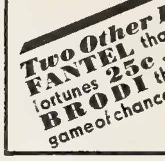

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If You Met Robert Taylor

(*Continued from page 35*)

should have done. His tie was yanked so tight around his throat that he was about to choke. He didn't say anything—he just stood there, as best he could, the picture of white, furious, disgusted misery.

A woman on the outside of the crowd fainted. It gave me an idea.

Somehow, I fought my way to him. Using elbows and feet to advantage, I got there. I was right next to Taylor and threw my arms about his neck. He said, "Please . . . !" in a strangled sort of voice. I whispered rapidly:

"Please play along with me for a minute and I'll get you out of this. Take the steps there down to the lower level."

Perhaps the poor guy was willing to take any sort of a chance at that point. Anyway, he did play along with me. I fainted —beautifully and convincingly. He picked me up, shoving aside a bevy of hysterical wrens as he did so.

"I've got to get this girl out of here," he said. "Kindly stand aside."

For some reason or other—perhaps it was the tone of his voice—they did stand aside. He made for the steps.

On the second flight of steps toward the lower level, he put me down.

"Now let's run like hell for the Union News lunch room over there," said I. "Duck your head down and look like a commuter."

In the lunch room is an old dear of a waiter who has served me my morning coffee for years—all through school and the four years I've been working. I knew he'd help me.

"Here," I said to Bob Taylor, handing him my tortoise-shell glasses. "Put these on." I grabbed a paper from the newsstand. "Hide behind this. Two coffees, please, Dan, and two of those bun things."

The lunch room wasn't very full, thank heaven. The coffee and buns came.

I turned to old Dan.

"We're in a little trouble and perhaps you can help us out."

"Sure, an' I will if I can."

"This gentleman is Robert Taylor. The movie star," I added since there was some doubt in my mind whether Dan had caught up with anything more recent than "Broken Blossoms."

"Mother of . . . !" he commenced and piously stopped.

"Shhh! He's been torn apart by a bunch of silly fools upstairs. How can we get out of here and can you lend him a hat?"

"A hat, now," pondered Dan. "Me own! 'Twould be a disguise for innybody. An' if the two of yez want to slip behind them cakes there, and go to the left, an' thin to the right, an' thin to the left agin, ye'll come out on Lexington, through an alley. Ye know where I mane?"

"Uh huh!"

"I'll get me hat."

Dan came back with the hat, a nice shapeless brown fedora model that had seen better days a long time ago. And with Dan came a high soprano shriek from the revolving doors.

"There he is! There he is!"

Bearing down upon us, hat askew and stylish-stout chiffon afloat in a breeze of her own creating, was the vanguard of the mob. I didn't have to tell Mr. T. to get going. He told me. He grabbed me by the hand and we flew around them cakes, to the left, to the right, to the left again and

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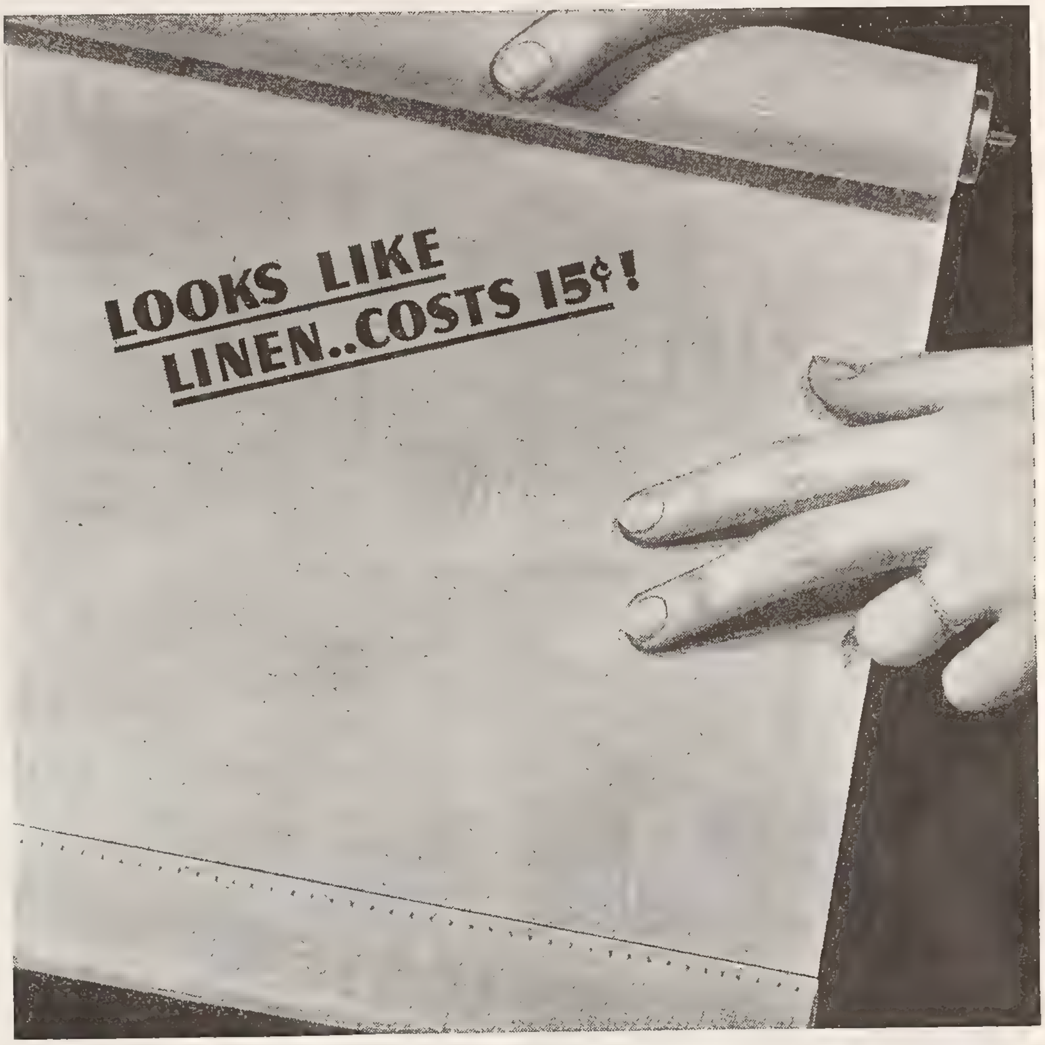

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out into the alley that led to Lexington Avenue and the comparative safety of a taxi.

"Where to, Mister?" asked the driver.

"Oh. Huh?" said Bob Taylor.

"Why don't I drop you first, Jack?" I asked, fancying myself pretty much over the Jack. "Don't you want to stop by the Waldorf?"

"Oh. Yes. I'm supposed to go to the Waldorf."

"Okay, mister."

WE started crawling through the nerve-wracking traffic of midtown.

"Maybe it would be better if you went up to the Metro office first," I said. "They could get you a police escort or something."

"No," answered Bob Taylor. He was silent for a few minutes and then he said:

"Look here. I'm—I'm stuck for something to say to thank you. You've certainly been—well, swell is tame!"

"Well," I answered, "if I want to be truthful, I should tell you I've gotten a great kick out of this little adventure in my humdrum life. I—I have admired you on the screen and I had come down to the train to gawp at you like all the rest of those women. But I hate the way some of them acted!"

"Yes," he said, and stopped again.

"Say," he sat up suddenly. "If it's not too much. . . . I've gotten this far under your chaperonage—couldn't we ride around for a while? I mean, I don't want you to think anything funny. But I'm better off in a taxi than I'd be anywhere else. Just say so, if you don't want to, but—"

If I didn't want to! Oh, my land, my land! If he could have known the foolish, shameful, giddy thoughts that surged up in my mind. But no—no, no. I'd continue to be nice and casual and sensible and friendly. As I really *did* feel. Really I did. In the upper layer of my consciousness, if you know what I mean.

"Well," I said, in as matter-of-fact a voice as I could summon, "I should enjoy it very much, you must know that. If you think it would be all right. We must be careful and not get caught in any mob scene again and have some stupid gossip start. Where would you like to go?"

"Could we do some sight-seeing? I'd like to see Grant's Tomb. And the Aquarium. And Radio City. And the Empire State Building. And buy a present for Mrs. Brugh in Saks-Fifth Avenue." His voice sounded dreamy.

We went. We went up Riverside Drive first and Bob Taylor said he never could understand why that lovely locality wasn't regarded as the swankiest residential part of New York. Why Park Avenue, he wanted to know—stuck there in the middle of town, over the railroad tracks? I said I guessed it was just another evidence of the dumbness of fashionable localities. We went into the building which is the last resting place of the fiery, blasphemous little man who took one blood-drenched half of the Union and made it say "Uncle!" to the other. We remembered, at the same instant, Gary Cooper standing in Grant's Tomb in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," and Bob Taylor said, "You know, I feel the same way Cooper was supposed to feel in that scene. You New Yorkers take this sort of thing so for granted. It doesn't mean anything to you. I used to read about things like this back in Beatrice, Nebraska, and long to see it all."

He was very serious most of the time. None of the flip wisecracking that is Hollywood's chief form of conversation. Coming out onto the Drive again, I looked sentimentally over to the buildings of Columbia University.

"It's good to see the old place, occasionally," I remarked. "I went to Barnard."

"OH BOY! NO MORE WORMS"

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* A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

"Did you? A girl from the next town to us went to Barnard. She had a swell time. The envy of all the rest, because she went to college in New York. I wanted to come East and study medicine but—well, look where I landed." He blew out his cheeks and pushed Dan's hat further down on his nose.

"You're not doing badly," I remarked drily. Was he going to be one of these movie stars who bemoan their pitiful lot?

"Oh, I'm not complaining, by any means," he hastened to say. "But I get so woggly in the head out there sometimes, I don't know *what* I want. When I'm working, it's okay—I do the best I can and try to improve. But when I'm not working. . . . Sometimes I'm sick and tired of the whole game—the artificiality and the hooey and the politics. I don't know whether I want to stick—or quit. I don't know whether I want to get married—or not. That hasn't anything to do with my feeling for—for her, you understand. It's just that I can't tell whether we'd make a go of it in that screwy atmosphere. Like as not, the studio would have fits if I really up and did get married. And that's to be considered, too—for there are the days when I find the life pretty fine. The money, and the fame and the glory. And some of those directors can really take hold of you and *make* you feel the reality and emotion of the story you're doing. Then it all means something. I dunno." He looked out the taxi window. "This is a wonderful city. Where are you taking me now?"

"Well, it depends on how much time you have," I said. "I thought we'd—"

"I've got all day, dammit!" he shouted. "And all evening, too! That reminds me. . . . Are the Stadium Concerts on?"

They were.

"Then I want to go to the one tonight, if the rain stops," he shouted some more. "Look, we'll do all we can today, and have dinner, and if it isn't raining, we'll go to the Stadium, and if it is, we'll see a show —'Room Service'—that is, if you haven't seen it—or else—"

I calmed him down. Told him that we couldn't go to a restaurant on account of his famous pan, nor to a show. But we could sneak into the Stadium among the music lovers and I'd take him home and cook him a dinner. And in the meantime, we'd see everything he wanted to see that was safe. He looked at me for a long time and took both my hands and I couldn't stop my heart from thumping, thumping. Nor could I help noticing how amazingly blue his eyes were, and what a genuine, lovable personality shone through them.

"I'm thinking about the man you marry," he said. "He's a lucky, lucky fellow!"

(Ah, there, Henry! Take notice of that. I really do love you, Henry, and we're going to be married next June. But it doesn't hurt to dream dreams occasionally, does it? Bet you moon around over Ginger Rogers or Lombard or one of those belles sometimes yourself.)

WE actually did go to the Aquarium (so help me, I'd never been there before in all the years I've lived in New York) and took the boat trip around the city, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the Natural History Museum—and if this makes Robert Taylor sound dreary and dull, I've told my tale very badly. Because it was all wondrous to him. Things he'd read about and heard about all his life. Things he was convinced must be interesting and marvelous, not routine and kind of dumb and to-be-expected as I had always felt. He apologized a dozen times for dragging me through places that I must know practically by heart, and I was ashamed to say that many of them were just about as brand-new to me as the Taj-Mahal would be.

Come six-thirty, I dragged him by main force to my two-by-four flat. Telephoned for groceries. Gave him towel and washcloth and told him to go clean up his dirty face. Would he have a highball? No. Sherry? Yes, thanks. A dinner—so easy to prepare, so dear to every masculine heart—appeared upon the table. Steak, medium rare. Beaucoup onions. Hash-brown potatoes. A really good salad, if I do say so, as shouldn't. A huckleberry pie from the place on Eighth Street. Coffee, good and strong. Then I said:

"It's cleared up, and if we're going to hear a concert, we'd better step on it. You really seem to care for music, don't you?"

"Yes," he said. "I do. You've probably read in the dear old fan magazines about my playing the 'cello. Well, I do play it, though not especially well. I'm the fellow who always says, 'I don't know much about music, but I know what I like.' The only thing is, I flatter myself that I usually like pretty good stuff. Iturbi's conducting tonight, I saw. Let's go."

The fates were with me. For they played "The Ride of the Valkyrie," Tschaikowsky's Fifth, the overture to Smetana's "Bartered Bride" and Strauss' "Salome's Dance." A program to stir the pulses if ever there was one! And we weren't noticed once—we were just one of the crowd. My glasses, and Dan's hat, and the slicker, two sizes too big, were a better disguise than Paul Muni's make-up in "Zola."

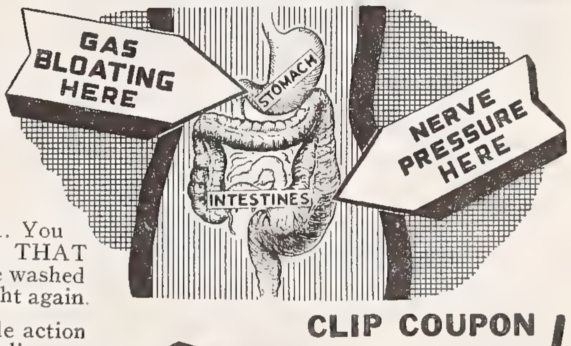
I said, "Let's find a taxi and you get out at the Waldorf." It was over. He said, "No, I'm going to take you home." And I couldn't help but say, "All right."

I held out my hand on the first step of the brown-stone-front.

"It's been wonderful," I said.

"It has," said Bob Taylor. "I'd like to

What Two Things Happen When You Are *Constipated?*



When you are constipated two things happen. FIRST: Wastes swell up the bowels and press on nerves in the digestive tract. This nerve pressure causes headaches, a dull, lazy feeling, bilious spells, loss of appetite and dizziness. SECOND: Partly digested food starts to decay forming GAS, bringing on sour stomach (acid indigestion), and heartburn, bloating you up until you sometimes gasp for breath.

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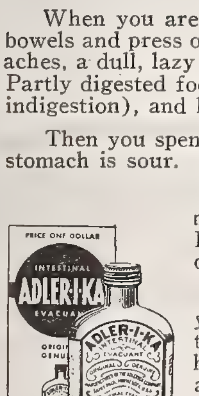

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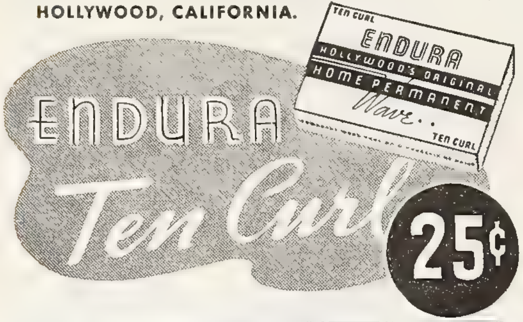

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give you one kiss for the best fun I've had since—since 1934. There."

"Thanks. I bet M-G-M is having a hemorrhage," I said.

"I bet they are, too," said Bob Taylor, in tones which (I wouldn't swear it) expressed infinite delight.

That horrible noise—what can it be? Oh, heck—the telephone.

"Hello? Oh. Oh. Yes, hello, Henry. Hello, dear. Sure. Sure. I'm ready. That is, I'll be ready in—in about ten minutes. No. No, darling. I'm quite all right. Yes, really. No, dear, I was asleep. That's all."

Between You 'n' Me

(Continued from page 21)

Power and Robert Taylor. Well, now I quit. It's time to rebel 'cause now they've even gone to work on Gable! Imagine! Sex appeal personified, and they try to make a gentleman out of him. That's too much for any honest Gable fan to take without a murmur. Haven't we enough college-boy heroes without turning the last of our rugged individuals on the screen into an animated cream puff? Phooey! Give me the old Clark. A lug who can slap a lady down and make her like it. Who can put a little of the Gable "umph" into an anemic flicker. Don't let the restraining hand be put on him. Bring him back as is, and I'll really feel that "happy days are here again."—Lollie Earley, Evansville, Ind.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Our Naughty-Nice Screen Tots

Most of us want at least a little realism in the pictures we see. Do we not see mischievous children all around us? We always wonder if the child across the street is ill if he never causes any trouble. I'd rather see the child who has to be scolded or spanked once in awhile than the perfect little gentleman or lady. And what's so wrong with a face that gets dirty? It's a kid's privilege to roll in the mud occasionally. Heaven forbid taking that privilege away from our American screen children. And what's so wrong with a child who possesses a sense of humor? Of course he steps into the danger zone more often than the humorless sort. Real, honest-to-goodness kids are too busy enjoying life to think of consequences, and that's as it should be. The time to settle down to seriousness comes soon enough. Let them be free as long as possible. Let's not mar their naturalness by insisting that they speak conventional English, either. Our Americanisms are full of meaning, even if they do sound barbarous to the Englishman.

Give me the roguishness of a Jane Withers or the waywardness of an Edith Fellowes any day. Can you honestly call them unattractive? Perhaps they don't have beautiful faces, but they have spirit. They're adorable because they're normal and real. Those who don't like them neither understand nor like the average American child.—Mrs. Reba Simmons, Wattis, Utah.

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That moved but did not speak?

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Rehashed, with this year's star;
Outmoded ways from outmoded days
Make 'em seem worse than they are.

So dust off the shelf and put them back,
And shout it from housetop and steeple;
Two names for one rose mean the same to
the nose,
And you can't fool all of the people!—
Jennie Broudy, Chicago, Ill.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Murder Mystery de Luxe

At last, a murder mystery—without rain or thunder or lightning or howling dogs! Yes, the producers have at last found a way to create horror without the aid of the obvious, believe it or not. I'm speaking of "Night Must Fall." It was gruesome, it was horrible! But there weren't any loose shutters banging in the wind, no black clouds rolling ominously toward the house of evil, no shatters of lightning. And in the quiet of the countryside, no suspicious canine, no mournful howl of death. Yes, they did use one black cat. But it didn't scurry across the floor with the fur bristling on its neck, and its eyes weren't pictured glowing brightly in the dark dark darkness. What a thrilling, chilling picture that was without benefit of hokum. Everything was done by implication, and something was left to the imagination of the audience.

Congratulations, you people who made "Night Must Fall" so refreshingly horrible!—Verna Yantos, Waukesha, Wisconsin.

Don't Split Up the Team

Really, it burns me up when someone writes in to you and says, "Bust up the Rogers and Astaire team." If I were Editor, I'd tell 'em to go West and shoot snipe. If they don't want to see Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing together, let them stay away from their pictures. We, the common people, hope they'll never break the team into two pieces or two persons. Here's greater success still to that grand pair. May all their pictures be made—together.—Gladys Annen, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Ameche Wins By a Mustache

Say, did that mustache work wonders for Don Ameche! He'll give Taylor and Power a run for their money now. Heretofore Don's face was just a mug accompanied by a good voice and a nice smile.

And then the mustache. Presto! A personality. A guy to make the girls swoon. Carry on, Don, old boy. Don't give up the mustache!—Thelma Louise Smith, Memphis, Tenn.

But Not With This Fan

Why is it that Hollywood insists upon putting mustaches on some of the screens' otherwise handsome men? As I was looking through a movie magazine the other day, I found myself gazing at a handsome young man with a crisp mustache plastered above his upper lip. Imagine my surprise upon discovering after reading the notes beneath the picture that it was Fernand Gravet in a scene from his latest picture. I have silently taken the sad news when I've seen such movie heroes as Errol Flynn, Dick Powell, and Don Ameche serving as human guinea pigs in Holly-

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And the greatest contribution, perhaps, to this new freedom, was one woman's courage in defying tradition. She dared to say that women were not meant to suffer. She dared to claim that no wife or mother must spend one-quarter of her life wracked with pain. She dared to assert that the ordeal of motherhood could be eased.

We know now that Lydia Pinkham was right. And it is doubtful whether, throughout the entire world, any single aid to woman has won more eager gratitude than Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.*

We have received more than a million letters blessing Lydia Pinkham for enabling the writers to go "smiling through" the ordeals of a woman's life.

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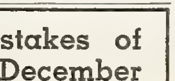

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wood's latest fad, but when a new discovery suddenly dons a mustache for his second picture—well, that's too much.

Clark Gable's and William Powell's cookie dusters may add rather than detract from their screen personality. Nevertheless, few actors can profit by following their example. And Pullese, Hollywood, don't put one on Bob Taylor!—Jeanne Hemmert, Flint, Mich.

Calling the Calling Off, Off

(Continued from page 33)

when you have not fought. We have never, never had a cross word in all the time I have known him. And to say that he is going with other girls, when he is not going with other girls, because how could he go with them? He goes with me! Ach, I know!

"It is ridiculous and it makes you feel both sad and mad. When it came out over the radio, it was time to do something. We sent Walter Winchell a wire denying it.

"Then just before I come away, Tyrone and I get all dressed up and we go to the Trocadero where people will see us together. Oh, it is funny when we come in. People stare and look surprised to see us together when, of course, we have never been apart. Then the story comes out that we have patched up our fight!

"We don't go out to parties because we do not have the time. We both work very hard and this last picture, 'Thin Ice,' has taken so much time. I get up at five o'clock in the morning and am at the studio at seven. Then at night, we rehearse the lines.

"Yes, Tyrone helped me a great deal in this picture. Every night we did our scenes together. He listened to me and told me what was good and what was wrong. I think it helps so much to rehearse the night before. You remember better. You do your lines better."

But about this Janet Gaynor rumor?

"So silly," she repeated. "He did not know her at the time the story started. He had talked to her on the telephone two weeks before about a radio thing. Yes, they worked in a picture together a while ago, but not at the same time. They did not shoot scenes together. He was a stranger to her when these stories came out and said he goes out with her! He told me so.

"When I am gone to Norway? Of course, I expect Tyrone to have dates and go places with other girls. I am gone four weeks. He is not going to stay home and feel sad. Have I boy friends in Norway? No, there is nobody there, but I will go out if it is pleasant.

"I think it is all right for him to go out with girls when I am not in Hollywood. I tell him that. That is understood, but I suppose stories will start again!" And she shrugged her shoulders.

We were going through the Holland Tunnel now and were practically shouting in order to be heard above the roar of the cars.

"Have you heard from Tyrone since you left Hollywood yesterday?" I yelled.

"What?" she screamed back.

"Did he wire you last night?"

A smile crossed the Henie countenance, a big smile.

"It woke me up at Kansas City—the

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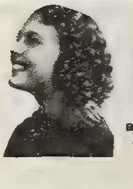

Lynn Roberts in "Heart of the Rockies" a Republic Picture

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telegram. No, I didn't mind waking up for that."

"Have you made any plans for your marriage?" I asked boldly.

"We are both young. We have our careers. We are busy. I have much to do yet. So we will not marry for a year."

And more than that I could not pry from her.

WHEN it was suggested that maybe the story about the romances with other girls was a publicity stunt, there was a good round blast of indignation.

"It might have been," she said, "but it was not *our* publicity office. I think—I am not sure—but I think I know somebody else started it to get publicity, but it was not Fox."

The press agent sitting by, listening, reassured her, of course, it could not be.

"Maybe some newspaperman started it, Miss Henie," he said. "You know when there are 300 reporters in Hollywood all looking for things to write about, news gets pretty scarce and sometimes just a whisper will turn into a big story."

She cogitated a moment.

"Maybe," she admitted. "But it was not true. They should not do those things."

Your reporter remarked that the recent story about Eleanor Holm and Arthur Jarrett separating seemed like a publicity story. Sonja pricked up her ears.

"I know her," she said. "She is nice. Is it true about her and Arthur Jarrett?"

"You see," we pointed out, "now you are believing that. See how quickly people might believe things about you."

Sonja thought a moment. Then, firmly as ever, "It was not true. It could not have been—about us."

Whether it was due to her wrought-up feelings about the unfair story about Tyrone stepping out with other girls while she was right on the job, whether it was just excitement at getting into New York, or whether it was because she had been dieting, Sonja looked like a million dollars.

Does she like herself in pictures now? I recalled seeing her right after she had first seen herself on the screen in the preview of "One in a Million" and finding her quite perturbed.

"Oh, no, I never think I am good," she said frankly, and unselfconsciously. "I am better this time, but I am not good—not the way I'd like to be. I must learn much more. It is strange to see yourself on the screen."

The limousine was rolling up Park Avenue to my hotel. I said goodby and wished her luck. I did not see her triumphal entrance into the Waldorf Astoria, but I heard later that it was really something. And that—most important—there was a long distance telephone call waiting from Tyrone Power.

So, for the time being at least, let's call the calling off, off, and Hollywood, you go sing some other tune!

"Let's Laugh the Whole Thing Off"

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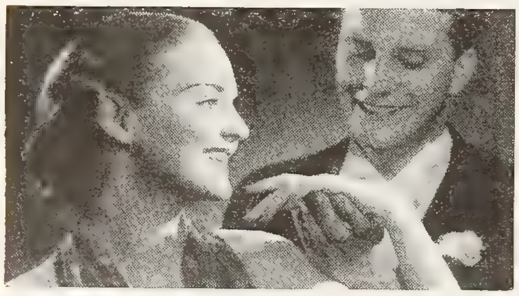

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Reviews

(Continued from page 70)

★★ Vogues of 1938

Without Technicolor, "Vogues of 1938" would be pretty dull stuff. With it, this glorified fashion show should delight the women and scare the pants off the husbands in the audience. No wife is going to see "Vogues" without setting out on a shopping expedition the next day. Men who have no bills to pay but their own can relax and enjoy gazing at the twelve lovely models who swish about in Mr. Wanger's expensive garments.

It's getting trite to say that Technicolor improves with each new picture, but it's true. Color makes the gowns gorgeous, and it has the added quality of dressing up the routine story which hides behind it. Incidentally, it gives the film's leading lady, Joan Bennett, a warmth and beauty which she has never displayed before on the screen.

Story concerns a fashionable designer (Warner Baxter) whose business goes on the rocks because of the costly ambitions of his wife (Helen Vinson). However, a society gal (Miss Bennett) and Technicolor (Technicolor) get together and put him back on his feet. Miss Vinson is a capable villainess, and Baxter is altogether believable in the role of the designer. Outstanding in the supporting cast are Mischa Auer, Alan Mowbray, Hedda Hopper and Alma Kruger. In addition, there is swell singing by Virginia Verrill and top-notch tap dancing by Georgie Tapps. And the fashion show is really something for the ladies. Directed by Irving Cummings.—*Walter Wanger.*

★★ That Certain Woman

Ten years ago Gloria Swanson starred in a tear-jerker about mother love, called "The Trespasser." The picture, written and directed by Edmund Goulding, drew considerable acclaim. Now Mr. Goulding has sponsored a talking version of his picture, with Bette Davis in the role of the unfortunate woman who sacrifices all for the love of a child. "That Certain Woman" is old-fashioned melodrama, and Mr. Goulding is guilty of pouring on the misfortunes and sacrifices of the central character with too generous a hand. What Miss Davis goes through for the love of her young son reaches a point where audiences will feel like going up to the screen to see if there's anything they can do.

The early part of the picture, with

Mischa Auer and Polly Rowles in a scene from "Vogues of 1938."

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Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.

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Mary H. Little also has luxuriant hair now after using Kotalko. Yet for years her head, as she describes it, "was almost as bare as the back of my hand."

Many other men and women attest that hair has stopped falling excessively, dandruff has been decreased, new luxuriant hair growth has been developed where roots were alive, after using Kotalko to stimulate scalp action.

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"That Certain Woman," featuring Henry Fonda and Bette Davis.

Miss Davis holding down a respectable job and trying to live down the notoriety attached to a gangster's widow, is effective drama, but after that the picture sinks to the level of an out-and-out tearjerker.

Bette Davis suffers admirably, and there are good performances by Ian Hunter, Donald Crisp, Mary Phillips and Hugh O'Connell. Henry Fonda is wasted in the poorly written, illogical role of the child's father.—*Warner Brothers.*

★The Sheik Steps Out

Marking his first Hollywood venture in several seasons, Ramon Novarro chooses as his "comeback" vehicle the type of thing which once found considerable favor with his fans. However, Lola Lane in the feminine lead steals the picture. Loyal Novarro followers will find their idol a bit plump, but in possession of the same mannerisms which first won him their hearts. In this one, he is once more the strong and comparatively silent son of the desert whose polite charm subdues the haughty American heiress and saves her from becoming the bride of the ever-present British nobleman whom she really doesn't love.

Lola Lane is the pampered daughter of Gene Lockhart, a corkscrew tycoon, and the two of them, along with Aunt Polly (Charlotte Treadway) and Cousin Gloria (Kathleen Burke), are in Arabia to purchase Mad Chestnut, the fastest horse in the world, owned, of course, by Sheik Ahmed Ben Nesib. It seems that unless Lola wins the next Irish Sweepstakes she will be forced to marry a vapid individual named Lord Byington (Robert Coote). Thanks to the dashing Mr. Novarro, she is spared this fate.

Some of the scenes are effective, and Lola Lane puts humor and vitality into the role of the gal. She's undoubtedly on her way to better things. Best in the supporting cast are Gene Lockhart, Stanley Fields and Billy Bevan. Directed by Irving Pichel.—*Republic.*

★★Mr. Dodd Takes the Air

Adapted from a Clarence Budington Kelland serial of two years ago, "Mr. Dodd Takes the Air" is a pleasant and diverting screen musical which will get favorable comment from almost any audience. While it offers good fun and innocuous entertainment throughout its unreeling, the picture's main assets are that it brings two newcomers into screen prominence. Kenny Baker, of course, has been seen briefly in a couple of films, and has been heard for some time on the Jack Benny radio program, but this is his

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His wife. Wife. Wife! Family! It penetrated her numbed brain at last. Mike was a married man. He was another woman's husband!

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Louise Henry and Warner Oland in "Charlie Chan on Broadway."

first real screen chance. He comes through with a fine voice and a refreshing, youthful personality which assures him a profitable future on the screen. In the feminine lead, Jane Wyman manages to be pert and cute and dramatically skilfull all at once. Put her down as one of the season's discoveries.

"Mr. Dodd Takes the Air" is the story of a small town electrician whose pleasing voice takes him to the big city networks and into the clutches of conniving females who are after his scalp and his bankroll. In the course of these events there are several good tunes and quite a bit of good, clean fun. Gertrude Michael does nicely as the heavy, Alice Brady gets laughs as a temperamental opera star, and Frank McHugh adds comedy in the role of the crooner's manager. Directed by Alfred E. Green.—*Warner Brothers*

★★ Double or Nothing

If you're a Bing Crosby fan, we might as well let the matter drop right now. For there's no argument, you'll like this picture. It's just like all the others which the Crosby fans have flocked to for the past few years, no better and no worse. But what we'd like to know is, why can't these Crosby pictures be better? When it comes to crooning, Bing is as good as the next one and when it's a matter of action, he can deliver the goods. Paramount even furnished a good supporting cast for him in all his celluloiders. But when it comes to a story that will hold interest, the studio evidently decides to economize on their time and money. In "Double Or Nothing," the very thin story has to do with a wealthy man who leaves inheritances to a group of people, with the understanding that they either double the money or else. Worked into these goings on are several good numbers by Bing, and a romance with the very decorative Mary Carlisle. And there's Martha Raye, too, who does a good job on pretty slim script pickings. When Bing opens a night club, a logical excuse is given for a super de luxe floor show, and with the star as master of ceremonies, and some really good songs and dances, this sequence is the high note of the picture. Directed by Theodore Reed.—*Paramount.*

★★ Charlie Chan on Broadway

Even if you aren't a Charlie Chan fan, you'll have to admit that this latest picture of the super-sleuth's doings is interesting right through the last reel. For this time, there is something else besides Mr. Chan's charms to recommend it. The story is as good a whodunit as you've seen for some time. There are the usual murders—two

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Madeleine Carroll and Francis Lederer clown a bit in "It's All Yours."

of them to be exact—but they are accomplished in such an intriguing manner that nothing short of an earthquake would make you leave your seat until light is shed on the dirty work. Keye Luke, as Warner Oland Chan's son again, has his most amusing role to date. He gets into all his customary trouble and comes out at the finish with two of the blackest eyes ever seen on the screen. A good supporting cast is comprised of Donald Woods, as the news-reporter and Joan Marsh, his rival news-scooper and leading lady. Harold Huber is especially good as the police department executive, while J. Edward Bromberg does a good job as the newspaper publisher. Louise Henry is attractive as Billie Bronson, who starts all the trouble because she's another of those gals who has to keep a diary. Joan Woodbury takes all the feminine honors, however, in a small role as a cafe dancer. If you're a candid camera fiend, you'll particularly appreciate this novel twist to the plot, for the mystery is solved through a series of candid shots taken by the patrons of the cafe where the murders transpire. And we'll bet ten to one that you will never guess the murderer This time! It was all pinned on such an innocent-appearing person, that next time we're going to suspect Charlie Chan right from the start. Directed by Eugene Ford.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★ Back in Circulation

When the movies make a picture with a newspaper background, you can rest assured that none of the principal characters will act even remotely like an actual newspaper reporter. This tradition is carried out again in this film, which contains the usual moronic cameraman, frantic city editor and, true to the new vogue, the crack gal reporter. This time we find the reporters on a murder hunt, so busy telling district attorneys and state authorities how to conduct the affair that one wonders how they find time to get out their newspaper.

Joan Blondell, as the gal reporter, believes she has discovered a murder and sends the victim's widow (Margaret Lindsay) to prison. Then, discovering she was wrong, she suddenly changes sides and sets about to save the woman from the chair. The power of the press is magnificent!

In spite of all the hokum, "Back in Circulation" is a lively and entertaining film. Director Ray Enright keeps it at a furious pace, and Miss Blondell comes through with what is probably her best screen performance. She handles her breezy role with perfect assurance, and manages to steal the picture from Pat O'Brien, who

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Loretta Young and Don Ameche in "Love Under Fire."

does a fine job in the role of the city editor. Margaret Lindsay wins sympathy as the widow, and there are good performances by John Litel and Walter Byron. Directed by Ray Enright—*Warner Brothers.*

★ Love Under Fire

A conglomeration of love, the Spanish revolution, a stolen necklace and Borrah Minnevitch and his Harmonica Gang, "Love Under Fire" is too confused to get anywhere at all in the entertainment department. The story, which concerns a handsome Scotland Yard detective and a beautiful jewel thief who really isn't a jewel thief at all, dashes off in all directions every few minutes until it has the audience hanging on the ropes.

Don Ameche is a Scotland Yard man vacationing in Spain, when he is called upon to apprehend a young lady suspected of a jewel robbery. The young lady is Loretta Young, who never stole a nickel in her life. Ameche sings a love song to her while Spanish bombs burst overhead, and from there the film goes on to airplane crashes, gunboat pursuits and several other items the script writers were able to toss in.

Loretta Young is becoming more and more adept at light comedy, and Don Ameche fulfills his rather silly assignment with good humor. In the supporting cast, E. E. Clive, Harold Huber, Walter Catlett and John Carradine lend expert touches. Borrah Minnevitch and his group supply an excellent musical interlude, although no one can figure out a reason for their presence in the picture. Directed by George Marshall.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★ On Such a Night

This one won't look good even with bank night and a set of dishes. It's old fashioned melodrama, one of those things in which the hero is about to go to the chair for a crime he didn't commit. He won't reveal the real culprit because it will sully the good name of his wife. Just about at that point in the proceedings they bring in the Mississippi Valley flood, which up to that time had taken no part in the conversation. The flood washes our hero out of jail and into the arms of his wife, and later allows him to pin the crime on the villain of the piece. Watch out for this one, even if they offer you two sets of dishes.

Grant Richards is likable enough as the misguided hero, and Karen Morley is an adequate heroine. Eduardo Ciannelli overacts the role of the villain—he's so dastardly that audiences will howl at him. Roscoe Karns and Alan Mowbray stand out in the supporting cast. Directed by E. A. Dupont.—*Paramount.*

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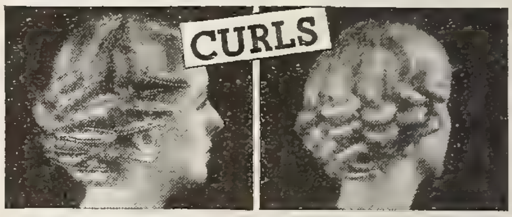

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Pat O'Brien and Joan Blondell in "Back in Circulation."

★ She's No Lady

It is our duty to report that "She's No Lady" is no entertainment, either. It's a picture based on a weak plot, involving the theft of a diamond necklace from a wealthy dowager. A gang of thieves, headed by Harry Beresford and including Ann Dvorak and Guinn Williams, is behind the jewel-lifting. It's all supposed to be very involved, but by the time the necklace is grabbed and passed on to the various crooks, all trying to out-smart one another, the plot looks like a game of button-button-who's-got-the-button.

At a party given by Aileen Pringle, society gal, Harry Beresford gets a job as waiter. Then Ann Dvorak wangles an invitation to the party through John Trent, whom she supposes is a wealthy playboy. Beresford gets the diamonds from Miss Pringle's neck through the most obvious trick we've ever seen, passes them on to Ann Dvorak, who is then relieved of them by John Trent, who by this time turns out to be a thief himself. This goes on for reel after reel, until Ann's conscience suddenly hurts her, when she finds herself in possession of the diamonds and decides to return them. Then Mr. Trent discloses that's he's *really* an honorable detective, and all is lilies and bluebirds, and pretty stuffy. Ann Dvorak, however, surprises with a really good performance—the only good one, in fact. John Trent shows a painful lack of acting experience. Aileen Pringle is, as always, lovely to look at. Guinn Williams does the best he can with a very bad bit, and Harry Beresford's acting in this picture leaves much to be desired.—*Paramount.*

★★ Flight From Glory

If you're aviation-minded, you'll find this picture of particular interest. And you may find it genuinely good entertainment just because of the originality of the plot, even if excellent flying shots don't appeal to you. The locale of the picture is in South America—a disreputable camp which is the headquarters of a company furnishing supplies to mines in the Andes mountains. It takes a crack pilot to fly through the treacherous mountains. It also takes first-class planes.

Onslow Stevens, who is the manager of the camp, gets good pilots from the United States, dare-devil ones who have had their licenses taken away from them. However, he doesn't bother with good planes, and as a consequence, the men crack up at an alarming rate. Among the group in the camp are Chester Morris, Solly Ward, Richard Lane, Douglas Walton, Walter Miller and Paul Guilfoyle—all A-1 pilots, and bitter about the spot they find them-

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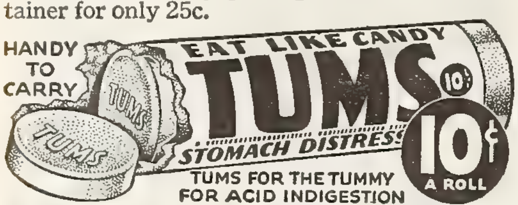

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Bing Crosby and Mary Carlisle go dramatic in "Double or Nothing."

selves in—a spot impossible to escape since the crooked Stevens keeps them in debt to him. And into this group comes a new pilot, Van Heflin, and his wife, Whitney Bourne. Heflin can't "take it" and from then on it's a story of sacrifice to try to save him.

At that point the story begins to fall flat—for the heroics of the men and the silent suffering of Whitney Bourne are considerably overdone. It's our opinion that if the director had left out the beautiful Miss Bourne, and made this a man's picture from start to finish, he would have had a really outstanding picture. Directed by Lew Lauders.—*RKO-Radio.*

★★ It's All Yours

When E. J. Barnes, the millionaire attorney, dies, his will discloses that he has bequeathed his playboy son the sum of one dollar. His fortune goes to Linda Grey, his secretary. For several years Linda has been secretly in love with Jimmy, the son, but he has never so much as looked at her. (The fact that she's Madeleine Carroll seemed not to impress him at all.) Jimmy determines to break the will, and Linda sets about to make herself glamorous and desirable, hoping by that method to win the young man's heart away from the chorus girl to whom he pays all his attention.

Linda does her most successful taunting when she allows herself to be seen about with the Baron de Montigny, a gay, fun-loving faker who makes a business of marrying into money.

The picture's best moments are the scenes between Miss Carroll and the Baron, played delightfully by Mischa Auer. When they are together, the film assumes a lighthearted attitude which it never seems to catch when Jimmy, played by Francis Lederer, is around. Lederer is not a happy choice for the role, for he has little conception of light comedy. Madeleine Carroll is both attractive and competent as Linda, but it's Mischa Auer who gives the picture most of its charm. In the role of the chorus girl, there's a surprisingly good comedy performance by Grace Bradley, who sounds as though she's been studying voice with Jean Arthur. Directed by Elliott Nugent.—*Columbia.*

★★ Hopalong Rides Again

Here is a rip-snortin' horse opera which has more than its share of hard riding, gun play and good clean western love. It is easily the best of the Hopalong Cassidy series, and will be enjoyed by sophisticated audiences as well as its regular clientele. Bill Boyd has made a swell cowboy

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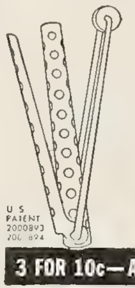

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character of Hopalong Cassidy, and in this one he continues to see that wrongs are righted and rustlers get their just dues from his trusty six-shooters. The story follows the accepted pattern, the only deviation being that the villain is a guy given to dynamiting cattle—as mean a trick as ever hit the plains. The villain, incidentally, is the heroine's brother, but it is to her eternal credit that she is unaware of his nefarious doings.

The picture even devotes a little time to romance, although that sort of thing is generally considered sissy stuff by the open-throated western heroes. Boyd, however, never lets his love-making interfere with his shooting and his endless pursuits of the villain.

Excellent in the supporting cast are Nora Lane, Russell Hayden, George Hayes, Lois Wilde, Billy King and Harry Worth. Directed by Lesley Selander.—*Paramount.*

Kenny Baker and Gertrude Michael in "Mr. Dodd Takes the Air."

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The First Name You Think of May Be a Winner

Think of the many names that are now being used and suggest a new name for flour—one that you feel will appeal to the housewife. The name you send in may be of one, two or three words, separate or combined. It will cost you nothing to send in a name. You may win one of the fifteen prizes.

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Claudette Colbert wasn't speaking to the Warner Brothers for a few days, all because the studio announced she was wearing a red wig for her role in "Tonight's Our Night." Claudette wants it known that the story, and not her hair, is false. She had her own hair dyed red for the picture.

* * *

Would it interest you to know that in "The Awful Truth" Irene Dunne had stand-ins for her gowns? Robert Kalloch, who designed them, made three copies of each gown worn by Irene in the picture. The first gown was for actual filming, and the second was for the stand-in, in case of wear and tear on the original. The third copy went to Irene's stand-in. Generally the stand-in's costume only approximates the one worn by the star, but several of Irene's gowns in this picture are of shimmering metal cloth and bead work, and since this material produces unusual highlights when photographed, it was necessary for the stand-in's costume to be an exact copy of Miss Dunne's.

Whatever goes on at the Troc to make Phyllis Brooks laugh so heartily, doesn't seem to strike Cary Grant as funny at all.

And just look who's here! Miriam Hopkins and Anton Litvak go stepping. He seems to be head man with La Hopkins.

Here comes the bride! And, incidentally, the groom. Anne Shirley proudly displays hubby, John Howard Payne.

Two kids, one from Shreveport, Louisiana, and the other from Abilene, Texas, got off a freight train in Los Angeles. They were headed for Hollywood—to see Gene Autry. They wound up at the Travelers' Aid Society. When Autry heard about it, he dropped over and paid a personal visit to his two young fans. Now they're back home, but they've seen their idol and have pictures to prove it.

* * *

Most amusing—spelled a-m-a-z-i-n-g—scene in "High, Wide and Handsome" is the sequence in which Irene Dunne is called upon to instruct Dorothy Lamour in the art of singing a hot song. Miss D. sings well, but she never has been classified as a hot-cha kid, while Dorothy Lamour got into pictures because she sang the blues and served them hot. Both of the gals must have felt pretty silly.

* * *

You should have seen the mob at the preview of "Vogues of 1938." Both the inside and the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese were packed, and they didn't all come to see the picture, either. The word was around that Garbo would be there. Result was the biggest crowd of the year. Practically everyone in Hollywood was there—everyone but Garbo.

* * *

Henry Fonda is one of the actors in Hollywood who's given to sculpturing in his spare time. He has been interested in sculpture for some time, and just completed a fine head of his wife. He exhibits his work only to his friends, and they all insist he's a first-rate chiseler—in the finer sense of the word of course. The Fondas have just bought a house next door to their old pal, Jimmy Stewart.

* * *

Bob Taylor sang a song in "Broadway Melody," but you won't see or hear it in the picture. Seems they held a sneak preview in San Diego—with the Taylor singing sequence. But the audience laughed when Bob sat down at the piano. When you see the picture, notice a scene on a train, with Bob seated at a piano playing "Yours and Mine." Eleanor Powell asks him to sing it. "I can't sing," replies Bob. "You try it." And she does.

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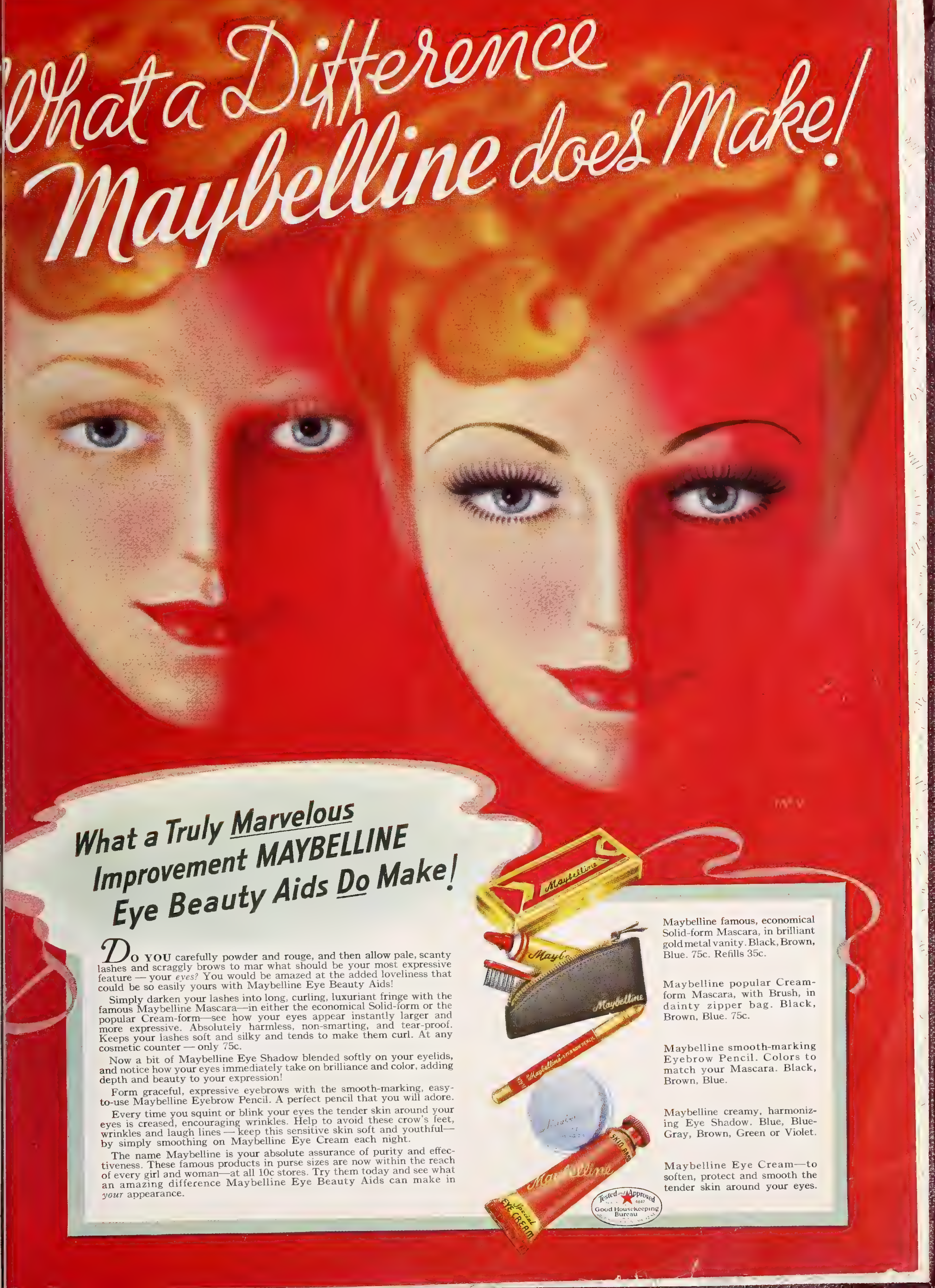
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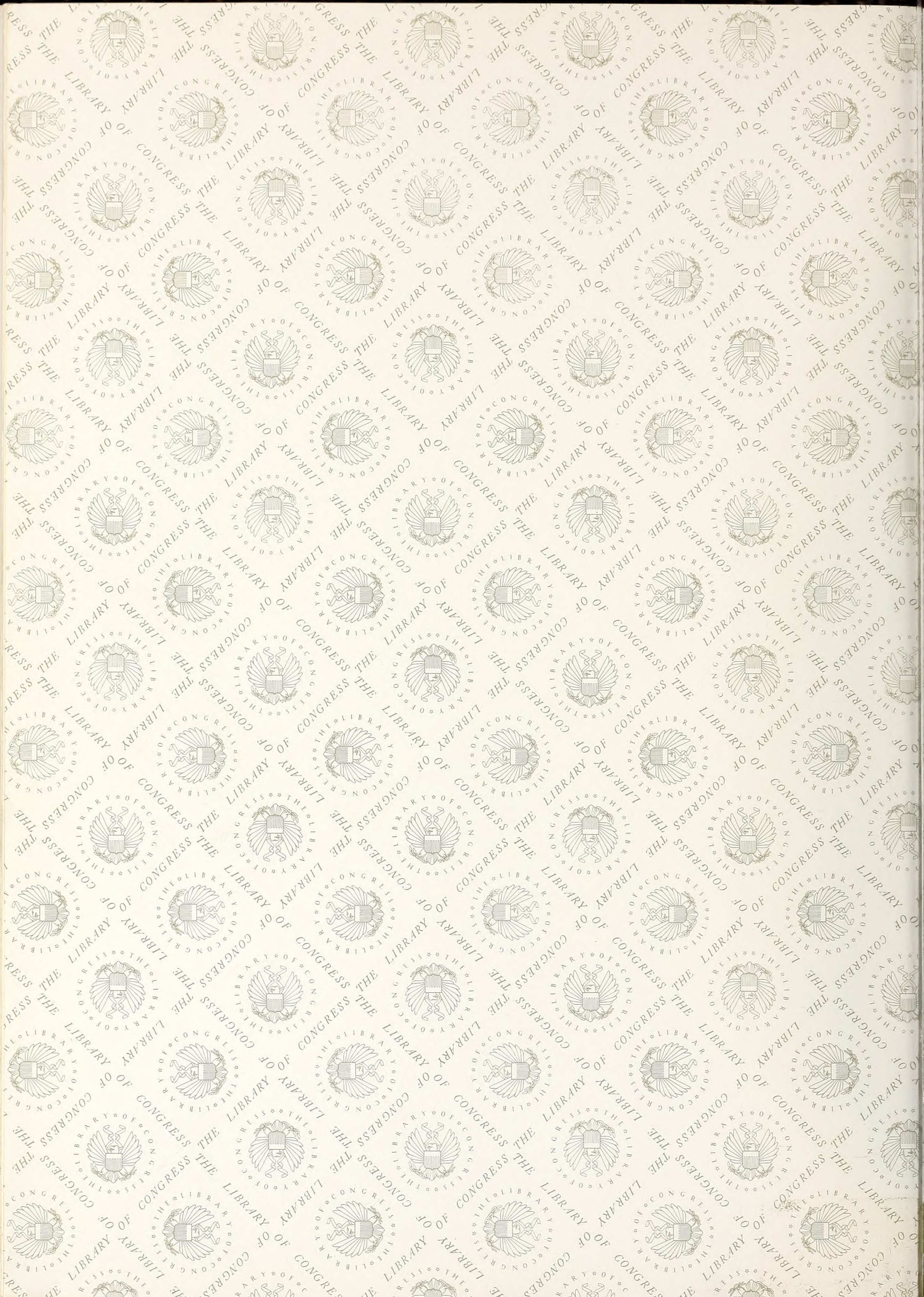
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